A FOLDED LEAF.

A folded page, old, stained and blurred,
I found within your book last night.
I did not read the dim, dark word
I saw in the slow-waning light;
So put it back, and left it there,
As if in truth I did not care.

Ah! we have all a folded leaf
That in Time's book long ago
We leave; a half relief
Falls on us when we hide it so,
We fold it down, then turn away,
And may read that page to-day?

Not you, my child—nor you, my wife,
Who sit beside my study chair,
For all have something in their life
That they, and they alone, may bear—
A trifling lie, a deadly sin,
A something bought they did not win

My folded leaf! how the blue eyes gleam
And blot the dark-brown eyes I see;
And golden curls at evening beam
Above the black locks at my knee.
Ah me! that leaf is folded down,
And aye for me the locks are brown.

And yet, I love them who sit by,
My best and dearest—dearest now—
They may not know for what I sigh,
What brings the shadow on my brow,
Ghosts at the hearth so let them be,
Nor come between my life and me.

They only rise at twilight hour,
So light the lamp, and close the blind,
Small perfumes in the flower,
That sleep that faded page behind,
So let it ever folded lie;
'Twill be unfolded when I die!

THE WIFE'S DEFENDER.

I shall never forget my first vision of William Denton. It was in the Court House in 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 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 foddish 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 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 been in the halls of justice.

Instantly the cause and object of the laughter perceived it. Turning his head gradually, that he might 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 express the infernal furore of his utterance, although it hardly exceeded a whisper. But he accented every letter as if 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 hiss, an 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 apparation was enough to drive even a cynic mad, 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 vaftures 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 starlight, 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 cheer. The murmur was followed by a loud, uneasily 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, 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 warbled 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 and the rest wept. 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 wild shriek 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 irrevalent," 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 [illegible] with unwearied toil and [illegible] taste. Her habits were so [illegible] and retiring; and hence [illegible] 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 unutterable 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 duellist 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 9 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 flashed 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 all-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 sweet 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, raillery and ridicule as made it a matter of doubt whether he or his client was the party then on trial. As to Denton, however, he 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 foreman 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 shallow 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's eagle charging a flock of crows. It was like Jove himself 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 friendless female, till a shout of stifled wrath broke 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 cases 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 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 wail 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 lasted but an hour.

The jury rendered a verdict of "not guilty" without leaving the box, and three tremendous cheers, like successive shocks 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 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.

Curious Charge Against a Young Woman.

A curious and amusing case came up before Recorder Waring, at the Police Court recently. The complainants were a family named Riley, of West Newburgh, who alleged that their son and brother, Phil Riley, who is about twenty-one years of age, was in the clutches of a young woman named Quinn, who had administered drugs to him for the purpose of gaining his affections and inducing him to marry her. Mr. Riley, his wife and their daughter were in court, and all testified that Miss Quinn had given Phil a love potion. They said that Phil was not the same person he used to be, but that he had stayed out late nights since May last, when, they charge, the potion was given him. Mr. Riley said that Phil had acted very strangely since then; that they could do nothing with him, he was so flighty. He also said that Phil's body had often been covered with boils since May last, an affliction he had never had before in his life. Phil's sister said that Miss Quinn had made her boasts of entrapping Phil, and said that he was going to marry her, for she had "fixed" him. She also said that Phil did not know that he had been drugged. It was also charged that Misf Quinn went to Mrs. Lockskin, a fortune-teller, and got the love powder, and they were certain that Miss Quinn gave it to him, and that it had the desired effect. Miss Quinn admitted that Phil frequently called to see her, and that they are the best of friends, but she denied giving him any powder or drugs. She added that Phil's familly had brought the charge against her because he went with her against their wishes.

HE OBJECTED.—Jones is proud of his wife, and with reason, for Mrs. Jones is pretty as well as smart. She was lecturing on temperance reform, and got naturally worked up as she rehearsed the many things that should be done, but which nobody seemed ready to do. "Oh dear!" she exclaimed, "I wish I were a man!" "I object!" exclaimed Jones, rising from his seat. It brought down the house.—[Boston Transcript.

A SLIGHT INDISPOSITION.

Mr. Spoopendyke at the Mercy of Pills and Fruit.

[From the Brooklyn Eagle.]

"That's better," groaned Mr. Spoopendyke, as his wife arranged the cool pillows under his head; "now I can die looking out upon the trees and sky," and Mr. Spoopendyke assumed a resigned expression of visage and gazed out of the corner of his eye upon a bare allanthus tree and a half dozen telegraph wires.

"Oh! you won't die," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, cheerfully. "You're only a little sick, and you'll get over it."

"That's all you know about it," snarled Mr. Spoopendyke. "To hear you talk one would think that you had to be fitted up with little beds and a bad smell to be a government hospital. I'm down sick, I tell ye, and I don't want any foolin' about it."

"Well, well," cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "don't excite yourself. Keep quiet and you'll get well."

"Much you'd care," muttered Mr. Spoopendyke, turning on his side and resting his cheek on his hand, an attitude generally assumed by martyred spirits on the approach of dissolution.

"Will you take your drops again, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke; it's time for them."

"No I won't; they're nasty. I havn't had anything but drops for a week. From the way you administer drops one would think you was the trap-door or a hanging machine. Gimme some figs."

"But there ain't any figs, dear. I'll go and get you some," said Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"That's it," growled her husband. "You only want an excuse to leave me to die alone. Why havn't ye got some figs? You might know I'd want figs. Got any citron?"

"No, I havn't any citron; but I won't be more than a minute away, and I'll get you any fruit you want."

"O yes; you'd get it, I have no doubt. What you want is a rail fence around, and a gate off the hinges to be a dodgasted orchard. Fetch me some strawberries."

"Why, strawberries are out of season. There ain't any in the market now."

"I supposed you'd say that," moaned Mr. Spoopendyke. "You've alwas got some excuse. If I should die, you'd have an apology ready. Gimme something to take this taste out of my mouth."

"What would you like, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Soap! dod gase it! Gimme soap if you can't think of anything else," demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Mebbe you ain't got any soap. At least you wouldn't have if I wanted it. Got any cherries?"

"No, they are out of season. There are some grapes in the closet."

"Don't want any measly grapes. If I can't have what I want, I don't want it. Where's those drops? Why don't you give me my medicine? Going to let me die for the want of a little attention? Want the life insurance, don't ye? Going to gimme those drops before the next election?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke ladled out the dose, half of which went down Mr. Spookendyke's gullet and half over the front of his night shirt.

"That's it," he howled. "Spill 'em. They're for external application. Put 'em anywhere. Pour 'em up the chimney," and Mr. Spoopendyke fired the spoon across the room.

"Have a piece of orange to take the taste away?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, pleasantly.

"No, I won't," objected her spouse. "Gimme a piece of muskmelon."

"I don't believe they have muskmelons in November," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Of course they don't," responded Mr. Spoopendyke. "They don't have anything when I'm sick. It's a wonder they have houses. It's a miracle they have beds. I am astonished to think they have doctors and drug stores. I've got to hurry up and die, or they won't have any undertakers, or coffins, or graves. Gimme a piece of orange, will ye? S'pose I'm going to lay here and chase on those infernal fruits? Huh!"

"You'd like those grapes," suggested his wife.

"No, I wouldn't, either. What do you want me to eat 'em for? Got any interest in the grape trade? Get any commission on those grapes? Anybody pay ye to make me eat 'em? One would think you only wanted an iron arbor and four small boys climbing over you to be a grape vine. Where's my pill?"

"You took your pill, dear," replied his patient wife.

"Oh, of course! A pill is out of season now. Can't even have a pill when I feel like it," and Mr. Spoopendyke groaned in spirit and looked dismal. "Now, sit down and don't move. I want to sleep. Don't you make a bit of noise if you want me to live."

And Mrs. Spoopendyke held her breath and never rustled a feather while her husband lay and glared out of the window for an hour and a half.

WATERLOO.

How the Field Looks to a Yankee Visitor.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

Waiting now at the station to take the route to Waterloo, a horde of convent children go clacking by in wooden shoes. We ride third-class, taking an excursion ticket. A pretty girl sits next to me with a rank Limburger cheese on the seat between us. She laughs and complains of it and tries to push it away, as if it did not belong to her. Twelve miles and we are at famous Waterloo. Dismounting from the train we see, three miles away, a huge mound. This monstrosity rises like an Egyptian pyramid and overlooks the region far around. It covers the spot where the Prince of Orange, "Brunswick's fated chieftain," was wounded, and marked the point of termination of the battle; it was three years in process of erection; is quadrilateral in shape and surmounted by the Belgic lion in bronze. We set off on our feet to the village patch near by, a mere handful of houses; it is Waterloo. Then detouring through it bear directly for the battlefield. Passing over little streams, a guide is pointing out the secrets of the past to a group of English travelers. We move on, now and then stopping by the way to rest and look at the wind-mills whose long revolving arms fan the land, and we watch the little Belgic wife clatter on the cobbles in their slipshod sabots. The land here with magnificent sweep rolls from ridge to ridge, and where these billows of earth tide up, one can view the whole region round. Avenues of slim, tall trees traverse the fields and indicate the wandering roads. Now the English party, in coach and cab, roll grandly by, all outside and looking down compassionatgly upon us. No fences in sight, only the beautiful land with its aftermaths of clover and grain. For the most part thick grass covers the field with daisies looking up in the midst. We amble along under tall trees, with sunshine and shower and a cool wind gently airing the day. There on our left are the woods through which Blucher came to the rescue, and woods they still remain.

The mighty mound, shut out by houses and trees, seems to keep its distance till after an hour's plodding we come to the lesser monuments, which to-day garrison the field! One is in honor of the Hadoverians, the other to the English Col. Gordon, Wellington's aide-de-camp, erected by his own family. It has evidently been overthrown and shattered, but reset and mended. We hurry up the mound over a well-set stairway of stones. An old guide, who of course claims to be a relic of the battle, seizes us and hurriedly sketches before us a few points of interest. We are looking off toward Paris. Yonder to the right lay the French, stretching from the chatean de Hougoumont, where Jerome Bonaparte commanded, southward to the farm of La Haye Sainte, the ground of Napoleon himself. Hitherward lay the allied forces, and down there behind this awful mound was the bloody cornfield which the English guard held so stubbornly. Wellington found the ground much changed only two years after the battle. The ravine, that swallowed up so many cuirassiers in the terrible charge under Ney, is filled up or razed, but others yet remain to indicate the lay of the land at that time. Byron refers to this catastrophe to the French in the line, "Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent!" The festivities at Brussels, referred to in Childe Harold, was the last night but one before the battle, probably the evening of the 16th, as Waterloo was fought June 18th, 1815. The view from the summit of the mound, 150 feet high, covers a vast arena of clear, beautiful country. The guide, holding me fiercely by the arm, points with his skinny fingers here and there in a most excited, dramatic way and with an accompaniment of broken English, till I can almost see the shades of the battle dark and red rise before me.

The rain lightly falls and we hasten down "the false monumental pile" (Victor Ruffo), and hurry to the station at Braine d'Alleud, three miles away. Passing the museum where relics are made and sold, and crossing a fine avenue of trees that skirt the north part of the field, we plod through the ravines in mud and rain. Two men are working in the plowed field; one comes to the verge of the high ridge and extends his hand. I stop and say "pour quoi?" He replies, "tabac," meaning I suppose that he would like some of our American tobacco. The storm is now furious and we crouch with our umbrellas under bushes and banks and take such a pelting of thunder, lightning and rain as will long help our memory of Waterloo.

An old lady of his flock once called upon Dr. Gill with a grievance. The Doctor's neck-bands were too long for her ideas of ministerial humility, and after a long harrangue on the sin of pride, she intimated that she had brought her scissors with her and would be pleased if her dear pastor would allow her to clip them down to her notions of propriety. The doctor not only listened patiently to her lecture, but handed her over the offending white bands for her to operate upon. When she had cut them to her satisfaction, and returned the bibs, it was the doctor's turn. "Now," said he, "my good sister, you must do me a good turn also." "Yes, that I will, Doctor; what can it be?" "Well, you have something about you which is a deal too long, and causes me no end to trouble, and I should like to see it shorter." "Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate; what is it? Here are the scissors, use them as you please." "Come, then," said the sturdy divine, "good sister, put out your tongue."

Mr. Carlyle Impeached.

The worst is that Mr. Carlyle usually produces his effects at the expense of truth. I do not mean to charge him with misstating facts. He is no doubt as careful about correctness, particularly in costume, as a modern stage manager, but in greater matters, particularly in the greatest of all, in his estimates of great events and characters, he seems to me entirely astray. I regard him as the principal representative of that false tendency in history which Macaulay made fashionable, the tendency to substitute a literary for a political estimate He makes no secret of this tencency, but everywhere avows it as if he were introducing a reform and not a new abuse. And yet, as I have said, this literary estimate positively turns history upside down. It teaches us to admire in the past whatever we most disapprove in the present — bloody catastrophes, desperate policies, revolutions. Nothing can exceed the simplicity with which Mr. Carlyle avows that he takes no interest in any wise, successful statesman who has brought happiness to his country, and that he feels no admiration for such a character. In his "Essay on Mirabeau" he ridicules the English public for continuing to repeat the names of Pitt and Fox when heroes like the leaders of the French Revolution were soliciting their homage. Of these leaders he selects three, Mirabeau, Danton and Nopoleon, whom he is prepared to maintaion to be characters of an altogether higher order than Pitt and Fox. Now, on what ground? Evidently because of the terrtble events in which were mixed up. Mr. Carlyle means to say that stormy scenes in the Tennis Court or in the Paris streets, September massacres, battles of Austerlitz, excite his imagination, while Regency of debates and the like put him to sleep. So feels, no doubt, the literary man in search of a subject. It is little to say that the historian judges differently. He reverses the judgment. To him the enormous disquiet of France is the strongest presumptive evidence against the revolutionary statesmen, and the comparative tranquillity of England the best proof of the merit of Pitt and Fox. These general observations upon Mr. Carlyle as a historian have been intended to lead to some remarks on his famous achievement, the re-habilitation of Cromwell. We know what was the old constitutional view of the great rebellion; on one side of politics there was, of course, total disapproval, on the other side vindication and admiration, but most carefully qualified. Hallam, the Whig, qualifies his approbation of Pym and Hampden so far as to hint that even at the beginning of the civil war their case was already a bad one. As for the military party, which in the course of 1648 became predominant with Cromwell at its head, he condemns them altogether, and his estimate of Cromwell is singularly severe, though he does justice to his ability. Hallam may be taken to represent the merely political view. In Macaulay the tone taken is a degree more literary. He avoids, apparently with intention, giving any deliberate estimate of Cromwell, but is always warmer and more eloquent than Hallam in speaking of his achievements. Now comes Mr. Carlyle with the purely literary view. He tells us that he has sincerely tried to admire the Pyms and the Hampdens, but at the bottom "he has found that it would not do." Of course not; we are quite prepared to hear that Cromwell seems to him as much superior to Pym and Hampden as Mirabeau, Danton, and Napoleon to Pitt and Fox. He is thinking of the subject purely as a literary man, and he sees that from a literary point of view there can be no comparison between the hero of Naseby and Dunbar and two civilians, even though those two civilians did set on foot a civil war. Accordingly he throws aside entirely the received opinion, and sets up the military party, rejected before by Whigs and Tories alike, for our admiration. In the midst of this military party, like Charlemagne among his peers or Napoleon among his Marshals, stands Cromwell, six high above all the statesmen of the rebellion, and indeed high above all English statesmen, as a genius of the same order in politics as Shakespeare in literature.—[Prof. Seeley, in Macmillan's Magazine.

SELECTED MISCELLANY.

O moon, upon love's errand I was bent;
They call thee "lovers' friend," but not tonight
Dost thou deserve the name, for if I went
Near to her house, her lovely, maiden light
Would be my ruin. If the night were dark,
I might elude her father's watchful eye;
But now his dog would see me and would bark—
Then he'd come out and I should have to fly,
And by thy light he'd catch me sure as fate.
So I'll not risk it, and, O moon so fair,
While all thy beauties I appreciate,
I wish, by thunder, that thou wert not there!

Last Tuesday a pig belonging to colored man living in Pike county met with a singular adventure. The young rocter was doing some ploughing in a swampy part of a field, and came across a huge snapping-turtle sleeping quietly on a bog. Piggy didn't know a turtle from a teakettle, and he promptly put his nose under one side of the turtle's shell and turned him over on his back. The turtle was naturally indignant, and as the pig's nose came near his head he fastened on it and settled down to business. The pig was frightened nearly to death, and tried to run away, but as the turtle was nearly as heavy as the pig the running was slow. The squealing of the pig finally brought help, and the turtle was captured and found to weigh twenty-eight pounds.

"Stranger," said the stage driver, "this was how I found out her speed; I was driving alongside the railroad track just as a big load of hotel furniture started. The freight car wouldn't hold it all, but they managed to squeeze all in except a long bar-mirror, which they tied to the side of the car. The mare saw her reflection in the glass and supposed it was another horse spurting for the lead. You couldn't have held her back with a steam windlass. She just laid back her ears and snorted along like a twenty-inch shell. The passengers all began to get excited. They rushed out on the platforms, and began to make bets. The conductor stood on a seat and began to sell pools. The engineer pulled the throttle-valve wide open and tore along at ninety-five miles an hour. Soon the mare was abreast of the cow-catcher. At San Bruno we had half a mile the lead. Near the Six-Mile House the train was so much ahead of time that it fell through an open draw and everlastingly smashed up—72 killed and 199 wounded. It was pretty rough on the passengers but then we distanced the train, bet yer life. About a month after I sold that mare to her present owner for $60,000."

Farmers' Daughters.

Here is a fact which may interest the young girls who live in farm houses. The London *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "England can no longer furnish her own butter. The cheaper kinds come from America, for Americans, even with their rich pastures and improved stock of cows, cannot make the best grade. The high-priced grades come to Southampton from Normandy and Brittany. And why is good butter not made in England? Because the dairy maid, with her pail, is a thing of poetry and the past. Because farmers' wives and daughters now think dairy work a degradation."

The *Gazette* proceeds to state the enormous income which dairy farming, carried on by women, has brought to France; the daughter of a dairy farmer often receiving a dower of $20,000 on her wedding day. Much of it is the product of her own work, skill and management.

We might go on with the inquiry, "Why cannot Americans make the best butter? Because the business has gone out of the hands of the farmer's wife and daughter, and is done by machinery. Near Philadelphia, in the rich hill farms, there are a few old Quaker dames and their daughters who are not ashamed of this old time craft, whose yellow, fragrant pats of butter, wrapped in leaves and packed in tubs delicately clean, are known all over the country, and command $1 or $1 50 per pound in any city market.

A Folly of the Age.

Hunting the North Pole has been a sort of mania with scientifically disposed persons for a good many years, and especially so ever since Sir John Franklin got ice bound and took up his permanent abode somewhere up in the hyperborean regions, which means beyond where the North wind comes from. Vast sums of money have been expended and several lives lost in the endeavor to find the "Northwest passage," though no one seems to be able to give any reasons for believing there is such a passage, and certainly no one has shown that if there is, its discovery would be of the smallest possible benefit to mankind. The idea of finding a route practicable for navigation north of the American continent, is surely one of the greatest absurdity, as such a passage would be nearly continuously obstructed by ice, and at all times would be attended with great danger to all who attempted to navigate it. The latest disappearance in the arctic region, that of the Jeannette, under command of Lieutenant De Long, has furnished North Pole experts, both in this country and Europe, with a prolific theme for speculation. The question as to whether any of the crew of the Jeannette are yet alive, is not so much discussed as the probabilities as to where the vessel is and whether she will ever be able to get back. Lieut. De Long has already passed one severe winter in those frozen seas, and is now, if alive, booked for another winter of like terror and severity, for all winters in those high latitudes are terrible and severe. The numerous conjectures as to the absent vessel's position and the discussions attending them, have disclosed the remarkable fact that no one seems to know what the plans of her commander were, or which shore of Wrangel Land he intended to make for. By some it is maintained that he attempted to reach the eastern shore and became frozen in by the ice known to have been present in that region in immense quantitirs; while others better acquainted with the canons of Arctic navigation are confident that he sought the western shore and is now there in a safe harbor. If the former supposition is correct the condition of the explorers is a perilous one, but if the latter is true there is no cause to fear for their safety. A very singular part of it is that Lieutenant De Long left no knowledge behind him which shore he intended to make. Next year if he and his men are not forgotten it will be in order to send a vessel in search of them, and the following year to dispatch one after the first. Nothing new has been added to scientific knowledge by these Arctic expeditions for years at all commensurate with their cost, and it is time Americans, as a people of common sense and practical ideas, had abandoned them.

SCINTILLATIONS.

In a cemetery a little white stone marked the grave of a dear little girl; and on the stone was chiseled these words: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'" It was one of the most beautiful epitaphs ever written.

Somebody gave little Augustus two toys. "I will give this one to my dear little sister," he said, showing the largest. "Because it is the prettiest?" said the delighted mamma. "No," he replied, without hesitation; "because it's broken."

"Let the dead past lie buried."—It was at a Galveston hotel table that a child attracted considerable attention by saying repeatedly, "I want a cake." "You have had five or six already," replied the mother. "Them's not the ones I want. I want a fresh one."

A diagonis of the disease reveals the fact that a schoolboy's toothache generally begins at 8 A. M., reaches its highest altitude at a quarter to 9, when the pain is intense; begins to subdue at 9, and after that disappears with a celerity that must be very comfortable to the sufferer, especially if there is any hope of his going a fishing.

A young girl while attending one of our up-town Sabbath schools saw a picture of Cain and Abel in the lesson book. She looked at the teacher and said, "Miss ——; man dead." "Well, Stella," said the teacher, "what killed him?" "Don't know," said the bright young lady; "run over by the cars, I suppose."

A literal-minded little fellow visiting on Cape Cod, who found the inscription in the village church-yard, "Not dead, but sleepeth," ran to his mother and said: "We must go home right off; I won't stay here all night, anyhow. They bury people here when they go to sleep. I saw one of them out in the grave-yard, and do you suppose I'll sleep here to-night and have them bury me?"

The family were telling riddles one evening, and the five-year old told this: "Four little hopper toads sat on a tree, Two hopped off and then there were three." Nobody could guess it. "Well," she exclaimed, "one of them hopped right back again." "Who told you that riddle?" asked mamma. "Nobody," replied the little one. "I thunk it up myself!"

The Petersburg (Russia) correspondent of the Berlin *Montagsblatt* writes the following:

A few days ago Dr. Mershejewski, Professor of Psychiatry at the Medico-Surgical Academy, introduced to his students a very interesting case of idiocy. The subject is a young man twenty-seven years of age, born in Archangel, where he has resided until a short time ago. The young man seems to be perfectly idiotic, and is entirely devoid of all capability to think logically. The patient plainly manifests all the symptoms of total idiocy; but he shows a phenomenal memory and the astounding faculty to solve the most difficult mathematical problems with the greatest ease and without the assistance of guides or tables. A few minutes' times are sufficient for him to raise any sum to its second or third power, or to draw the square and cubic root of any sum, including all the running fractions. Any poem, the reading of which takes several minutes, he will immediately and faultlessly recite again. With these one-sided performances the patient astonishes every one. By what combination he arrives at the solution of such difficult mathematical problems cannot be definitely explained. It is supposed that he is himself unconscious of the performance, and that the activity of his brain is entirely independent of his willpower. In his youth he developed splendid talents, but lost them after a severe illness, retaining only his gigantic memory, which developed more and more as his other faculties gradually disappeared. Ever since his fourteenth year he has led a very dissolute life, and he is now a hard drinker.

Addison, in one of his essays, mentions having been invited, at the dinner table of a notorious gourmand, to partake of a pig which had been whipped to death, and there is extant a Latin treatise by a graduate of St. Omer's speculating on the amount of suffering undergone by the porcine patient while enduring the infliction of the flagellatory process. The learned writer arrives at the conclusion that, although the pig may suffer some temporary inconvenience, owing to the continued urtication of his fleshy envelope, he is consoled in his distress by reflecting on the exquisite gratification which, in the form of tender pork, he will confer on the palates of educated epicures.

Lawyers and Their Fees.

Lawyer Henry A. Clover, of St. Louis, has obtained judgment against that city to the amount of $13,000 for services rendered in a case of the city against the St. Louis Gas Company. The *Anzeiger des Westens* is enraged at Clover's tremendous fee-bill, and asks:

What in the world has Mr. Clover done to demand such an outrageous fee for his services in one lawsuit only? A Judge of the Circuit Court receives $3500 per annum; a Judge of the Court of Appeals receives the same salary; and why pay such an exorbitant fee to one lawyer for services in one single case?

And the *Illinois Staats-Zeitung* answers:

Yes; why? Simply because the lawyers of the United States occupy about the same position the priests do in a so-called priest-ridden country; because the United States is not a country where moneys are appropriated for the civil lists of Kings, Grand Dukes, Princes, and heirs apparent to the throne, but where double and treble the money is paid to—lawyers! Bismarck said once: "If the Germans were rich enough each one of them would have a King of his own." Well, this country is rich enough to do it; but Kings do not suit, therefore we keep our lawyers. They'll do, and with a vengeance at that! Our Kingdom is called "Lawyerdom," and that costs us not only as much, but double and treble the amount the Kings and priests cost the people of Europe. For all that the lawyers devour annually of the earnings of the people, we could comfortably support half a gross of Kings, Dukes, Princes, Landgraves, Margraves, and whatever that trash of superfluous drones may be called. Such outrageous and exorbitant lawyers' fees are and remain a swindle. These lawyers and judges cannot prove and demonstrate that the mental labor of lawyers is worth so much more than the brain work of an author, or a teacher, or an editor, for which they will charge, perhaps, $10, while a lawyer may demand for easier work from $1000 to $13,000. But this American Camorra, consisting of lawyers and judges, has the power to skin an honest and well meaning, but stupid and cowardly people. It has the power as long as the people will quietly submit, and that will be for a good many years to come. The race of asses never will die out and, as long as there are asses, there will be lawyers in America to peal the hides off them—hair, teeth, toenails, hoofs and all. And these lawyers can be about as well compared with a European jurist as Spencer of the State Savings Institution, with an honest banker. But the *Anzeiger* says: "What is generally called in Europrean countries, 'the State,' and is termed in America 'the law,' should bring the people relief and reform." Very good, very true! But there is only one small circumstance, which that paper seems to have forgotten, viz.: that our legislative bodies—this coalition of lawyers and exjudges—have usually an overpowing majority, and, as long as this is the case, the people must be prepared to act as anvil while the lawyers play the hammer!

An Army Argument.

I understand from the public prints that the commission treating with the Utes for the cession of their reservation only demand the surrender of the Indians concerned in the murder of Agent Meeker and his employes, and decided that it would make no demand for the surrender of those implicated in the assault upon Maj. Thornburgh and his command. This discrimination I cannot but regard as unjust and unwise. The Indians who murdered Agent Meeker and his employes murdered Maj. Thornburgh and the men who fell with him. The one act was no greater crime than the other. Maj. Thornburgh was on his way to the Ute agency, in obedience to Agent Meeker's request, to preserve order and restrain turbulency. He was not there to make war on the Utes, and they knew it. The very evening preceeding their attack upon him a number of their chiefs had entered his camp, as they had previously done, partaken of his hospitality, and assured him of their friendship. The last message Meeker ever sent to Thornburgh was to the effect that the Indians, without provocation, treacherously lay in ambuscade, and attacked the troops, with the results already known. To consider such behavior an act of war, is to give a new meaning to the term. It was nothing more or less than murder. Certainly it was as much murder as the killing of Mr. Meeker and those employed under him. To treat it as anything else is equivalent to asserting that an Indian commits a crime only when he kills the agent who invokes assistance, but not when he wounds and destroys the men who move to render the assistance asked for. The life of an officer and soldier of the army is as dear to him, perhaps as valuable to the country, as that of an agent or employe of any other branch of the Government, and it will be a bad precedent to establish that the life of one may be taken with impunity, while the other must be accounted for by the delivery to justice of those who destroy it.—[Gen. Crook's Report.

The German language seems to be treated a la mother-in-law by the Board of Public Schools in Denver. The *Colorado Journal* writes the following in relation thereto: We will give our readers to-day a little explanation how the German language is taught and treated, or rather maltreated, in our public schools. In the Third Ward school there teaches a young schoolmarm who, for an increase of her salary of $5 per annum, teaches also German, to the infinit pleasure of the little German fellows who visit that school. The young lady does not know anything about the German language herself, but she takes occasional lessons in that language, and whatever knowledge she acquires by them she attempts to instill into the craniums of her pupils on the following day. That she makes mistakes, and very ridiculous ones at that, every one will at once perceive. For instance, "breakfast" she translates with "Frisstich" (Fruhstueck), "pork" stands for "swinefleiss," and "beef" for "reindfleiss." That the little German urchins who have to witness these attempts at jaw-breaking grow extremely hilarious is natural; and that the American scholars take it in a correct and all right is also natural, but very much to be regretted. This system of teaching German should at once be abolished. Nothing will sooner destroy the respect of the pupils of public schools than a teacher becoming the laughing stock of the scholars.

CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.—