Mechanics Institute

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UNANSWERED QUESTIONS.

Shall I see thee when I stand
Beyond the shadow?
Shall I clasp thy hand?
Will the sweet rain
Of fears
Blot out the bitter pain
That strengthened me to work through the long years?
It may be so,
I go—
I know not whither,
This at least I know:
God cares,
My lonely burden oft He stooping bears.

There is no heart.
Though faint and cold with weeping—No dark life,
Though crushed and blinded by the Weary strife, and thought
Scarce worth the anguish of the keeping,
But it may yet be wrought
Into an instrument of strange, sweet Music, every part
Thrilling, melodious to the Master's Touch, and fraught
With harmony. God's kingdom is for Such as follow Him
Thoug death and tribulation;
A kigdom grand, divine,
Where men shall grasp the light
Of love and sacrifice,
No longer dim,
And shine
In God's own likeness—pure and strong and bright
As an aurora kindling the dark night
With quick transfiguration
Of throbbing rose color—sword flashes—spiritual white,
And cloudy violet, burning into sight.

Ah! this is not a kingdom made with hands,
It holds no sunny lands
Of vacant idleness—no misty splendor
Of selfish passion, rapturously tender.
This is no narrow heaven, cold and gray;
No chilly grave
Of every thought, endeavor and emotion;
But the fresh morning of celestial day
—The first advancing wave
In the eternal ocean.

Of God's unceasing, everlasting love.
But like a dove,
Homeless on their wide deep;
I almost shiver
In the ground, sweet dream,
And see in
To fear it as a timid child fears sleep
On a bright river.
Give me a warm nest
Of human sympathies to love and labor for;
Not an ignoble rest
In Eden, nor
A selfish solitude of God's own affection.

In the resurrection,
Shall I, O Lord, once more
Work hand in hand
With that brave spirit who through life's dark land
Sustained my footstep? ah! I do not know,
And yet I think
That God who forged this link
Of deathless love, so strong for weal or woe,
Meant not it should be broken.
He has spoken
Of drying every tear;
It may be by the hand
Of those we hold most dear—
Angels who stand
Beyond the shadow, but once loved us here,
And even now are with us everywhere.
—New York Journal of Commerce.

Full of Significance.

The importance of the Democratic victory in Ohio cannot well be unduly dwelt upon for the benefit of fellow-Democrats in this quarter. It is full of significance and pregnant with instruction. It shows that the true road to success lies in the honest and bold avowal of our principles, and the nomination of candidates. We cannot hope to win on the best platform in the world with bad nominations, nor can we carry through indifferent and unreliable nominees no matter how excellent our platform may be. In Ohio the Democracy make no mistake in the character of their standard-bearers, nor in the construction of their platform. Hence the remarkable reversal by the people of the Radical victory at the previous election. The Republicans, under experienced and skilful generalship, made a hard and determined fight; and they reckoned partially for success upon the Independent movement led by soreheaded Democrats, who were dissatisfied with the aggressive attitude of Allen and Thurman. But the result shows that when the masses of the Democracy are appealed to in the right spirit, they will be prompt and emphatic in affirmative response. Two years ago Radicalism triumphed in Ohio by 20,000 majority; but the Democratic heart was sick with the rot of "new departures." To-day that heart is, restored to its normal condition, and is beating with the regular and vigorous pulsation of abundant health and primal strength. Ohio leads the way to the coming victory of '76, when the centenary of American Independence witness the restoration of a National Democratic Administration.—*S. F. Examiner.*

The first step toward opening the Columbia river to free navigation will be taken this Winter at Washington. Colonel Nesmith is pledged to use his influence toward the completion of this great enterprise, and intends to commence active operations as soon as Congress meets. The day is not far distant when the Columbia from its source to its mouth, will be free—a great highway for the commerce of the Columbia river Valley—knowing no owner, save God, who in His infinite wisdom, intended it as a blessing, and not that it should fall into the hands of men to be used to oppress and enslave His creatures. Let us be of good cheer for the people in their might have declared against all species of monopoly.—*W. W. Statesman.*

JOHN BULL ON CHINAMEN.—It seems that the heathen Chinese have excited the disgust of the Australians. A few years ago they commenced pouring in like sheep, or, we might say, like wolves, and there were frequent riots in the mining regions in consequence. So the authorities have enacted that each grandson of the sun shall pay to the Government the neat little sum of fifty dollars before landing on Australian soil.—*Shreveport Times.*

Mr. Greeley Confirmed.

It was always the desire of Mr. Greeley that the country should look to an early resumption of specie payments. The wise heads of the great financial centers did not perceive the necessity for it, and the gold and stock gamblers opposed it because it would prevent them from following a dishonest occupation. Even Congressmen who claimed to know something of the difficulties of resumption inquired how it was to be done. Mr. Greeley said the way to resumption was to resume—not suddenly perhaps, but the opportunity to aid resumption was lost when gold touched a premium of 8 per cent. as it did in 1870. It was then but a short step to resumption. After the money stringency of the past year, and finally a panic which threatened every business interest in the country, our financiers are beginning to come to their senses. They want to resume specie payments. Upon this subject hear the late Assistant Treasurer of the United States, John J. Cisco. He says:

"The war ended eight years ago, and every one supposed that something would be done then, as there ought to have been; but it has never been on the card of any of our Secretaries of the Treasury to take such action, because they have thought it impossible, which simply shows that we have never had one who understood his business. No one supposes that resumption should be adopted at once, but definite steps should be taken which would lead to a fixed time in the future; then commerce would shape itself to meet it when it came. If we had specie payments this thing could not have happened; it has happened because we have had a currency which is not the currency of the world. The banks cannot resume because they do all their business on a currency basis. Their guarantee and reserve are in bonds and currency; by the laws under which they were organized they have nothing to do with gold necessarily. It is the only Government which can take any effective measures leading to resumption. It must accumulate specie enough to redeem its currency in gold; then the banks will fall naturally into the arrangement, not before."

Another prominent banker has issued the following circular upon the same subject. He says:

"By an immediate resumption of specie payments all the gold and silver in the country, and many millions that are sure to come to us from foreign countries, would become at once circulating medium. The adoption of this measure would afford more relief than all the expedients so vigorously pressed upon the Government, or so unfinancially adopted by "Clearing House Associations." The time has come when nobody has money to hoard. Prices are soon to be such, that property or investments will be better than money. Nobody wants gold for export, for the exchanges are all in our favor. The gold and silver in this country, if thus utilized, become currency, and will add eigthy millions of positive relief. Is there a man in power, brains and nerve to seize this opportunity, or must the country drift and drift on to utter ruin?"

INFLATION.—In commenting on the proposition to issue $44,000,000 in currency to relieve the stringency of the money market, the Baltimore *Sun* says the proposition is at "once suggestive of a balloon and of that ballooning process which so many merchants and financiers, or persons who desire to be esteemed such, and who ought to know better, seem to mistake for an evidence of solid prosperity. So they can only float upwards and ride buoyantly in mid-air, and no longer feel solid ground under their feet, they are perfectly happy. They imagine that they have only to sail upward and onward, forgetting that balloons are subject to collapse, and that in the order of nature, "what goes up must come down." Thus, they sometimes "rise like a rocket, only to fall like the stick."

COUNTRY LIFE BEST FOR BOYS.—The Springfield *Republican* discourses pleasantly on the education of boys, the key-note of its talk being that "boys will be boys." Referring to the happy influence of country life and rural occupations on boyish character, the *Republican* says, and most persons of similar experience will heartily endorse it:

"Happy the boy who spends his boyish days in some steady-going, high-toned rural village, where, instead of pavements and saloons, there are squirrels and blue-jays, partridges and trout, green pastures, and breezy barns, twittering swallows, chestnuts and shagbarks, and all the glories of woods and meadows, ponds and brooks. There is a freshness and sweetness thus imparted which will lend tone and fragrance to the latest days of life."

Says the Illinois State *Register*: "Why should the farmers repose any faith in the Republican party? What reason have they for hope from it? They have held power for ten or twelve years, and aggressions upon the rights of the industrial classes have accumulated. The honest farmers who once belonged to the republican party are tired of empty promises and pledges that have forever been broken."

John A. Dix, Governor of the State of New York, Thurlow Weed, one of the oldest editors in the United States, and Daniel Drew, the Wall street Methodist millionaire, are pensioners on the Government, they having been soldiers of the war of 1812. Weed played the fife, Dix carried the flag, and Drew carried a musket.

"Patent Outsides."

The Walla Walla *Statesman* of a recent date contains the following remarks on the above question, which are well-timed, true and to the point. The "patent out-side" business is a curse to the newspaper publishers, and the papers which resort to them might as well be dead:

There is a manifest disposition on the part of the publishers of country papers to adopt what is known as the "patent outsides." This is to be regretted for more reasons than one. A local paper should be as it were, the barometer, or indicator, of the business and prosperity of the town in which it is published. To accomplish this, it should be the aim of the editor to publish a local paper, devoted solely to local interests, making those interests his sole aim, fighting for them with such energy and ability as he possesses. Neglecting to do this, his paper, to all intents and purposes, is utterly valueless to the community from which he derives his support, and for all the good it accomplishes might just as well be published in the Fiji Islands. "But," says your patent-outsider, "I devote the inside of my paper to local interests." Well and good. But we know of no sufficient reason why it should not be all devoted to local interests, both inside and out. The selections usually printed on the outside, should possess some local interest, or should, at least, be news matter, properly condensed and presented in attractive form. Our exchanges at the present time are freighted with information relative to the failure of Jay Cooke & Co., and the consequent disaster that has befallen the Northern Pacific Railroad. This is a matter of local interest to a majority of the people of this section, and certainly worthy of a place on the "outside." Other matter of equal moment and interest is always to be found in foreign exchanges, which if properly arranged, is always received with relish by the average reader of the local press. The editor who adopts the "patent outside" system places the control of one-half of his paper in the hands of parties residing at a great distance from the point where it is supposed to be published. They are not acquainted with the local demands of the place, nor are they in a position to acquire that knowledge. The editor, who adopts this system, is compelled to take such matter as is sent to him, be it good, bad or indifferent, and he has no remedy; he either must publish what he has received or suspend publication. The paper, in other words, is conceived in one place and born in another—sort of a newspaper bastard. The publisher of the "patent outsides," in his circular to printers, as an inducement for them to adopt the system, says: "As we print *no* news on the outside we can date papers a month or more ahead if necessary." Very convenient, no doubt to the publisher. But what of the reader who has subscribed for the avowed purpose of obtaining news, and that the latest that can be obtained? The system has only one thing to recommend it, and that is cheapness. We are rather fast; it has one other qualification; it is a very convenient thing for a lazy editor, or one who has no knowledge of the business in which he has embarked. It is a sham, seeming to be what it is not; or in other words it is a counterfeit newspaper, not worthy of circulation. It is an attempt to get something—the subscribers' money—for nothing.

HOW THE GRANGERS CAME.—The Augusta *Chronicle* gives the overawing account of how the Grangers sprang into existence, "like Minerva from the brow of Jupiter, full grown and completely armed:"

"It came like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. Apparently before the cloud gathered, the storm burst forth in all its fury. While the movement and its probable effect upon the politics of the country were being discussed, the party was thoroughly organized in a dozen States of the Union, and in one—among the wealthiest and most influential—was marching to an assured victory. The Granges sprang into life like Minerva from the brow of Jupiter, full grown, completely armed. They were born an army, and the first manifestation of their existence was a great victory."

The New York *Nation* has been devoting some of its spare moments to analyzing the contents of the last Congressional Directory. It finds that of 317 Senators and Representatives in the last Congress, only 87 were graduates of colleges. North Carolina had the largest proportion of members thus educated. In her delegation of 9 members, 6 are "college bred." New York has 9 out of 33; Pennsylvania, 6 out of 26; Ohio, 5 out of 21. New England is not much better, having less than half; and ten States, extending from Maryland and Delaware to Texas and Nevada, have not a single graduate. School children should take courage. The studious boy is quite sure to make an intelligent man; and to such a one, it will be seen, the chances for Congress are encouraging.

The Emperor of Russia has, at the special request of Prince Leopold of Bavaria, pardoned the German philologist, Dr. Pichler, who was last year transported to Siberia for purloining valuable books from the Imperial library, of which he was a librarian

Nine-tenths of the ministers of the country are not as well paid as the base-ball professionals. But religion is not the "national game."

Truth.

Respecting the chase after wealth and material prosperity, says and exchange, which are nowadays such absorbing objects with so many of our people, Senator Bayard, in an address to which we yesterday alluded, made some very impressive illustrations. He said that at this day the pursuit of wealth and material prosperity are alone regarded, and the possession of personal virtues and individual qualities made less and less necessary for reputation and influence. What shocking exhibitions are constantly made public of the absence of truth, both in public and private utterances, and how much of all this unclean, untruthful, dishonest business is conducted under the cover of subscriptions to the capital stock of moneyed corporations. As an American he hung his head in confusion and distress when he read the reports of Congressional committees made at the last session of Congress, and his shame was only intensified when he heard or read apologies, excuses, and attempts at palliation. Properly considered, no one virtue is more absolutely and practically necessary in human society than simple truth, the essential basis of that good faith upon the preservation of which the honor of men and of nations alone can safely depend. Surely no social crime is more dangerous than a lie, and the man who utters it or palters with the truth should be considered a public enemy, a dangerous criminal. Simple truth is an essential, a prime necessity in human intercourse. The safety of nations as well as of individuals requires its close observance.

Truth in the historian, truth in the ruler and legislator, truth in the manifold affairs of men in public and private life, this is the key-stone, and strike it from the arch, the greatest evidence of man's toil and skill and ambition trembles to certain and deserved ruin. We need everywhere the man "who speaketh the truth in his heart, who sweareth to his own heart and changeth not." Chief among the monuments of human skill and labor is the great Chruch of St. Peter, at Rome, conceived and partly constructed by the pure genius of Michael Angelo. Yet the visitor of to-day beholds with surprise and regret huge and unsightly chains of iron girding the beautiful outlines of its dome and rude braces spanning its arch. An inquiry as to their origin will disclose the falsehood and dishonesty of an architect into whose hands after the death of Michael Angelo the completion of the great work was consigned. The vast walls that should have been solid, were built in hollows, and the funds which were intended for the strength of the structure were wasted in criminal dissipation by the wrong-doer, over whose grave centuries have since passed. He is dead, but his crime lives, and while other and later generations of men of all lands and all creeds stand in awe and admiration as they contemplate the grand building dedicated to the glory of Almighty God, they see upon its fair features the trace of a lie of petty dishonesty, marring one of the finest conceptions of human genius. These are doctrines which all good men must accept, and though there are many who have never been wont to follow the party to which Senator Bayard has always been attached, we trust there are few who will dissent from ideas essential alike to the safety of republican institutions and to the preservation of true manhood in the individual citizen.

THE TEMPTER OF LOUISIANA.—Whenever people find their burdens utterly unbearable, they throw them aside with a giant effort, and the world is convulsed by the shock of the fall. People there should not be crowded too closely to the wall; they should not be placed at the mercy of irresponsible governing officials, whose main spirit in Louisiana against the United States—no desire to undo the war's legitimate results; but there is a gradual accumulation of indignation against the plunderers who have been numerous in the State, which bodes something very like the ugly form of revolution. Capital and immigration must be allowed to come in, and the legislators who stand much longer in the way of an influx of those two prime necessities will do so at their extremest peril.—*Edward King; "Old and new Louisiana" Scribner's for November.*

COSTUMES IN CHURCH.—A lady suggests that if the church-going ladies were to dress in calico and wear sun-bonnets, scores of her sex would attend divine service who stay away because they cannot dress like their fashionable sisters. She has often asked lady members of her congregation why they absented themselves from the house of worship, and in reply in nearly every case has been that they "had nothing fit to wear," or they were "waiting until their new suit was finished."

WANTED TO LIVE.—In a certain town in Vermont several instances have lately occurred where husbands who have lost their wives have married again within six to twelve weeks; hence a good deal of neighborhood gossip, particularly among some of those women who "still live." One of these Mrs. B——, at a quilting, the other day, said, "I do hope I may be spared till summer, for then I may have a tomstone over my grave before my man gets tied up again."

A fellow after huckleberries the other day sat down on a yellow jacket's nest. He says the way those busy little bees improved the shining hours was a sight worth seeing.

Talmage on Sin.

Sin comes to the young man. It says, "Take a game of cards—it won't hurt you. Besides that, it is the way men make their fortune." It is only a small stake. See how easy it is. The young man plays and wins a horse and carriage and a house—wins a fortune. "See how easy it is," says sin; "it don't cost you anything. Look at those young men who stick to their salaries, away down to the foot of the ladder, while you are in great prosperity." The young man is encouraged. He goes and plays larger and larger; the tide turns against him; he loses the horse, the carriage, loses the house, loses the fortune. Crack! goes the sheriff's mallet on the last houshold valuation. Down lower and lower the man falls, until he pitches pennies for a drink, or clutches for devils that trample him in wild delirum. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Sin comes to a young man and says, "Take this glass—it won't hurt you. It has a very fine flavor. Take a glass in the morning; it will be an appetizer. Take a glass at noon; it will aid digestion. Take a glass at night; it will make you sleep well." You are in a glow while others are chilly. How bright it makes the eye—how elastic it makse the step! One day you meet him and you say, "What are you doing here at noon? I thought you were at business." "Lost your place?" God have mercy upon the young man when, through his misdemeanor, he loses his place. Every temptation of hell takes after him. Hoppled and handcuffed at thirty years of age by evil habit! Save that young man; he is on the express train that stops not until it tumbles over the embankment of perdition. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Sin comes to a young man and says, "Take a dollar out of your employer's drawer; he won't miss it; you can put it back after a while. Take another! take another! Don't you see how easy it is? Hundreds of dollars added to your income in a year!" One day the police knock at the door, and say, "I want you." Discovery has come; disgrace, imprisonment, loss of the soul. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

But you need not look through the wicket of the prison to learn this, and to find the frozen feet, and the bruised brow, and to hear the coughing lungs, resulting from crime. Every man has found out in his own experience that the way of the transgressor is hard. Sin demeans us; sin is desperate—it lacerates, mauls the soul, it chains you like a dog, it whips you with innumerable stripes like a dog. There is a legend abroad of some one of whom it was foretold that she would die of a serpent's bite. The father to keep her away from that, built a castle far out in the sea. He said no serpent could crawl there; but one day a boat came under the castle, and the daughter saw grapes in it, and, letting down a rope, she got the grapes and was eating them, when she found a serpent entwined in the cluster. It stung her and she died. Sin may seem lucious and ripe, and to have all the wealth of the vineyard, but at the last "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Oh! have nothing to do with its approaches. It promises you a robe; it will cover you with rags. It offers you a chalice of luxurious beverage; it will fill you with wormwood. It promises you a throne. It will drive you into a kennel.

SPECIE PAYMENT.—A Washinton dispatch says that pursuant to the views regarding the resumption of specie payments expressed by the President and the Secretary of the Treasury recently, the Director of the Mint has been making extensive arrangements for coining both gold and silver, to an extent heretofore unprecedented, so as to be ready for resumption of specie payments, there now being large quantities of these metals awaiting coinage. The first step towards resumption has been taken, it having been ascertained yesterday from the Secretary of the Treasury that the Government will pay out silver as soon as it can be profitably and conveniently coined for that purpose.

THE FARMERS IN COUNCIL.—The Farmers' Convention, in session at Chicago, recently adopted resolutions opposing a protective tariff, reciting the hardship it inflicted upon farmers, and demanding its repeal. W. C. Flagg, President of the Illinoise State Association, made a thoughtful address on the subject of railway legislation, taking ground that the roads are creatures of the Legislature, and necessarily subject to their control, at the same time disclaiming any hostility to railroads except where they exceed the bounds of reason. A committee of five was appointed to meet the Senatorial Transportation Committee at St. Louis, on the 27th, as requested by Senator Windom.

NEW ENGLAND CAUTION.—The caution of the New Englander in giving an answer to a direct question, was illustrated to me, says a correspondent, the other day, when I asked an Eastern friend of mine, whose family were not noted for very active habits, "Was not your father's death very sudden?" Slowly drawing the hand from his pocket, and pulling down his beard, the interrogated cautiously replied: "Waal rather, sudden, for him."

Nothing is more indicative of the earnestness of life than the sight of a well developed male creature spending eight hours a day in trying to wear out a dry goods box with the seat of his pants.

Lively Cheese.

It is astonishing how effectually an exasperated German mixes the King's English. A case in point. In a certain city there dwells one George M——, an irritable Tenton, the proprietor of a "beer place" on Main street, whose favorite expression is "tam lively." Not long since, George's wife, a burly matron, who assists in the management of the aforesaid "beer place," and is equally irritable, directed her liege lord to buy some good cheese for saloon consumption. Proceeding to Stewarts grocery, on Limestone street, George hailed the proprietor thereof with:

"Shim, you got some tam lively cheese what is better?"

"Yes, we have some lively cheese. How much will you have?"

"Well, I suppose I dake a couble pounds."

Having paid for the cheese, George carried it home and gave it to his wife. In attempting to dispense some of it to a hungry customer she discovered that it contained squatters without number, and, having a horror of skippers, she yelled:

"Boogs! och, mine leiber Gott boogs! Shorge, if you buy boogs, why don't you bought 'em by the kwart. You must dook dem sheeses right back again, or I knock you some tevil out."

Seizing the offending skippers and their habitation, George made a break for Stewart's in no enviable frame of mind. Notwithstanding the cheesemonger was engaged with a lady customer, George saluted him with:

"Shim, you tam rascal, come here right away kwick."

"I am busy now, George; just wait until I get through."

"Oxkuse me, I thought you didn't know who I vas."

Having satisfied the wants of his lady patron, Stewart turned to his cousin German, and inquired affectionately after his health.

"Shim, dot's a kweer kwestion to ask after solding me such a lot of boogs! But, Shim, I don't make fun mit you at all. I yust like to know wot de hellnation is de reason mit dot sheeses?"

Jim didn't explain, but George got some cheese that wasn't quite so "tam lively."

A correspondent, writing from a Jersey camp-meeting, tells the following: "Many people sleep in the same tent here, being separated by a partition. A young Methodist fellow from Camden had become quite interested in a pretty daughter of a religious farmer. Last night, while a dozen cold-hearted fellows were trying to sleep, they heard him say in a low, sweet voice: "Now, Caroline, let me seal the vow, do!" "No, James, I cannot. What would my father and mother say?" replied the sweet, girlish voice. "But, Caroline, you have promised to be mine—now let us seal the vow—let us, do let us—won't you? Do kiss me!" "No, James, I cannot, oh! I cannot——" In a moment the tent partition parted and a big-whiskered brother, who wanted to sleep, shouted, "For God's sake, Carrie, let him seal that vow. He'll keep us awake all night if you don't." The vow was sealed."

Several years ago a dinner was given to a man of the name of Nick Denton, who was division engineer of the Illinois Central Railway. A man named Jack Wallace gave as a toast: "The two Nicks—Old Nick and Nick Denton." The table came down with a clatter. Nick arose, as a judge, and when the noise had subsided, said that he fully appreciated the honor conferred on him in connection with Jack's most intimate friend. He hardly knew how to requite the kindness, but, as one good turn deserved another, he would give: "The two Jacks—Jack Wallace and Jackass?" Jack collapsed, and the company went into hysterics.

A COMING QUESTION.—The St. Louis *Republican*, puts what it calls "a coming question" as follows: The good that the Republican party has done is fast ceasing to be a satisfactory apology for the evil it is doing, and it cannot be long before the masses in the Northwest States, at least, who have been in the habit of annually reaffirming their devotion to the Republican party, will be loudest and fiercest in their demand for a successor to it. The question we would ask of the moderate Republicans is, whether that successor shall be a body of successful Republican insurgents, or the Democracy?

SHOULD BE CAUTIOUS.—Married ladies should be cautious about disciplining their husbands, when the latter come home tipsy, by sticking their heads into a bucket of water. At such times husbands are not fitted for the reception of water. Mrs. Junks of Marietta, Ohio, was in the habit of so disciplining her husband, but she knows better now. Last week she tried it, and held his head in the pail until he was subjugated. Now she is a lone widow.

The through passenger arrivals at San Francisco by rail, for September, numbered 3,341, and the departures by the same route were 2,703, showing a gain of 668. The passenger arrivals by ocean steamers and sail vessels for last month embraced 962, including 351 from China and Japan, and 323 from Panama, against 1,020 departures. Our gain of population this year is 12,700 by rail, and 15,600 by water, but 14,000 of the latter are Mongolians.

California is welcome to her increase of popuplption if that is the best she can do in one year.

Isaac O. Barnes on Horseback.

The stories of the wit of the late Col. Isaac O. Barnes are numerous, but to be fully appreciated need the Colonel's peculiar voice and dry manner, familiar to those who used to know him. The following anecdote we do not remember to have ever seen in print:

The Colonel, it seems, had been recommended to take horseback exercise, for the benefit of his health, by his physician, accordingly applied at a well-known stable for the animal.

'I want a regular trotting-horse, to ride for my health this afternoon.'

'Certainly, Colonel,' said the polite proprietor, 'a horse to ride for health,' and, judging from the customer's physique, gave him one of the hardest trotting horses in the establishment, upon which Barns mounted and bumped off towards the country.

In about three hours he returned, covered with dust and presperation, and, with the assistance of one of the hostlers, slowly and painfully dismounted from his steed.

Limping into the stable office, and holding on to the lower part of his back with one hand, and looked into the stable-keeper's inquiring face, aad ejaculated simply:

'How much?'

'Three dollars, Colonel,' was the reply.

He slowly drew his wallet, and laid down the required sum.

'Shall you want the horse again to-morrow, Colonel?'

'No I shan't want him to-morrow?'

'Perhaps the day after to-morrow?'

'No I shan't want him any more at all.'

'Indeed!' said the stable-keeper, with a sly twinkle in his eye, as he noticed Barnes holding on to his lacerated body; 'perhaps the horse don't suit you?'

'Oh, yes;' said Barnes, quickly, 'there is nothing the matter with the horse, he's all right. It's the price I object to.

'Price!' said the stable-keeper, 'why, I only charged you three dollars, Col., which we consider cheap for the services of the horse all the afternoon.'

'Well, I don't,' squealed Barnes, rubbing his aching body, 'for whenever I want any thing of this kind again, I know an Irishman who will kick my behind all day for half the money.'

A priest was standing at the corner of a square about the hour of dinner when one of his countrymen seeing the worthy father in perplexity, addressed him:

"Oh, Father O'Leary, how is your reverence this morning?"

"Mighty put out, Pat.

"Put out! Who'd put out your reveerence?"

"Ah, you don't understand me. I am invited to dine at one of the hotels in this square, and I have forgotten the name."

"Oh, that all? Just now be aisy, your reverence; I will settle that for you."

Away flew the good natured Irishman around the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door and inquired:

"Is Father O'Leary here?"

As might be expected, again, and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed:

"No bother on Father O'Leary, he is not here; but he was to dine here to-day, and the cook is in a rage and says the dinner will be spoilt. All is waiting for him."

Paddy, leaping from the door, as if the steps were on fire, rushed up to the astonished priest, saying:

"All is right, your reverence; you dine al forty-three, and a mighty fine dinner you'll get."

"Oh, Pat," said the grateful Pastor, "the blessings of a hungry man be upon you."

"Long life to your reverence; I've got your malady. I only wish I had the care."

ENERGY.—It has been said that energy is the mind's hammer, hatchet and plow. It is a goodly weapon to hammer down all obstacles in the pathway; it cuts away all difficulties; it plows the roughest soil. Did ever a nation achieve renown without energy? Was there ever a person of note who was not energetic? No, the attainment of eminence is only reached by dilligent study, close observation and unwavering energy. He who has a thirst for knowledge and resolves in the language of the good old Roman adage to "find a way or make it," will be sure to succeed in any undertaking. He has the will—the way can be found. Look at that man in the pursuit of "worldly wealth." He pauses not to consider his own enjoyment or ease, but straining every nerve to obtain that boon which his heart is set upon.

Energy is the key to success. It unlocks the secret of heroic deeds of those great and grand ones whose names are illustrious upon the pages of history, or as Longfellow expresses it, have left their "footprints on the sands of time." Energy is firm. It shrinks not from labor; it faints not at danger. The irresolute may, after a few vain attempts give up, in despair, but not so with the energetic man. He will labor and persevere until his efforts are crowned with success.

Sir Edward Lanreer, one of England's greatest Animal Painters, is dead. In his palmy days there was not his superior. All his works are life-like and perfect master pieces; his execution was unsurpassed. There are a few of his works in this country, but the greater portion of them are owned in Europe. They are now invaluable.

"Mamma, why don't you wear a hush?" asked little Johnnie of his mother the other day.

"A hush!" said the lady, "what do yon mean?"

"Why I asked Aunty, what that was that made her back stick out so, and she said, "Oh hush Johnnie,"

Grant's *firewood* costs the people about fifteen dollars a day; five thousand a year. Many a poor family could be made comfortable the whole of the approaching winter, on the same amount, laid out for a similar purpose.

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