

VERSES WRITTEN BY FANNY DELCOLL A FEW MONTHS BEFORE HER OWN DEATH.

The two following poems were written by Fanny Delcoll, who died some weeks ago, after a brief illness of two months. The one entitled "In Memoriam" was written for one who had gone before her. She did not know when she wrote it that one saw the light she would join her friend.

IN MEMORIAM. What does it matter, or blame, or praise? God's own genius is a royal strength; Soon they are measured by weary days— Soon they have measured their paltry length.

DEATH IN THE PIT.

Any Glover was the prettiest lass in the village, and I loved her, but, as for that, all the young chaps were of the same mind, but she never looked at one more than another.

"Well, it is just this," I said. And I there came to a full stop. "Is anything wrong with Jack?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, he is down in the pit, and they say it is foul, which makes me and mother very uneasy. You have not heard anything?"

"No," I answered staidly now that I could comfort her. "He is all right. You mustn't mind what old women say, or you'll be looking for a blow up every day in the year, when there is nothing more than common. I haven't come about Jack; it is about myself."

"I want to tell you how I love you; I can't say all I want to, but here I am, and I wouldn't change myself for a king, if you will take me just as I am."

"Don't say that, Amy; but if you have pity in your heart show it to me, and I will cherish you faithfully to the day of my death."

"It is no use. I can never marry a pitman. I gave the promise to mother and Jack over the graves of my father and three brothers, all killed at one time."

to face the folks above without doing something, so I felt impatient that they lowered me at such a snail's pace. I kept looking up and down to measure the distance yet to be traversed.

I looked around as I jumped off the straddle, and saw the furnace was out, which put a stop to the ventilation of the mine, and no air entered except by the shaft.

It was easier work going back, when you were in the main or horse road, and I found that Jack was breathing when I reached the shaft.

It wasn't till we had reached twenty feet up that I felt the strain of standing on nothing; but from that moment it became terrible. My hands seemed ready to snap, and my head spun round in an agony.

They had Jack off the straddle before you could look round, and he was carried away, while they raised my head and poured a little brandy into my mouth.

"Everybody away from the mouth of the pit, sir," I said. "You are right; it will come in a minute or two," he answered.

"They got me to the top of the bank, when I heard a scream, and there was Amy trying to throw herself on her brother, but kept back by the other women."

"I was walking on, when suddenly the air rang with a crash which shook the ground. I knew what it signified; such sounds denote but one result in the Black Country, and, throwing down my pack, darted off to the pit."

"I don't care if I never smoke again," I said, savagely. "Now, I'll tell you what it is; you've been having a tiff with our Amy," said Jack.

"I haven't." "Well, you know best about that, but you were seen talking with her, and she had a crying fit directly after. And when she heard from me that it was you who brought me up from the pit, she fainted in my arms."

"Where are you going?" "You wait here a minute." With that I took two strides down the stairs into the road into Mrs. Glover's cottage.

"Ah, Amy, if you had only loved me," I said. She gently tightened her arms around my neck. "How happy we might have been," I continued.

"That's what I say to it," she said, heartily; "and Jack is of the same mind." "And this is what I say to it," I cried, giving the girl a kiss.

"Well, yes; she looks like a lady, in dressed like a lady, and yet—" "Young, or old, Anna?" "Oh, rather young; she did not offer me her card; she looks like a foreigner."

"I went down, and a serious, prepossessing-looking girl rose to her feet and said: "Are you Mrs.—? I was told you needed a girl. Mrs.— sent me to you. I am the girl who lived with her, ma'am."

"I would rather not give an answer now, ma'am," she said. "Miss F.—, naming a lady who lived in much greater style, has offered me fifty cents a week more and less work to do, but I don't think I'll go there, for when I asked to look at the kitchen she said if it was good enough for her it was good enough for me."

"You may be sure we were anxious," continued the lady, "but at nine promptly she came to the side door neatly dressed in a plain calico, and from that time to this she has been with us, and I dread to think of ever parting with her."

"Certainly not; for one thing, and the chief one in my estimation, she is an excellent cook. She cannot only cook fancy dishes, make salads and puddings and get up dainty after-dinner 'menus,' but she can cook common dishes in the most delightful manner."

"I seized my large pocket clasp knife. Eagerness made me cruel—yet not more so than if I had left my victim to die a slow and lingering death. I cut off his head, and then, with trembling hands, ripped open his body, and explored the suspicious protuberance. My knife grated against something hard, and I caught the glitter of some shining substance! Imagine my feelings, when, with a beating heart and trembling hand I drew forth— "The ring, uncle?" breathlessly inquired Nellie.

"No, my dear. Only a piece of green glass!" The general consternation and indignation may be imagined.

The Detroit Post and Tribune of a late date contains the following: "Let me tell you," said a lady in this city, in conversation with a representative of the Post and Tribune, "it is a great mistake to treat 'the girl' as if she were some kind of an animated machine."

"She does not; and then the lady has a long story to tell of ingratitude and imprudence and what not. I can tell you that the more real kindness and consideration the mistress shows, the better help she will have. We have had one girl for three years, and I am sure she could not be induced to leave us."

"Well, yes; she looks like a lady, in dressed like a lady, and yet—" "Young, or old, Anna?" "Oh, rather young; she did not offer me her card; she looks like a foreigner."

"I went down, and a serious, prepossessing-looking girl rose to her feet and said: "Are you Mrs.—? I was told you needed a girl. Mrs.— sent me to you. I am the girl who lived with her, ma'am."

"I would rather not give an answer now, ma'am," she said. "Miss F.—, naming a lady who lived in much greater style, has offered me fifty cents a week more and less work to do, but I don't think I'll go there, for when I asked to look at the kitchen she said if it was good enough for her it was good enough for me."

"You may be sure we were anxious," continued the lady, "but at nine promptly she came to the side door neatly dressed in a plain calico, and from that time to this she has been with us, and I dread to think of ever parting with her."

"Certainly not; for one thing, and the chief one in my estimation, she is an excellent cook. She cannot only cook fancy dishes, make salads and puddings and get up dainty after-dinner 'menus,' but she can cook common dishes in the most delightful manner."

"I seized my large pocket clasp knife. Eagerness made me cruel—yet not more so than if I had left my victim to die a slow and lingering death. I cut off his head, and then, with trembling hands, ripped open his body, and explored the suspicious protuberance. My knife grated against something hard, and I caught the glitter of some shining substance! Imagine my feelings, when, with a beating heart and trembling hand I drew forth— "The ring, uncle?" breathlessly inquired Nellie.

"No, my dear. Only a piece of green glass!" The general consternation and indignation may be imagined.

The country would reap incalculable benefit if the walk of the ordinary horse could be accelerated a single mile per hour beyond what is now general. It would put millions of dollars extra into the national pockets every year.

Bellfounder, got by the celebrated imported trotting horse of his name, out of Lady Allport, was not only a fast trotter, but had a natural easy walk of five miles per hour. He was kept by our family several years, and nearly all his stock, out of quite common mares, proved excellent walkers.

"Well, yes; she looks like a lady, in dressed like a lady, and yet—" "Young, or old, Anna?" "Oh, rather young; she did not offer me her card; she looks like a foreigner."

"I went down, and a serious, prepossessing-looking girl rose to her feet and said: "Are you Mrs.—? I was told you needed a girl. Mrs.— sent me to you. I am the girl who lived with her, ma'am."

"I would rather not give an answer now, ma'am," she said. "Miss F.—, naming a lady who lived in much greater style, has offered me fifty cents a week more and less work to do, but I don't think I'll go there, for when I asked to look at the kitchen she said if it was good enough for her it was good enough for me."

"You may be sure we were anxious," continued the lady, "but at nine promptly she came to the side door neatly dressed in a plain calico, and from that time to this she has been with us, and I dread to think of ever parting with her."

"Certainly not; for one thing, and the chief one in my estimation, she is an excellent cook. She cannot only cook fancy dishes, make salads and puddings and get up dainty after-dinner 'menus,' but she can cook common dishes in the most delightful manner."

"I seized my large pocket clasp knife. Eagerness made me cruel—yet not more so than if I had left my victim to die a slow and lingering death. I cut off his head, and then, with trembling hands, ripped open his body, and explored the suspicious protuberance. My knife grated against something hard, and I caught the glitter of some shining substance! Imagine my feelings, when, with a beating heart and trembling hand I drew forth— "The ring, uncle?" breathlessly inquired Nellie.

"No, my dear. Only a piece of green glass!" The general consternation and indignation may be imagined.

The Rev. H. Christmas, in the first volume of his "Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean," published in 1851, relates the following story which is both amusing and characteristic as to the then existing state of clerical influence and practice abroad in domestic affairs in the Spanish island of Majorca.

The young couple presented themselves to be married. The parish priest objected to perform the ceremony, as the parties stood within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity, which he demonstrated thus: Their mothers are godmothers to the same child; this, in the eyes of the Church made them sisters from that time forth, and their mutual progeny first cousins.

"No, no," exclaimed the worthy bishop, a little alarmed at the turn matters were taking; "we must have no scandal here. I will give you the dispensation rather than allow such irregular proceedings."

"I believe this is a wretched fabrication," which he tore in pieces. "I will exert an episcopal power, as access to the Sovereign Pontiff is impossible, and dispense you from the obstacle. The Pope, when free, will confirm my act. Go, my children, and be happy."

"Yes, this building is haunted," said an attaché of the presidential mansion to the Critic this morning. "And it is said that supernatural sights are not unfrequently witnessed in these large, old-fashioned rooms and airy halls."

"Yes, the ghostly visitor is a man," continued the attaché, "because I remember well of hearing the chambermaid say that he had long, flowing white hair and beard and very much resembled the statesman of long ago, whose pictures were so related on the walls of history. At any rate, sir, I know that the president's rest is often disturbed at night, because I have heard him time and time again moving about long after midnight, and sometimes I have listened to his steady and continued pacing across the floor when every one else in the house was slumbering, and wondered what was disturbing him."

"Oh, no," quickly rejoined the attaché, "neither of them, I'm sure. It was the White House ghost, and I'll bet on it. This ghost is the same one that made General Grant's nights here so scarce and suggested his frequent trips through the country, as I have heard the attendants who were here with him frequently say; and I will tell you candidly that I think the ghost's frequent appearances are to be traced to the notion into President Arthur's head of going off on his proposed trip." Concluding, the presidential individual left to answer a call from upstairs.

The Critic subsequently got the following description from one who claims to have seen the spirit of the white house: "He is an aged and bent-back old man with long, phosphorescent white hair and hair, gray and wavy, bright and glaring eyes and long, scrawny fingers. His walk is noiseless but stately and his presence is always indicated by a peculiar electric sensation which pervades the surrounding air. The electricity is what breaks the president up, and makes him porambulate."

Insanity in Criminals. The opponents of capital punishment in France have just been furnished with a new weapon. The last time the guillotine was set up in the Place de la Roquette the criminal upon whom it was employed was a youth named Menocou, who murdered a little girl under circumstances of appalling atrocity about two years since. His conduct was so abominable that even a Paris jury could not discover any extenuating circumstance for him, although it was admitted that his intelligence was of the lowest order. When, however, he was dissected at the Ecole Pratique, d'Anatomie certain cerebral lesions were brought to light, and those who wage war against the guillotine declared that he was not responsible for his actions. This discovery has been greatly strengthened within the last few days by the fact that the convict's mother has become a lunatic. It appears, moreover, that her sister is also insane, and that her father committed suicide. These revelations have given a new impetus in France to the endless controversy respecting the mental unsoundness in relation to criminal punishment.

He who has fair words only is like one who feeds the sick with an empty spoon and talks about gruel.