

AT REST.

Once more the ripened year unfolds
Her pennons, gold embossed,
And where the grand oaks, leafless-tossed,
Lift up bare arms, communion holds
With him who thus a bound has set
For human longing and regret!

While blessed Rest, in slumber deep,
On drooping eyelids lays a hand,
And, spreading white wings o'er the land,
Bids stars eternal vigil keep,
Till sleep's sweet influence shall restore
The earth to fruitfulness once more!

Thus the full year, so lightly rounds!
Her finished mood of work, and stands
Exultant, though her folded hands
Assure us that all peace abounds,
And past all longing and regret
Is the fair goal her soul had set!

How different we! We trembling stand
On our grave's brink, and erasing cling
To all the transient hopes which fling
Their awful lights along the strand,
And till our star of life has set
Sigh us with longing and regret!

Oh, type of everything divine—
Dear Nature—draw us closer yet,
And lead us where no vain regret
Can our unwilling souls confine,
And fold us in thy fond embrace,
When we shall meet Death face to face!

THE WIFE'S DEFENDER.

I shall never forget my first vision of William Denton. It was in the Court House at Little Rock, Arkansas, in the Summer of 1834. The occasion itself possessed a terrible interest, well calculated to fix in the memory all its circumstances. A vast concourse of spectators had assembled to witness the trial of a young and very beautiful girl on an indictment for murder. The Judge waited at the moment for the sheriff to bring in his prisoner, and the eyes of the impatient multitude eagerly watched the door for the expected advent, when suddenly a stranger entered, whose remarkable appearance riveted universal attention. Here is his portrait, done as accurately as a pen can sketch it:

A figure tall, lean, sinewy and straight as an arrow; a brow massive, soaring and smooth as polished marble, intersected by a large blue vein, forked like the tongue of a serpent; eyes, reddish yellow, resembling a wrathful eagle's, as brilliant, as fearfully piercing; and finally a mouth slight, cold and sneering—the living embodiment of unbreathed curses! He was habited in leather—ornamented after the fashion of Indian costume, with beads of every color in the rainbow. Elbowing his way proudly and slowly through the throng, and seemingly altogether unconscious that he was regarded as a phenomenon that needed explanation, the singular being advanced, and, with the haughty air of a king taking his throne, seated himself within the bar, crowded as it was with disciples of Coke and Blackstone, several of whom, it was known, esteemed themselves far superior to those old and famous masters. The contrast between the disdainful countenance and outlandish garb of the stranger excited especially the risibility of the lawyers, and the junior members began a suppressed titter, which soon grew louder and swept around the circle. They doubtless supposed the intruder to be some wild hunter of the mountains who had never before seen the interior of a hall of justice.

Instantly the cause and object of the laughter perceived it. Turning his head gradually, so as to give each laugher a look of infinite scorn, he ejaculated the single word,

"Savages!"

No pen can describe the unspeakable malice, the defiant force which he threw into that term; no language can describe the infernal furore of his utterance, although it hardly exceeded a whisper. But he accented every letter as if it were a separate emission of fire that scorched his quivering lips, laying horrible emphasis on the "s" both at the beginning and end of the word. It was a mixed sound, intermediate betwixt the growl of a red tiger and the hiss of a rattlesnake—"Savages!" It cured everybody of the disposition to laugh.

The general gaze, however, was then diverted by the advent of the fair prisoner, who came in surrounded by her guard. The apparition was enough to daze even a cynic, for hers was a style of beauty to bewilder the tamest imagination and melt the coldest heart, leaving in both imagination and heart a gleaming picture enameled with fire and fixed in a frame of gold from the stars. It was the spell of an enchantment to be felt as well as seen. You might feel it in the flashes of her countenance, clear as sunlight, brilliant as the iris; in the classic contour of her features, symmetrical as if cut with an artist's chisel; in her hair of rich ringlets, flowing without a braid, softer than silk, finer than gossamer; in her eyes, blue as the heaven of southern Summer, large, liquid, dreamy; in her motions, graceful, swimming like the gentle waftures of a bird's wing in the sunny air; in her figure, slight, ethereal—a sylph's or a seraph's; and, more than all, in the everlasting smile of the rosy lips, so frank, so serene, so like sunlight, and yet thrilling the soul as a shock of electricity.

As the unfortunate girl, so tastefully dressed, so incomparable as to personal charms, calmly took her place before the bar of her Judge, a murmur of admiration arose from the multitude, which the prompt interposition of the court could scarcely repress from swelling into deafening cheers. The murmur was followed by a loud, unearthly groan from a solitary bosom, as of some one in mortal anguish. All eyes were centered on the stranger, and all were struck with surprise and wonder, for his features writhed as if in torture—torture that his rain of tears could not assuage. But what could be the cause of his sudden emotion? Could any connection exist between him, the apparently rude hunter, and that fairy girl, more beautiful than a blossom of Summer, and in countenance celestial as a star?

The Judge turned to the prisoner:
"Emma Greenleaf, the court has been informed that your counsel, Colonel Linton, is sick, and can not attend. Have you employed any other?"
She answered in a voice sweet as the warble of a nightingale and clear as the song of a skylark:
"My enemies have bribed all the lawyers, even

my own, to be sick; but God will defend the innocent!"

At this response, so touching in its simple pathos, a portion of the auditors buzzed applause. On the instant, however, the leather-robed stranger, whose aspect had previously created so much merriment, approached the prisoner and whispered something in her ear. She bounded several inches from the floor, uttered a cry, and then stood pale and trembling, as if in the presence of a ghost from the grave. All, now, could perceive that there must be some mysterious connection between the two, and the scene assumed the profound interest of a genuine romance. The stranger addressed the court in accents as sonorous as the tone of an organ.

"May it please your honor, I will defend the legal rights of the lady."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished Judge; "are you a licensed attorney?"

"The question is immaterial and irrelevant," replied the stranger, with a sneer, "as your statute entitles any person to act as counsel at the request of a party."

"But does the prisoner request it?" asked the Judge.

"Let her speak for herself," said the stranger.
"I do," was her answer, as a long drawn sigh escaped, that seemed to rend her very heart-strings.

"What is your name, as it must be placed on the record?" interrogated the Judge.

"William Denton," said the stranger.

The case immediately progressed. We will briefly epitomize the substance of the evidence.

About twelve months previously, the defendant had arrived in the town and opened an establishment of millinery. Residing in a small back room of her shop, and all alone, she prepared the various articles of her trade with unwearied toil and consummate taste. Her habits were secluded, modest and retiring; and hence she might have hoped to escape notoriety, but for the perilous gift of that extraordinary beauty, which too often, and to the poor and friendless always, proves a curse. She was soon sought after by those gay fire-flies of fashion, the business of whose life everywhere is seduction and ruin. But the beautiful stranger rejected them all alike with unsterable scorn and loathing. Among these disappointed admirers was one of a character from which the fair milliner had everything to fear. Hiram Shore belonged to a family at once opulent, influential and dissipated. He was himself licentious, brave and revengeful, and a duelist of established and terrible fame. It was generally known that he had made advances to win the favor of the lovely Emma, and had shared the fate of all her other wooers—a disdainful repulse. At nine o'clock, on Christmas Eve, 1833, the people of Little Rock were startled by a loud scream, as if from some one in mortal terror; while following that, with hardly an interval, came successive reports of fire-arms—one, two, three—a dozen deafening explosions. They flew to the shop of the milliner, whence the sounds emanated, and pushed back the unfastened door. A dreadful scene was presented. There she stood in the centre of the room, with a revolver in each hand, every barrel discharged, her features pale, her eyes flashing wildly, and her lips parted with an awful smile! And there at her feet, weltering in his warm blood, his bosom literally riddled with shot, laid the last-dreaded duelist, Hiram Shore, gasping in the last agony. He articulated but a single sentence, "Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to hell!" and instantly expired.

"In God's name, who did this?" exclaimed the appalled spectators.

"I did it," said the beautiful milliner, in her silvery accents; "I did it to save my honor!"

Such is a brief abstract of the essential circumstances, as developed on the examination of witnesses. The testimony closed and the pleading began.

First of all, Fowler, Pike and Ashly (all famous lawyers at that time in the southwest) spoke in succession for the prosecution. They about equally partitioned their eloquence betwixt the prisoner and her advocate, covering the latter with such sarcastic wit, railery and ridicule as made it a matter of doubt whether he or his client was the party then on trial.

Denton seemed to pay not the slightest attention to his opponents, but remained motionless, with his forehead bowed on his hands, like one buried in deep thought or in slumber. When his time came, however, he suddenly sprang to his feet, crossed the bar and took a position almost touching the forehead of the jury. He then commenced in a whisper so wild, peculiar and indescribably distinct as to fill the floor from hall to galleries.

At the outset he dealt in pure logic, analyzing and combining the proven facts till the whole mass of confused evidence looked transparent as a globe of crystal, through which the innocence of his client shone luminous as a sunbeam, while the jurors nodded to each other signs of thorough conviction. That thrilling whisper, and concentrated argument, and language simple as a child's, had satisfied the demands of the intellect, and this, too, in only twenty minutes. It was like the work of a mathematical demonstration.

He then changed his posture so as to sweep the bar, with his glance, and, like a raging lion, rushed upon his adversaries, tearing and rending their sophistries into atoms. His sallow face glowed like red-hot iron, the forked blue vein swelled and writhed on his brow, his eyes resembled live coals, and his voice was the clangor of a trumpet. I have never, before or since, listened to such appalling denunciation. It was like Jove hurling thunderbolts in the shuddering eyes of inferior gods. And yet in the highest temper of his fury he seemed wonderfully calm. He employed no gesture save one—the flash of a long bony forefinger directly at the pallid faces of his legal foes. He painted their venality and unmanly baseness in coalescing for money to crush a friendless woman, till a shout of stifled wrath rose from the multitude, and some of the sworn panel cried "Shame!" And thus the orator had carried another point—had aroused a perfect storm of indignation against the prosecutors—and this, also, in twenty minutes.

He changed his theme once more. His voice grew mournful as a funeral dirge and his eyes filled with tears, as he traced a vivid picture of man's cruelties and woman's wrongs, with special applications to the case of his client, till half the audience wept like children.

But it was in the peroration that he reached the zenith both of terror and sublimity. His features were livid as those of a corpse; his very hair appeared to stand on end; his nerves shook as with a palsy; he tossed his hands wildly toward heaven, each finger spread apart and quivering like the flame of a candle, as he closed with the last words of the deceased Hiram Shore, "Tell my mother that I am dead and gone to hell!" His

emphasis on the word hell embodied the elements of all horror. It was a wall of immeasurable despair—a wild howl of infinite torture. No language can depict its effect on all who heard it. Men groaned, women shrieked, and one poor mother was borne away in convulsions. The entire speech occupied but an hour.

The jury returned a verdict of "not guilty" without leaving the box, and three tremendous cheers, like successive roars of an earthquake, shook the Court House from dome to corner-stone, testifying the joy of the people. At the same moment, the beautiful milliner bounded to her feet and clasped the triumphant advocate in her arms, exclaiming:

"O, my husband! my dear husband!"

Denton smiled, seized her hand, whispered a word in her ear, and the two left the bar together, proceeded to the landing and embarked on a steamboat bound for New Orleans. It seems that they had previously parted on account of his causeless jealousy, after which she had assumed a false name and come to Little Rock. How he learned her danger, I could never ascertain.—*Keene (N. H.) Sentinel.*

WOMEN, NORTH AND SOUTH.

A Southerner, who had been spending the Summer in rural Connecticut, has presented in the Baltimore *Sun* his impressions of the New England woman, and the Augusta (Georgia) *Constitutionalist* makes the letters a text from which to preach a sermon to the women of the South. It would seem from the preachment, for we have not seen the epistles to the *Sun*, that the visitor from the South was astonished at the indefatigable industry in manual labor of our feminine folks; that on the whole he was as much pleased as he was astounded. The editor of the *Constitutionalist*, therefore, draws a parallel which, evidently restrained, is fair and suggestive. The theory is, that while on the whole the women of the North do too much work, becoming thereby narrowed in mind and worn in body at an unnecessarily early age, the women of the South, although more brilliant, and of course unapproachably graceful, do not perform as much household work as they well might for their own advantage and the profit of the community. Reading between the lines, it is easy to see that the editor would exhort his country women to a more active participation in the duties of life. In other words, he would inculcate the idea that labor is meritorious and honorable; and that the ladies of the South would not among sensible people at home lose anything by turning their attention more than they have hitherto done to the ordinary work fit and proper for woman in the home.

Just the opposite exhortation is demanded, as a whole, in New England. Taking country people generally, the work of women is far too uninteresting. There is, probably, nothing more healthy than housework, out-taken washing and ironing, and it is not these duties which are to be charged with the ill-health or depressed spirits of our women. It is, rather, in these latter days, at any rate, the continuous strain, uninterrupted by holidays or vacations. It has been well said that it is not work which kills men, but worry; much more true is this of women who have the care of children, and who are responsible for the neatness, comfort and frugality of the household. Their horizon is narrow; if they love books, it is only at night that they have time to read them; to the energetic matron truly "woman's work is never done;" in it there is not the same variety as in that of man, who, even if he labors wholly in his own town, meets new faces, is occupied in a multiplicity of affairs, breathes an ever-changing atmosphere week by week. The inevitable consequence of the confined sphere of woman is, that when she should be in her physical and mental prime, she is too often utterly disinclined not only to go abroad, but for society at home. She has become a slave to her family, and to the petty cares of every-day life.

There is a further and equally disheartening consequence. Just as the boys of New England have been of late years moving away from the farm because of its dreariness, so the girls are striving for a life in school-keeping, in the counting-room, or the store. With the consent of the mothers, they are educating themselves for anything but the duties and delights of a home, to be consecrated by intelligent oversight or actual personal care. It would be easy to enumerate the conditions which have led to over-work on the part of the mothers, and the causes which induce, sometimes compel, the daughters to flee from housework; but it would be quite as easy to show that in both cases the highest enjoyment of the whole being is necessarily lost. The truth would seem to be, that neither in the North nor in the South has woman found or accepted her real destiny, while in both sections the demands of the present civilization tend to keep her from gaining the path of highest effort and trust and most permanent pleasure. In the South, work must be more highly esteemed; in the North, it must be better regulated and directed.—*Providence Journal.*

WONDERS OF BROOM CORN.—Broom corn is likely at no distant day to revolutionize the breadstuff supply of the world. A process has been discovered by which the finest and most nutritious food can be made from the seed to the extent of one-half its weight, and leave the other half for making beef and milk. The average yield per acre is three hundred bushels, and in many instances five hundred bushels, or thirty thousand pounds, have been secured. Nor does it exhaust the soils as Indian corn, from the fact that it feeds from the deeper soil, and assimilates its food from a cruder state. It belongs to the same genus as the *sorghum saccharatum*, or sweet cane, commonly known as sorghum, which, as an article of food, is growing rapidly in public esteem.

Miss Betsy Roath, of Greenville, Conn., celebrated the 100th anniversary of her birth last week. She is in full possession of her faculties and does not appear to be 75 years of age. She has lived all her life in her present home, has been temperate in her habits, and for fifty-five years has eaten but two meals a day. Although she has lived opposite the railroad for forty years and has six nephews in its employ, she has never stepped upon a steam car.

A German newspaper contains an obituary in which occurs the following: "Our dear son Gustav lost his life by falling from the spire of a Lutheran church. Only those who know the height of the steeple can measure the depth of our grief."

The French Minister of Public Instruction has appropriated 100,000 francs for the establishment of a normal school for young women.

MANUSCRIPT OF ST. PETER.

We learn through a late correspondence of Miss Helen Stanley that the very important discovery has been made in Jerusalem of what purports to be the original manuscript of St. Peter. We give the statement as she makes it:

On the 13th of July, 1879, there died at Jerusalem a certain poor man known throughout the city for his great age, which was reputed to be 106 years. For the last half century this hermit had lived retired from the world, without exchanging a word with his neighbors, by whom he was regarded as a saint. At his death, as no one knew any of his friends or relations, the local authorities took possession of all that he had. On visiting the grotto inhabited by the man, whose name was Core, situated at the foot of the hill of Gethsemane, they were surprised to find it decorated with some degree of elegance. It was overlaid with tigers' skins, and the actual couch of the deceased had been composed of these materials of very great value. After the removal of the skins, a trap door was found, which led into an underground passage, five yards long by three or four yards high. There a case was found fastened by an iron bar. On opening it, the explorers came upon a heap of money of different countries and periods. A large quantity of gold was discovered—English, Turkish and Grecian—the fruit probably of a long career of mendicancy on the part of the holy man. The value of the treasure has been estimated at £8000. Under the layer of coins a packet was disclosed, wrapped up in old newspapers. After this coating had been removed, a handsome cashmere shawl appeared, much the worse for time and damp, but estimated originally at about £80. The shawl again concealed several papers attesting to the origin of poor Core, who in these was declared to be a Hebrew belonging to a very rich family established at Stockholm. Finally, under these papers a voluminous manuscript on papyrus was brought to light, wrapped in a piece of green silk so entirely consumed by age that it fell to pieces at the first touch. The papyrus bore, written in beautiful ancient characters, the following words:

"I, Peter, fisherman and disciple of Jesus, the Son of God, and continuator of His works, speak to the people of the earth who hear the Lord according to the love and in the name of the very Holy God."

The manuscript is signed in an elegant and original manner:

"I, Peter, fisherman, in the name of Jesus, have finished writing the word of love in the fiftieth year of my age, on the third Passover after the death of my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, the Son of Mary, in the house of Belleri, the scribe, near the temple of the Lord."

The papyrus of this manuscript is tolerably flexible and resisting in spite of its age, and the ink is still very black. That led the discoverers to think it was the work of Core; but the savants of Jerusalem, after a lengthy examination, during which they vainly endeavored to decipher sundry antique terms, came to the conclusion that it was impossible for a modern author to write ancient Hebrew with such ease, purity, and propriety of language, presenting both an acquaintance with the signification of certain words, and a particular archaic form peculiar to that tongue at its best periods. Besides, everybody knows that papyrus is no longer manufactured, which proves at least the antiquity of the document. But can it really be a manuscript of the Apostle St. Peter?

SUNDAY DISCUSSIONS.

One thing is noticeable and regrettable in these discussions, namely, the unwise and indiscriminating way in which different Sunday occupations are classed together and condemned. Bishop Bloomfield, for example, seriously injures his case when he places drinking in gin-shops and sailing in steamboats in the same category. I remember some years ago standing by the Thames at Putney with my lamented friend, Dr. Bence Jones, when a steamboat on the river, with its living freight, passed us. Practically acquainted with the moral and physical influence of pure oxygen, my friend exclaimed, "What a blessing for these people to be able thus to escape from London into the fresh air of the country!" I hold the physician to have been right, and, with all respect, the Bishop to have been wrong. Bishop Bloomfield also condemns resorting to tea-gardens on Sunday. But we may be sure that it is not the gardens, but the minds which the people bring to them, which produce disorder. These minds possess the culture of the city, to which the Bishop seems disposed to confine them. Wisely and soberly conducted—and it is perfectly possible to conduct them wisely and soberly—such places might be converted into aids toward a life which the Bishop would commend. Purification and improvement are often possible, where extinction is neither possible nor desirable. I have spent many a Sunday afternoon in the public gardens of the little university town of Marburg, in the company of intellectual men and cultivated women, without observing a single occurrence, which, as regards morality, might not be permitted in the Bishop's drawing-room. I will add to this another observation made at Dresden on a Sunday, after the suppression of the insurrection by the Prussian soldiery in 1849. The victorious troops were encamped on the banks of the Elbe, and this is how they occupied themselves: Some were engaged in physical games and exercises which in England would be considered innocent in the extreme; some were conversing sociably; some singing the songs of Uhland, while others, from elevated platforms, recited to listening groups poems and passages from Goethe and Schiller. Through this crowd of military men passed and repassed the girls of the city, linked together with their arms around each other's necks. During hours of observation, I heard no word which was unfit for a modest ear, while from beginning to end I failed to notice a single case of intoxication.—*Prof. Tyndall, in Nineteenth Century.*

We are sorry to see that a feeling of bitterness is arising between Cleveland and Cincinnati. Both of these pleasant hamlets are situated in Ohio—a State which has received some notoriety on account of its proximity to Chicago.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Let even an affectionate Goliath get himself tied to a small, tender thing, dreading to hurt it by pulling, and dreading still more to snap the cord, and which of the two will be master?

No man should complain of being poor or of hard times who can afford to use rum or tobacco. That which men often puff away in smoke would supply them with broadcloth and roast beef.