# The Cambridge Chronicle.

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VOL. II. NO. 7. CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND, WEDNESDAY, MAY 15, 1872. Terms: $1.50 per Annum


### A Caution.

Love hailed a little maid
Romping through the meadow;
Heedless in the sun she played,
Scornful of the shadow.
"Come with me," whispered he;
"Listen, sweet, to love and reason,"
"By-and-by," she mocked reply,
"Love's not in season."

Years went, years came,
Light mixed with shadow,
Love met the maid again
Dreaming through the meadow.
"Be not coy," urged the boy,
"List in time to love and reason.
"By-and-by," she mused reply,
"Love's still in season."

Years went, years came,
Light turned to shadow;
Love saw the maid again,
Waiting in the meadow.
"Pass no more, my dream is o'er;
I can listen now to reason."
"Keep thee coy," mocked the boy;
"Love's out of season."

### THE SPRIGS OF MYRTLE.

The banns were published three times from the pulpit, the clergyman was bespoke, and the bridal-dress made. The bridal trousseau was ready; it consisted of nothing costly or splendid, but every thread of it had passed the mother's fingers, first through the spinning-wheel, and then through the loom. Many hours had been spun up, and many thoughts been woven into the modest marriage portion.

The marriage day came, and the morning sun blazed on the windows of the widow's house. Everybody was up and doing. The old lady was already busy in the kitchen, the young girl sat at the window gazing anxiously but happily down the road whence her bridegroom was to come. The three little sisters lay wide awake in their little cots; they had hardly closed their eyes the whole night, thinking of the splendor which the day was to bring.

In the forenoon a young girl came down to the bride from the manor. It was the gardener's daughter, her dearest, friend. She had a darling little basket on her arm, which she half-opened with a roguish smile, which made the young girl cast down her eyes and blush. The tiny basket was filled with sprigs of myrtle, (of which the bridal wreath is made in Denmark). At noon the three little ones were seen standing on the little hillock at the end of the garden. They were dressed in their Sunday clothes, and kept watch to let their sister know when the mail coach should come in sight on the hill, or report the first blast of the conductor's horn. But they got tired of waiting, and one after the other would run back to the house to ask if he would not soon come.

"Yes," said their mother, "you won't have to wait long now." Still, they had to wait so long that they at last began to cry.

In the course of the afternoon a storm rose, the sky darkened, and the rain beat against the panes. The little ones had to stay in the house. "But why doesn't he come?" they inquired eagerly of their sister.

"I hope that nothing has happened to him," the young girl said, faintly, and turned her face against the wet pane in order that they should not perceive that her eyes were wet also.

At dusk a letter came to the widow. When she had read it she was crying too. It was a sorrowful time, and a dark night closed the day which should have been the marriage day, but was not. The mother, the young girl, and the three little sisters wept all of them together; but seventy years have passed away since that sad evening, and in these years we have lived through so many gloomy hours and sorrowful days that we cannot afford tears for all of them. Therefore we do not weep with those whose tears flowed so long ago.

Tears dry soon. The next day the young girl wept no more. She was seized with a fever. Wandering in her mind, she dreamed that she was a bride, and all her youthful friends brought her wreaths—she was so unspeakably happy. And the dream came to pass. Her illness increased, and eight days after she was dead. All her youthful friends brought her wreaths—garlands of box and winter-green.

Nor did the mother weep the next day. She tenderly consoled the little girls, but gave vent to her wrath at the world's wickedness, and the men's falseness, while talking about her great calamity to her neighbor's wife. The sprigs of myrtle she threw angrily out of the window.

The little sisters recovered soon from their disappointment. Each of them had received a large piece of the bride-cake, which they were contentedly eating, sitting on the grass in the sunshine.

"Oh! look at the pretty green things *there*," they cried, pointing at the discarded myrtle sprigs; "let us make a wreath of them," said one.

"No, let us plant them in the sand, and play at garden with them," said another.

"I say let us plant them regularly, plant them in flower-pots," proposed a third; and her proposition was agreed to.

The children procured a bottle with the neck broken off, an earthenware pitcher without a handle, and a cracked flower-pot, which they mended with twine; and in these three vessels each of the little girls planted their sprigs.

"Now, if we only have patience, they will grow up to be big trees, and bear beautiful flowers," said the little ones.

"Don't be too sure of that," said the neighbor's wife.

"Why shouldn't they bear flowers?" asked the children.

"Because there is no luck in these twigs. If you want that kind of plant to take root, you must plant it in a golden pot, and not in such poor potsherds as these."

The sprigs of myrtle were, however more willing than the dame had thought; they took root and grew, all three of them.

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Ten years, twelve years, more than twelve years passed away. The little cottage at the road was torn down, and a beautiful villa was built in its stead. It had a slate roof, veranda, espalier, colored panes in the doors, and green window-blinds; but the owner and his family let it stand empty in the winter, and during the summer they frequently traveled abroad.

But what had become of the widow and her children? The old lady had followed her daughter "yonder by the church wall, beneath the lilac bush," answered the neighbor's wife, when folks asked where they now lived. The three little girls had grown up; when inquired for, she could only tell that "they had all three left and gone out into the great wide world." Each had taken her myrtle with her.

The oldest of the girls was the handsomest; for that reason an old rich uncle had taken a fancy to her, and adopted her. He was in a good social position, and kept house on a grand scale, fully as grand as his means would allow; and he spared no expense in the education of his adopted daughter. She was taught to dance, and sing, and to play; had masters in French and English, and a maid to wait upon her. Her myrtle experienced a similar good fortune. It grew now in a golden pot, perhaps not of genuine gold, but still a gilded porcelain pot. It was watered each morning by her maid with rain water, and each evening by the young gentlemen with compliments. They all had something gallant to say about the flourishing myrtle.

And what had they not to say about the young girl? She was so very beautiful that they could not afford to think about her, and so they did not think any more about her than just for the time they saw her. But when they beheld her they sighed; the more charming she grew, the more they sighed, whereupon she again would try all her power of fascination to be still more bewitching. Her head was wreathed with glorious auburn locks, but to make herself still more enchanting, she decked them with garlands of flowers, the one more magnificent than the other. First she wore one of forget-me-nots, then of rosebuds, then of Provence roses, then dahlias, then poppies, and at last, grape-vines and leaves in all the gorgeous tints of autumn. And while the one wreath gave place to the other, the one year passed away after the other. At last she wore a wreath of pure gold leaves; but there were now silver lines in her beautiful tresses. She had not had time to attend to her myrtle. It had meanwhile pined away, withered, and died.

"That is the way with all of us," she sighed, glancing at the mirror. The myrtle was then thrown out into the yard among the rubbish. Some little boys found it; they coated the twigs with birdlime and caught sparrows on them. These were the flowers that the first sprig of myrtle grew to bear.

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The second of the widow's daughters was not exactly handsome, but a neat, pleasant little girl enough. Good-natured and yielding, she accepted cheerfully whatever lot might be in store for her. When her mother was dead she went to the house of her aunt, who was also a widow, and her myrtle she brought with her.

The aunt had a son, who was the apple of her eye, but that was, too, about all he was, and he never got to be anything else. From his mother he received food and clothing, light and warmth, a neat little room, and as much pocket-money as his doating mother could possibly spare him; in short, he got everything he wanted excepting his college degree, which he had to work for himself; that he found really too troublesome. When he became twenty-five years of age he wanted a sweetheart, and he got her too. Aunty assured the young girl that he was such an exceedingly nice young man and loved her so very much that it would be a shame to say to him no, and the girl would of course not have the burden of a refusal upon her conscience.

Consequently they were engaged, which was both nice and convenient. Now the old lady had both her darlings at home, and there was billing and cooing from morning till evening. His room was the only one which faced the sun, for which reason the myrtle was left there. Ah, how many sweet words were murmured and simpered over that myrtle by the young couple, and yet they never got tired of repeating what they had said so often before.

It is curious enough that myrtle cannot be made to flourish in a bachelor's apartment. Whether it is the heat from the close stove in winter, or the drought in summer, whether it is the tobacco smoke, or for what other reason, one thing is sure, that myrtles do not thrive very satisfactorily, particularly when they have to continue the struggle for half a score of years, like this poor myrtle.

There is a kind of disease called honey-dew, for the reason that all the leaves of a tree which it attacks become covered with a sweetish adhesive juice like honey or syrup. That disease now seized upon the myrtle of the engaged couple. The leaves got stuck together, and dust and dirt covered them. In time it became impossible to decide whether they were green or grey. It was a pitiful sight. The lovers finally did not know any more what they were to do with it, but then the old woman died, and they got something else to think of. They had to separate, and however hard it was to confess it, they were both convinced that it was for ever. No such an engagement could of course come to anything. He got a situation at a widow's—as her husband, in fact, after having been for a time her business manager. She became housekeeper to a widower, and when he found out that she was clever and economical and pleasant to get along with, he concluded that he might as well marry her, an arrangement to which she had indeed no objection.

The myrtle was really too unfit to be used for a nuptial wreath, but the bridegroom said it didn't matter much, as he was but a widower, and the ceremony was to take place quietly at home.

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The third daughter was far from being handsome. That she had soft, clear and earnest eyes, a delicate complexion, and sound white teeth, everybody was willing to admit; but she had also a thick, rough, red head of hair, and a great abundance of freckles, and therefore everybody agreed to call her very homely, and when everybody once comes to such a conclusion, it remains an undisputed fact. Neither uncle nor aunt invited her to their homes; she went out amongst strangers after her mother's death.

She got a situation on the manor of a rich squire; that is, she was engaged to attend the lady as maid and seamstress, and to serve the squire and his steward as a target for their clumsy wit and jokes, not very choice, but a great many of them. Country air is wholesome and fresh. The young girl soon felt herself at home in her new place. There was more to hear and more to do than she had been used to, but a willing horse draws a heavy load, and what comes through one ear may pass out at the other, which two old sayings she laid to heart, and felt tolerably contented with her lot. Her myrtle had a good deal better time than she had. It was installed in a little turret-chamber, which went by the name of the maiden's bower. There it stood the livelong summer day on the sill of the open window, and looked down into the garden, rejoiced in the morning sun and evening dew, heard the songs of birds, received visits from bees and butterflies. No wonder that it throve and shot out twig after twig on all sides.

There were jovial times at the manor during the summer vacation. Strangers and acquaintances arrived from the capital, and among them a young student, the gayest of the gay. He teased the young girl a little too, but not exactly the same way as the others. He rather amused her.

One day he conceived the clever joke of stealing her myrtle and replacing it with a cactus. The door to the maiden's bower was of course locked, but the windows of the bower were conveniently open. He procured a long ladder from the garden, and raised it against the wall. He had already gained the topmost round with the cactus pot on his arm when the ladder slipped and he was precipitated to the ground. There he was lying with one leg broken and the ankle of the other sprained.

Even that was at the expense of the poor governess. In addition to her other multifarious duties, she had now to assume that of sick nurse also; but she performed that office with such care and assiduity, that the poor young man, lying crippled in a strange house, neither missed his home nor his sister's care. "If you are equally tender to the next who breaks his neck or leg, I propose to jump out of the window myself sometime next winter when I have leisure," said the steward.

"If I were you I wouldn't risk it," observed the squire. "Our charming governess has heart-plaster for no more than one wounded knight." The steward laughed, as in duty bound, at this clever remark of his superior. The witty remark of the squire was, however, not entirely without its little grain of truth.

As a real sister of mercy, her heart bled for every suffering being, and the young man suffered very much; but it is therefore not impossible that he obtained somewhat more than a brother's share of her heart; but if so, it remained a secret. When he began to recover, and assured her every day how much he had to thank her for, she felt so happy that she scarcely dared to confess it to herself, and each time she looked at her myrtle she was conscious of a strange but delicious feeling. It was the myrtle which had been the cause of the disaster, and she chose to consider it as the cause of her own happiness. At last, having fully recovered, he left the manor and returned to the city. He was to read for his examination degree. The place was very lonely after he was gone, but he had left many pleasant memories behind him.

When the governess was sitting alone in her little turret-chamber and a butterfly would come in through the window, flutter about amongst the twigs of her myrtle, and then sail out again, it would always remind her of the student. He had suggested so much in looks and tone of his voice, to which he seemed to be afraid of giving utterance, that thoughts would visit the governess which she likewise shrank from following to their logical conclusion.

Each time the squire returned home from a visit in the town, he seldom failed to bring the governess a kind remembrance from her patient, the student adding—"I say nothing, for I have no permission to say what I might say, but I know what I know;" and each time he delivered himself of this sententious remark, a blush would mantle the young girl's freckled cheeks.

A couple of years had gone. The student had prospered in the career he had chosen, and had already become a professor. During the summer vacation he intended to pay a visit to his old friend in the manor.

"It is not for my sake, I am sure, that he comes," said the steward.

"Nor for mine, I believe," remarked the squire. "He has now a position in the world. It must be you that he has waited for, my dear governess. If I were you I would let him take the myrtle in the usual way. It would be a pity if he should kill himself for the second time in trying to get at it through the window," insinuated the squire.

It was such a capital joke that they both burst out laughing. The young professor made his appearance in due time. The young girl sat in her turret-chamber, and gazed wistfully on the high road. Far away she descried the diligence and the red-coated postillion. A strange, half-defined remembrance from her childhood flashed through her thoughts. She did not exchance very many words with him the first evening, but still enough to cause her to sleep but little that night. Next evening a little ball was improvised. Some friends, and among them the sister of the squire's lady, an acknowledged belle from the capital, had arrived in the course of the day. As a reigning ball queen, and near relation to the lady of the manor, the professor deemed it his duty to open the ball with her. He wished to dance the second with the governess, but she did not dance, he waltzed again with the beautiful lady from town. That night the governess slept still less.

Some time after she was sitting again alone one evening in her turret-bower. It was a lovely moonlight. Ladies and gentlemen were sauntering about in the garden enjoying the balmy evening. The sound of gay laughter and many voices rose up to her, but his voice she could not distinguish among the others. Presently she became aware of a whispering immediately below her at the foot of the tower. A young couple had separated from the rest of the company; it was the professor and the lovely city lady. What they whispered about—alas! that the poor governess understood but too well. That night she did not sleep at all.

In the fall [illegible] year a grand marr[illegible] lovel[illegible] neve[illegible] had [illegible] tle n[illegible] main[illegible] in he[illegible] It w[illegible] as if [illegible] On[illegible] the o[illegible] did n[illegible] had [illegible] a hos[illegible] time [illegible] crow[illegible]

before. But it was now a myrtle in its best years—beyond the forties.

The owner herself was not far from fifty. It is not considered a girl's best age, but it really seems that our poor governess' best age was now to commence. Her red hair turned grey, the freckles disappeared, but her soft mild eyes remained unchanged. Everybody agreed now that she was a remarkably handsome old maid.

One day a letter with a black seal came to the manor. It was addressed to the old maid from the professor. His wife was dead, himself not well, and his happy little ones needed womanly love and care—he appealed to her goodness in this his great grief and trouble. Her mind was made up at once as to what was to be done. She resigned her position, and prepared to leave the old house, which had sheltered her for so long. There was real grief in the manor the day she left. Neither the squire nor his steward could find anything witty or smart to say as they accompanied her to the carriage in which her great myrtle was already towering up on the back seat.

In the professor's house she was received by seven little girls in black.

"What is that beautiful tree you have brought with you?" inquired the youngest.

"It is your mother's myrtle," she said, stooping down to kiss the little one. Time went on, and the little ones grew up to be young ladies.

And now it appeared that there was good luck with the old myrtle after all.

Each of the girls wore a wreath from their mother's myrtle, and the old maid made them all.

When she in her youthful days cut sprigs for the first wreath, she believed that it never would bear green leaves again; now she cut one crop of green sprigs after the other, and the plant flourished ever afresh and with renewed vigor. It seemed to her that her happiness grew more and more each time.

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Near the eastern rampart of the city lies a row of low, bright little houses mostly inhabited by old people and lonely families; in most of the windows you will notice a good many flowering plants in pots, and canary birds in gay cages. In one of these little houses, through whose centre window a splendid myrtle is plainly visible, lives an old maid of near eighty years of age. She resides there alone, but it is a rare thing to pass her house without seeing the faces of young girls and the golden heads of young children peeping through the bright panes. They are the professor's grandchildren, who come to see the old lady and the famous tree, which has borne their mother's and grandmother's bridal wreaths, and still bears plenty of sprigs for their own.

Not long ago I went past that place. Outside it was bitter cold; it froze hard, but summer reigned in the room within. I heard the songs of the birds and the happy laughter of young children. I caught a glimpse of the old lady sitting behind her myrtle, through the network of whose shining leaves her snow-white hair was visible—just as if the old tree was in full blossom.

### The Earthquake in Syria.

Particulars of the late earthquake in Syria, which caused such a terrible loss of life, are now coming to hand. It appears that the fatalities were not the greatest in the City of Antioch, as the first dispatches intimated, but were heavier in the country in the vicinity of that city. A letter from Antioch, under date of the 4th of April, says: "The American Protestant church was severely injured, and four of the American community were killed. All the members of the families of the missionaries are safe. The number of persons killed in the City of Antioch is less than three hundred, but it is known that sixteen hundred people in the surrounding towns and country—where the shocks were as severe if not greater than here—were killed, and this number may be increased. The distress of the people will be only temporary, as the crop prospects are good. The supply of provisions on hand is moderate." The correspondents of the London papers praise Rev. Mr. Powers, an American missionary, for his assiduity in ministering to the relief of the afflicted people.

Lost Confidence in the Courts.—The terrible ferocity shown by the Cass county, Missouri, "Regulators" has a deep significance. It is not in mere robbery of the county bonds, nor in the connivance of ordinary public officers, that we find the real cause of the intense popular indignation which has already resulted in wholesale murder and threats of further violence. It is the fact that the people have lost confidence in the judiciary itself, on which all law depends for its proper execution. Confidence in the administration of justice, in the purity of the bench, underlies all other social principals, and when that is entirely lost anarchy is inevitable. In this case in Missouri, two out of three judges, of the highest local court, were directly involved in the bond robbery, having given their official order as a necessary act in the conspiracy.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Escaped.—A burglar named Michael Donohue escaped from the Tombs by a device at once bold and ingenious. Owing to the carelessness or collusion of one of the keepers, his cell door had been left unlocked and he was thus enabled to enter the corridor. Here he met Anne Corcoran, who was paying a visit to her brother, and demanded her exit ticket, which she immediately surrendered, supposing him to be one of the prison officers. Donohue then proceeded to the outer gate, where he presented the ticket to the door-keeper and was permitted to pass unchallenged. Anne Corcoran is detained as a witness.

The correspondence between the Dominion and the Imperial government [illegible]tive to the abduction of United [illegible]es citizens from the schooner Horton [illegible]laid before the Canadian Parliament. [illegible] first paper—a memorandum from the [illegible]inion Privy Council to Earl Kimber[illegible]—expresses the belief that the rescue [illegible]e vessel was planned by parties in [illegible] country desirous of disturbing its [illegible]dly relations with the British em-

[illegible]HE weather in California is very warm, [illegible] grain is maturing rapidly. The late [illegible]s have repaired damage to the vine-[illegible]ls caused by the frost, and the vin-[illegible] this year will be larger than that of [illegible] year.

### To Those About To Marry.

My Advice is to marry as quickly as possible, for none but those who are, unhappily, versed in such matters can be aware of the manifold minor, to say nothing of major, evils which a long engagement entails. The position of an affianced pair, after a time, becomes almost ridiculous. Premature congratulations are poured forth by some over-enthusiastic friends, while others cease to believe in the reality of an ultimate settlement, and become suspicious of the sincerity of your professions, and almost personally affronted at your delay. Then the difficulty of sustaining, with appropriate effect, the character of an engaged man is something enormous.

I say nothing of the difficulty which a lady in that delicate position has to encounter, for we all know that they experience but little difficulty in making themselves perpetually agreeable—at least before marriage; but with regard to a man; think of the admiable and excusable deceptions he is forced to be guilty of—the real distaste, but professed pleasure, with which he accompanies "the beloved object,, to the festive board of some oppressive family friend, where, for two mortal hours at least, he has to sit, the observed of all observers, next to the idol to whom he has been paying unceasing devotion for the greater portion of the day, and to whom now he has to make himself agreeable—having exhausted every scrap of news, every conceivable subject of conversation! He is afraid to venture upon any tender aside, for fear he should be thought silly, or to keep much to generalities, for fear he should be considered slow.

I have, indeed, remarked engaged couples who have been content to sit in blissful silence, wrapped in contemplation of their approaching happiness; but such a state of quiescence is rarely observable, and can scarcely be preserved for an indefinite period.

One of my earliest recollections of such a couple is when they were sitting in this state of tranquil calm, and forming a very limited hand-in-hand mutual assurance company of their own; their example is scarcely to be quoted, as the partnership was shortly afterward dissolved forever, and the lady and gentleman are at present thousands of miles apart, and each belonging to another firm.

It is impossible for a man of business not to sympathize with an eminent physician, who informed his future wife that he had no time for courtship; but that if she would marry him, and be ready on a certain day, he should be happy to meet her at the church and make her his bride.—*Temple Bar.*

### Varieties in Fashions.

Sleeveless basques of white muslin, with an over-skirt to match, worn over silks of solid color, will be fashionable for afternoon dresses at the watering-places. Swiss muslin polonaises are also made without sleeves.

The pretty fichus in Marie Antoinette style are greatly in favor again. They are made of folds of China crape of pale tints, edged with white lace, and worn with black silk or grenadine dresses. Swiss muslin and white and black tulle fichus are also shown. They are also of the dress material.

The newest summer silks have four deep flounces reaching to the belt on the back of the skirt, while the front has a long narrow apron. This is seen on some of the handsomest French dresses.

Valenciennes lace is much used for trimming pale-tinted silks for evening dress, and is also used on imported polonaises of Sicilienne. Duchesse lace has lost its popularity; it is, however, imported in new designs with medallions of round point. It costs from $8 to $15 a yard. Chantilly laces of trimming widths are in prettily shaded patterns: $9 to $25.

Sailor's hats of straw will bein favor this spring for school-girls and even young ladies. The brim curls up, and is faced with silk. A ribbon band is passed around the crown, and a cluster of short ostrich tips is placed far back on the left side. Felt hats of Alpine shape, with ribbon band, and a slender wing stuck on the left side, are also worn. The serges and cashmeres in blocks of black and white so fashionable abroad begin to be worn here by young girls.

A new fabric among late importations is crepeline, a soft silk of the texture of China crape, but with long crinkle like that of the English crape. It is used for over-skirts and polonaises of faille dresses. A polonaise of white crepeline cut in the Marguerite Dolly Varden shape is trimmed with netted fringe like that seen on Canton crape shawls. The bows down the front and on the back are of black velvet. This is to be worn with lavender blue or Nile green silks.

A Swiss muslin costume prepared for watering-place visiting, garden-parties, etc., is worthy of description. The skirt has a twelve-inch flounce richly needle-worked, headed by two puffs each five inches wide. These puffs are separated by Swiss insertion laid upon sky blue ribbon. The polonaise front is formed entirely of lengthwise strips of insertion and muslin; the back forms a large pouf below the belt; a sash of wide faille is folded as a belt, passed under the pouf, and droops on the left side. Fringed bows of ribbon fasten the front. The neck is heart-shaped, with standing frill of lace. A folded ribbon passes around the neck and forms a Watteau bow behind. Antique sleeves with embroidered ruffle and a bow at the elbow.

A Question for Physicians.—Judge Ball, who is collecting facts for a history of Hoosick Falls, furnishes the following: "In the year 1799 several cases of small-pox occurred in the town, and a dwelling near the village of Hoosick Falls was used as a pest-house. Seventy years afterwards the house (having been occupied all that time as a dwelling, with no case of small-pox or other unusual sickness) was repaired. One of the workmen employed on the repairs was taken down with a disease which proved to be malignant small-pox, to which he had not been otherwise exposed than by working on this old pest-house." If small-pox virus can be retained for seventy years in the walls, floors, ceiling or furniture of a dwelling house, greater care and more stringent measures will be necessary to insure protection from this loathsome disease.—*Troy Press.*

### Woman's Faith and Constancy.

Five years ago Ira F. Holland, a young and energetic man, settled down in the County of Calhoun, Michigan, near the City of Marshall, and applied himself to farming. Young Holland was industrious and economical, and seemed on the fair road to competence, if not wealth. It was the habit of Ira to visit a Mr. Bingley, who resided in the City of Marshall, and who was one of its wealthiest residents, and to deposit with him all his surplus money. In this manner, after a couple of years young Holland had accumulated some $3,000, which amount remained in the hands of Mr. Bingley. During the visits Holland paid to the house of Mr. Bingley, he met the daughter of the latter, a young and very beautiful girl, who was most favorably impressed with his manly bearing. Young Holland fell deeply in love with the fair Alice almost at the first meeting. With every subsequent meeting his passions increased, and after about three months acquaintance, he received the assurance from the maiden's lips that his passions were returned. But his hopes were doomed to a terrible disappointment. The young couple returned home from a delightful ramble one day. As they entered the house of Miss Bingley, they were met by the father, who was in a high state of excitement. He ordered young Holland from the house, placing in his hands the amount of money left with him, and sternly forbade further intercourse with the family. On the following day Holland was arrested on the charge of horse-stealing, and the trial elicited sufficient proof to sentence him to the State Penitentiary. It appeared that a valuable span of horses had been stolen from the barn of Mr. Bingley, and had been sold in the City of Grand Rapids by a man who answered exactly to the appearance of young Holland, who had been absent from home at the time of the sale—on business of his own, as he stated it, but which, of course, was not credited by the Court. In consideration of his excellent character before the crime, the Court was lenient, and returned a sentence of three years' imprisonment. Holland was hastened away to prison amid his protestations of innocence, and without an opportunity of speaking a word to his betrothed. Wearily dragged on the months to the convict, but at last his term of sentence expired, and he issued forth from the prison doors a bowed down and heart-broken man, his hair whitened before its time by the great mental anguish he had endured. He came to Cleveland and there met Alice Bingley. She had become an orphan during the imprisonment of her lover, and, tired of the scenes amid which she had suffered so much, removed to Cleveland, and was living with her mother's sister. She had adhered, with all a woman's devotedness, to the memory of her convict lover, and had never deemed him guilty of the crime charged to him. The long-separated couple were married, and immediately took their way to Kansas, intending to commence life together in that section.

### The Cincinnati Convention.

The resolutions adopted by the Cincinnati Convention declare the equality of all men before the law, the union of the States, and no re-opening of the questions settled by the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments; the removal of the disabilities incurred in the rebellion; general amnesty; local self-government; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; respect to the *habeas corpus* law; a return to the methods of peace, and a maintenance of the constitutional limitation of power; civil service reform; a single term for the Presidency; a system of Federal taxation which shall not unnecessarily interfere with the industry of the people, and as there are honest, irreconcilable differences of opinion as to the merits respectively of the systems of protection and free trade, those questions are remitted to the people in the Congressional districts, and the decisions of Congress thereon, wholly free of executive interference or dictation; a maintenance of the public credit against repudiation in every form; a speedy return to specie payments; a recognition of the services and sacrifices of the soldiers and sailors; against further grants of lands to railroads or other corporations; in foreign relation it is the duty of the Government to cultivate friendship, demanding nothing not right, submitting to nothing wrong.

On the first ballot by the Convention, the vote for candidate for President stood:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Adams | 203 | Davis | 92½ |
| Greeley | 147 | Curtin | 62 |
| Trumbull | 110 | Chase | 2½ |
| Brown | 95 | | |
| Total vote | | | 712 |
| Necessary to choice | | | 308 |

On the 6th ballot Hon. Horace Greeley was nominated, the following being the vote:

| | |
|---|---|
| Whole vote | 714 |
| Necessary to choice | 358 |
| Greeley | 482 |
| Adams | 187 |

Hon. B. Gratz Brown of Missouri, was nominated for Vice-President.

The Perils of Ballooning.—Donaldson, the most daring aeronaut of modern days, made his second ascension in Chillicothe, a few days since. The streets were crowded with spectators from the adjoining country, and the ascension was made at 1:30 o'clock. In going up the wind was so strong from the north that it carried the balloon against the north end of Lansing's drug store, on Second street. The aeronant saw what was coming, and bracing himself to meet the shock, throwing out his feet, which struck the side of the house and turned him completely over on his trapeze bar. The balloon in going up, and before he could recover his place, dragged him over the chimney, knocking it at least half off, and bruising and wounding him to such an extent that he was unable to perform his usual feats. This, however, was not the most serious part. The bricks, in falling to the pavement, struck a man named Patrick Martin on the head, fracturing his skull. The balloonist made but a short trip, not going out of sight, his wounds from the contact with the chimney became so painful that he was compelled to decend.

The crop prospects in Mississippi are reported not promising, and corn is bad, owing to wet weather. It is said to be the most backward spring in 25 years.

### Facts and Fancies.

California brags of barley 5 feet high.

The Prussian needle-gun is to be superseded by a more effective weapon.

The army worm has appeared in Tennessee, and is doing great damage to fruit trees.

Why is the letter R like a peace-maker? Because it makes a friend of a fiend.

Mr. Alcott says he calls a man practical who can make another see his own ignorance.

Ruffles of lace or muslin are taking the place of collars and cuffs, and are very becoming.

Gold-bearing antimony is reported to have been discovered on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad.

"Bill," said one apprentice to another, "I don't like a boss as is allers round his shop interfering with his own business."

At a wedding in Poughkeepsie, not long ago, the parents of the bridegroom charged the invited guests ninety cents per head for supper.

The girls in Raleigh, N. C., have a nice way of eating philopenas. They hold the almonds in their teeth while the young fellows bite them off.

A Missourian has actually succeeded in bamboozling his mother-in-law, and she had been compelled to resort to the law to have a deed obtained by fraud and undue influence set aside.

The first daily paper published in England is said to have been published by a woman, in 1702. It was called the *Daily Courant*, and the name of the proprietor was Elizabeth Mallet.

A Miss in Western New York asserts that when gentlemen eat warm maple sugar it gets into their mustaches and makes them scratchy. Her father is anxious to know how she found out.

That compositor had his own way of punctuating and spelling, and this is the way he treated a familiar passage of Scripture; "The wicked flea, when no man pursueth but the righteous, is bold as a lion.

Colonel G. was very fat, and being a bankrupt, was met by one of his creditors with a "How do you do, Colonal?" "Pretty well; you see I hold my own yet." "Yes," said the other, "and mine too, to my sorrow."

A Connecticut reporter says a boy swallowed three marbles and four bullets recently, and being somewhat of a bony structure, is now utilized by the neighbors, who borrow him as a rattle-box to amuse their babes and sucklings.

A kind old father-in-law wanted to know why the Fijians were called cannibals, to which a showman replied:—"Because they live off other people." "Then," replied he, unhappily, "my four sons-in-law must be cannibals—they live off me."

Man is the victim of discontent. He either looks for happiness in his recollections of the past, or seeks it in the brilliant visions which his fancy has created of futurity; whereas the present should be the moment of enjoyment and preparation for the future.

At Mount Washington, Kentucky, William Pratt's dog killed Wm. Wigginton's hog. A consequent lawsuit ended to the dissatisfaction of both last week. On their way home from court, both carrying shot-guns, they quarreled. Wigginton fired first and killed Pratt instantly.

"Excuse my left hand," said Wiggins, as he shook hands with a friend. "Certainly, I never take umbrage at nature," was the reply. Refering to Ecclesiastics x, 2, the text is, "A wise man's heart is at his right hand; but a fool's heart is at his left;" and the consequence is that they have not spoken since.

A newly made widow at Oshkosh, at the funeral, stepped up and kissed her dead husband's brow as he lay in the coffin, and then was disgusted beyond measure to see several other women whom she did not know step up and do the same thing. With the remark "I thought he was my husband, but he wasn't," she rose and left the church.

Jones assumes, on coming home to dinner, the bearing of an outraged husband. "Why is it, Mrs. Jones, that you ride through Wall street in the very equipage I am struggling to maintain for you at high charge, and cut your husband?" Mrs. Jones at once reassures him. "You certainly would not have your wife, from a five thousand dollar barouche, bow to a man who is at work for his living?"

A gentleman in Syracuse, blest with a very jealous wife, gave her a lesson and himself a hearty laugh not long since by a very simple yet ingenious device. While his wife was away calling he cut from paper a couple figures represented in the act of kissing. He put the paper in such a position that the light would reflect a life-sized shadow upon the curtain of the window that she would see on arriving, and awaited the results. He heard footsteps, then they paused, and were followed by a mad rush into the house, where the little affair explained itself and the story ended.

Extreme Human Task.—The average load for a man to bring up from the deepest mines is two hundred pounds. An extreme load, brought up from the deepest mine, as an exhibition of strength, was 300 pounds, the greatest part of the way by notched logs, leaning from the side of the shaft. The *apire* is not allowed to stop for breath, except the perpendicular depth exceed six hundred feet. At a depth of two hundred and forty feet, twelve loads are a day's work. The men are healthy, cheerful, and not very muscular. Their food is bread and beans, with meat very rarely. They would gladly dispense with beans, but as they cannot work without, their employers require them to eat them.

A Singular Invitation.—Rev. Dr Cumming's ruling passion for music, and giving it for the enjoyment of other people, was strong even in his last days and hours. To a friend to whom he was tenderly attached, and who was taking leave of him after he lay at the point of death, he said, "Come to the funeral; the music will be splendid." We recall no instance of a deeper sense of the gratification of others and utter self-abnegation than is this invitation to attend one's own funeral for the sake of the music.

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