

## ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

HARTFORD, MAY 19, 1780.

In the old days (a custom laid aside  
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent  
Their stout men to make the public laws  
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound  
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianus,  
Waved over by the woods of Rippowans,  
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,  
Standford sent up to the councils of the State  
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

Twas on a May-day of the far old year  
Seventeen hundred and eighty, that there fell  
Over the bloom and sweet life of the spring,  
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,  
A horror of great darkness, like the night  
In a day of which the Norland saga tell—  
The twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky  
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim  
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which clinches  
The crater's sides from the red hell below.  
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard fowls  
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars  
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leathery wings  
Filled abroad; the sounds of labor died;  
Men prayed and women wept, all tears grew sharp  
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter  
The black sky; that the dreadful face of Christ  
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked  
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern  
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts,  
Sat the lawmakers of Connecticut,  
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.  
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"  
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,  
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport,  
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice  
The intolerable hush. "This will be the  
Day of Judgment which the world awaits;  
But be it so or not, I only know  
My present duty, and my Lord's command  
To occupy till he come—so at the post  
Where He hath set me in His Providence,  
I choose, for one, to meet His face to face—  
No faithless servant frightened from my task,  
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;  
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,  
Let God do His work, we will see to ours,  
Bring in the sheaves!" And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker rose,  
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,  
An act to amend an act to regulate  
The shad and alewife fisheries. Whereupon  
Wise and well-spoken Abraham Davenport,  
Straight to the question, with no figure of speech  
Bare the ten Arab signs, yet not without  
The shrewd dry humor natural to the man;  
His eye struck colleagues listening all the while,  
Between the pauses of his argument,  
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God  
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,  
Erect, self-possessed, a rugged form, half seen  
Against the background of unstarred dark,  
A witness to the ages as they pass,  
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

## HOW SHE MARRIED HIM.

Keziah Buckthorne had survived, by a considerable period, whatever of feminine charms and graces she might have once possessed, when a handsome fortune dropped down upon her as if from the clouds.

Had the riches come a score of years sooner there is no telling what might have been. Keziah's attractions had never been, so to speak, dazzling. But 20 years ago great potency in turning dimples into wrinkles and lines of beauty into crows' feet; and many an adventurous Coles who might have found Miss Buckthorne a match acceptable, with such a fortune, at 25, passed her by at 45, saved from the sin of covetousness by the reflection that she and her money were inseparable conjuncts.

Even Topham Gynblaney, the daily problem of whose life is to keep adjusted the balance between a very moderate income and quite expensive tastes, and who looked upon a thrifty marriage as the goal of human wishes, after a few visits of reconnaissance to Keziah, which left him in doubt that he had but to say the word to receive a gracious answer, left the word unspoken.

Mr. Gynblaney's visits had ceased for some weeks, when a message came one day that Miss Buckthorne was quite ill—had fallen into a decline, in fact—and had given up by Dr.

Croke. She desired to see Mr. Gynblaney and such other friends as might wish to bid her farewell ere she started on that journey whence there is no return.

Of course there was no refusing such a request. Decorously clad in solemn black, and with a face put on to match, Topham Gynblaney presented himself at the invalid's door.

"How is she, Doctor?" he inquired gravely, of a dried-up little man, who met him at the threshold with a countenance in which was a whole homily on the vanity of hope.

"Sinking rapidly," Dr. Croke replied; "those who wish to see her alive have no time to spare."

"There is no chance for her, then?"

"Not the slightest. Constitution gone—nervous system shattered—lung collapsed—no recuperative force—no—"

"How long do you think she'll last?" interrupted Topham, anxiously.

"Eight-and-forty hours at the furthest; more likely less than half of it."

"Would you like to see her?" asked the doctor, at length.

"I called for that purpose," returned the other.

"Let me apprise her of your presence," said the doctor; "in her present state any sudden surprise might prove fatal."

After a brief absence the doctor returned.

"This way," he said, leading the visitor to the sick room.

Mr. Gynblaney was shocked at the spectacle that met his eye. His heart, we have hinted, was pretty tough; but tough as it was, it was touched at the sight of the pale emaciated face—enough of itself to dispel all doubt of the truth of the doctor's predictions.

"This—is—very—kind—of you, Top—Mr. Gyn—blaney, I mean," the sick lady murmured, a spasmodic cough interrupting her words.

Mr. Gynblaney took the chair placed for him at the bedside, and clasping in his own the thin hand extended to welcome him, returned its trembling pressure.

The doctor and the nurse retired to prepare a posset for the patient, leaving the latter and Mr. Gynblaney alone.

"I trust you will be better soon," said Mr. Gynblaney, with well-meant hypocrisy.

"That—is—past—hoping—for," was the scarcely audible answer. "Dr.—Croke—has—told—me—the—worst."

Dr. Croke, we may here remark, always told his patients the worst. If they got well the more credit to him. If they died, of course it wasn't his fault.

A sudden thought flashed across Mr. Gynblaney. If he could only marry Miss Buckthorne now! In two days or less, he would be a widower, and the lawful possessor of his wife's fortune. Here was an opportunity indeed.

Rubbing his eyes with his handkerchief till they watered and looked red from the force of the friction, he gave the hand in his another and more tender pressure.

"Dear Keziah," he whispered softly between his sobs, "how—how—cruel—that—that we should be parted thus!"

"I have long cherished the purpose," he went on hurriedly, mastering his emotion with an effort, "of asking you to be mine. Diffidence alone restrained me. But if you will even now consent—"

"Do—you—feel—that—it—would—be—a—comfort—to—you—Top—Topham, dear—"

The cough would not allow her to finish.

"It would—it would!" he exclaimed, with a burst of well-feigned feeling. "To call you mine, but for an hour, though I lost you the next, would forever link my soul to a precious memory which—"

Mr. Gynblaney was on the point of ending his flight in an inglorious top-down when Keziah came to the rescue.

"It—shall—be—as—you—please,—dear," she sighed.

"No time is to be lost!" he cried, springing up. "Let us send for a minister at once!"

Just then the doctor and the nurse returned. The minister was summoned, and a few minutes

sufficed to make Topham Gynblaney and Keziah Buckthorne one flesh.

A tinge which might have passed for a blush 20 years ago, overspread the bride's countenance. For some moments she lay like one entranced with happiness.

"Topsy, dear," she said, when they were again alone, "I feel as if I could eat something; they've kept me on gruel till I'm nearly starved."

"What would you like dearest?"

"Some tea and toast, and chops, and boiled eggs, and—"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the doctor, entering in time to catch a portion of the list, "do you wish to commit suicide?"

"What hurt can it do?" she answered. "You have already told me there is no hope."

"I think we might as well gratify her," her husband added; and finding himself outvoted, the doctor held up his hand in horrified protest.

The repast was brought and received ample justice.

Next morning Mrs. Gynblaney was up by-times packing her trunks for an elaborate wedding tour, from which her husband and the doctor strove in vain to dissuade her. It would be hard to tell which of them was most amazed. Both were firmly convinced that the age of miracles was not yet past—unless, as the disconsolate Gynblaney half suspected, he had been made the victim of a cunning plot.

Ten years have passed and Topham Gynblaney has still the old problem to puzzle over, for Mrs. Gynblaney holds her own purse strings, and insists on "Topsy's" living on his own income.—Selected.

It is told of an American map agent that on a recent trip he was attacked by highway robbers, who demanded his money. As he was too prudent to carry money in the country, they failed to make a haul out of their victim. "But," said the agent, "I have some splendid maps of the country along with me, which I should like to show you." And in a twinkling he was off his horse, had a map stuck upon a pole, and explained it so effectually that he sold each of the bandidi a map, pocketed the money and resumed his journey.

A COLORED banker, much alarmed by the failure of several other banks in his neighborhood, closed his own establishment. A man knocked at the barred door. "Who's dar?" cried the banker. "Open the door!" called the man. "Dis bank's closed," remarked the banker. "Don't care whether the bank's closed or not," cried the stranger, "I left a pair of new boots here yesterday and I want them." Presently the door was thrust partly open and one boot pushed out, with the remark: "We is only payin' 50 cents on the dollar to-day."

JOSEPH WIDMER, seven feet in height, and the tallest man in Missouri, died a short time since. The St. Louis Republican says that he served in the war in Col. Frederick Hecker's regiment, and at the time of the first parade of his company, Col. Hecker, noticing that he stood head and shoulders above all others, yelled out, "You rascal, get down from that stump!" When the enraged colonel drew near to learn why his order was not obeyed, he saw what he afterward said was the longest bean-pole he ever beheld.

SCIENCE AND COMMON SENSE.—"Common sense," says Prof. Huxley, "is science exactly so far as it fulfills the ideal of common sense; that is, sees facts as they are, or at any rate without the distortion of prejudice, and reasons from them in accordance with the dictates of sound judgment. And science is simply common sense at its best; that is, rigidly accurate in observation, and merciless to fallacy in logic."

AN unfortunate Indianapolis man who lost several toes by a car-wheel, was consoled by an Irishman near by with: "Whist, there, you're making more noise than mony a man I've seen with his head off."