

A MOUNTAIN BRIDAL.  
I was a farm on the mountain side,  
Misty and chill,  
Over and under the pine-woods wide,  
Heard I the wailing wren,  
Howling up, as one who could never find  
A place where he might abide.  
I was alone in my hollow glen;  
The moon's pallid beam—  
The cry of the loon from his den—  
They haunted the loneliness,  
Only to desert in solitude:  
Was I alive, or dead?  
Once, in a darling dream, I heard—  
O, to know where!  
High in the air,  
Something that sang, thrilled in me, stirred  
Like that I knew not was mine;  
A ripple of melody, dim and divine,  
A far-off, familiar word.  
Once, in a moonlit trance, I saw  
A glimmer of light,  
A radiance of crystal without a dew,  
Shining through mist, off the fern,  
Glimmering and hiding, with many a turn,  
Yes, coming, by some sweet law,  
Coming to me, O, my brooklet bride!  
Yes, it was I, my brooklet bride!  
Coming, with the mistle-beam, to glide  
Into my soul's shadow deep;  
Thee I must follow, my guide!  
Mine, O, my blessing, my mountain-born!  
Down the stream,  
Wisely leading me forth, like the morn,  
Heaven on thy mistle-beam,  
Fresh from the wells where the holy stars dip,  
Rousing me up from self-coon.  
Still at my feet on the mountain-side  
Somewhat of a glow,  
Hidden too deep,  
Ever to whisper through earth so wide:  
Love that was true,  
Leaves the world freer where we go,  
One in our life, O, my bride!

OLD YALE.  
"Connecticut," remarked a college professor, "is more rural to-day than it was a century ago." At first such an assertion seems to border on the ridiculous, but studying more closely the causes that lead to such a conclusion, we see, gradually, what surprises us in no little degree, the concentration of force and business enterprise in the large cities, emigration to the farming lands of the west, and a consequent depopulation and abandonment of the interior villages and settlements of the state.  
Striking out a little, off the beaten track, this condition is exemplified. Very few young people are seen making their homes in the remote districts; the poor impoverished farms are left to the care of the old folks, an old man patching up a fence here and there, a plot of lima beans waiting for the sons that are long enough to gather them, the corn patch very slowly stripped, seem significantly to say, "there are only two for breakfast, dinner and supper, the long weeks through."  
It is as almost as sad to look upon the deserted orchards, with the red apples crimsoning the green grass beneath, meadows filled with the beautiful but destroying white weed, as it is to look upon the skeletons of the once largely populated mining camps of Nevada and California, which John Muir speaks so characteristically of, as the "dead cities." Here, however, the skeletons of old towns are, as it were, draped with a veil, at once beautiful and useful in a picturesque sense, that the "passing away" impression is modified after the first sharp recognition of its existence.  
Traveling from New York to New Haven, we see a strange contrast about the magnet, which draws so strongly from the country. The manufacturing interests are immense, and impress strangers so curiously, being so different to the wheat and vine-growing industries of the west. The tall, dark buildings loom, and at early morning and noon, the tide of human beings pours in and out.  
We pass rapidly from the dark, smoky atmosphere of the cities to the green suburbs. We glide, as if by magic, through wood after wood, the old trees gorgeous in crimson, "russet and gold."  
The chestnuts and hickory nuts are barely ripe, but the maples are in their prime, and when with long pent-up and then with well-directed force the telling shake is given, the precious prizes drop with muffled thuds into the brown crisp leaves. And then for the scramble!  
As we stop, occasionally, at a switch station, the conductor, in a leisurely moment, and perhaps an enthusiastic traveler or two, jump off the car, and hunt in the grass for the dry burrs, with the half-revealed fruit, while the occupants of the cozy cushioned seats, watch with amusement from the car windows, and quietly realize that there will not be enough to "go round."  
Arriving in New Haven, we soon discover that for us Yale College has the greatest interest, and that we are not alone in considering it the nucleus, or center point of attraction. Driving under its arched elms, a few minutes before recitations, one is arrested by the sound of the tramp of many feet upon the pavement. A enormous procession of open books seem to come marching down the sidewalk, a consideration and notice of their owners being a second thought.  
Standing on New Haven green, and surveying the various edifices that form the college square, ratifies the good impression obtained by examining any old wood out of the more venerable buildings, and the later photographs and engravings of the more modern structures.  
Interesting as these various stone and brick walls are, for old association's sake, of far greater interest is the transient world that occupies them, always existing yet never the same—a community of many interests, yet united purpose.  
It was only last year that the dilapidated stone steps were removed from the front of "Old South Middle," worn almost through by the foot steps of the boys of a century.  
The "old brick row" well preserved as it has been, shows little signs of age. In the interior, the dark narrow passages strike one as gloomy, and the low ceilings give a cramped appearance to the rooms, which is almost counterbalanced by the coziness engendered by such a style of architecture, and heightened by the warm colored draperies which adorn the windows and doors. In fact, it seems difficult to realize that the most venerable of the buildings, "Old South Middle," was erected in 1750, and the old chapel, now used for academic purposes only, in 1763. Farman and Darfee College and the Elm Street building, these newer edifices, like an exquisitely set gem, unites these two buildings at the junction of the two streets.  
The library, museum, school of design, and various laboratories dot the various streets facing the main building, while the theological department, Marquand chapel and Sheffield Scientific School are much further south of the main buildings.  
As the hours of recitation draw to a close, the quiet of the scene changes. Students come strolling out on the green in little clusters, and then separate into two and threes, and disappear along the

wide avenue of elms, the branches laughing and interlacing each other, in a gaily and autumn tinted fantasia, as brilliant as it is short lived, while the frost, as if jealous of the beauty it has created, waits with its tarnishing hand to fling over the woods its November mantle of marbling, purple and brown.  
In conversation with one of the oldest professors of Yale, he remarked that it was one of the greatest desires of the college to have representatives from the various and most widely separated states in the union. To come in contact with men possessing, often necessarily, views diametrically opposite to his own, broadens the man and generates a spirit of toleration, which is one of the most important anticipated results of a college career. The majority of the student's apartments are very pretty, and a number of them exquisitely furnished. One on the fourth floor of one of the buildings, where the gable windows break the squareness of the rooms, especially attracted our attention. The walls were painted a deep cream tint, with a dull mulberry dado—a rug toned to the tints of the wall, but heightened in color with brilliant dashes of crimson, orange and dark blue, so blended with one another that there was no harshness in effect, covered the center of the room, while the wooden floor at the edges was stained a deep brown.  
Fartierres of dress of wine tint, bordered with gold, and lined plush, draped the doors of the sleeping rooms, which opened out on opposite sides of the study like wings. Oil paintings adorned the walls. A pair of antlers and a deer's head ornamented each corner of the lounge, a cleverly executed sketch in oil on an easel, in the dim corner of which could be recognized a California artist's name, besides a pencil drawing of Last of the Mohicans, and a small oil painting lined on the banks of the Russian river, proved that a western collegian had something to do with the beautifying of the room.  
A few minutes later the chimes entered, Maine and California. Maine had the draperies worn in his father's mill, in some of the lonely fastnesses of the New England hills, while California contributed the trophies of the hunt and the delicate work of brush and pencil, from the city far beyond the western plains.  
"It is as serious an affair," remarked a student thoughtfully, one morning, "to choose a chum as it is to select a wife; you can't get rid of each other—you must agree, or disagree, as it may happen, for four years." This is one of the first disciplines that college offers. It takes a certain amount of forbearance, and a tolerance of individual peculiarities to live in harmony with each other so long a time in such circumscribed limits.  
But it is a world of youth, not so arduous perhaps, as in the days of Cronus, before Pandora opened the sealed casket, but one of knowledge of good and evil, more satisfactory on the whole, as Hope figures conspicuously as the guardian angel.  
The professors are not the walking embodiments of abstract ideas that one is prepared to imagine. Under the crusty and often sharp exterior, there exists a sympathy and a fondness for the young collegiates which they consider a religious duty to conceal. The warm bond of friendship which unites classmates and college friends is something rarely if ever broken. Occasionally death steps in and severs it, as in the case of one of the most popular and best beloved seniors a few days ago. As he lay very low in his room knots of anxious comrades held watch on the campus for tidings of his recovery, until the morning, before daybreak, his chum staggered down the steps of the dormitory, and burying his face in his hands, cried loudly, "Boys, it is all over with poor Tom." There was no "try any more" in the little chapel in the afternoon when President Porter conducted the memorial services, and as the boys took their last mute parting with their comrade, his last wish, as he lay in his chamber, conscientiousness for a few minutes, seemed present with them. "Dave, turn Tom over; Tom's tired." He then passed peacefully away, without a struggle or a sigh.  
The college Germans, promenades and athletics are a wholesome break in the otherwise dull and trying routine of the student's life. Much as college athletics have been ruthlessly criticized and condemned by many throughout the country, there really seems nothing existing that can take their place. They serve a purpose in preserving a tone of health throughout these institutions which would be woefully lacking if they were abandoned. The question still remains to be agitated, and very properly, too, by the most advanced minds of the present advanced century, whether the cramming system, in its infancy in our common schools, and in its full development to a most direful extent in our most prestigious colleges, is not a barbarism of "modern civilization."  
Disciples of custom, as collegians are in the question of their own education, it is amusing to note the popular prejudices of the majority of women. "To look at a collegiate girl," exclaimed a popular senior, "gives me malaria." "Which accounts for the chronic invalidism of Yale," retorted a classmate sarcastically, who had a pretty cousin at Vassar. By this he meant, the society beauty's career is not always unshadowed one, as the "higher educated young ladies" may imagine.  
An incident of this had the run of the college papers, and as it concerns a California student, has naturally a place here. He invited a New Haven belle out skating, and not being so proficient in that art as his eastern brethren, slipped on the treacherous ice and dragged his fair partner with him. His sharp skate just skipped her face, and no more. "Do you know, Mr.," she said soberly, "if your skate had disfigured me you would have had to marry me." "O, horrors!" replied the youth emphatically, in the excitement of the moment, "I would not!"—Cor. S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 20th.

Ericsson's Destroyer.  
What looked like a long black box, tapering at both ends, with a level colored box on top of it and a black smoke stack running up through the middle, lay at a New York wharf. It was Capt. John Ericsson's torpedo boat destroyer, which the inventor thinks will destroy vessels that are impregnable to shot thrown against their sides. In her gun, which pointed out at the bow, about eight feet below the surface of the water, was a long steel cylinder. This was the torpedo, which would be applied with a torpedo at the conical-shaped tip, to explode on striking the side of a ship and blow her to pieces.  
In the experiments a net will be lowered into the sea to serve as a target and fired at distances of from 300 to 500 feet. On the bow of the little craft, which was almost submerged, were two wooden

floats to support the net in the water. The projectile was hollow and was so light that they will float. The tendency to rise is so carefully adjusted as not to interfere with the slight under the water or to destroy the aim. They are expected to come to the surface about 700 feet from the vessel, and they will pursue a perfectly horizontal course for 500 feet at least. They will travel the first 800 feet in three seconds or a little less. They weigh 1500 pounds each. In the experiments there will be no occasion to use the torpedoes. The object will be to test the distance of flight and the accuracy of aim. The experiments hitherto have been conducted in still water, and the firing off Sandy Hook will be the first deep sea practice.  
The Destroyer has attained a speed of seventeen knots an hour, and her fullest capacity has not been reached. Although her hull proper is almost entirely under water, she is seaworthy, for everything can be done below and knowledge of the gun into her. Blowers ventilate the boat perfectly. All her working apparatus is below water and it would be next to impossible to disable her in an engagement. The iron house built on top of her and her smokestack were the only parts above water. The Destroyer is a small boat on a level with her eyes to get her bearings. He can touch off the gun when he gets in exact range and immediately back off to safety. There is a dummy plug at the opening in the boat where the projectile comes out. This is shot away with the projectile, and a valve closes over the hole to keep the gun from getting in anyway, and this can be quickly pumped down and raised again. So there is no danger from this source. There is no room to spare on the boat, but sufficient for the uses required. The Destroyer is the only craft that shoots a torpedo under water.—N. Y. Times.

Daniel Webster's Brother Zeke.  
"Did Webster consider any of his brothers and sisters as possessed of ability?"  
"Oh, yes. His eldest brother, Ezekiel, he thought, was a great man, and when he made the speech against Hayne of South Carolina, which made him the popular hero of the whole union, Webster said: 'How I wished that poor Ezekiel had lived till after my speech. I know he would have been so gratified.' The fact was that Ezekiel sacrificed himself to live in harmony with each other so long a time in such circumscribed limits."  
"Which of these boys was the stronger minded?"  
"Dan had impudence, but the people in New Hampshire, who know the boy, say that he was not so capable as his brother Ezekiel. Zeke was a sensitive fellow, with a real, sincere, true mind. Dan was a splendid sinner, but tricky. When he was 49 years old Zeke Webster fell dead in his study at the court house at Concord. He had the heart disease. Dan was a hunter, a fisherman, a Bohemian, and, as you often see in some families, he probably rose by bantering his big brother. In other words, Zeke was a really shrewd qualities forced Dan off."  
"There are a good many anecdotes about Dan Webster treasured up in Portsmouth, N. H. One of the best qualities Webster had at the Portsmouth bar was his audacity, which he mixed with a good deal of dignity and deference. He had made a specialty of public speaking, and spoke with his whole temperament, and with a good deal of setting power. The judge argued with him struck with his fine bearing, his gravity, and sometimes with his wit. The first case he tried was for the trespass of one man's horse on another's pasture field. Webster on this little case began his argument with his eyes on the floor, as if he had committed some part of his speech to memory. He kept moving his feet, but his voice rolled out so strong and fine that it filled the whole house, and when he saw that he was heard at the very end of the hall, he threw his head back and open his eyes, and his countenance shone. The people were tramping into the court room, and Webster continued to speak, and the old judges were very much impressed indeed."  
"Did not Mr. Webster owe a good deal to his appearance?"  
"Oh, yes. He was a large man, close to six feet high, with raven black hair, deep, dark, intrepid eye, and he could shake his hair like a lion. He was generally looked as if he had nothing to think about, but as if he could get mad tremendously. He owed a great deal to his appearance and to his voice. These advantages enabled him to think intrepidly. He soon got to see that the moment he chose to speak he would be listened to, so, he took his own time about it, and therefore his thoughts enlarged like the volume of his voice. People said that Zeke Webster was the best lawyer, but that he couldn't speak like Dan. Indeed, Zeke appeared to be afraid of Dan, and never rose to his good proportions till Dan went down to Massachusetts.—Cin. Enquirer.

An Ant's Brain.  
Well may Darwin speak of the brain of an ant as one of the most wondrous particles of matter in the world. We are apt to think that it is impossible to so minute a piece of matter possess a so necessary complexity required for the discharge of such elaborate functions. The microscope will no doubt show some details in the ant's brain, but these all hopelessly stop at revealing the refinement which this ant's brain must really have. The microscope is not adequate to show us the texture of matter. It has been one of the great discoveries of modern times to enable us to form some numerical estimate of the exquisite delicacy of the fabric which we know as matter. Water, or air, or iron may be divided and sub-divided, but the process cannot be carried on indefinitely. There is a well defined limit. We are even able to make some approximation to the number of molecules in a given mass of matter. Sir W. Thomson has estimated that the number of atoms in a cubic inch of air is to be the same as the number of grains of sand in a little globe one thousandth of an inch in diameter, we are able to form some estimate of the number of atoms

it must contain. The number is to be expressed by writing down 6, and following it by eleven ciphers. We can imagine the atoms grouped in so many various ways that even the complexity of the ant's brain may be intelligible when we have so many units to deal with. An illustration will probably make the argument clearer. Take a million and a half of little black marks, put them in a certain order, and we have a wondrous result—Darwin's "Descent of Man." This book merely consists of about 1,500,000 letters, placed one after the other in a certain order. Whatever be the complexity of the ant's brain, it is still hard to believe that it could not be fully described in 400,000 volumes, each as large as Darwin's work. Yet the number of molecules in the ant's brain is at least 400,000 times as great as the number of letters in the memorable volume in question.—[Longman's Magazine.

Changes in the James river have made an island of Jamestown, completely separating it from the mainland, and about all that remains of the first English settlement of Virginia is the distinguished tower of the old church. It was here that Pocahontas embraced the Christian faith, and was baptized by the name of Rebecca. The found used on that occasion now stands in the channel of Christ church, Williamsburg. Here also Pocahontas was married in 1613 to John Rolfe. A low brick wall encloses the ground occupied by the ruined tower and foundations of the church; and tombstones, some broken and scattered, some leaning against the wall, and all with inscriptions nearly if not quite illegible, have long since ceased to indicate where lies the dust of those who bore their names. Two hundred yards below the ruins and one hundred feet from the river bank is the stately old mansion built by John Ambler over a hundred years ago. It is the only residence on the island, is in the preservation, and occupied by Col. H. D. E. Clay, formerly of New York, who owns Jamestown, which consists of 1700 acres, and is between two and three miles in length and three-quarters of a mile in width.—N. Y. Sun.

METHODICAL HANGMEN.—Marwood, the English hangman, used to soothe his victims by whispering words of encouragement to them. "Come on, now," he would say kindly. "I won't hurt you, and it will all be over in a minute. It will be all right, and I hope that you will be quite ready for the performance. Hold yourself pretty stiff when the cap is drawn. Then you will go down straight and won't dangle. It's very uncomfortable to dangle, and you will find the stiff method preferable."  
Six lovely school-boys were out rowing on the placid Monongahela last evening. A bad man on shore, who was a bad man a few years ago, instead of taking of his hat as the boat went by, simply remarked, "Behold the whaling fleet."  
Mr. G's Reason.  
It costs me \$2000 per year to support my family. To make this support more by my disease I have been laid up for several months. I can only make six per cent interest on that amount of money, which would give me the needed \$2000 per annum. My disease is now less than 100 years ago, and decreasing; and by one or more payments of \$1000 annually, for an unlimited time, I cannot see how duty and investment can be more happily divided.

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