

### IF YOU KNEW.

Oh, if you knew how very sad and lonely,  
How drear, how homeless in my house am I,  
Sometimes down the street, for that thought  
only.  
You'd just pass by.  
If you but knew the thoughts that germ and grow  
And blossom in sad hearts, with one bright  
glance,  
One look up to my window you would throw.  
As if by chance.

And if you knew to the sick soul the healing  
That comes from the mere presence of another,  
You'd rest a moment 'neath my doorway, feeling  
For a lone brother.

But if you knew I loved you, if you knew it,  
With what a love, how deep, how tender, dear,  
You'd come—your very heart would make you  
do it—  
Straight to me here.—Anon.

### Handsome Presidents.

Justly enough has it been said that "no man ever was elected President of the United States because of his good looks." Many of our Presidents never could have been nominated for office had had beauty been an indispensable qualification in our National Chief Magistrate. Washington was a man of imposing presence, and it would have been admitted that he was better looking than most men, even by an observer who was not under the power of the spell cast by his great deeds and great name. The popular idea of the father of his country comes from Stuart's portrait; and there is at least one competent authority that the famous painting is too highly idealized to afford a just likeness of the just man. In Mr. Edmund Quincy's noble "Life of Josiah Quincy," we find the following lively passage: "I was curious to know how my father's recollections of the personal appearance of Washington agreed with the popular descriptions and pictorial representations of it with which we are all familiar. He was not an imaginative man, and never dressed his heroes in colors of fancy. No man had a profounder reverence for Washington than he, but this did not affect his perceptions of physical phenomena, nor his recollections of them. My mother, on the contrary, was of imagination all compact, and Washington was in her mind's eye, as she recalled him, more than a hero—a superior being, as far above the common race of mankind in majesty and grace of person and bearing as in moral grandeur. This was one of the few subjects on which my father and mother differed in opinion. He maintained that Stuart's portrait is a highly idealized one, presenting its great subject as the artist thought he ought to live in the minds of posterity, but not a strong resemblance of the actual man in the flesh. He always declared that the portrait by Savage in the college dining-rooms in Harvard Hall, at Cambridge, was the best likeness he had ever seen of Washington, though its merits as a work of art are but small. One day, when talking over those times in his old age, I asked my father to tell me what were his recollections of Washington's personal presence and bearing. 'I will tell you,' said he, 'just how he struck me. He reminded me of the gentlemen who used to come to Boston in those days to attend the General Court from Hampden or Franklin County, in the western part of the State. A little stiff in his person, not a little formal in his manners, not particularly at ease in the presence of strangers. He had the air of a country gentleman not accustomed to mix much in society, perfectly polite but not easy in his address and conversation, and not graceful in his gait and movements.' From the recollections of Mr. (William) Sullivan, which he published many years afterward, it would seem that the impression made upon him by Washington, who was the object of his political idolatry, was the same as that made upon his friend. He says: 'In his own house his action was calm, deliberate and dignified, without pretensions to gracefulness or peculiar manner, but merely natural, as might be expected in such a man. When walking in the street his movements had not the soldierly air which might have been expected. His habitual notions had been formed long before he took command of the American armies, in the wars of the interior, or in the surveying of the wilderness lands—employments in which elegance and grace were not likely to be acquired. It certainly was perfectly natural that Washington's manners should have been those of a country gentleman living remote from cities, he having been engaged in rural occupations the chief part of his life, and moving in a very narrow circle of society when he was called, at the age of 43, to the leadership of the Revolution.' We prefer Mrs. Josiah Quincy's estimate of Washington to that of her husband, because she was a woman capable of forming opinions on all matters, and because women are far better judges of character than men; but Mr. Quincy's estimate is entitled to great weight.

President John Adams' portraits create the belief that he was a good looking man when young, and also in middle life. His grandson, Mr. C. F. Adams, in closing his "Life" of his grandfather, says: "In figure John Adams was not tall, scarcely exceeding middle height, but of a stout, well knit frame, denoting vigor and long life, yet, as he grew old, inclining more and more to corpulence. His head was large and round, with a wide forehead and expanded brows. His eye was mild and benignant, perhaps even humorous, when he was free from emotion, but when excited it fully expressed the vehemence of the spirit that stirred within. His presence was grave and imposing on serious occasions, but not unbending." A very good descrip-

tion of the man, and remarkable as coming from a relative, who was 19 years old at the time of the ex-President's death.

President Jefferson was a very tall man—as tall as Washington—and this, a drawback on his figure when he was young and slim, was highly favorable to his appearance in later life. He was, even in youth, an impressive man, with a good, but not a handsome face. He was a very fair man, and for every man of that complexion who is good-looking there are at least twenty dark men who are thus favored by nature. He was a polite and pleasing man, but he never insulted others by condescension. Mr. William Sullivan tells us that President Madison was "a man of small stature and grave appearance" when in Congress (1789-97), adding that "at the close of his Presidency (1817) he seemed to be a careworn man, and appeared, by his face, to have advanced to a more mature age than was the fact. He had a calm expression, a penetrating blue eye, and looked like a thinking man. He was dressed in black, bald on the top of his head, powdered, of rather protuberant person in front, small lower limbs (meaning spindle shanks) and grave in speech." Evidently not a beauty man, but he had capital brains.

Of President Monroe we have two accounts, one representing him as tall and insignificant, and the other as short and more insignificant. A life of him by a competent person, could be made a more interesting work than that of any other President we had in the sixty years that separate the outgoing of John Adams from the incoming of Abraham Lincoln. President John Quincy Adams was a small man. We saw him about the time he had entered his 70th year, when many days had told upon him, making him stoop. President Jackson would have had a handsome figure had he not been so thin and spare; but as we saw him only when he was riding on horseback—and he was a superb horseman—he may have appeared to be better looking than he was. His face was wan and thin, and his hair, which was abundant, though he was 66 years old, was milk white. President Van Buren we saw when he was 51 years old, he being then Vice President, and we thought he would have been handsome if his flowing locks had not been long before removed by the malignity of time. Baldness makes a handsome man ugly, and an ugly man uglier. President Harrison had the reputation of having been good looking in early life, and portraits of him in his age confirmed the belief that had come down. President Tyler really was a good looking man, but he was not very far advanced in years when he entered office. President Polk was paltry, and seemed to be feeble. President Taylor was rugged, but he had a good head.

The handsomest of all our Presidents was unquestionably President Fillmore. We saw him at Tonawanda (western New York) some years before he became President, and not at first knowing him; and we thought then, as we think now, that he was a most striking specimen of masculine beauty. The only men we have seen to be classed with him in looks are Mr. Webster in his forty-ninth year, and Mr. Hawthorne in his fiftieth year. Mr. Fillmore had the best figure of the three, but Mr. Webster had the better head, and Mr. Hawthorne's face was that of a god—in marble, and it was well set off by the best of black hair. President Pierce was a bland, pleasing man, but he would not have been noted for good looks in a crowd. President Buchanan had a large presence, but his face often had a semi-sinister expression that did not match well with his portly proportions. Mr. Hawthorne, who was consul at Liverpool for much of the time that Mr. Buchanan was our minister in London, saw something of him, and wrote of him in his note book, on the 13th of September, 1855: "The tall, large figure of Mr. — has a certain air of state and dignity; he carries his head in a very awkward way, but still looks like a man of long and high authority, and, with his white hair, is now quite venerable. There is certainly a lack of polish, a kind of rusticity, notwithstanding which you feel him to be a man of the world. I should think he might succeed very tolerably in English society, being heavy and sensible, cool, kindly and good humored, with a great deal of experience of life." He was a bachelor—the only bachelor President we have had—which, perhaps, was the reason he took the dissolution of the Union so easily. It has been said that he had a love affair in his youth that turned out unluckily, like many another such affair.

President Lincoln was of an ungainly figure, but he had a good head and a most expressive face. He, too, had an affair of the heart, and a friend of his told us that he had never seen or heard of a stranger one, and that no romance contained anything more complete of the kind. "I do believe," he said, "he would have died had not the laudatory relented." So one need not be a beauty man to suffer from the common fever of life. General Grant is a plain, short man, but in regarding him, so great are his deeds, men are affected much as poor Desdemona was when she listened to Othello's tough yarns, and half of which were probably lies. Mr. Johnson was a personable President, and President Hayes is far from being ill-looking. General Hancock is said to be handsome, and the portraits of General Garfield represent him as a man of fine appearance. "It is often said that women do not care for beauty in men as men care for it in women. It may be so—we know nothing about the matter; but good looks are passports everywhere, like good manners and good propriety. Yet it must be allowed that very handsome women

frequently do marry very hideous fellows; and there is consolation in the fact, for misery likes consolation as much as it likes company. To adjust the balance between the sexes, many wise men marry very dull women, who make good wives of the "homely household savor" order—women who will wash well and wear better.

### Bound to Boss the Funeral.

A policeman who was beating through "Kaintuck" one afternoon, was halted by a little negro man who had business in his eye and both hands tightly clenched as he said:  
"Say, boss, am you gwine to be 'round yere to-morrow afternoon?"  
"Yes, I suppose so."  
"Waal, dar's gwine to be the power-fullest fuss yere dat ole Kaintuck eber saw, an' you'd better hev about six pair o' handcuffs an' shackles ready."  
"Why, what's the trouble now?"  
"Truble nuff, sah. You see de ole man Jinking, 'round on Illinois street, am gwine to die afore night. Dat's settled fur shuah."  
"Yes."  
"Waal, de ole man has axed me to sort o' boss de fun'ral 'rangements, kase he knows I'm solid on sich fings. Ize tended to fun'ral's so long dat Ize got de hang of em, you see."  
"Yes."  
"Waal, dar's Dekun Allen, libin' ober on Calhoun street, one of de most pompous Africans in Detroit. Just as snah as a black man shuffles off de coil anywhar 'aroun' 'heah de Dekun' he allus wants to boss de fun'ral bizness."  
"Does, eh?"  
"He does, sah, an' he's de poorest han' you eber saw. He can't start a hymn, nor make any sort o' speech on de shinin' qualities of de late deceased. Why, what'd y'e spose de Dekun got off ober heah on Clay street at a fun'ral in January?"  
"I can't say."  
"Why, he said dat man cometh up like a flower an' am' cut down. De deceased wasn't a man at all, but a girl, an' de ideah of flowers coming up in January! Sich ignorance, sah, needs rebuke."  
"Well, what about this fuss to-morrow?"  
"Waal, sah, Ize been requested to boss dat fun'ral. Ize bin requested by de werry man who am gwine to form de subject of de sad occasion. De Dekun will be ober dar as usual, puttin' on scoldings an' tellin' folks to stan' back and so on. He'll swell up an' walk 'round wid his hands behin' his back, same as if he owned de hull street, an' same as if I wasn't knee-high to a clothes-hoss."  
"Well?"  
"Well, sah, dar will be a rekonter between de Dekun an' myself. De werry munit dat he begins to swell up I shall shed off my Sunday coat an' p'ceed to mangle him widin two inches of his life! I'll do it—I'll do it, sah, if I have to go to State prison for a toutsan' y'ars."  
"I wouldn't."  
"But I will, sah! Ize gibben you f'ar warnin', sah, an' if you am not on han' wid a one-horse wagin' to convey de body of de Dekun to his late home it won't be my fault. Dat's all, sah—except dat I strike with bouf fists to once, an' dat de pusson struck at soon pines away an' dies. Good day, sah."—*Detroit Free Press.*

### A Brooklyn Princess.

A divorce suit is pending in Brooklyn entitled Trice against Trice, the parties being colored, in connection with which there are some curious stories. Both sides claim a decree, the wife, who is the plaintiff, on the ground of the defendant's unhusbandlike conduct, and the husband on the ground that when he married the woman she had a husband living in Africa, no less a person than the King of the Ashantees. About the year 1865, a tall young black from Africa found his way to Brooklyn. He could not speak English, but he acquired the language readily, and it was soon known in the Siloam Presbyterian church, into which he happened to fall, that he was Albert Agamon, the eldest son of the Ashantee king. He had heard in his country of the great world beyond, and had set out, like the prince he was, to see it. He was an object of great interest to the female members of the church, but escaped all their snares until the plaintiff in the present suit, then a comely colored widow, smiled upon him. He married her, and she became a princess. They lived together in harmony for some years, and a little prince was born, who is still a resident of Brooklyn. In the meantime the prince became an ardent Christian, and was licensed to preach. After a while he was persuaded that through him Christianity might be established among his native people, and with this as his mission, he set out on a visit to his early home. Upon reaching the gold coast, he wrote back to his wife that his father, the King, was growing feeble and desired his first-born to be near him, ready when death came to receive his mantle. This was the last we heard in Brooklyn from Prince Agamon. After several years had elapsed, the Brooklyn Princess was married to Chas. Trice, who is now a waiter at the Rockaway hotel.—*N. Y. Times.*

G. LeBow and G. Noel find the smoke of tobacco contains hydrocyanic acid, an alkaloid as poisonous as nicotine, and various aromatic principles. The alkaloid has a pleasant odor, but it is dangerous to inhale, and it has proved fatal to animals in doses of about the twentieth of a drop. They consider it identical with colidone, the existence of which has been traced in the products of the destructive distillation of several organic substances.

### Scenes of Whittier's Childhood.

A little more than a mile out of town we pass three beautiful sheets of water, the most noteworthy of which formerly bore the name of "Great Pond," to distinguish it from its lesser neighbors, but not many years since it was re-christened "Kenosza," the Indian name for pickerel, with which it abounds. Whittier contributed to the christening ceremonies the sweet and musical poem which, in his published collection, bears the title of "Kenosza Lake." It closes with the exquisite and devout stanza:  
And when the summer day grows dim  
And light mists walk the mimic sea,  
Revive in us the thought of Him  
Who walked on Galilee.  
Keeping by the beautiful lake, with its lofty and irregular shore, wooded on the side opposite us to the water's edge, we take a road to the left which soon brings us to the veritable old home, a two-story house with a large chimney in the center. The small square porch at the side of the house, and particularly the stone step, must be noticed, for it was "on this door stone, gray and rude," that the "Barefoot Boy," Whittier being himself the hero of that poem, enjoyed his "Bowl of milk and bread."  
Near the house and crossing the road is the little stream, "the buried brook-let," of "Snow Bound," which in summer "laughed" for the "Barefoot Boy," and whose constant ripple was ever "through the day and through the night whispering at the garden wall." Here, between house and barn, is the road which became "a fenceless drift" in the "Snow Bound" winter, and here the old barn to which, after tunneling the drift, they went to the relief of the "prisoned brutes," and where  
The oxen lashed their tails and hooked,  
And mild reproach of hunger look'd.  
The house stands in a hollow, and the roads about it form a sort of irregular triangle, and by driving back and forth you can get not only the views given in Hills picture of the place, but others equally attractive. On the drive toward the house and near Kenosza lake, is a short street, which it is worth while to drive down; you can easily return to the main road. Here you will find a picturesque, one-story house, with a door in the center reaching to the roof. I think you cannot fail to recognize it from this description. It was the home of Mrs. Caldwell, the "elder sister" of the poet, of whom he writes in "Snow Bound."  
Oh, heart sore-tired! thou hast the best  
That Heaven itself can give thee—rest.  
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!  
How many a poor one's blessing went  
With thee beneath the low green tent,  
Whose curtain never outward swings.  
On the return drive you will wish to see the spot where the school house of Whittier's childhood and of the poem entitled "In School Days" stood. In this poem, you will remember, he has celebrated the devotion of the little girl with  
Tangled golden curls,  
Who said,  
I'm sorry that I spelt the word,  
I hate to go above you;  
"Because," the brown eyes lower fell,  
"Because," you see, "I love you."  
You must take the road as you drive toward Haverhill proper (the homestead is in East Haverhill), which will bring the house on the left and the barn on the right. Soon after passing the latter, and on the same side of the road, you will come to the site of the school house, which has within a short time been torn down, much to the disgust of all tourists. Here, says one of his companions, Whittier used to sit and read Bible stories when the other boys were at recess. I can easily believe this of him, for his poems abound in Scriptural allusions that he uses with a skill which could only be gained by early familiarity with the Old and New Testaments.

OUR RAILWAY SYSTEM.—The New York Indicator says during the past ten years the railway system of the United States has nearly doubled in extent of mileage. During this period we have had six years of commercial revulsion and almost universal bankruptcy. It is not the extraordinary extension of our railway system alone that challenges attention, but the marked improvements that have been made in the many older roads, and especially in the so-called trunk lines. Wooden bridges have been removed and iron structures substituted in their stead; iron rails replaced by steel; the building of freight cars of double the capacity of the old ones, carrying twenty tons of live weight instead of ten, as formerly, and more substantial and thoroughly ballasted road-beds. These improvements, although expensive, are the first principles of economical management, and make it possible for our well-built and best equipped roads to do the largest amount of work at the least possible cost. As a result, many of our best roads are carrying freight at the present time at a profit, yet at rates that would not have covered the cost ten years ago. It is the completeness of this system in furnishing cheap transportation from the centers of the great grain growing districts of the West that has given such an enormous increase of American food crops, and enables us to successfully compete with all other countries in the world in the supply of food.

When a man is guilty of a breach of trust, when he loses the money of other people, or when a man makes a bad failure, showing large liabilities and insignificant assets, the matter is made notorious by publication and the talk of men, especially if the offender be a member of the church. But if a man is honest, if he makes an unusual exhibition of integrity, that receives only trifling notice, and nobody stops to inquire whether the virtue he exhibits is an example of Christian integrity or is due to the power of Scriptural truth.

### Father Farrell's Estate.

The will of the late Rev. Father Farrell, of St. Joseph's church, in this city, disposed of about \$12,500. The broadness of view and tolerance of spirit which it indicated in the testator attracted attention at the time of its publication. There was also incidentally aroused some surprise that a parish priest should have accumulated so much money. The question has been raised by those who knew Father Farrell only by general reputation, how he could have gained so much money from his position in St. Joseph's parish. The answer to this question is that he did not so gain it, and in the mercantile sense of that word he did not gain it at all. It was given to him. His friends, including the trustees of St. Joseph's church, desire this to be understood, in order that his true character may be made plain to all.

The property was given to Father Farrell in Alabama State bonds by personal friends, who were not of his faith, when the bonds were not of as much value as they are now. The basis and true reason for the gift was Father Farrell's love for his country. Although he was educated in a Southern State, he was a warm supporter of the Government. In the darkest hours of the war his voice was clear in upholding the union. His patriotic impulses led him to the front, where he labored in hospitals and on battle-fields. The gift was made so delicately that an effort, made yesterday, to learn the names of the donors or the occasion of the presentation, failed, though inquiries were made of friends who were long intimate with him.

To show Father Farrell's confidence in the Government and his sense of duty toward it, the following is told: A friend came to him indignantly because a debtor had insisted on paying him about \$80,000 in United States paper money, then newly made a legal tender. He wanted to know what Father Farrell had to say about that. The priest told him that the transaction was past, and that it was idle to say anything about it; "but," said he, "I can tell you what to do with it. Give it to Uncle Sam. Buy five-twenties with it." A second time his friend called with a repetition of his grievance. A second debtor had put off about \$30,000 of the new legal tender on him. Again Father Farrell advised him to buy five twenties. He shook his head and went away. A third time his friend called on him; this time to tell the priest to take the \$80,000 and keep it for him. He did not know whom else to trust in those times.

"No," said Father Farrell; "I don't want it; but if I should take it, I should let Uncle Sam have every cent of it."  
Again the friend shook his head. "You won't let Uncle Sam have any of my money," he said.

It was not long afterward that the friend made a fourth visit. He came to tell Father Farrell that he had invested the \$80,000 in five-twenties. This, of course, proved very profitable. It is said, however, that this friend was not among those who made Father Farrell the gift referred to.—*N. Y. Sun.*

### The Story of Four Law Students.

In the law office of John C. Spencer, at Canandaigua, N. Y., in 1831-2, were four young law students, to fortune and to fame unknown. Under the careful guidance of Mr. Spencer they were duly admitted to the bar in 1834, and one of them at once struck out for the West, locating at Cleveland. Here he stuck fast, and while waiting the expiration of the 6 months required by the Ohio laws before a citizen of another State can practice in her courts, he was surprised by a call from his three fellow students. They were looking for places to hang out their shingles. "Well, one of you can stay here with me; another of you can go further to this little French village they call Detroit, and the other can push on to a new place they call Chicago, on the site of old Fort Dearborn." After a little consultation, this plan was finally agreed to. The one who went to "the little French village," was George C. Bates; he who went further on was Stephen A. Douglas, who made a mistake and went to Springfield instead of Chicago; while he who remained in Cleveland was Henry B. Payne. This was in 1834. The young man who thus planned out the career of his three companions was E. H. Thompson, now of Flint, Michigan, who told us the circumstances.

A CANDID DARKEY.—An old darkey, who had "put away" watermelons every summer for sixty years, stood in front of one of our grocery houses eyeing a pile of that fruit. The merchant, who sat in the door, noticed the wistfulness of the African's gaze, and finally asked, "Don't you want to buy one of these melons, uncle?" "How much you axed for one, boss?" inquired the African, still keeping his gaze on the melon. "Twenty-five cents," replied the merchant, getting up from his chair and stepping to the side of the hillock. "What you gib me one half fur?" asked the darkey, taking a step toward the pile. "Fifteen cents," replied the dealer, lifting one in his hands. "What'll yer sell me a slice fur?" asked Africa. "Ten cents," said the accommodating merchant. "A bite ob one?" continued the darkey. "Five cents, answered the merchant, as he picked up a knife and started to pluck out a piece about two inches square. "Hold on, boss! I see an honest niggah. You say you gib me a bite for five cents. Well, sah, if I takes a bite ob dat melon you'll be settin' 'heah in a pow'ful study an' er wond'rin' what 'come ob de balance ob it. Now, boss, heah's de two bits. Der ain't nuffin mean 'bout me when it gits up to watermelons." He took the watermelons and went off to hunt the shade.—[Tallahasse Floridan.]