

THE LITTLE GLENDOVERERS.

FROM "THE MISTRESS OF THE MANSE."

Love's children of the light,
Draped in radiant locks and pinions—
Not and purple, but in their beautiful dominions,
On the earth and in the spheres
And the red can know no place,
And the blue are blue forever,
And the yellow wings may range
Toward the white or purple nerve;
But their nature free from strife,
For their color is the light.

When their color dies they die—
Blend with earth or ether or sky—
Lacking where their spirit lies
Not a stain, so pure and true;
In the ecstasy and the thought
Which their fading brings to naught!

Each contented with the hue
Which indue his wings and beauty,
Red or yellow, white or blue,
Signs the measure of his duty
Through the summer clouds in peace,
And delights that never cease.

Not with envy love they more
Locks and pinions purple-tinted,
Nor with jealousy wings more
Those whose pleasure are unguished
And whose purple hair and wings
Give them place with green and kings.

When a purple glendover
Piercing the lone expanse,
They surround him, far and near,
With their glowing wings and dances,
And do honor to the hue
Loved by all and won by few.

In the days long gone, also
Two upon a cloud low-riding,
Saw their pinions in the glass
Of a silver lake reposed;
One was blue and one was red,
And the lovely pair were wed.

"Purple wings are very fine,"
Spoke the voice of Roy, gently;
"But," said Sapphire, "they're divine!"
Looking at his blue intently,
"We'll be true to our own hue,"
And we'll not claim like men."

Sapphire stretched his loving arms,
And she nestled in his bosom,
While his heart throbbed with love's flames
As the sea inhales a blossom;
Drank her wholly, that and tone,
Direct her better with his own.

But time passed, they raised their eyes,
And were startled into clamor
Of a marvelous surprise!
Was it color? was it glamour?
Purple tinted, sweet and warm,
Was each wing and folded form.

Who had wrought it—how it came—
These were what the two inquired,
How were mingled smoke and flame
Into royal hues transmuted?
Each was right, the other wrong;
But their quarrel was not long.

For the moment that their speech
Diffused their little story,
Swiftly faded off from each
Every trace of purple glory:
Blue was blue and red was red,
And the red was red once more.

Then they knew that both were wrong,
And in sympathy of sorrow
Learned that each was only strong
In the power to be true to color;
That the purple never drew
But by grace of red to blue.

So, embracing in content,
Heart and wing and soul united
Red and blue in purple blend,
And their holy love re-ignited,
But as happy as before,
Kissed and rose and flew away.

And for twice a thousand years,
Floating through the radiant ether,
Lived the happy pair united
Of the other colors' secret;
Sapphire taught without the red,
Reddy still by blue bested.

But when weary of their life,
They came down to the green lawn—
Purple husband, purple wife—
From the upper world to the green,
And reclined upon the grass,
That their little lives might pass.

Wing to wing and arms outstretched,
Sank they from their life's dream—
Into earth their souls they fled,
But when morning's light was streaming,
All their joys and sweet regrets
Bloomed in beauty on the green.

—Dr. J. G. Holland, in Scribner's for November.

THE STOLEN HEIRESS.

When we read that graceless scamp
Mr. Barry Lyndon's account of the in-
genious manner in which he and his cousin,
Mr. Clive Brady, carried off the
rich heiress and married her to the latter
gentleman, we were amazed at the manner
in which Thackeray tells the
story, but are unwilling to believe that
similar occurrences have taken place in
real life. Indeed, the record of such
cases as these is so full of them only
are reported—but their very rarity
gives an increased spice to their details.
The following sample is certainly as in-
teresting as romance, and more true
than most histories.

Miss Ellen Turner was the only
daughter of Mr. William Turner,
Esq., a gentleman of large landed
property, residing at Shrigley Park,
Cheshire, and at one time Sheriff of
that county. She had attained the age
of fifteen in February, 1826, and was
at boarding-school at the Misses
Dunlop, in Liverpool. Her fortune and
expectations had been made known to
a certain Mr. Gibbon Wakefield, during
a visit to some friends of his who resided
near Shrigley Park. Wakefield was
a widower with one child, and was
at the time in pecuniary embarrass-
ments. He thought that marriage with
an heiress would be the easiest way out
of his difficulties, and a plot was formed
to lure the young lady from school, that
she might become Mr. Wakefield's
bride.

A French servant, one Thevenot, was
sent with an empty carriage and a letter
to the school-mistress, announcing the
dangerous illness of Mrs. Turner, and
that the private carriage of the physi-
cian had been sent to convey her
daughter home. The valet had been
well tutored in names and dates, and
the device succeeded. Miss Dunlop
entertained no suspicion, and resigned
her charge to the adroit stranger, who
conveyed her in safety to the Albion
Hotel, Manchester. There, Mr. Gib-
bon Wakefield, "a gentleman from Paris,"
of fashionable exterior and address,
introduced himself to the schoolgirl,
and explained that the illness of her
mother was a mere pretext—the real
reason of her being summoned from
school being her father's pecuniary dif-
ficulties, and that he was sent to escort
her to him, as he could not venture to
appear in person. Mr. William Wake-
field here joined his brother, and their
familiar acquaintance with household
masters at Shrigley Park laid at rest all
suspicion, which, of course, was not
likely to arise in the mind of a young
girl fresh from school.

They posted in a carriage and four,
by a circuitous route, through Yorkshire,
to Kendal, and thence to Carlisle. The
two brothers had exerted all their ad-
dress on the way to work upon her
fears. They told her the people around
the carriage were bullies; that her
father was lying snug in a back room,
but could not get out for fear of the
bullies; that both the Macleod and Black-
burn banks, where he kept accounts,
had stopped payment; but an uncle of
the Wakefields, generous and wealthy,
had agreed, on the persuasion of Gib-
bon Wakefield, to advance the modest
little sum of £10,000, and as a grand
conclusion to this long story, that Mr.
Grimsditch, the family solicitor, had
written a letter, which the clever suitor
read, or pretended to read, suggesting a
marriage between himself and Miss
Turner as the only device which would
save the family from ruin. The fertile
suggestion of Richardson or Fielding never
suggested a more notable expedient.
Never was Clarissa Harlowe or Miss
Allworthy in a more peculiar position.

Miss Turner was startled and con-

fused, and wished to see her father, but
he could not be seen at Carlisle, and
contented himself with sending his
blessing, and a message that she should
not lose a moment, but hasten across
the border and liberate him from his
difficulties. The natural love of the
child prevailed. She yielded a timid
consent, was hurried over the border,
and married at Gretna Green in the
presence of a drunken blacksmith, the
landlord of a public house, and a post-
boy. Dread of a certain penal statute,
of the repeal of which Wakefield was
ignorant, fortunately prevented the con-
summation of the marriage. He was
also unaware that a few days beyond
the border had interposed a technical
difficulty to any prosecution for felony.
Being, therefore, in constant fear of
pursuit and recapture, Wakefield did
not let the grass grow under his feet.
The wandering bride was hurried away
by forced marches to London, and
thence to Calais. An announcement of
the marriage, with all due pomp and
ceremony, in the *Morning Post*, and a
modest paragraph announcing among
the departures from London Mr. and
Mrs. Edward Gibbon Wakefield for
Paris, first communicated the astonish-
ing intelligence to the family.

They lost no time in seeking to re-
cover their young relative. Armed with
a warrant, and attended by a Bow street
officer, the uncle of Miss Turner and
Mr. Grimsditch hurried to Calais, where
the deluded girl threw herself with
light into the arms of her kinsmen, and
turned from her betrayer with horror
when the whole scene of fraud and cruel
falsehood was exposed. A French magis-
trate authorized the grieving relatives
to take her home forthwith. They did
so, and at once commenced criminal
proceedings for a conspiracy against the
two Wakefields, their French servant
Thevenot, and their stepmother
Frances Wakefield. The case came for
trial before Baron Alderson, at Lancas-
ter, March 23, 1827, and though the
early hour of 7 a. m. was fixed upon for
the opening, the spacious shire hall was
crowded to excess. Of the eight eminent
counsel who figured in the case, five
subsequently rose to the bench and one
to the woolsack. It may, therefore, be
safely believed that the forensic
battle was well planned and ably
fought.

Mr. Turner and Miss Dunlop first
testified as to the facts within their
knowledge; the carriage was shown to
have been purchased from a dealer in
Manchester, postboys and innkeepers
testified to the route followed from Liv-
erpool to Gretna Green. Mr. Grims-
ditch gave an account of the interview
at Quill's Hotel, Calais, where the
defendant exhibited a coolness and
"cheek" approaching that of time. He
said that Miss Turner, he supposed,
was his wife, and he would take care of
her, but did not wish to make her rela-
tives angry with her, so would allow
them to see her. He acknowledged that
he believed he had been deceived, but
through the head of any one who should
carry off his daughter in the same way,
but said he was going to make Ellen an
excellent husband. As to the threat of
arrest, he said he had more interest
with the police than his opponents, and
they were on the wrong side of the
water for such performance. He then
called Miss Turner down to see her
relatives. She clasped her uncle under
the neck, and on Mr. Grimsditch re-
marking that it was an illegal marriage,
she exclaimed:

"I am not your wife; you have de-
ceived me."

Wakefield said:
"You must acknowledge I have be-
haved to you like a gentleman."

Yes, do acknowledge that; but
you have deceived me, and I will never
more go near you again."

With the termination of Mr. Grims-
ditch's evidence the forensic drama had
reached its most interesting point, for
the heroine herself, wisely kept for the
last by the prosecutor, was now called
to the stand. She told her story in a
manner at once so artless and so clear
as to win the sympathy of the jury and
spectators. She described the first ap-
pearance of Gibbon Wakefield at Man-
chester, his importunate advances, and
his pecuniary difficulties, and the intro-
duction of his younger brother. She
said she had entered the carriage, sup-
posing she was going to meet her
father. Gibbon Wakefield said if there
was no letter at Halifax, and if they did
not meet her at the railway station, he
would proceed as far as Kendal, where they
would be sure to find him. At Kendal,
William Wakefield read a letter at the
chaise window and his brother looked
over his shoulder, but Miss Turner did not
see it. Had she been older, it might have
excited some surprise that she should
not ask to look at the letter herself, but
suspicion did not line the countenance
nor distrust overshadow the mind of a
school-girl of fifteen. Upon reading the
letter, she said she had gone forward.
The party pushed on. On the way Gibbon
said he had received a letter from Mr.
Turner, authorizing him to disclose the
state of his affairs, and then gave the
details of the bank failure, and his uncle's
loan, alluded to above. The uncle had
demanded security for the sum which
had been lent the estate at Shrigley.
Wakefield then approached the gist of
the matter, which we will let Miss Tur-
ner tell in her own words:

"Papa might (he said) be turned out
of doors any day. It had been suggested
by Mr. Grimsditch that he (Mr.
Wakefield) should be my husband; that
the property would be mine, and I
would be in my power to turn papa
out of doors, if I wished; but of course
I should not think of doing it. He al-
luded to the subject several times, and
said he was desirous to know what con-
clusion I had come to. He said I should
see papa; then he said I should
give my answer."

Gibbon also informed Miss Turner
that her father was "chassez-j'en" up
and down the border, waiting a chance
to dodge the sheriff's officers and waltz
over. As they rolled into Carlisle,
William Wakefield again appeared,
putting up the carriage windows, and in
a mysterious whisper, said he had some-
thing of importance to communicate.
He had seen Mr. Turner at Carlisle,
and Mr. Grimsditch was with him; he
had made two attempts that day to cross
the border, and could not. He said the
inn-yard was full of bullies; that Mr.
Grimsditch had entreated that he would
not stop in the room, or they would be
discovered, and that he had taken him
by the shoulder and turned him out of
the room.

He said papa requested, if I ever
loved him, that I would not hesitate
to accept Mr. Wakefield as a husband."

"What did you say to this?"

"I consented."

"That induced you to consent?"

"The fear that if I did not papa
would be ruined."

This ended her evidence. Counsel
for the defense wisely refrained from
cross-examination, and confined them-
selves to showing that a marriage had
actually taken place valid by the laws
of Scotland, and that after she left

Manchester Miss Turner was a willing
victim. To establish this latter propo-
sition, a most motley assemblage of
witnesses—landlords, post-boys and
chamber-maids—were produced to show
the liveliness of the young lady. She
actually shook hands, according to one
witness, on first meeting Mr. Wakefield.
They were in such spirits in the car-
riage that the hostler asked the voluble
driver whether he had got players with
him. They played draughts at Carlisle,
and at Settle they had gingerbread, and
she laughed loud enough for two.

The countenance of Mr. Sergeant
Cross, who led for the prosecution, lost
its cynical expression, and his iron fea-
tures relaxed at this long rignarole. He
cross-examined the several witnesses
with rough contempt.

"Well, they did not quarrel or fight?"

"No."

"My friend has asked you every
question but whether the gingerbread
was good—was it good?"

"Very good."

"She appeared to be in as good
spirits as a young lady would be in go-
ing from school to see her parents, did
she not?"

"She was in very good spirits; I
thought they were brother and sister."

"And you actually saw her smile, did
you not?"

"Yes."

"Indeed I wonderful!"

The celebrated David Laing, the
blacksmith, who for forty-eight years
had officiated at Gretna Green in all
cases of runaway matches, was then
called on the stand. He appeared to be
very old, very deaf, and very illiterate.
In answer to his examination in re-
gard to the marriage, he said it was
done in the old ordinary form of the
Church of Scotland. This roused the
examination, gave a brilliant exhibition
of those powers which led Mr. Trollope
to dub him "Bonnie" and "Bonnie."
The rough-shod over this vulgar and illi-
terate trafficker in clandestine marriages,
and made him disclose the history of a
long and decidedly ill-spent life.

He gave a description of the cere-
mony which he had stated to be the
ordinary form of the Church of Scot-
land, which was at once chaste and sim-
ple. "I ask them if they take one an-
other for husband and wife, and so and
so," and no amount of badgering could
extract from him what meaning, if any,
he attached to these words. It was only
by the aid of a coal raised, has been cal-
culated to be equal to 146.6 atmospheres,
or more than 2,000 pounds to the inch.

THE DEFENSE, though ably fought,
could not, of course, save the criminals
from the face of the law. The two brothers
Wakefield were sentenced to three years'
imprisonment each, and a verdict was
also found against Mrs. Wakefield, but
judgment against her was not moved for.

Miss Turner was afterward married to
a Mr. Leigh, of Lyme, but died young.
Gibbon Wakefield, on his release
from prison, took an active part in col-
onizing New Zealand, and appears to
have sought by the labors of mature
manhood to redeem the sin of his
youth.

A Terrible Snake Story.

Messrs. D. S. Perkins, Joseph Straley
and John F. Steinacker, a party of Chi-
cago tourists, who returned yesterday
from a three-day trip through Park,
Summit and Grande counties, relate a
terrible snake story. They were en-
camped in Elk Head Mountains, in the
North Park, on the 10th of last Septem-
ber, when they met with a misfortune
which cost one of the party his life.
The party arrived at the camp about
night from a day's hunt and ramble over
the hills. After a hearty supper the
party laid down in their blankets around
the fire, which had been built in the
cleft of some large size quartz rocks,
and all were soon fast asleep.

Mr. Straley was awakened in the
night by a heavy weight upon his chest.
At first he supposed it was his brother's
hand, but, as it did not move, and be-
coming nervous and alarmed, he raised
his head, and was horrified to find a
large monstrous rattlesnake coiled upon
his chest, with his head nestled down
in the center of the coil. It was nearly
daylight, but Mr. Straley was so par-
alyzed with fear that he could not make
a noise and dared not move. He re-
covered his presence of mind so far as
to be able to draw the blankets over
his face. This movement startled the
reptile, which glided from him to his
brother, who was sleeping with him.
The snake passed from his breast to his
brother's face, when, in a fatal moment,
Henry Straley raised his hand to tear it
away. There was a fierce rattle and a
loud cry from the half-awakened boy,
and the monster buried its fangs in his
right hand and a second time in his
left. The terrified party, who were
Henry as the poor boy jumped to his
feet, while the snake glided from the
blankets to a large flat rock near the
embers of the fire. Mr. Jenkins shot
himself at the snake, and the second shot
brought it to the ground.

The young Straley was soon suffer-
ing from the most intense agony. His brother,
at his request, cut out a large portion
of the cheek in hopes that the poison
had not penetrated very deep, and a
tight band was wound around the
wrist of the bitten hand, which was
bathed in cold water. But nothing the
horrible young men could do availed
to save the poor boy. He died in less
than two hours in the most terrible
agony.—*Denver (Col.) World.*

Exports of Musical Instruments.

Official records of Custom House re-
turns at Washington show that the
total value of musical instruments ex-
ported from the United States during
the year ending June 30, 1874, was
\$550,327. Of this, \$253,176 was for
pianos and \$297,151 for parlor or reed
organs. Of this latter amount, \$163,
169, or more than one-half of the whole,
was of the cabinet organs made by the
Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., which
bids fair to become as famous in Europe
as they have long been in America.
This company continually have reason to
be proud of the fact that the European
demand for their organs is larger than
that for all others combined.—*Boston
Traveller.*

A Great Sneezor.

The only thing that Earl Russell ever
did greatly was to sneeze. His achieve-
ment in that line was thus described by
a biographer: "This remarkable man
seemed to concentrate himself for a gi-
gantic effort, would be bent nearly
double by the force of the explosion,
and would then dive down into the
flaming banner of red silk, from which,
after several minutes' obscuration, he
emerged with a cc' temence as vivid as
the back of a scalded lobster." The
late Lord Clarence said, "When
Lord John takes snuff the consequence
brings down the House."

ENGLAND has a surplus of 800,000
women.

Current Paragraphs.

New York has 2,300 policemen.

Auburn Prison contains 1,198 con-
victs.

The average car horse endures four
years.

FORESTVILLE, Conn., turns out 1,000
clocks daily.

The school population of Kansas has
doubled in five years.

In 1873 the population of Austria, ex-
clusive of Hungary, was 20,970,000.

In St. Peter, Minn., is a pig only six
months old and weighing 270 pounds.

INSCRIPTION on a fence in Hardwick,
Mo.: "Nobuddy hoeses 2 this
fens."

A WONDERFUL chicken in Bowling
Green, Ky., has a coat of red hair in-
stead of feathers.

THERE is a musician in Cincinnati
who plays simultaneously (or nearly so)
upon sixteen drums.

A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD boy is awaiting
trial at New York for stabbing a play-
mate of 10, who called him names.

THE drought has been unprecedented
along the Rio Grande the past year. In
many places it has not rained for over a
year.

PATTI receives higher pay in London
than Niles, the former getting two
hundred guineas a night and the latter
two hundred pounds.

THE King of the Friendly Islands is a
licensed Methodist preacher, and his
wife, Queen Charlotte, a class-leader of
the same denomination.

EACH thing lives according to its
kind; the heart by love, the intellect
by truth, the higher nature of man by
intimate communion with God.

BENEDICT, formerly a noted pugilist,
is now a Methodist preacher, devoting
his time to the spiritual interests of the
lower classes of Great Britain.

THE "Army of the James," at its re-
cent reunion, refused to join in the
movement of the Church of Scot-
land, which was at once chaste and sim-
ple. "I ask them if they take one an-
other for husband and wife, and so and
so," and no amount of badgering could
extract from him what meaning, if any,
he attached to these words. It was only
by the aid of a coal raised, has been cal-
culated to be equal to 146.6 atmospheres,
or more than 2,000 pounds to the inch.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH has introduced
at Cornell University one of Oxford's
genial customs, that of inviting the
senior class to dine with him at the
close of his lectures.

A LITTLE girl in Paris who was play-
ing with a toy balloon drew in her
breath while inflating it, and the col-
lapsed balloon went down her throat
and choked her to death.

THE explosive force of the "fire
drum," which is the cause of so many
accidents in coal mines, has been cal-
culated to be equal to 146.6 atmospheres,
or more than 2,000 pounds to the inch.

ACCORDING to an official report, there
were no less than 433,295 cases of chol-
era in Hungary last year. Of this
number 237,718 recovered, 182,549 died,
and the remainder were under treat-
ment. The deaths were therefore about
42 per cent.

THE statistical editor of the *Times*,
Grand Island, Neb., says: 90,000,000
000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000
grasshoppers, at least, passed over here
yesterday. There might have been a
few more or less, as we did not count
them very closely.

A FRENCH writer declares that Tur-
key is in a much better financial con-
dition than France. The expenditures
are less per head of the population. The
taxes 26 francs per head, against 35
in France, and the debt 174 francs per
capita, against 570 in France.

EVEN as the New York *Tribune* is to
honor its founder by a full-length
colossal statue at the doorway of its
new building, so the Louisville *Journal*
is to honor the man who made it
famous by a statue of George D.
Prentice at the portals of its recon-
structed domicile.

A WONDERFUL clock has been in-
vented by a German jeweler living in
Norwich, Conn. The whole discern-
ible mechanism is a transparent dial-
plate and a pair of black walnut hands.
The latter turn loosely on a pivot, and
are whirled in diverse directions by
immediately readjust themselves to the
exact time.

OUR English visitor, Mr. Forster,
finds himself surprised at the early
start our democracy takes, as shown in
the public schools. He can't yet com-
prehend it nor conceive it practicable
that a son of his could sit beside a son
of a coachman, and both graduate to-
gether through all the stages, from the
primary school to the university.

An interesting statement is made of
the number of Protestants, dissenting
students in old Prussia the past twenty-
three years. In 1851 there were 604,
which number had increased to 1,186 in
1862. From this time forward the num-
ber has steadily diminished till it is now
represented by the same figures as in
1851, namely, 604. The total for the
twenty-three years is 31,130.

The "Morsehoe" Calculation.

The results of some arithmetical
problems are simply incredible till the
process by which they are reached is
followed step by step. It is, therefore,
not surprising that in spite of the noto-
riety of the famous "morsehoe" cal-
culation, two persons accepted the offer
of a well-known farmer in the Brechin
district, who lately proposed to pay the
expenses of a picnic to thirty farmers,
provided one of them would bring to
him in the market on Tuesday one
grain of oats, doubling the number of
grains every Tuesday for twelve months.
Upon the offer being taken, one of the
parties accepting it having, according
to a local journal, offered to carry all
the oats on his back at the end of the
year, a calculation was made, which re-
sulted as follows: The grains of oats
would amount at the end of twelve
months to 1,034,894,468 quarters, two
bushels; and the value at thirty shil-
lings a quarter would be found to be
552,251,702, 7s 6d. The picnic was not
paid for, but the gentleman who thought
that he could carry the accumulation of
oats "stood a round of champagne."

THE Missouri, Kansas and Texas
railway is a deservedly popular route
to the Southwest. Those who desire
to reach points in Missouri, Kansas, the
Indian Territory, or Texas, situated on
or adjacent to its lines, will find that
there are very few transfers, that they
will make quick time, and can have all
the convenience and comforts of a gen-
eral passenger car of the road. Mr. Thos.
Dorwin, at Sedalia, Mo., will cheerfully
furnish information in reference to
general or excursion rates over this
road.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

Very much has been said and written
during the last two years about the
transit of Venus, which is to occur Dec.
8, 1874. The interest which is so gen-
erally felt in regard to it has doubtless
very naturally begun to ask, "What is
a transit of Venus, and why is it of so
much importance?" This is what I will
try to explain.

You perhaps all know that Venus, the
brightest of the planets, is not as far
from the sun as the earth, and that it
revolves round the sun in an orbit sim-
ilar to the earth's orbit. In each revo-
lution, therefore, Venus passes between
the earth and sun, and is then said to

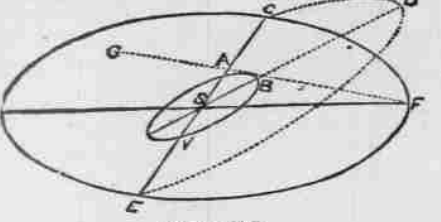


FIGURE I.

be in inferior conjunction. When it is
on the opposite side of the sun from the
earth it is in superior conjunction.
Thus, in fig. 1, suppose r represents
the orbit of the earth, A B V C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B V C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B V C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B V C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B V C D E F G H I J K L M N O