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WILL SHE RIDE OR WALK?

BY MISS TRAFTON.

I.

The centre of the city is like the palm of a hand. From it the long fingers stretch out; one over the mill-dam; another along the flats;—the longest of all bridges the river, and then going on and on, the straight wide street, steadily rising until it overlooks the bay, suddenly bends like the crook of a finger, until its tip touches the water.

It is a ladder—a hill of difficulty—to the dwellers at this end of the town, most of whom began life at its foot, in the dingy shops and tenement houses there, and have slowly struggled up; some to the long blocks of comfortable dwellings;—others, going on still farther, have reached the most pretentious point of all—that laying close down to the water upon the other side.

There is air of newness, a flavor of Jonah's gourd about the Italio-Chinese pagodas with French roofs here. They seem, indeed, to have sprung up in a night, the dampness of the mold still clinging to them. There is a straining after pinnacles and towers and topknots in architecture—after effects quite disproportioned to means in landscape gardening, and in fact, an evident attempt to crowd to their utmost capacity the present limited space and time.

This is the foundation built upon a rock—gold. Another generation will develop the fine arts and possibly the sciences.

In the meantime, I will tell my story.

Paul Hayes was sent here to preach the gospel, for there are churches.—Some of them, even so soon, are beginning to pride themselves, not upon their sanctity, but upon the high social position of their members—in other words, upon the distance at which they live from the foot of the street, which is their social scale.

Fortunately, Paul's church was not among these. If one has to deal with ignorant people, it is better to take them in the rough. Iron in its natural state holds wonderful possibilities But iron—spoiled in the smelting—what can one do with it?

His church was only a mission chapel, supported by a richer society of the same denomination; his people—the men and women to whom one goes with ungloved hands. But he was young and strong, and believed himself called to God, which is the best preparation for any work. He threw aside his books and read men.

There are a few exceptions to the houses I have described in the more aristocratic part of the town. One will suffice to prove the rule. It stands away from the street just below the staring white hotel that crowns its rise. It is square, of stone, and painted white. Upon one side is a pleasant garden. Possibly it was built in colonial times, when the salt, salt wind swept in here from the sea, unbroken by anything, save these walls and a few scattered remnants of forest trees. It has so far caught the spirit of modern times as to don a mansard roof, but the tall Cornithian pillars still remain, as well as the wide stone steps, with a lion *couchant* upon either side.

II.

Vesey Welles stood upon the hearth-rug in the long, low drawing-room, awaiting the coming of her guests. Ordinary, she might be a trifle pale—quite, possibly—though with depths quickly stirred by the dropping of a careless stone. To-night she was flushed, tremulous, excited.

"By the way," said her father, pushing at the door as he passed through the hall, "I met that young minister—Hayes, you know—this morning, and asked him up to dinner."

"But I don't know," responded Vesey, as he passed on, her eyes growing wider and wider in dismay. "I don't know him at all. And to-night of all nights!" she half sobbed pulling at the flowers in the porcelain vase before her, until the one red rose dropped all its petals at her feet.

It was to be the pleasant evening that had brightened all the winter. Darrel Winslow and his mother were coming to dine with them once more before going home. They had been boarding at the hotel just above two or three months. Vesey had built so many hopes upon this evening. But now—

She was fastening a bunch of daphne—sweet-scented, velvet-leafed—into her belt, when Paul entered the room. "Passing fair!" he said to himself at a glimpse of the bent head.

"The Rev. Paul Hayes!" announced the servant. She turned quickly, not catching the name, hearing only the sound of feet and the opening of the door. The *maladresse* with which she hesitated and then came to meet him was something strange in Vesey—graceful, self-possessed.

"I—I am Miss Welles," with rather unnecessary frankness. "My father will be down in a moment.—He was unusually late from town to-night." The last words were uttered with her grandest air, in her efforts to compose herself.

"But haughty and cold," Paul added mentally, and he turned away to meet her father.

Then at last Mrs. Winslow and Darrel came.

"Who the——is this man?" looked out of Darrel's eyes, as Vesey, grown suddenly shy, presented him to Paul, and Paul to Darrel's mother.

"So glad, I'm sure," murmured Mrs. Winslow, effusively. "Always delighted to meet our clergy. Hayes, did you say? And where——"

Vesey interposed. It would never do to chill the air, already frigid, with theological differences. Mrs. Winslow was a staunch church-woman. Paul, she knew, was of another faith.

"Let me wheel your chair to the fire. There—so." She seated her in triumph. The gentlemen gathered in a knot at a little distance.

"Are you really going home to-morrow?" Vesey said, sitting down beside her.

"Yes. I have done all my shopping. My mauve poplin came home to-day. There is nothing to wait for now, and Darrel does not care to stay. The opera season is over, you know."

So it was for the gayeties of the town he had lingered week after week, she thought, with a sudden sinking of the heart. Oh, how blind she had been! His careless laugh came across the room just then as if to mock her.

"You'll not come back before another season?" She could not hide the pain that quivered in her voice. But the limp little woman crushed into the depths of the arm-chair by her side did not heed it.

"No," she replied, simply, "I suppose not."

The gentlemen joined them.

"Sit down here by me," said Mrs. Winslow to Paul, motioning to a chair at her side.

"It is of no use," whispered Vesey to Darrel, with a hysterical sound between a laugh and a sob.

"What is of no use?" He followed her away from the fire.

"Trying to avert grim fate. Your mother is determined to discuss church affairs with Mr. Hayes.—What will she say to find he is not in the succession at all? That he simply cares of the souls for our butcher and baker and——"

"Canndlestick maker," suggested Darrel.

"Yes, for aught I know. I have tried to keep them apart, but——"

"Extremes will meet. I believe there is an attraction between the poles. But what portend, this invasion? Are you about to assume a stuff gown and plain bonnet? Or do you propose to bring him into the true church? Not a bad addition, I should say," fixing his eyes upon Paul, who had won the respectful attention at least, of his rather light-minded audience in the arm-chair.

"What were you saying?" Vesey asked, absently. Her eyes had followed his. "How he chanced to be here? Oh! father has met him occasionally, and so asked him to dinner. I was sorry he came to-night."

"Ah!" Darrel looked down upon her with a conscious air. She had spoken truer words than she intended. She went on, as though she had not heard him—as though the color was not flaming her face.

"Because I knew you would have little in common, and thought it might be awkward for us all. It does not matter." Nothing did or ever would any more. A gray wall seemed to shut out all beyond this night.

"But I am not to be defrauded of my rights. I am to take you out to dinner, am I not? You surely won't throw me over at the last, Vesey?"—He bent his head close to her face.

"I don't know; you can sit upon one side and Mr. Hayes upon the other, if he will." She moved away towards the others; leaning over his mother's chair she pretended to listen, smiling assent to what she never knew. She was thinking how pleasant she had hoped it would be, with only Darrel and his mother here—they four around the fire in the twilight, Darrel by her—of the words she had thought he would speak. There was a ring hanging upon his watch-chain. It fitted her finger. He had tried it once in jest.

"Vesey!" called her father. And then she knew the others were rising—that dinner was announced.

"I hope you and Mrs. Winslow have become friends," she said to Paul, as they were going out.

"One hardly gets so far as that in a half-hour's chat," he answered pleasantly.

"And just before dinner," added Darrel, from the other side. "That's the time to make enemies, Miss Vesey."

"Then to hasten to be served gentlemen, lest you quarrel."

"And the cause?" queried Darrel, in her ear.

She turned away from him to Paul. And yet what should she say? What do people say to minsters? she asked herself helplessly. And to young ministers above all? Oh, if he had not come! If he would only go! If they would all go and leave her alone with her disappointment and shame!

How she passed that long dinner hour she never knew. She talked of trivial things as we all do, though beneath the outward calm our very souls are seething. She dared not speak of others lest she break this crust. Paul judged her. She has found her lowest depth, he said, when she chanced to name a ribbon. Her spirits rose; buoyed by his light words and laugh perhaps.—When they were back in the drawing-room and the others fell into the quiet, desultory chat that follows a dinner, she alone could not be still. Her cold hands refused to lie quietly in her lap, as shapely white hands should. Her feet beat an impatient waltz under her gown. She glanced at Darrel. He had thrown himself back in an easy chair, his hand under his head. There was no feverish glitter in his eye. He looked simply bored. He yawned furtively. She pushed her chair back.

"How stupid we are! It's the fire I think. It always dulls everybody but itself. Will not some one sing or play?" And she sat down herself before the piano.

She struck a quick, sharp chord. "I could dance to-night!" She had forgotten the young minister and his probable prejudices. He caught a glimpse just then of the flushed, intense face. But in an instant with the minor chord that followed, it changed. Tears rushed into her eyes. "If I hadn't lost my slippers," she breathed to herself. His back was turned to the others. Only Paul saw the saddening of the face, the fall of the wet eyelids.

"Such wonderful spirits!" exclaimed Mrs. Winslow. "So light-hearted Vesey always is!"

"Ah!" responded Paul. But he fell into a reverie.

Darrel leaned over her. "What has come to you?"

"How? Why? She did not pause in her playing.

"You're simply glorious now.—You hardly need a crown."

Her hands went wrong. A quick clash—a discord—then she went on.

She was growing strong, equal to the strife. There is nothing so deathless as a woman's pride. It had risen at last. Her hands flashed over the keys, throwing off sparks of the wildest, gayest music.

"Not that!" Darrel whispered.—"Play something soft and low. Do you forget it is our last evening?—You're not sorry after all, then?" for the face never changed. She laughed—a low, quiet ripple in her throat

"Sorry? "Oh, yes;" lingering over the last word. And still her hands toyed with the keys. "But one can't cry at bidding, you know; I dare say I may to-morrow." And again the low laugh welled up in her throat. She looked up fearlessly.—It had been all husks she knew now. But at least he should not triumph in her shame. She had worn her heart upon her sleeve; but though it bled he should not know it. She might, indeed, cry to-morrow, but not now.

As for the man, he experienced a new sensation—of doubt, mingled with amazement. He had read her, as he thought, like an open book.—He even fancied he had cut the leaves. "Poor little mouse!" he had said to himself, "I really must go away. She is certainly growing fond of me." He almost wished now he had decied to stay. It seemed there was a sequel to the book. He was tempted to fall in love with her on the spot. "If she is acting, she's by far more clever than I thought; and if she is really indifferent, I've been a conceited fool."

"Good-night, and good-by it must be," he said, detaining her hand when they separated. "We shall take the early train."

The flush had died out of her face. She looked worn and tired. Upon the whole he was not sorry he had decided to go.

"Good-bye," she said, quietly.

"You'll come and make us that visit in the summer, Vesey. Oh, my gloves and my veil! thank you," began Mrs. Winslow, fussily.

"I don't know. Perhaps so."

"Of course you will."

"To be sure," added Darrel. "I shall come for you myself."

They were gone at last. She turned away.

"But Mr. Hayes! Vesey?"

She had forgotten his existence.

"I am afraid I am rude." And she put out her hand. "Good-night; but indeed I may confess now that I have a wretched headache, and—and—" that was all she said. The play was over.

III.

The spring and early summer wore away. One letter came from Darrel. A letter such as he might have sent to any chance acquaintance, full of hints of gay doings here and there—nothing more. One little note Vesey wrote his mother, to say she could not make the promised visit. Darrel had said nothing in his letter of coming for her. "And tell Darrel"—at the close of her note—"that I am saving any amount of gossip against writing him some day." But the "some day" never came. Absence, like a strong light, brings out hidden defects, and Vesey knew now that he was a man selfish and vain, who had played with her heart. He had held it in his hand, weighed and measured it and her, and had cast both aside as worthless. She thought of it with burning cheeks.

Among the mountains, in the summer, she gathered strength and life again; for both had seemed to fail. Perhaps it was the heat. The summer had opened like the tropics. With another winter came the Winslows. If she had dreaded it, if she had feared for herself, would it have been strange? But the spell was broken. Looking back, she wondered.

Outwardly, the old intimacy was resumed. Darrel came and went as he had come and gone the year before. But to Vesey it was only a shell—a hollow, heartless thing that never had been friendship, and could never now be love. Paul, plodding along day after day in the round of his duties, saw—as though a great way off—Vesey and Darrel flying up and down the icy streets to the tinkle of silver bells.

One night, Vesey, glowing in crimson, with white chrysanthemums in her hair, passing through the hall. The outer door was open wide. Paul stood outside. The wind, raw and wet with the breath of the sea, caught at her hair—at the silken ruffles of her dress.

"Oh, is it you? But you are coming in?"

She little knew how her words tempted him—how the vision tempted him, as she paused with clasped hands under the gas-light, and with the warm, bright room beyond.

"I cannot, I am waiting for your father. There is a family at the lower end of the town starv——"

The words choked him. "Thank you, not to-night," he said. He had longed to meet her again, like this—alone and face to face. But her light manner, her dainty dress, angered him to-night. He had come from such a different scene. Only a woman of the world, after all, he thought. And yet so sweet, he owned, when he had turned away and plunged into the cold and darkness. Darrel was waiting for her in the drawingroom.

"You're like a poem to-night, in all that ruby-red—like an Eastern song."

"Thank you," Vesey said dreamily.

"I couldn't imagine you in gray," he went on half to himself, "or in anything somber, or worn or poor." He had begun to study the girl in earnest now. "Yes, you are made for the rarest and best, Vesey: to shine in satin and diamonds."

Satin and diamonds! Vesey remembered the man she had left at the door. He was out in the winter night, among the hungry and naked now, she knew. She had caught his half-uttered sentence. And she was made for satin and diamonds!

"Is that all?" she asked, wistfully.

"All? Is not that enough? It would satisfy most women."

But to-night it did not satisfy her.

IV.

Down the beginning of the long street was a black, low-browed house, like many others here, with a shop in the lower story, or more properly, two, since one window was occupied by a watchmaker, and the other displayed pins, needles, spools of cotton, and such small wares. Above were two or three rooms with slanting sides, where a deformed girl—a pitiful object to look at—living with her mother, earning enough by sewing to put bread into their mouths, and scanty covering upon their backs—no more. Vesey employed them; for pity mostly, since her work could have been better done elsewhere. She stepped out of the sleigh here at dusk one night, and ran up the stairs, a roll of work in her hand. She had to wait a moment, so she sat and talked with the girl, who was young but not like herself at all. It made her happier in the happy lot that had some times wearied her. It made her thankful for her strong, young life, which she had never named among her blessings, and it shot a gleam of pleasure through the girl's dark eyes.

It was a poor room, with paper torn and soiled, and of many patterns, upon the walls; with the bare boards of the flooryawning, rising and falling uneasily; with the dim light struggling through uncurtained windows, that peered from under the eaves like eyes from overhanging brows. In one of these windows, a forlorn canary in a broken cage—a brown little bird, with ruffled, unkempt feathers—chirruped feebly, like a moan. A low voice, in a continuous murmur, fell upon Vesey's ear. It seemed to come from the next room.

"What is that?"

"That'm?" The girl's pale face grew bright. "It's the minister, Mr. Hayes. He comes and prays with mother, now she's sick." The light died down again.

The little room became, all at once, like a church, solemn and still, as the low voice rolled on and on, like a river far away. The girl laid down her work. Even the bird forgot its moan.

The voice ceased. She heard his step upon the stairs. It was but a second; he could not have reached the street, when a shriek came from the room he had left. The girl sat like one paralyzed. Vesey threw open the door. A swift line of light ran all adown the bed. It burst into a flame, in the midst of which the sick woman struggled. The overturned candle at her head told the story. It was as an instinct—there was no time for thought—which made Vesey drag the square of carpet from the floor and press it down upon the flames. They shot out into her face. They seemed to catch away her breath. They licked her arm. They strove and fought and well-nigh overcome—all in an instant, that seemed hours to the girl, who threw herself upon the bed smothering the flames with her own weight.

They were conquered at last. The silent, breathless struggle was over.

"If some one would only bring a light? Oh, dear! what shall I do? Don't," to the deformed girl, who shrieked and called upon her mother. Vesey had not heard the strong step springing up the stairs—the opening of the door. Some one stood beside her in a moment, lamp in hand. It was Paul.

"Is she dead?" gasped Vesey, shrinking from the bed.

He threw back the scorched blanket that hid the motionless form. "No not dead; but I think she has fainted. Or the flames—I must go for a doctor. Stay here, if you are afraid. Oh, hush! hush!" to the frightened girl: "it is nothing, I hope. Get some water for the lady; and sprinkle her face," he said to Vesey. Then he was gone.

She did as he had told her—waiting, watching the blackened mass, she dared not touch. It was frightful, with that still, white face shining out of the darkness. Was it death? No; there was a faint quivering of the eyelids—that first sign of returning conciousness—a feeble moan. Then Paul came. Oh! the rush of joy, of blinding tears, of sudden faintness, that overpowered her when she heard his step. The grim-faced doctor behind him walked straight to the bed.

"There are no deep burns, I think," he said at length. "The blanket saved her. The shock has done more than the fire. A sponge—ah, that will do. Now some water, and some linen rags." There were none. Vesey quietly held out her dainty handkerchief. "H'm!" he said, and tore his own into strips.

"And now *you?*" He turned to Vesey.

"I have no burns." Indeed she felt no pain. The doctor raised her hand, and held it out to Paul. The sleeve was cut away from her wrist as by a jagged knife with a blackened edge. The flesh was like a flame. Paul's teeth shut quick and tight together. Something sprang into his eyes—not tears alone.

Then Vesey began to tremble; and conscious at last, of the cruel pain that bit and tore her hand, she sobbed like a hurt child.

"Don't mind," she tried to say. "Don't look at me. It's only—only ——." The sobs swept all her words away.

Paul bathed her hand. She remembered afterwards how tenderer than any woman's had been his touch.

"Let her cry," said the doctor, in a voice that must have been given by mistake to the grim face. "And now she'd better go home." He rose from the bed. He took the unharmed hand in his. "She's a brave girl." He looked away from her to Paul, but still he held her hand tight in his. "God bless you, child. Now go home and go to bed."

Paul lifted her into the sleigh and wraped the robes about her.

"Shall I go with you?"

"If I can take you home."

"Oh, no; I must go in here again."

"Then you need not."

It seemed suddenly as if they had known each other a lifetime—*she* and *Paul*; as if they never could be strangers to each other again.

She held out her hand. It was the one he had bound up. He took it tenderly in both his own. "The brave strong hand!" he said, bending over it in the darkness—"the hand that saved a life to-night!"

V.

There was to be a bazaar to raise money for the poor. It opened the next evening. The winter had been hard and cruel, and charity—somewhat exhausted—needed a spur.

Vesey had promised to tend a booth.

"You must not think of going," her father exclaimed. Darrel—too, who foresaw a quiet hour with her alone, if she remained at home. He had something to tell—something to ask for, and a ring to give. Alas for him! He had kept his words too long. A year ago they would have been manna to her heart.

"But I am quite well," she pleaded, "except my hand; and that has ceased to pain me." Indeed her face was radiant.

So she dressed herself with quaint simplicity in something soft and gray that wrapped her like a cloud, with only the braids of her heavy hair for ornament; only her shining eyes for for gems. Then she went and took her place.

The maidens from the Chinese pagodas were all there. Before them, in their gay attire, the Queen of Sheba, and even Solomon the magnificent, would have shrunk away abashed—their glory dimmed.

Vesey's nun-like dress was worse than diamonds in their envious eyes. More gay gallants than one paused to stare—to buy.

"It cools your eyes, you see, and rests you," some would say by way of explanation.

The evening was half over. Darrel had been her shadow. She was tired, tired of his eyes that followed her whichever way she turned; tired of his flattering words; tired of him. He moved away at last. Then, and not until then, she saw Paul. All the maidens plumed their gay feathers as he walked down the hall. But he came straight to her.

"Are you well enough to be here?" without a word of greeting, as though they had not parted. "You frightened me with your white face just now."

"I was tired, I wanted to go home."

"Will you go now?" he asked, quickly. "Are you strong enough to walk?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then come."

It was strangely pleasant to be bidden, to follow meekly.

They had reached the stairs descending to the street, when they met Darrel Winslow.

"Vesey! where are you going?" He scowled and nodded at Paul.

"Home."

"But it is beginning to rain, you have no cloak. Go back and I'll get the carriage." He laid his hand upon the wrap over Paul's arm. Paul looked at Vesey. What did he read in her face?

"Let Miss Welles decide," he said, in a hard strange voice. He was trying to be calm—to keep his hands from this man who had suddenly come between them. He turned to Vesey again. His face was very pale; his eyes were full of pleading. "Think a moment. Will you ride with him, or will you walk with me?"

She did not speak. She only smiled and laid her hand within his arm.

He would have been more than human to have kept back the triumph in his eyes.

Darrel stared; then wheeled and left them with an oath upon lips.

"But think a moment." Paul's voice grew more gentle now. "It will be a long, long road—a road that has no turn."

But still she smiled.

"A rough way perhaps, and your feet are tender."

"I will walk with you," she said.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

A Southern paper finds it necessary to denounce "the practice of carrying dogs to church."

In Switzerland a law is proposed making it unlawful for any one under 14 years of age to smoke tobacco.

A large cavern containing many interesting remains of the aboriginal inhabitants of the country has been discovered in Columbia county, Ga.

A Springfield, Ill., girl sold her lover to another girl for a black silk dress, and so managed matters that the couple were married within a month after the bargain was made.

The bridge across the Niagara river at Buffalo is soon to be begun. The means to build it have been obtained, and it is expected that it will be finished and in use in the course of the year 1872.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

The following beautiful poem, composed by Professor Morgan H. Looney, of Fayetteville, Arkansas, immediately after the death of Gen. Robert E. Lee, is from *The Southern Collegian:*

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

Out on the tremulous wire,
Afar on the wings of the wind,
On iron steeds breathing with fire,
On steamships that leave earth behind,
Away over mainland and ocean,
To the farthermost civilised shore,
The news has filled earth with emotion—
The news that our Lee is no more.

And now, Southern youth and sweet maidens,
Go twine me a wreath for the brave;
Bring roses, bring hyacinths laden
With perfume to garland his grave.
And while your grief swells like a billow,
O come and tread softly with me,
And let us hang wreaths on the willow
That droops o'er the dust of our Lee.

Ye States that so long have been voiceless
And crownless in national woe,
While the tear-drops are gushing as noiseless,
Adown Southern cheeks they now flow.
Come out from defeat and disaster,
Each wreck 'neath the liberty tree,
Come, mourn for the loss of the master,
And hallow the grave-stone of Lee.

"Sic'tis thy name, Alabama,
And sweet is thy flower-laden gale,"
But hark! from each winding savanna,
Come forth the low tones of a wail—
The wail that no respite can borrow,
The dirge of all joy and glee,
While wrapt in the mantle of sorrow
Thou mournest our brave chieftain Lee.

Arkansas, throned on thy mountains
Afar 'mid the wilds of the West,
Thy glades and thy silvery fountains
Still shadow the isles of the blest.
Though oppressors would fain maf thy beauty
And tramp on the hearts of the free,
Thy sons are still true to their duty,
And hallow the name of our Lee.

Florida, true was thy host, and
Their deeds are the theme of the brave;
But shadows now rest on thy coast land,
And gloom settles down on the wave.
Beautiful bride of the ocean,
Sweet queen of the far-moaning sea,
We know that thy patriot devotion
Is true to the memory of Lee.

The mothers of Georgia are weeping—
Their wail may be heard on the air,
For many a loved one lies sleeping
Where Sherman brought death and despair.
But deeper than all is the sadness
That broods from her hills to the sea,
And hushed is the last tone of gladness
Since Death waved his sceptre o'er Lee.

Kentucky, perplexed on the border,
How stands thy account with the brave?
Thy sons—will they spurn the "new order,"
And gather with us at the grave?
Let the shade of "Old Hickory" number
Thy rifles that flashed for the free;
Let partisan faction now slumber,
And mourn for the great chieftain, Lee.

Beautiful Louisiana,
Realm of the cotton and cane,
Now soft on each verdant savanna,
Steals mournfully onward the strain.
Each field and the dew sprangled meadow,
Each fountain that rolls to the sea,
Grows sad in the shawl of the shadow
That looms in the death of our Lee.

And Maryland, mother of Howard,
Of Carroll, of May, and of Key,
Sweet land that's ne'er nurtured a coward,
Now what need we say unto thee?
While Potomac rolls on to the ocean,
And Chesapeake kisses the sea,
Oh, come with a heartfelt emotion,
And mourn at the grave of our Lee.

Missouri, redeem thy ideal,
Come back to thy faith and thy love;
And let the dark cloud of the real
Thy soul from its lethargy move.
Remember the days of thy glory,
Remember the brave and the free;
Let Shelby and Price tell the story,
And honor the great name of Lee.

From the realm of the rich Mississippi,
Where the cotton was picked by the slave,
A requiem ascendeth to Heaven,
Wrung out from the hearts of the brave.
In the wail of her sad desolation,
Now hushed is her joy and glee;
While her's swells the grief of a nation
That mourns for the loss of our Lee.

On the plains of old North Carolina,
The home of full many a brave,
While tyranny's fetters confine her
To a doom worse than that of a slave.
While her sons and daughters are weeping
That oppression should laugh o'er the free,
The full tide of woe is now sweeping
All thoughts to the mem'ry of Lee.

On the rice fields of South Carolina,
Who e Attica's flag is unfurled,
Where the jet at a Phillis and Dinah
Now vie with the queen of the world,
A still deeper gloom is now stealing
From Pickens clear down to the sea,
And a depth in the deeps of her feeling
Is stirred by the death of our Lee.

Come, Tennessee, join in our numbers,
And help in our requiem strain;
The shade of the hero that slumbers
Deserves now thy deepest refrain.
While greatness is honored forever,
And virtue immortal must be,
Come stand by the beautiful river
And hang up a trophy to Lee.

The daughters of Texas are saddened
While her sons feel the terrible blow;
Each hail that with joy was once gladdened,
Is draped in the ornaments of woe.
We come with the offering of sorrow,
And humbly we now bend the knee;
We feel that our night hath no morrow,
The grave will not give up our Lee.

Virginia, proud "Old Dominion,"
"Queen of the cliff and the wave,"
No slime from the kiss of a minion
Has sullied the hue of thy brave.
But still in the high court of glory
Thy records the kind angels keep;
And the sod is still dew bright in story,
"Where the ashes of Washington sleep."

Blest mother of heroes and sages,
Whose fame shall but brighten with years,
Whose names through a long line of ages,
A nation shall hallow with tears.
Thy Lee is now laid on thy bosom,
Where Washington slumbered before;
Their dust shall but mingle to blossom
Till time and its sorrows are o'er.

But the portals of heaven are swinging!
A spirit from Earth's at the door!
And choirs of angels are singing,
"Come rest now in bliss evermore."
And far on those upper heights Aiden
With flowers immortal and free,
'Neath the sweet-gleaming splendors of Aiden
Now WASHINGTON WANDERS WITH LEE!

The *Journal of Chemistry* announces that the human body contains phosphorus enough for 400 boxes of matches, but not quite sulphur enough for them.

Minister Washburn has sent to the President a fragment of shell which dropped within one square of his residence during the bombardment of Paris.

Camping-out parties are going to be all the rage this summer. The Lake George region is much favored by ladies for this purpose, as being within call of civilization.

Ex-Congressman Cake, of Schuylkill county, Pa., was in his seat six days during the last session of the Forty-first Congress, for which he received $5,000, or $833 per day.

The following short rules for the care of furniture are worth remembering: "Keep water away from everything porous, alcohol from varnish, and acids from marble."