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To Upper Soda Springs: 4-horse or mule team, each and back, 2 50	" " " " " " " " " " " " " 1 00	" " " " " " " " " " " " " 50	" " " " " " " " " " " " " 25	" " " " " " " " " " " " " 25	" " " " " " " " " " " " " 25	" " " " " " " " " " " " " 25	" " " " " " " " " " " " " 25	" " " " " " " " " " " " " 25	" " " " " " " " " " " " " 25	" " " " " " " " " " " " " 25	" " " " " " " " " " " " " 25
Ox teams the same as horse teams.	Jan. 1, 1870.	JOSEPH BARON.									

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These Brooms will not excel as to durability
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BLAIR, YOUNG & CO., Albany, Oreg.,
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ALBANY BATH HOUSE!
THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY
inform the citizens of Albany and vicinity
that he has taken charge of this Establishment,
and, by keeping clean rooms and paying
strict attention to business, expects to suit all
who may favor him with their patronage. Having
heretofore carried on nothing but
First-Class Hair Dressing Saloons,
he expects to give entire satisfaction to all
Children and Ladies. Hair neatly cut and
shampooed.
JOSEPH WEBBER,
apr24-1871

A COQUETTE OUTWITTED.

"Allow me to fasten your bracelet, Miss Genevieve," and a dark, watchful, fine-looking man bent low over a white tapering wrist, while little jeweled fingers scintillated and sparkled in the dazzling gaslight. "Could I make you understand," he continued, in low, earnest tones, "how wretched and miserable my life really is, bereft of love and Marie, you would, at least, grant me a kind word occasionally. I see you wear my diamond yet. Tell me, for conscience sake, whether you do it out of a lingering regard for your old love, or is it cupidly only?" And the large magnetic eyes looked hungrily into those of his beautiful companion, who in a seemingly total disregard of his earnestness, hummed softly a little bravura, and then replied in a distant, half-abstracted manner, which was peculiarly annoying to the sensitive man.

"How often must I tell you, Herbert, that I love you as much as ever I did? You know how we are situated, and you are perfectly well aware that so long as you cannot support me in the style to which I have all ways been accustomed, no engagement must be allowed to exist. Love is all very well in its place, but really it shows very bad taste to introduce it at such unseasonable and inappropriate occasions. Good evening, Capt. Herbert; isn't this a splendid gathering? It was most remarking to our friend, Mr. Maltravers, that I had not for a long time attended a party so exquisitely got up; and the bawdy beauty used her fan daintily, turning to her fair hand a little more to the light, while lightning-like coruscations from diamond and pearl dazzled the eyes of her admirers. Indulge me and bewitching lozings, together with the rustle of silk, and perfume as delicate as from Araby the Blest, completed a *tout ensemble* as perfect in its fashionable and artistic make-up as it was gracefully becoming to its fair owner.

The captain offered his arm for a promenade and with pleasant bow to Herbert, Marie sailed away, as if perfectly unconscious of the misery she had inflicted.

Herbert Maltravers had been for the past two years an accepted lover of Marie Genevieve, but for some strange and incomprehensible reason she had without the least apology or excuse, suddenly dismissed him, and when pressed by the ardent lover for a satisfactory solution of the mystery, replied that her love remained undiminished, but her family all thought the engagement improper, as Mr. Maltravers' pecuniary position would not allow him to support her in the style and luxury to which she had been accustomed. No argument or entreaty could make her any more explicit, so with a love quite as intense in the first and palmist days of courtship, Herbert followed her to ball, party and opera, and used every means to win back the attention and regard he no longer possessed.

He could not be convinced that Marie Genevieve was as hollow and heartless as the vainest butterfly of fashion could possibly be, and yet he knew that if she loved him as he had formerly every reason to believe, no advice or influence could have changed her. "Why does she still wear the symbol of our betrothal if our engagement is entirely broken off?" he asked himself for the thousandth time.

Herbert knew that Marie's father, with all his wealth, was very close and penurious, especially on the subject of ornaments; and he knew, too, that Marie's most valuable jewelry were all presents. Common sense whispered that it was the beauty and costliness of the diamond that made it valuable in her eyes, and this in a fit of wretchedness and almost insanity, he had this evening, for the first time, accused her of.

"I must have one moment with Marie and beg pardon for my insulting language. How could I have been so unmanly?" Marie, cloaked and hooded, her bright, beautiful eyes having lost none of their sparkle from the night's dissipation, stood in the hall spinning kind "good nights" to friends and acquaintances.

"Let me escort you to the carriage just this time, Marie," pleaded the lover, and laughing and chatting gaily, she accepted his arm in a matter-of-fact manner and walked slowly out.

"What is it, now Herbert? and the beauty's tones betrayed both ill-nature and impatience. "I hope you will forgive me Marie for the ungentlemanly language I used this evening. I cannot bear to think that I have offended you."

"Your manner, Mr. Maltravers, is the principal thing I have to find fault with, and quite as much as your own account as my own. It is not pleasant to have the epithets 'soft' and 'silly' applied to one who for so long a time has been a declared suitor for my hand. But I have, I declare, quite forgotten that you said anything this evening that you need ask pardon for. What was it Herbert?" And the young lady met his earnest gaze ferociously, and with a look of irresistible inquiry.

"How the poor fellow longed to enter the carriage as he had done a thousand times, and draw the queenly head, wound round with the daintiest of 'unmissable' wool, on his breast. But times had changed, and this was no longer his privilege. "It was about the ring, Marie; say that you forgive me." "Oh, yes, I remember now, Herbert; but what a strange girl I am! I believe I never could grieve or be much offended at anything you might say, and something of the old tenderness seemed to return to tone and manner; for Herbert pressed the little hand closer, and the grasp was

warmly returned, causing the heart of the young gentleman, which had been for weeks on the rack, to palpitate still faster, while a strange feeling of joy almost deprived him of the power of speech. "Herbert, if you desire this ring, it is yours; but I do hate to part with it so!"

"For what reason, Marie? Is it for the blessed old associations connected with it? Let me see; you used to say that in the depths of that stone you could always see Herbert's face. Is it so now?"

"Oh, Herbert! when will you learn to be less demonstrative? Why will you not remember that we are no longer lovers, and that any profligate former admirer is simply presumption? Mr. Maltravers, I would like to be your friend, if you would only let me—that is all. Do you understand?"

"I think I do, Miss Genevieve," coldly replied the gentleman with his hand upon the carriage door; and one would hardly have imagined it possible that a tone could have changed so perceptibly. "You have succeeded in this conversation to make me understand the true state of the case. Love is all on one side. I should have known this long before, but I had not my infatuation so completely blinded me. The symbol of our engagement you may wear now transfixed on another finger, not for any lingering fondness you may have for the given ring, but for the intrinsic value of the article. Every scale is removed from my eyes. I do not want the ring at present; you may wear it until I have crushed out every particle of fondness for Marie Genevieve, and have found in some tormented woman the balm of my sufferings; then, and only then, shall I send for my ring."

"But Herbert—" he replied. "No 'buts' about it," he replied. "Like the poor moth, I have buzzed about your brilliant light and scorched myself in the blaze by making myself a laughing stock for society, and have almost destroyed my soul in the attempt to resist the power myself in the position I formerly occupied. Good night and good bye, Marie Genevieve."

"Who would have thought it?" mused Marie, as she leaned back in her father's aristocratic carriage. "But I shall bring him to terms again. It so strange that Major Hunter don't propose; I have taken particular pains to have him informed of the dissolution of my marriage contract, and yet he doesn't propose. Very attentive and love-like to-night, not a word of the future. His establishment is princely, but if I cannot be mistress of that, why then I should prefer Herbert—very ambitious young man, as father said this morning, 'if you haven't destroyed the dissolution of my marriage contract, men are not so easily taken in. Let me see—I am not nineteen, and according to their own statements, I have consigned at least a dozen lives to wretchedness, and a half dozen of them are happily married, and the remainder engaged. He may not be so easy to renew," and the heartless beauty continued to resist the temptation until sleep closed her eyes.

"Ah, Marie," said the young lady's father, one evening at dinner, "some few months after the above incidents, 'your discarded lover has had a very neat little present made him. You have heard him speak about that eccentric uncle of his in Lincoln; well, the old fellow has come down hand-some—a cool two hundred thousand dollars!" "Oh, papa, when men are not so easily taken in. Let me see—I am not nineteen, and according to their own statements, I have consigned at least a dozen lives to wretchedness, and a half dozen of them are happily married, and the remainder engaged. He may not be so easy to renew," and the heartless beauty continued to resist the temptation until sleep closed her eyes.

"The Tramp of the John L. Stephens. —It is a pity we can't find room for all the rumors published in California about the way Ben. Holladay played his legal adversaries by detaining his steamer there, and then taking it, while he went killing overland to Oregon, but we have some reliable information about the voyage itself, that confirms the story that it was a stormy time and there was a rough sea on Saturday evening when the old Stephens ran her nose up to the Columbia river bar, which gave a good excuse for the offering of fifty miles. This was done, and strange to say it took the poor thing all the next day to paddle back to the bar, which she reached again on Sunday night, and giving another groan at its roughness, put out to sea again. Monday morning she managed to enter and climb the Columbia river. Our informant says he figured up 420 passengers, and he gives an amusing account of the anguish of mind that prevailed on board the storm of Saturday night, when the boat was filling with water. Even the Chinamen in the forecastle came rushing up shouting "all water! all water!" Conservation sat on the faces of all the passengers, they stared at the storm, and the wester came down the stern. Even Elliott's lawyer thought the death had made out a case and issued a final mandamus for John B. Feltton and Wm. H. Patterson, and the Nightingale could not sing a note. This doleful state of affairs was alleviated by the discovery made by the Mate, that the hammer holes hadn't been stopped up when the wester came in that way. The Stephens finally arrived all right and the Holladay-Elliott suits are to go on—if they can find Ben. Holladay, who has disappeared, and we have heard that a thousand dollars reward is offered for him by John B. Feltton.—*Salem Statesman*.

"The Girls.—Bless the dear girls! I love them all! I couldn't help it if I wouldn't help it if I could. I love the girl with sunny hair, with bright or laughing clear blue eyes, with skin transparent, white and fair, and cheeks that with the red rose vies.

And then, I love the dark brunette, with glossy curls like raven's wing; with teeth like pearls and eyes like jet—I love to hear their laughter ring. Oh, yes, these English dark brunettes will bring our hearts into our throats, they laugh at all our woes; but yet I say bless all the petticoats.

"Oh! Woman, what would this world be without thy kind and gentle sway? for all we love we owe to thee; how can we e'er thy love repay? for don't you see our buttons on? and darn our socks and mend our clothes and spend our stamps 'til they're all gone? but can't tell how the money goes.

"Oh! yes, I love all womankind; they're gentle, loving, good and true; some may not quite suit my mind, but 'tis not that to me or you! I love the darling, loving girls; love them as hard as e'er that is, in a general way, man—for bless you—I'm a married man!

"Mother it is no use; I can never love Mr. Sprowler." "Well," said the mother, looking at her with surprise, "that is no reason why you should not marry him."

A sensitive New Orleans spinner, aged eighty, recently married a younger man for the reason that she feared his frequent visits might lead people to talk about her.

MASONRY SAVED HIM.

A THRILLING STORY.
We are indebted to the Portland Argus for the following thrilling story; if we are not mistaken we have heard or read that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' An instance, strictly true, has come to our knowledge which vividly illustrates that, and also exhibits with almost startling effect the danger of mob law and benefits of Masonry.

A young Maine man, who is engaged in the "commencing" trading business for a Chicago house, was recently traveling out in the far West, when he was taken possession of on the train by men who simply informed him that they were officers and wanted him. He expostulated, explained, demanded explanations, &c., but all in vain. No one on the train knew him, and there were those who did know the officers. All that he could get from them was that they were the men they wanted. In this way he was taken some ninety miles into the interior. Upon arrival he had no longer to remain in ignorance of his supposed offence, the whole village being out to welcome him with such cries as, "Here's the d—d horse thief caught at last."

"Let's string him up!" The officers made some show at resistance, but the excited mob took possession of their victim, and marched him into town, near the center of which a noose was already strung over a limb of a tree. Our friend thought it was all up with him. Expatriation was received with derision. Every body recognized him as a notorious horse thief, whose depredations in the vicinity had been long continued and extensive. A horse thief in that section is looked upon as something worse than a savage murderer. There was not a pitying eye in the crowd, and the universal howl was to lynch him. He tried to pray, but the commercial traveling business had ruined him for praying. While waiting under the noose a happy thought struck him. His Masonry. He was a Royal Arch Mason.

In all that crowd there must be Masons. He gave the Grand Hail Signal of Distress. We are not at liberty to explain how it was done for several reasons, the chief one of which is, we don't know. But he gave it, and in an instant one of the foremost citizens of the town sprang to his side, and he gave some more Masonic signals, and the prisoner was quickly surrounded with twenty or thirty determined men, who held the crowd at bay with drawn pistols. Our friend explained to the leading man who he was. This organized a committee of investigation, telegraphed to Chicago and verified all his statements, and the brutal mob slunk away breathlessly ashamed. Our friend was made as comfortable as possible by his Masonic Friends, but he says he never experienced such intense anxiety as he did when he stood under that noose.

The above is strictly true in all its essential points. We have the names of the parties and places. The young man who rescued him proved to be an old friend of his father's.

Among the deaths published in the Baltimore Sun of the 17th ult., was that of Mrs. Maria Clemm, the aunt, mother-in-law, and never-failing friend of Edgar A. Poe. Mrs. Clemm was born in Baltimore on the 17th of March, 1809. Her family was one of the oldest and most distinguished in Maryland. Her father, David Poe, was quartermaster-general of the old Maryland line during the revolution, and the intimate friend of Washington, Lafayette, and the leading men of the time. In 1836, while editing the *Southern Literary Messenger*, Edgar A. Poe married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, a lovely and beautiful girl, whose memory he embalmed in "The Raven." She was the "lost Lenore" of that extraordinary poem. From the time of Poe's marriage to her daughter, Mrs. Clemm adopted him as her son, and never had a son or a more devoted mother. To have seen and kept the love of such a woman through all the vicissitudes of such a career as Edgar Poe's, shows more forcibly than words can tell that the innate goodness of the poet was not lost even in the midst of wasted genius, unparalleled misfortune, and utter misery.

When he was ill, and his wife dying, it was a touching sight to see this "treasure minister to genius," poorly clad, going from office to office in New York with a poem, a story, or a critique of Poe's to sell. To her Poe wrote the sonnet "To My Mother," in which he testifies to her care and devotion by saying that she had been "more than a mother," to him. After the poet's death, on the 7th of October, 1849, Mrs. Clemm resided with different friends in New York and Virginia, until five or six years since, when she was received into the Church Home in Baltimore, a charitable institution under the management of the Episcopal Church, and there she died on the 16th ult. in the eighty-first year of her age. Poe died in the same building, which was then the Maryland Hospital. Her funeral took place on Friday, the 17th. As has been requested she was buried by the side of her darling Eddie, in Westminster churchyard, corner of Fayette and Greene streets, Baltimore. Besides the four pall-bearers, there were present about a dozen ladies and two gentlemen, admirers of Poe and friends of Mrs. Clemm. Among the ladies was Miss Trulove, Poe's sister of the poet.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

The Columbus (Ga.) Democrat says that in a cemetery in the little village of Wytheboro, in Columbia county, there is a rather rare epitaph. It is as follows: "Seventeen years a maiden; one year a wife; two months a mother, and that took her life."

A SAD STORY OF NEW YORK LIFE.

Here is a story of the saddest side of New York life. Not many days ago there was a fashionable marriage in one of our up-town churches. The bridegroom was a remarkably handsome man, of nearly thirty years of age, well known in what is called fashionable society as an accomplished liberal scholar and "ladies' man." The bride was a lovely girl, belonging to one of the best known families, and esteemed for her character as much as admired for her beauty. The friends of both were present and nothing surprising occurred at the ceremony, save that all present remarked upon the appearance of the bridegroom. He was apparently so oppressed by some great sorrow or anxiety that he could not smile nor command a cheerful word.

The pair had spent but a few days together when the husband, after an interview with his young wife, which left her almost crushed in mind, hastily called at his late bachelor rooms, which he had not yet given up, buried a large number of papers, packed up a few precious articles and suddenly disappeared; and no one of his friends knows where he is to be found. But one dreadful truth reached their ears too quickly. At one of our new hotels in the center of the city, but a few blocks from the church in which the marriage was performed, there were found a woman and several children bearing his name, and she found no difficulty in establishing her right to it. She is many years older than he. They were married when he was scarcely more than a boy, and have never quarreled nor separated. He still supported her and visited her; and on the very day of the second marriage, at noon, he made her a long visit in his usual manner.

This event has been a sudden shock to both families, and the absolute concealment of the marriage from all his friends for many years, while his wife and children openly bore his name in public hotels in this city, is as unaccountable to them as it will be to others. The young man was for several years an internal revenue officer in this city, but for several years has been employed in a bank down town. He is said to have been in the board of his wife and children, while receiving a salary of only \$2,000; and has yet maintained his bachelor life with lavish expenditure. In his rooms are said to have lain not far from a hundred suits of clothes with expensive books and many other evidences of wealth. But his accounts at the bank are said to be entirely correct. His full understanding of what he was doing appears from the fact that he carried to the alter a pistol, with the fixed purpose, as he afterward said, of blowing out his brains there if the ceremony should be interfered with.

We draw no moral from the facts. But the very shock they give to all who know of them, is a proof that crimes of this kind find no sympathy or toleration in this community, and that the standard of morals here is not so low as some writers have said, who appeal to such cases as these for illustrations of New York society, instead of what they really are, frightful and exceptional outrages upon it.

"MORE THAN A MOTHER."
Among the deaths published in the Baltimore Sun of the 17th ult., was that of Mrs. Maria Clemm, the aunt, mother-in-law, and never-failing friend of Edgar A. Poe. Mrs. Clemm was born in Baltimore on the 17th of March, 1809. Her family was one of the oldest and most distinguished in Maryland. Her father, David Poe, was quartermaster-general of the old Maryland line during the revolution, and the intimate friend of Washington, Lafayette, and the leading men of the time. In 1836, while editing the *Southern Literary Messenger*, Edgar A. Poe married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, a lovely and beautiful girl, whose memory he embalmed in "The Raven." She was the "lost Lenore" of that extraordinary poem. From the time of Poe's marriage to her daughter, Mrs. Clemm adopted him as her son, and never had a son or a more devoted mother. To have seen and kept the love of such a woman through all the vicissitudes of such a career as Edgar Poe's, shows more forcibly than words can tell that the innate goodness of the poet was not lost even in the midst of wasted genius, unparalleled misfortune, and utter misery.

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The following will be appreciated by our student readers: Doctor F— was the President of a Southern College, who professed to be very grand in the use of his language, and therefore, expected his pupils to be likewise. Playing cards was strictly forbidden on the school premises; but, as is always the case, this law is often violated by the students, without being detected. A number of Freshmen collected together in one of the number's rooms, and were enjoying a game of anarchy, when a knock was heard at the door.

"Who's there?" one explained. "Me!" was the laconic reply. "Who's me?" "Professor F—" "You lie! He, ha, Professor F— wouldn't say 'me,' he would say 'I is I, c'—"

The old Professor turned on his heel and walked off, knowing they had him there. Hon. Mrs. Yelverton (Lady Anon, more) has purchased a farm in Missouri, and intends to remain there. Why has she written to her friends in England, assuring them that the remainder of her life will be spent in retirement as a Western farm. Her only companion is a black maid, who has been with her for many years.

MAUD MULLER'S REPLY.

BY WILLIAM W. GLASIER.
That Summer's day is in memory yet,
Though its golden sun is forever set.
And through the folds of remembrance stray,
The fragrant notes of that new song hay—
Still lives for me in its sweet surprise
The kindly glances of those stranger eyes.
But our paths in life were wide apart,
And what to them was this simple heart?
A different speech and a dress more gay
Were theirs; no dread on your daily way.

For me the task and the radiant toil;
For thee the dance and the song till dawn.
For me the faces with sunshine burned;
For thee the beauty that mine had spared.
For me the strain and valuer's prayers;
For thee the freedom from grosser cares.

For me the night that lovely birth
Gave 'mid the unbirth of men of earth;
For thee the stamp of ancient name,
And a path from thy childhood smoothed to fame.

What lay between us when by thy side
I stood in that Summer? Naught but pride.
My cheeks with the sun's warm kisses brown
Had been but a just for the fair of the town.
And gentle lips had a taint soon found
I mine had uttered a rustic sound.

So the alaric faint that with you rose,
Kept back the speech that your manhood chose,
You tarred that brave your kindred's snore
You spread the smile of your heart to tears.

To tears that trickle with bitter weight,
Because they fall on your cheek too late.
For sad as is 'mid the griefs of men,
That cry of the spirit: "It might have been."
Sadder and lonelier with darker fate,
That cry of the spirit: "It is too late."

Too late 'mid terrors but thin and gray
To leave the gardens of blushing May!
Too late to write from fond heart youth
The gift of a fond heart's trust and truth!
Too late to lean on an arm whose hold
Had closed clear closing when the world grew cold!

Too late to gather, to stoop to find
The flowers now scattered and left behind.
'Tis well to dream that beyond the sky
Well the blossoms were left to fly.
But what shall give us while living on,
The truth and a vision forever gone,
Or pour the cup that we idly spilled,
That once, a pain for our life is filled?

Why hope hereafter to see arise
A living link in the life of mine?
When you in your youth-time turned away
From the limit glances of their first love-way.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.
Each this hand resting on a grave,
Has felt the heart that prays for thee.
A mother knelt and left her tears
Upon the violet there.
O'er me a food of wail and lawns,
Of hill and forest gloom,
The rugged Death, had revealed to
Thee the glory of our love.
The last unquiet Summer shows
Upon a fruitless fane,
From yonder forest closed the blue—
Down yonder slope the gray.

The lush of death was on the scene,
And all about of the dead,
In that oppressive stillness
A sweet and weird dream scene.
I know not, dare not question how
I met this ghastly glare,
Or what the meaning of this face
That shrank and whitened there.
I knew my noble boys had stood
Through all the thimble of life,
I knew that Willie wore the blue,
That Harry wore the gray.

I thought of Willie's clear blue eyes,
His wavy hair of gold,
That clustered on his forehead
Of parent's sunny mould;
Of Harry, with his raven locks,
And low angle of his brow;
And left their mother's side;
How, hand in hand, they bore my prayer,
And blessing on