SOLITUDE.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not heed your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded,
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisle of pain.

—Ella Wheeler.

MEG'S ADVICE.

It was the day after the party, and can any day be any more utterly wretched? I mean, of course, to the people who have given the party—especially when, like my uncle and aunt, they are of quiet-going habits and moderate means, and must let guests dance in the dining-room and have supper in the biggest bedroom.

It was the day after the party, and every individual in the house was miserable. The days before the party had not been remarkable for comfort, but they at least had been tinged with the radiance of hope and bright anticipation, while now nothing remained but "dregs and bitterness," and to clear away and get the house into order again. This would have seemed rather a dreary task in any circumstances, I dare say; but it was greatly aggravated by the fact that we were all in very low spirits, or to put it honestly, in dreadfully bad tempers, having each and all a special grievance of our own.

My uncle's household consisted of himself and my aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbee, their two sons, Christopher and Peter, their two daughters, Lottie and Sophy, and myself, Meg Merton, the orphan daughter of my aunt's only sister. My mother had died when I was eight years old, and my father, whose habits were by no means of a domestic kind, sent me to school, and allowed me to spend all my holidays at my aunt's; and when he died and my school days were over, my temporary home became a permanent one. This came to pass quite naturally, and was taken as a matter of course by my kind hearted cousins; and Aunt Charlotte, who had never seemed to suppose that she was conferring any particular favor upon me by giving me a happy home among them all. But I appreciated it, and endeavored to prove my gratitude in every way possible. I was older than Lottie and Sophy and left school before they did, and I became very useful in the house. Aunt Charlotte was of a nervous, timid nature, and as I happened to be self-possessed and cool and decided she soon came to rely entirely on my judgment and energy, and in a year or two I was housekeeper-in-chief, and my advice was asked and pretty generally taken on matters both small and great—indeed, "Meg's advice" became proverbial in the household. Naturally I grew a little dictatorial, for I often wondered what they could have done without me. Chris was the only one I could not manage.

"Bully the others as much as you like," he would say, "but you shall never bully me;" and somehow or other I never felt inclined to try.

"Tiffs" occurred amongst us now and then; but, on the whole, we were a very happy family until the day after the party, when, as I have said, we were each and all miserable. My uncle was confined to his room with a bilious attack, where he lay groaning and anathematizing "that champagne." My aunt looked very haggard when she first came down in the morning, and said her head ached badly; and her appearance did not brighten as she and I investigated the state of the crockery, et cætra.

"I shall never give a party again," she said quietly, but it was the quietness of despair, "Nine champagne glasses broken, two sherries, and three of the best china plates, and a great stain on the drawing room carpet! We might have been entertaining a set of barbarians!"

Christopher and Peter, usually the most affectionate of brothers, were now not on speaking terms with each other, as my aunt and I discovered at breakfast time; and instead of going to business together, Peter lingered until Chris had gone, and then started about five minutes afterwards. The unfriendliness arose, as I well knew, because of a stylish, disagreeable London belle, whom some friends of ours had brought with them to the party, and who had flirted desperately but with maddening impartiality, with both my deluded cousins. Hence their coldness toward each other this morning. As for Lottie and Sophy I wished, before the day was out, that they were not on speaking terms, for they were nagging at each other all the time, and finished just before dinner with a downright spiteful quarrel; and aunt Charlotte cried. Their grievance was about two brothers, Tom and Harry Nowill; for Lottie liked Harry best and Sophy liked Tom; and with the usual contrariness of mankind, Harry was desperately in love with Sophy, and Tom with Lottie; so it was usual, after every merry-making we might have, for Lottie and Sophy to fall out about them. I felt vexed with everybody; but I think I was quite justified in being so, for they would all persist in believing—or saying that they believed—that I was in love with ridiculous John Howarth, just because he happened to be in love with me and took care that every one should know he was, too! I did think some of them at least might have had more sense. And now this fine London belle had appeared on the scene—oh, I felt tempted to break another best china plate and all the remaining sherry glasses as I thought about it! And if aunt had only known the state of mind I was in, she would never have trusted me to wash them up and put them away. Even our Newfoundland dog seemed to share the general dissatisfaction, and kept coming from his kennel as far as his chain would permit, and uttering long and dismal howls. The cook said that it was the sign of a death; but the housemaid persisted that it foretold a wedding. I did not feel as if I cared much which it was or what happened—only I think I felt more inclined for a funeral than a wedding, especially if the wedding entailed a breakfast and—another party.

My aunt and I had been up as early as usual this morning—we had too much to do to be able to lie in bed. Chris and Peter of course wanted their breakfast at the usual hour, and their luncheons, which they always took with them and ate in a little back room at the office—put up; and then, when they had started for business, we commenced our dismal investigations through the house. We always dined at six o'clock, and it was nearly that hour before we had succeeded in reducing the house to anything like order. Then Lottie and Sophy had their quarrel, in the midst of which Chris and Peter arrived, and we went to dinner.

Chris folded his arms and put on a dogged and determined look as he took his place at the table.

"I breakfasted off cold fowl," he said, gloomily—"I lunched off cold fowl—I refuse to dine off it."

My aunt grew tearful again.

"This is not cold fowl," she answered, "it is turkey, and you might eat it. Cold beef will keep a day or two—fowls and turkeys, with sauce over them, will not. But"—turning to me resignedly—"ring for the beef to be brought in, Meg; we have had enough unpleasantness for one day."

"How is it there is a whole turkey left?" inquired Chris, somewhat mollified as the beef appeared.

"It was Meg's fault," replied Aunt Charlotte. "She put it on that dark shelf behind the cellar door, and I found it there this morning quite forgotten. But I wonder, Meg, that you did not notice there were only two turkeys at supper; this would have been eaten if it had been there."

"I did not have any supper," I said, for I thought there would not be room."

"That is merely an excuse," interposed Lottie; "you were spooning with John Howarth in the conservatory all supper time."

I meant to look defiant, but I may have looked guilty.

"Did he propose to you?" asked Sophy, staring at me.

"I will put a stop to this nonsense about John Howarth," I said, determinedly. "You shall all know exactly how the case stands and then there will be no excuse for any further display of stale wit at our expense. As Sophy supposes, Mr. Howarth did propose to me last night."

"Oh, Chris," interrupted Lottie, "how could you hit my cat in such a savage way? Come here Tip—poor pussy."

"You should teach your cat not to stick his claws into one's legs at dinner time," retorted Chris; "then he wouldn't get hit."

"He was not touching you!" returned Lottie, warmly. "He was begging quite inoffensively."

"He was sticking his claws into my leg," reiterated Chris, with quiet and aggravating obstinacy.

"Now don't you two begin quarrelling," said Sophy, impatiently, "but let Meg tell us about John Howarth. I have often read about proposals in tales but I have never heard of a real bona fide one described. Do tell us every word he said, Meg."

"Did he go down upon his knees?" asked Chris. "For if he did I wish I had been there to see him."

"I shall not tell you whether he went down on his knees or not," I answered, calmly, "nor shall I tell you what he said. "But," I added, with sentimental meditation, "he said some very nice things indeed to me—nicer you than could put together, Chris, if you tried for a hundred years."

"I can assure you I am not going to try, even for a minute," answered Chris, giving me a most savage look.

My aunt suddenly burst into tears.

"This is the finishing blow," she said, —"Meg going to be married! I will never give another party as long as I live! It was against my better judgment that I yielded this time. I did it to please you all, and this is the result—furniture ruined, eatables wasted, your father ill, you all quarrelling like this, and Meg going to be married! No, never another party in this house!"

"—What—not even when Meg marries John Howarth?" sneered Chris.

"No, not even then," replied aunt, redoubling her sobs.

"Well, don't cry, auntie," I interposed, "for I am not going to marry him. I gave him a very decided 'No.'"

Chris here gave a quick, covert glance in my direction; after which his assumption of perfect indifference seemed to me a trifle overacted.

"Oh," laughed Lottie, that explains why the poor fellow ate truffle instead of fowl with his boiled ham and never found out the difference! I thought what a curious taste he had."

But aunt refused to be pacified; she had reached that state of mind when troubles are positively preferred to blessings.

"Saying 'No' to Mr. Howarth will not buy a new drawing-room carpet," or eat up all the tarts and custards and cakes. I am sure," warming to her subject—"the waste has been shameful! When the confectioner's man came this morning, I had not a single cake or jelly or blanc-mange to send back, for every one had been broken into! And I saw you, Chris, take just a spoonful out of that expensive porcupine, when a plainer cake already commenced was close by you."

"Oh, don't blame Chris for that, auntie!" I exclaimed. "It was done for Miss Jones, no doubt. If he had the power Chris would cut off a bit of the Koh-i Noor itself if she asked him."

"I would," said Chris; "she is worth a hundred Koh i Noors."

"Really!" observed Peter, aroused at last from the gloomy lethargy that had possessed him all dinner-time and addressing Chris. "What a pity she does not regard you in the same light! She told me last night how she hated dancing with you, saying that you were so clumsy you were constantly getting your feet on her dress."

"Indeed!" retorted Chris, "she told me the same thing about you."

"I don't believe it," said Peter.

"Another quarrel!" cried my aunt. "Oh, dear, dear, what will be the end of it all?"

"The end of it all might be pleasant enough," I replied with energy, "if only every one of you would display a little common-sense. I am out of patience with you all!"

"Well, Meg," said Lottie calmly, "you generally seem to think yourself capable of setting the world to rights; so can you set our little world straight? It seems to me we are all miserable. What can you suggest to make us happy?"

"Common-sense," I repeated—"only common-sense. Take my advice and peace will be restored."

"Let us have it then," said my aunt querulously.

"Oh, let us have 'Meg's advice' at once!" sneered Chris again. "How is it we have not thought of this panacea earlier?"

"I will commence with my uncle," I began firmly. "Let him—at least, make him—see the doctor to-night and he will be better before morning."

"That is good advice enough," said aunt, "and I will tell him."

"As for you, aunt—go to bed at once and forget your worries. We will start a subscription list for you, which I will head with five shillings; and if the others give with equal liberality, according to their means, you will be able to replace all the broken crockery and have the white hearthrug cleaned also."

"That is good advice, too, and I will do my part by going to bed immediately," said aunt meekly. "I am much obliged to you, Meg."

"As for you, Peter," I continued severely, "I think, instead of quarreling with Chris about Miss Johnes, you had better turn your attention nearer home. I knew poor little Kitty Reynolds would cry her eyes out when she got home last night, or rather this morning."

"You know more than I do then," returned Peter.

"Yes, I do; for I am in Kitty's confidence, and you are not; and I know what Kitty said to me when she was going home, and you do not. And my advice to you, Peter, is, make it up with Kitty and leave Miss Jones for those who want her."

"Capital advice! But I never asked you for it, you see; so I don't consider myself bound to take it;" and he went on eating tarts.

"And now, girls," I continued, looking at Lottie and Sophy, "make up your minds to the inevitable, and change lovers. They are twins, and so much alike that you cannot always tell which is which; and I think it must be merely contrariness in you two to pretend you like either one better than the other; and"—with just a careless glance at Chris—"contrariness never pays in the end. So take my advice, transfer your affections quietly and say no more about it."

Then I helped myself to some blanc-mange, and went on eating my dinner.

"But you have forgotten me," observed Chris; "pray have you no advice for me?"

"I hesitated a moment, then looked at him defiantly.

"Well," I said, "I think the advice I have given Peter might also apply to you; instead of making yourself ridiculous about Miss Jones, I think you might find some one to admire nearer home."

Then, owing to Peter's delighted "Bravo, Meg!" and Chris' steady stare, I had a sensation that I had never experienced in all my self-possessed life before—I think it was embarrassment—and I rose hastily from the table and left the room, presumably to see "why that dog howled so." And Chris must have left, curious on that point too, for he also left the table and followed me to Nero's kennel.

When we came in again Peter was standing in the hall with his top coat on, brushing his hat very carefully.

"Why, Peter," I exclaimed, "where are you going? I should have thought you would have been more inclined for bed than a walk. Where are you going?"

Peter looked at us with a curious mixture of defiance and sheepishness in his expression.

"I am going to see Frank Reynolds," he said. "He told me last night that he has a little terrier that he thinks I shall like, and he said he would let me have it cheap; so I am going to look at it."

"But," remarked Chris pitilessly, "you know that Frank has gone away from home to-day, and won't be back until Monday; and your journey will be utterly fruitless, will it not, if you find only Kitty in?"

"I shall see the terrier," muttered Peter, putting on his hat, "and shall leave word whether I will have him or not."

"Oh, I have no doubt it will be all right," I remarked, with an innocent air.

Peter looked at me, and then said:

"What was the matter with Nero?"

"Oh—his chain—I think—his collar!" I stammered, taken aback by the suddenness of his question, and ending by an appealing glance at Chris.

"Never mind, never mind!" cried Peter, waving his hands. "As you said, Meg, I have no doubt it will be all right; it's leap year, you know, and Chris has only acted as any other man——" Here Peter darted through the hall door and slammed it after him, otherwise the hat brush would have struck him.

When Chris and I entered the dining-room aunt was there.

"Your uncle has just seen the doctor," she said, smiling a little as she kissed me before saying good night; "and if any of the others have been as ready to act upon your advice, you can let us know in the morning. I think we are all ready for bed to-night."

"I shall have to sit up for Peter," said Chris.

"One of the servants can do that," said aunt.

"No, they are all tired out," answered Chris; "and I shall like to sit up, just to see poor Peter's bewilderment when I ask him what is the color of the terrier."

"Oh, he won't be bewildered at all!" I put in. "He'll answer in all simplicity, 'Plum colored' or 'Navy blue,' and then wonder why you look surprised."

When aunt had retired, I noticed that Lottie and Sophy were busy doing something to their photograph albums, and, observing them quietly, I saw them exchange two photographs. I said nothing; but when we all went upstairs together, they were merrier than usual and quite friendly again.

Thus the day begun so dismally ended right happily; and its results were happier still—for Peter and Kitty are married and happy now; Lottie and Sophy are whispering together about a forthcoming "double wedding," and Chris—having also condescended to take "Meg's advice" for once—has a wife who worships the very ground he treads on—and he deserves it, too.

A Glimpse of St. Helena.

Our first glimpse of St. Helena is eminently characteristic of a spot fraught with so many somber memories. Evening is already beginning to fall when through the mass of leaden clouds that darkens the whole northwestern sky looms a black curving line like a pen stroke painfully elabcrated by some child giant through a monstrous blot of ink. Little by little the jagged outlines of high rocky peaks begin to grow out of the gloom, but so shadowy, and unreal do they look that one might take them rather for the phantoms of a mirage than for a portion of the actual world of men. As the sun sinks nearer and nearer to the sea its rays strike full upon the cloud of dimness that encircles the island, working a strange and ghastly transformation. Along the whole of its lower edge the darkness instantly turns to fire, and the vast black cliffs of basaltic rock stand like a fortress overhung by the flame-reddened smoke of battle. All around is masses of shadowy figures, bodied from the rolling clouds, seem rushing on to change other masses which are advancing against them. But not the slightest sound is to be heard, and the effect of the great battle in dumb show, full of furious life, yet silent as the grave, is indescribably weird and unearthly. Suddenly the clouds are rent, and on the highest point of the great cliff appears a colossal face of stone, the perfect likeness of the famous emperor himself, turned upward as if sleeping. Why does he lie so still with these clouds of war rolling above him? He was not wont to slumber when hosts were meeting in battle. But victory and defeat are all alike to him now; and he whose last thoughts were of war has done with war forever:—

A little spot sufficeth him whom not sufficed all;
The small is now as great to him as once the great was small.

The huge dome-like mass of "the Barn," the wide sweep of Flagstaff bay, with its frowning precipices, the great black pyramid of Sugar Loaf point slip passed us one by one in the shadowy twilight, and, just as utter darkness sets in, we drop our anchor in the tiny hollow of James bay, almost the only available landing place on this iron bound shore. Two dots of light far up the dark cliff, and a third on the gloomy waters below, are at first the sole tokens of man's presence in this great fortress of nature. But when the moon rises the whole colony lies before us at once. Imagine a stream of small houses trickling down a mountain glen between two mighty precipices and widening as it nears the sea, and you have a fair idea of Jamestown, with the tall, narrow spire of its church standing sentinel over the white walls and dark clumps of foliage around, and the chafing breakers encircling it with a ring of glittering foam. The hulls of several small crafts and two or three larger vessels loom out black and stern upon the moonlit waters, along the edge of which a line of batteries stand looking watchfully seaward. On one side of the town the vast black cliff of Munden point, crowned with a formidable earth-work, rises starkly up in all its massive strength a thousand feet into the air. On the other side, a zigzag road, protected by a wall, wriggles its way up Ladder hill for the benefit of those who object to the perilous ladder that runs up the face of the cliff to the barrack, the lighted windows of which glimmer faintly 600 feet overhead. Between these guardian giants the main (that is, the only) street of Jamestown merges itself in the narrow road that winds away up into the interior, through the finest scenery of the island, along the great wall of volcanic rock, culminating in Diana's peak, 2704 feet above the sea.

But the chief interest of the spot naturally centers in a quiet little white house of one story called Longwood, lying in a hollow on the other side of the island, where a boy named William Makepeace Thackeray saw a strange sight on his way home from India some 65 years ago. "The Hindu attendant who was with me," said he, telling the story years later, "took me ashore at St. Helena, and led me a long walk among hills and rocks, till at last we came to a small garden in which we saw a man walking. 'There he is,' said my Hindu in a terrified whisper, 'that's Bonaparte. He eats three sheep every day, and all the little boys he can get hold of.'" Wiser men than poor Tannajee held equally strange notions in those days respecting "the Corsican ogre." To those who saw him for the first time at St. Helena, his appearance was probably as great a surprise as it had been 17 years before to Murad Bey, the warrior chief of the Mamelukes. "That little fellow the greatest soldier of Frangistan?" (Europe) said the proud Mohammedan, when he saw the man who had beaten him; "by Allah, he does not even know how to sit his horse!"

It was fit indeed that one whose whole life was so strangely set apart from his fellow-men should be born in one island and should die in another, although the quiet old sea-side house still shown by the people of Ajaccio as "la casa di Napoleone" harmonized as ill with such a career as the prison-like simplicity of Longwood.—Cor. N. Y. Times.

An Archbishop's Funeral Pomp.

The church of Rome delights in august pageantry in the ceremonies of great occasions, and the funeral of Archbishop Wood in Philadelphia to-day will be remembered as the most pompous of the obsequies in the history of that city. The body of the dead prelate was yesterday removed from his residence, where it had lain since his death a week ago tomorrow, and placed on a catafalque in front of the altar of the cathedral, covered with royal purple velvet, enshrouded in the full vestments of his high office, a white mitre upon the head and a crucifix clasped in the hands. The solemn procession of chanting priests and the stately ritual of the funeral services of to day recall the pageantry of the interment of the remains of Archbishop Hughes in the Fifth avenue cathedral last January, after his dust had remained twenty years in the vaults of St. Patrick's. The pompous ceremonies of the church of Rome profoundly affect the imagination of its devotees, and the imposing services over the remains of a worthy prelate will make a deep impression upon a multitude.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

RICH ORE STRUCK.—Nevada City Mining Company have discovered new chute of ore, the point of development being the 600 foot level north. Within two or three days they have taken out as many thousand dollars' worth of very rich free gold quartz, and it is possible the bunch may prove an immensely productive one, as there is more of the same kind in sight, besides what may be hid above and below on the new chute, which was by some kind of luck inseparable from mining missed on the higher levels. Transcript.

Says the Philadelphia Press: "The editor of the Memphis Appeal calls Chalmers of Mississippi, a liar, and both gentlemen are still alive." Yes! Deplorable, isn't it?—Bos. Post.

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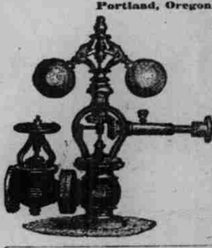

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