RECORDED.

At the close of each day,
If you'll listen to the sounds
That are floating on their rounds,
You will hear a whisper say,
"Recorded."

It matters not what you do;
Be it good, or be it bad,
Be you gay, or be you sad,
A whisper will say to you,
"Recorded."

Let your actions be the best,
Always try to have them so,
And you will happier go
To quiet and peaceful rest,
"Recorded."

FATHER GAUCHER'S ELIXIR.

BY ALPHONSO EAUDET.

"Drink a draught of this, my friend, and tell me what you think of it."

The Cure of Graveson began carefully, as a lapidary counts his pearls, to pour out, drop by drop, thimblefuls of a "liquer" of a golden green color, sparkling and most delicious. My blood was all aglow after this delicious draught.

"This drink was Father Gaucher's elixir, it is the joy and health of the whole country, of Provence," continued the honest fellow triumphantly. "It is made in the monastery of the Premontres; it is worth all the Chartreuses in the world. And if you only knew how entertaining the story of this elixir is! Listen, I will tell it to you."

Accordingly he began in the most simple manner—in the dining-room of the rectory, which was so modest, and calm, and adorned with the whole history of the Cross and with curtains stretched out like surplices—to tell me the story, which was somewhat irreverent and sceptical, and rather in the Erasmus or d'Assomy's style.

Twenty years ago, the order of the Premoutres, or I should perhaps call them the White Fathers, for they were always termed so amongst the Proveneaux, were in great poverty and misery. If you had seen a monastery at that time you would have been quite sorry for them. The high wall and the Pacome tower were falling to pieces; grass growing all around the monastery; the pillars splitting; the stone saints were topsy-turvey in their nooks; there was not a window or a door in decent order. The breezes from the Rhoze blew as bleakly as in the Camargue, blowing out the tapers and breaking the leads round the windows, and emptying the shells of the holy water. But what was the saddest sight of all, was to see the spire of the monastery as silent as an abandoned pigeon house, and the fathers, having no means of buying a bell, were reduced to ring their matins by clanging pieces of wood gathered from the almond tree.

Poor White Fathers! I can still see them, as they appeared at the procession for the Fete-Dieu, as they passed along so sadly with their hoods all patched, all so pale and thin (for their only food was pumpkins and watermelons). Bringing up the rear was the Prior, all abashed, with his head down, and appearing quite ashamed to show his unguilded crosier and moth-eaten mitre in white wool to the sun. The ladies who belonged to the association were actually crying for mere pity's sake, and the fat bannerbearers were joking among themselves and pointing at the poor monks. "Starlings are always thin when they go about in bands."

The fact is, the unfortunate White Monks, had more than once discussed among themselves whether it would not be better to separate and each start in a difficult direction in search of gain. One day as this very subject was being discussed in the chapter-house, a message was brought to the Prior, to ask him to speak to Brother Gaucher, who was anxious to be admitted to the council.

You must know that this same Brother Gaucher was the cow-herd of the monastery; that is to say he spent his days in driving before him, through the arches of the monastery, two thin cows, who sought their food in the chinks of the pavement. He himself had been brought up by an old woman who was quite mad, in the country of Baux, and she was known by the name of Aunt Begon; afterward he had been picked up by the White Fathers. The unfortunate cow-herd had never been able to learn anything more than to recite his Pater Noster (and that he could only recite in the Provencal tongue), and look after the cows, for he was unusually thick-headed and "as sharp as a wooden beetle." It is a true saying that "empty casks have the best sound."

He was a fervent Christian, although somewhat dreamy; he wore a sackcloth cheerfully, and gave himself the discipline with a full assurance of its efficacy, and with considerable severity. When he made his appearance in the chapter room, in a simple, awkward manner, bowing to the assembly with one leg behind, the Prior, the canons, the treasurer, all burst out laughing. This always happened when he appeared with his good old face, and with his goat-like beard and foolish eyes; so, being accustomed to this hilarity, Brother Gaucher was not troubled. "Reverend fathers," he began, while he was twisting in his fingers a rosary made of olive-stones, "would you believe that by dint of racking my poor head, which is usually very empty. I think I have discovered a way out of the difficulties? You all know my Aunt Begon—that honest woman who cared for me when I was quite a child (God preserve her soul; the old sinner, she used to sing shocking songs when she was drunk.) I must tell you reverend fathers, that my Aunt Begon was very learned in mountain herbs, as much so as any cunning tellow in Corsica. In order to prove it, she concocted, when she was dying, an elixir composed of five or six kinds of herbs, which we used to go and pick up together on the Alpilles. It is a very long time ago, and I believe with the help of St. Augustine and with the help of the Prior I could after a diligent search find this mysterious elixir. We could then bottle it, and by selling it at a good price our monastery would become rich by degrees, like our brethren of the Trappe and of the Grande."

He could not finish his sentence, for the Prior had got up and had thrown himself on his neck. The monks seized him by the hands; the treasurer, more enthusiastic even than the others, kissed with reverence the tattered border of his robe; then each one returned to his seat to discuss the matter, and the chapter decided that Brother Thrasybule was in the future to look after the cows, in order that Brother Gaucher might give up all his time to the concoction of his famous elixir.

How our good brother succeeded in finding the recipe belonging to his Aunt Begon, at what expense of time and trouble, history does not tell us; only one thing was quite certain, and that was that the White Fathers in a few months were quite popular again. In all the country of the Comtat and also about Arles, there was not a granery or a wine vault which did not include among their bottles of old wine, and bottles of olives *a la picholine*, a small brown bottle sealed with the arms of Provence, and with the picture of a monk in ecstacies on the silver ticket. Thanks to the sale of the elixir, the monestery of the Premontres became rapidly very rich; the monks were able to have the Pacome tower raised; the Prior bought a new mitre; the church was ornamented with pretty carved windows; and in the finely laced-sculptured steeple a peal of bells, both small and large, rang out the glad sound on Easter morning.

As to Brother Gaucher—he who till now had been the butt of the monastery on account of his ungainly ways—the jokes had entirely ceased; he was now known as the Reverend Father Gaucher, a man of much learning and a great mind, who lived quite apart, and was no more to occupy himself with the various occupations of his domestic calling. He lived shut up in his distillery, while thirty monks were collecting herbs for him. This distillery, which was so private that not even the Prior was admitted into it, was an old abandoned, quite at the extremity of the canour's room garden.

The monks in their simplicity had worked themselves up to consider it quite a mysterious and formidable place, and if by accident my adventurous and curious young monk reached as far as the *rosace* of the door, he would come down in great haste, quite frightened at the sight of Father Gaucher with his alchemist's beard, stooping over his ovens. Inhaling the grateful steam, and slowly stirring it with his pipe, he seemed to recognize the malicious eye of Aunt Begon in the small glistening spangles that floated over the emerald mixture; they seemed as if laughing at him, and to say: "Come! take another drop!" Drop added to drop at last filled the goblet to overflowing. The exhausted monk fell down in a large arm chair, his body quite powerless, his eyelids half closed. He remembered his sins, by fits and starts repeating in a low tone in a delightful, penitent way: "Ah! I am damning myself! I am damning myself!" But what was worst of all was that to be found written at the bottom of this diabolical elixir by some foul means all the bad songs that Aunt Begon used to sing: "Three little old women who liked a feast," or Bergerette (maitre Andre's friend), "Does she ever go into the woods alone?" And always the famous one relating to the White Fathers, "Patatin, Patatin." Only imagine what a noise and confusion all this must have created. His neighbors, in the nearest cells, looked at him with a sly air. "Ah! ah! Father Gaucher, you had some bees in your bonnet last night as you undressed." Then he would begin to despair, and to cry, and to fast, and to use sackcloth and the discipline. Nothing could succeed against this devil in the form of the elixir, and every night at the same hour the same play was enacted, and an aerometer in his hand and sur' rounded with cucurbites made in pink sandstone, gigantic alembics, crystal serpentines, it was a strange mixture, and a bewitching light gleamed forth through the window. At even which the last Angelus was rung, the door of this mysterious place was discreetly opened, and the reverend father went to church to attend evening service, you should have seen what a reception was given him when he crossed the monastery! The brothers formed a line to let him pass; they bade each other keep silence. "Chut—he has the secret!" The treasurer followed him, and spoke with bated breath, and with his head down. Amidst all these adulations the reverend father passed by stonging his forehead, his broad-brimmed, three-cornered hood on the back of his head like a halo, and looking with delight around him at the great courts, thickly planted with orange trees, the blue roofs (where weather cocks were turning round); and in the glistening cloisters, between whose elegant pillars the canons, newly clad, were defiling two by two with restful countenances.

"They owe all this to me!" said the reverend father to himself, and even the very thought of it puffed him up with pride. You will see how the poor man was punished for it. Would you believe me, one evening during the divine service he arrived in the chapel in a very agitated state, very red, and out of breath, with his hood awry, and he was so much shaken that when he took holy water he plunged in his arms up to his very elbows. At first this mishap was put down to his being late, but when he began to make exaggerated bows to the organ loft and the galleries around, instead of to the high alter, and to rush through the church like a madman, and stroll hither and thither in search of his place in the stalls, and when once seated he bowed to right and left, smiling with an imbecile look in his face, a hum of astonishment filled the three naves. The monks were whispering to each other over their breviaries: "What is the matter with Father Gaucher? What is the matter with Father Gaucher?"

The Prior twice, with an impatient movement, let his croiser fall in order to impose silence. It is true that the Psalms were still being heartily chanted at the extremity of the choir, but the responses were not so spirited. Suddenly in the midst of the Ave Verum, Father Gaucher falls from his seat, and begins intoning in a clear voice: "There lived once upon a time in Paris a White Monk, Patatin, Patatan, Tarabin, Taraban," &c. This last act caused general dismay. Every one got up. Cries of "Remove him; he is possessed with the devil!" The canons crossed themselves. The Prior's crosier began to exert itself. But Father Gaucher did not observe or hear anything, and two strong monks were obliged to drag him out by the little door of the choir. He was meanwhile kicking like one possessed, and continued with renewed zeal his song of Patatin and Tarabin.

The next day at dawn the unfortunate man was on his knees in the Prior's oratory, and was performing his penance amid floods of tears! "It was the elixir, it was the elixir which was too much for me," he kept on repeating while he beat his breast. The Prior was quite touched in witnessing such genuine grief.

"Come, come, Father Gaucher, quiet yourself, all will right itself. After all, it was not so very scandalous as you think it was. It is true there was that horrid song which was a little bit hum hum. It is only to be hoped that the novices did not hear it. Now tell me exactly how it all happened. It was by tasting the elixir, was it not? You were rather too prodigal with it. Yes, yes, I understand, like Schwartz, the inventor of gunpowder, you have been a victim to your own invention. And now tell me, my honest friend, is it necessary for you to taste yourself this most dreadful elixir?"

"Unfortunately it is, my lord! The meter shows me how much alcohol I ought to put in; but for the finishing touch I would only trust to my own taste."

"Ah very well! but listen, and I will ask you another question. When you taste this alcohol out of necessity do you like it? Does it please you?"

"Alas! yes, my lord!" answered the unfortunate man, getting very red, "for the last two nights especially I found out a particularly nice taste in it. I am quite sure the devil has played me this trick; I am quite determined not to use the meter again, all the worse if the 'liqueur' is not tasted enough, or finished up."

"Heavens! protect us from such a resolution," answered the Prior, sharply. "We must not displease our customers. All that you can do, now that you have had a lesson, will be to be more careful. Let us see, about how many drops does it take to make up your account? Fifteen or twenty?"

"Twenty, I should say."

"The devil would be very clever to catch you with twenty drops. Also, in order to prevent any future accident, I will permit you to say your evening prayers in the distillery, instead of coming to church. And now go in peace, my reverend father, and please take care to count your drops."

Alas, the poor reverend father counted them in vain; the devil had him and would not give him up. Strange noises came forth from the distillery. During the daytime everything was quiet. The father was always calm; he prepared his chafing dishes, his alembics, carefully sorted his herbs—they were all herbs in Provence, rare ones and gray variegated ones exhaling strange perfumes. But that night when the simples were infused, and the cellar was cooling in immense brass cauldrons, the poor man's martyrdom began. Seventeen—eighteen—nineteen—twenty! The drops fell into the pewter goblet. All these twenty drops the father swallowed at one gulp, without much feeling of delight. But the twenty-first he longed after. Oh! to taste that twenty-first drop; so in order to escape temptation, he would kneel quite at the extremity of the labratory, and his thoughts were for some time in his Pater Nosters. There rose a little perfumed smoke from the still heated "liqueur," which enveloped him, and whether he choose or not, brought his thoughts back to his caldrons. The "liqueur" was of a beautiful golden green color. Meanwhile, orders were pouring into the monastery—it was a great blessing they received them—from Nismes, Aix, Avignon, Marseilles. Gradually the monastery became a small manufactory. There were brothers who packed, brothers who ticketed, others who wrote, others who managed the transport business. In this way they became very lax in their religious duties—the bells were very rarely rung; but I assure you the poor country folks were no losers by the change! Well, one fine Sunday when the treasurer was reading the account of the year which was ending before the whole assembled chapter, the hearty canons were listening with gleaming eyes and smiling lips, when quite suddenly Father Gaucher rushed in among them crying: "It is all over now. I will make no more. Give me back my cows!"

"What is the matter, Father Gaucher?" asks the Prior, who, however, had his doubts as to what was the matter!

"'What is the matter, my lord?' The matter is that I am on the high road to perdition, an eternity of flames and of pitch-forks. The fact is that I drink like a fish."

"But I warned you to count the drops."

"Oh! yes, it was all very well to count the drops, but now I should have to count the goblets. Yes, reverend fathers, I have reached to that depth of degradation I take my three bottles nightly. You understand that this cannot last, therefore you must find some one else to concoct the elixir for you. Let the everlasting fire consume me if I meddle with it again."

I can tell you the whole chapter did not laugh when they heard these words. "But unfortunate man, you will be the cause of our ruin," cried the treasurer, agitating his enormous book.

"Would you prefer that I should be damned?"

At these words the Prior stood up. "Reverend fathers," he began, extending his beautiful white hand on which was the pastoral ring, "everything will be arranged for the best. It is at night, is it not, my dear son, that the devil tempts you?"

"Yes, holy Prior, regularly every night. As soon as evening closes in, I find myself perspiring at the mere thought of what is going to happen me, like Capitou's ass at the thought of the burden."

"Very well! calm yourself. We will recite St. Augustine's prayers for your benefit, and I will join to them the plenary indulgence. By these means you will be quite safe. It is actually giving you absolution while you are in the act of singing."

"Oh, well, many thanks, my lord Prior," and without further ado Father Gaucher returned to his distillery as gay as a lark. Surely from that day forth every evening at the end of the evensong the officiating monk never missed saying: "Let us pray for our poor Father Gaucher, who sacrifices his eternal happiness to the interests of the monastery."

"Oremus Domine."

Then when the prayers of the cowled monks sounded through the nave like the blowing of an easterly wind amid snow, at the other extremity of the monastery Father Gaucher, behind the blazing window of his distillery, was heard singing with all his might:

"In Paris there lived a white monk,
Patatin, Patatan," &c.

Here the good Cure stopped quite frightened. "Mercy?" cried he; "if my parishioners were only to hear me.

The great mistake our farmers make that are in good circumstances, is that they want their sons to study some profession. They become exceedingly anxious about what they shall make of their boys; they are not allowed to get a good common school education (and while getting that to learn them the habits of industry and rudiments of a farmer's life), before they are sent to college and kept there at great expense for years; before they learn they have wasted a large amount of money and wasted much valuable time, and most of them never amount to anything, and but few of them have talents for any profession. Their education and habits at college often destroy all idea of coming back to the routine of farm life. But give these boys a good common-school education, and while doing this, teach them to plow, to reap, and to milk cows, and my word for it, the father will not be as often disappointed as in the other case, and the country will be much benefited.

On a homeward-bound Charleston car a jolly-looking Irishman was saluted with the remark: "Tim, yer house was blown away." "Deed, thin, it isn't," he answered, "for I have the kay in my pocket."

A Buffalo Stops a Locomotive.

High courage and furious temper are generally admitted to be leading characteristics of that formidable character the buffalo; but, notwithstanding his reputation for boldness and ferocity, we should scarcely have deemed him capable of so desperate an enterprise as that involved in challenging a railway train at full speed, had not a detailed account of his successful encounter with the evening express, leaving Pesth for Vienna on the 9th inst., appeared in the Austrian official journal. It seems that the train, traveling at the rate of thirty miles an hour, had to be pulled up short when approaching Rakos Station, to avoid running down an enormous buffalo, who had taken up a menacing attitude between the rails, and there stood snorting out defiance to its advancing foe. This intrepid animal had a few hours previously brought a goods train to a standstill on the same spot, which he evidently regarded as the frontier of his own especial domain, not to be violated with impunity by any iron monster that ever hurtled along on wheels. A large party of the Staatsbahn's servants was assembled, with considerable trouble and loss of time, the express and the buffalo remaining stationary the while, facing one another like two doughty but prudent adversaries. After many fruitless attempts to drive the huge beast off the line, the railway officials contrived to lasso him, and, tying his legs tightly together, to haul him bodily into an adjoining field. The Staatsbahn authorities have offered a reward for the discovery of his owner, whom they intend to prosecute for allowing so savage a brute to be at large. Meanwhile the horned hero is in durance vile, receiving, doubtless, all the consideration due to a brave prisoner of war.—[London Telegraph.

The Electoral Vote.

The electoral votes of the several States were doubtless cast on Wednesday in accordance with the results of the November election, and now nothing remains to be done but the formal count by the President of the Senate in the presence of the two Houses of Congress on the second Wednesday in February. The vote stands Garfield 214, Hancock 155; Garfield's majority 59. This compares very favorably with the electoral majorities received by successful candidates in the past. James Madison's majority for his second term was exactly the same. Washington's first majority over John Adams was 25; his second was 55. Adams was elected by a majority of three over Jefferson, who in the next canvass received no majority, and was elected by the House against Aaron Burr. Jefferson's second election was almost unanimous, his vote being 162 against 14 for Charles C. Pinckney. James Madison's first majority was 69, and his second 59. Monroe's first majority was 149, while at his second election he was opposed by only one vote. John Quincy Adams was elected by the House. The following are the later majorities: Jackson over Adams, 95; Jackson over Clay, Floyd and Wirt, 159; Van Buren over Harrison. White, Webster and Mangum, 36; Harrison over Van Buren, 174; Polk over Clay, 65; Tayler over Cass, 36; Pierce over Scott, 212; Buchanan over Fremont and Fillmore, 64; Lincoln over McClellan, 192; Grant over Seymour, 134; Grant over Hendricks, Greeley, Brown, etc., 226; Hayes over Tilden, 1.

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An Editor's Escape.

OFFICE OF THE "INDUSTRIAL ERA." ALBIA, IOWA, May 25, 1880.

To Whom it May Concern:

I take a great pleasure in making the following statement: I have been afflicted with a disease of the kidneys for the past two years and have tried numerous remedies with only partial and temporary relief. Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure was recommended to me, and after taking it the pain and distress left me, and I am to-day feeling *strong and well*. I am perfectly satisfied that Warner's Safe Kidney Cure is the medicine needed, and can cheerfully recommend it to others.

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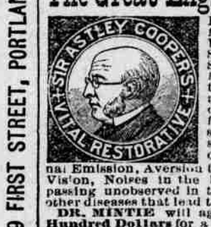

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