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THE VOYAGE TO COME.

THE OLD SAILOR TO HIS WIFE.

When in my youth I sailed the sea,
My love was linked to thine;
I thought of thee when waves ran free;
I knew thy heart was mine.

And when my ship to our own shore
Came back from dangers wild,
'Twas thou, whose greeting shone before,
'Twas thou who fairest smiled.

No longer o'er earth's stormy sea
I sail as when a boy;
Old age to home endeareth me,
And perished is youth's joy.

But thou art still beside me, love,
And thou art sea and sky;
The shadows grow around us, love,
And wintry things must die.

But high aloft on God's bright sea
Our ship shall mount with pride,
And fair our voyage shall ever be
With true love side by side.

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

BY W. BAYLE BERNARD.

We had our dreams when we were young
Of what we thought the world must be,
Of justice ever conquering wrong,
And love assuaging misery.
We built up this bright world of ours
Of golden hues and lordly forms,
As children fashion hills and towers,
In gorgeous clouds that cover storms!

We were deceived, but, sister, dear,
Were we the worse for such a truth?
Because we found no human sphere
Could span the golden world of youth?
Had we been happier, had our trust
Been grudged to human powers and aims,
And man divine been viewed as dust,
That beats not with immortal flames?

No, no, be sure the best belief
Is always wise when least repaid.
It is not an uncheering grief
That sighs for all that heaven has made.
Dream on—if dreams preserve the bonds
Of man to man, nor think it vain,
The worse to whom your heart responds,
Your heart may win—to love again.

THE GHOST.

"Well, I believe your honor heard me tell long ago how my father left the army, and the way that he took to another line of life that was more to his liking. And so it was, he was happy as the day was long; he drove a hearse for Mr. Callagan, of Cork, for many years, and a pleasant place it was; for ye see, my father was a cute man, and knew something of the world; and though he was a droll devil, and could sing a funny song when he was among the boys, no sooner had he the big black cloak on him, and the weepers, and he seated on the high box with the six long-tailed blacks before him, you'd really think it was his own mother was inside, he looked so melancholy and miserable. The sexton and grave-digger was nothing to my father; and he had a look about his eye, to be sure there was reason for it, that you'd think he was up all night crying; though it's little indulgence he took that way.

"Well, of all Mr. Callaghan's men, there was none so great a favorite as my father; the neighbors were all fond of him.

"'A kind crayture every inch of him,' the women would say. 'Did ye see his face at Mrs. Delaney's funeral?'

"'True for you,' another would remark; 'he mistook the road with grief, and stopped at a shebeen-house instead of Kilmurry church.'

"I need say no more, only one thing, that it was principally among the farmers and the country people my father was liked so much. The great people and the quality—I ax your pardon—but sure isn't it true, Mister Charles, they don't fret so much after their fathers and brothers, and they care little who's driving them, whether it was a decent respectable man like my father, or a chap with a grin on him like a rat-trap? And so it happened, that my father used to travel half the county; going here and there wherever there was trade stirring; and, faix, a man didn't think himself rightly buried if my father wasn't there; for ye see he knew all about it; he could tell to a quart of spirits what would be wanting for a wake; he knew all the good cryers for miles around, and I've heard it was a beautiful sight to see him standing on a hill arranging a procession, as they walked into the churchyard and giving the word like a captain.

"'Come on, the *stiff*—now the friends of the *stiff*—now the pop'lace.'

"That's what he used to say; and, troth, he was always repeating it when he was a little gone in drink—for that's the time his spirits would rise—and he'd think he was burying half Munster.

"And sure it was a real pleasure and a pride to be buried in them times; for av it was only a small farmer with a potato garden, my father would come down with the black cloak on him, and three yards of crape behind his hat, and set all the children crying and yelling for half a mile round; and then the way he'd walk before them with a spade on his shoulder, and sticking it down in the ground, clap his hat on the top of it, to make it look like a chief mourner. It was a beautiful sight!"

"But, Mike, if you indulge much longer in this flattering recollection of your father, I'm afraid we shall lose sight of the ghost entirely."

"No fear in life, your honor, I'm coming to him now. Well, it was this way it happened: In the winter of the great frost, about forty-two or forty-three years ago, the ould priest of Tulloughmuray took ill and died; he was sixty years priest of the parish, and mightily beloved by all the people, and good reason for it; a pleasanter man, and a more social crayture never lived; 'twas himself was the life of the whole country-side. A wedding nor a christening wasn't lucky av he wasn't there, sitting at the top of the table, with maybe his arm round the bride herself, or the baby on his lap, or a smoking jug of punch before him, and as much kindness in his eyes as would make the fortunes of twenty hypocrites if they had it among them. And then he was so good to the poor; the Priory was always full of ould men and ould women, sitting around the big fire in the kitchen, so that the cook could hardly get near it. They were eating their meals and burning their shins, till they were speckled like a trout's back, and grumbling all the time; but Father Dwyer liked them, and he would have them.

"'Where have they to go,' he'd say, 'av it wasn't to me? give Molly Kinshela a lock of that bacon. Tim, it's a cowld morning; will ye have a taste of the 'dew?'"

"Ah, that's the way he'd spake to them; but sure goodness is no warrant for living, any more than devilment; and so he got cowld in his feet at a station, and he rode home in the heavy snow without his big coat—for he gave it away to a blind man on the road—and in three days he was dead.

"I see you're getting impatient; so I'll not stop to say what grief was in the parish when it was known; but troth there was never seen the like before; not a crayture would lift a spade for two days, and there was more whisky sold in that time than at the whole Spring fair. Well, on the third day, the funeral set out, and never was the equal of it in them parts; first, there was my father, he came specially from Cork with the six horses all in new black, and plumes like little poplar trees; then came Father Dwyer, followed by the two coadjutors in beautiful surplices, walking bare-headed, with the little boys of the priory school."

"Well, Mike, I'm sure it was very fine; but for heaven's sake spare me all these descriptions, and get on to the ghost."

"Faith, your honor's in a great hurry for the ghost; maybe you won't like him when ye have him, but I'll go faster if you please. Well, Father Dwyer, ye see, was born at Aghan-lish, of an ould family, and he left it in his will that he was to be buried in the family vault; and as Aghan-lish was eighteen miles up the mountains, it was getting late when they drew near. By that time the great procession was all broke up and gone home. The coadjutors stopped to dine at the 'Blue Bellows' at the cross-roads; the little boys took to pelting snow-balls; there was a fight or two on the way besides; and, in fact, except an ould deaf fellow that my father took to mind the horses, he was quite alone. Not that he minded that same; for when the crowd was gone my father began to sing a droll song, and tould the deaf chap that it was a lamentation. At last they came in sight of Aghan-lish. It was a lonesome, melancholy-looking place, with nothing near it except two or three ould fir-trees, and a small slated house with one window, where the sexton lived, and even that same was shut up, and a padlock on the door. Well, my father was not over much pleased at the look of matters; but as he was never hard put to what to do, he managed to get the coffin into the vestry; and then, when he unharnessed the horses, he sent the deaf fellow with them down to the village to tell the priest that the corpse was there, and to come up early in the morning and perform mass. The next thing to do was to make himself comfortable for the night, and then he made a roaring fire on the old hearth—for there was plenty of bog fir there—closed the windows with the black cloaks, and wrapping two round himself, he sat down to cook a little supper he brought with him in case of need.

"Well, you may think it was melancholy enough to pass the night up there alone, with a corpse in an old ruined church in the middle of the mountains, the wind howling about on every side, and the snow-drift beating against the walls; but, as the fire burned brightly, and the little plate of rashers and eggs smoked temptingly before him, my father mixed a jug of the strongest punch, and sat down as happy as a king. As long as he was eating away, he had no time to be thinking of anything else; but, when all was done, and he looked about him, he began to feel very low and melancholy in his heart. There was the great black coffin on three chairs in one corner; and then the mourning cloaks that he had stuck up against the windows moved backward and forward like living things; and, outside, the wild cry of the plover as he flew past, and the night-owl sitting in a nook of the old church. 'I wish it was morning, anyhow,' said my father; for this is a lonesome place to be in; and, faix, he'll be a cunning fellow that catches me passing the night this way again.' Now there was one thing that distressed him most of all; my father used always to make fun of the ghosts and spirits the neighbors would tell of, pretending there was no such thing; and now the thought came to him: 'Maybe they'll revenge themselves on me to-night, when they have me up here alone;' and with that he made another jug stronger than the first, and tried to remember a few prayers in case of need; but somehow his mind was not too clear, and he said afterwards he was always mixing up ould songs and toasts with the prayers, and when he thought he had just got hold of a beautiful psalm, it would turn out to be 'Tatter John Walsh,' or 'Limping James,' or something like that. The storm, meanwhile, was rising every moment, and parts of the old abbey were falling, as the wind shook the ruin; and my father's spirits, notwithstanding the punch, were lower than ever.

"'I made it too weak,' said he, as he set to work on a new jorum; and troth this time it was not the fault of it, for it nearly choked him.

"'Ah!' said he now, 'I knew what it was; this is like the thing; and, Mr. Free, you are beginning to feel easy and comfortable; pass the jug; your very good health and a song. I'm a little hoarse, it's true, but if the company will excuse——'

"And then he began knocking on the table with his knuckles, as if there was a room full of people asking him to sing. In short, my father was drunk as a fiddler; the last brew satisfied him, and he began roaring away all kinds of droll songs, and telling all manner of stories, as if he was at a great party.

"While he was capering this way about the room, he knocked down his hat, and with it a pack of cards he put into it before leaving home, for he was mighty fond of a game.

"'Will ye take a hand, Mr. Free?' said he, as he gathered them up and sat down beside the fire.

"'I'm convanient,' said he, and began dealing out as if there was a partner forninst him.

"When my father used to get this far in the story he became very much confused. He says, that once or twice he mistook the liquor, and took a pull at the bottle of potteen instead of the punch; and the last thing he remembers was asking poor Father Dwyer if he would draw near to the fire, and not be lying there near the door.

"With that he slipped down on the ground and fell fast asleep. How long he lay that way he could never tell. When he awoke and looked up his hair nearly stood on end with fright. What do you think he seen forninst him, sitting at the other side of the fire, but Father Dwyer himself. There he was, divil a lie in it, wrapped up in one of the mourning cloaks, trying to warm his hands at the fire.

"'*Salve hoc nomine patri!*' said my father; 'av it's your ghost, God presarve me!'

"'Good evening t'ye, Mr. Free,' said the ghost; 'and av I might be buold, what's in the jug?'—for ye see my father had it under his arm fast, and never let it go when he was asleep.

"'*Pater noster qui es in*——potteen, sir,' said my father, for the ghost didn't look pleased at my father talking Latin.

"'Ye might have the politeness to ax if one had a mouth on him,' then says the ghost.

"'Sure, I didn't think the like of you would taste sperits.'

"'Try me,' said the ghost; and with that he filled a out a glass, and tossed it off like a Christian.

"'Beamish!' says the ghost, smacking his lips.

"'The same,' says my father; 'and sure what's happened you has not spoilt your taste.'

"'If you'd mix a little hot,' says the ghost, 'I'm thinking it would be better; the night is mighty sevare.'

"'Any thing that your reverence pleases,' says my father, as he began to blow up a good fire to boil the water.

"'And what news is stirring?' says the ghost.

"'Devil a word, your reverence; your own funeral was the only thing doing last week; times is bad; except the measles, there's nothing in our parts.'

"'And we're quite dead hereabouts, too,' says the ghost.

"'There's some of us so, anyhow,' says my father with a sly look. 'Taste that, your reverence.'

"'Pleasant and refreshing,' says the ghost; 'and now, Mr. Free, what do you say to a little spoil five, or beggar my neighbor?'

"'What will we play for?' says my father; for a thought just struck him—'maybe it's some trick of the devil to catch my soul.'

"'A pint of Beamish,' says the ghost.

"Now the whole time the ghost was dealing the cards, my father never took his eyes off of him, for he wasn't quite asy in his mind at all; but when he saw him turn up trump, and take a strong drink afterwards, he got more at ease, and began the game.

"How long they played it was never rightly known; but one thing is sure, they drank a cruel deal of spirits; three quart bottles my father brought with him were all finished, and by that time his brain was so confused with the liquor, and all, he lost—for somehow he never won a game—that he was getting very quarrelsome.

"'You have your own luck of it,' says he, at last.

"'True for you; and, besides, we play a great deal where I come from.'

"'I've heard so,' says my father. 'I lead the knave, sir, spades; bad cess to it, lost again.'

"Now it was really very distressing; for, by this time, though they only began for a pint of Beamish, my father went on betting till he lost the hearse and all the six horses, mourning cloaks, plumes, and everything.

"'Are you tired, Mr. Free? maybe you'd like to stop?'

"'Stop! faith it's a nice time to stop; of course not.'

"'Well, what will ye play for now?'

"The way he said these words brought a trembling all over my father, and his blood curdled in his heart. 'Oh, murther!' says he to himself; 'it's my sowl he is wanting all the time.'

"'I've mighty little left,' says my father, looking at him keenly, while he kept shuffling the cards quick as lightning.

"'Mighty little; no matter, we'll give you plenty of time to pay, and, if you can't do it, it shall never trouble you as long as you live.'

"'Oh, you murthering devil!' says my father, flying at him with a spade that he had behind his chair, 'I've found you out.'

"With one blow he knocked him down; and now a terrible fight began, for the ghost was very strong, too; but my father's blood was up, and he'd have faced the devil himself then. They rolled over each other several times, the broken bottles cutting them to pieces, and the chairs and tables crashing under them. At last the ghost took the bottle that lay on the hearth, and levelled my father to the ground with one blow. Down he fell, and the bottle and the whiskey were both dashed into the fire. That was the end of it, for the ghost disappeared that moment in a blue flame that nearly set fire to my father as he lay on the floor.

"Och! it was a cruel sight to see him next morning, with his cheek cut open, and his hands all bloody, lying there by himself; all the broken glass, and the cards all round him. The coffin, too, was knocked down off the chair; maybe the ghost had trouble getting into it. However that was, the funeral was put off for a day, for my father couldn't speak; and, as for the sexton, it was a queer thing; but when they came to call him in the morning he had two black eyes and a gash over his ear, and he never knew how he got them. It was easy enough to know the ghost did it; but my father kept the secret and never told it to any man, woman or child in them parts."—*Charles Lever.*

Color in House Furnishing.

From a recent lecture on "Industrial Arts," by Charles L. Eastlake, we take the following paragraph: While on the subject of color, I cannot help saying that the more I study its effect and value, whether in pictorial or decorative art, the more convinced I am that its application will be found more harmonious in instances where one dominant hue is found to which all others are subordinate. You have all heard of that famous picture, "Gainsborough's Blue Boy," which is the delight of every painter and connoisseur. Now why has this portrait such extraordinary attraction? Chiefly, I venture to think, because it has this quality of chromatic unity. You recognize it at once as a blue picture. I don't mean that it is all cobalt, or French blue, or Prussian blue. It may pass from one to another of these shades, and include gray, white and green. You may get warmer hues of pink and brown in the flesh tints and background, by delicate contrast, but the prevailing tone is definitely blue.

Well I think that our rooms should be decorated on this principle, not in the upholsterer's sense of harmony by covering all his furniture with stuff cut from the same piece, and by hanging up curtains to match, but by making one color dominant and ringing in a variety of changes on it. In this way yellow might lead up to green, silver gray up to purple, and Venitian red up to brown, but the subordinate tints in in each case should have a certain affinity to the dominant color, and when you have settled all this you will find that any little bit of contrast introduced provided it be unobtrusive, and does not interfere with your scheme, will have a cheerful rather than a discordant effect. And this principle concerning the decoration of a room may be safely applied, I think, to all departments of design in which the element of color is a leading feature; as for instance, in textile fabrics, paper-hangings and the surface patterns of pottery and china. Wherever you find two or more colors introduced in such even proportions that you are puzzled to know which rules, so to speak, be sure the design is bad.

DANGER OF SLEEPING IN THE MOONLIGHT.—The evil consequences liable to result from exposure to a burning sun are only too well understood, but it is, perhaps, not so generally known that in many parts of the world, notably in India, there is a strong and very general prejudice against sleeping in full moonshine, as it is supposed to produce "moonstroke."

An old Italian resident has recently been devoting his attention to the subject, and comes to the conclusion that any ill effects arising from sleeping in the moonlight are not due to any direct influence of the moon itself. His explanation of the origin of this prevalent belief in the baleful qualities of the Goddess of Night is very rational, and may be summarized thus:

A clear sky admits of rapid radiation, and any person exposed to such radiation is sure to be chilled by the rapid loss of heat. There is reason to believe paralysis of one side of the face is sometimes likely to occur from chill, as one side of the face is more likely to be exposed to rapid radiation, and consequently loss of heat. The chill is more likely to occur when the sky is perfectly clear and in full moon.

The whole matter thus comes clear on this explanation. Prolonged exposure to cold is almost certain to produce headache, neuralgia, or even paralysis, owing to the retardation of circulation, and these or similar injuries have been attributed to the moon, when the proximate cause may really have been the chill, which will always be the greater on the very clear nights.

DRESS REFORM.—A few years since the philanthropic women of the New England Woman's Club, recognizing the wide-spread and rapidly increasing dissatisfaction in regard to women's dress and the caprices of fashion, determined to make serious inquiry in regard to these dissatisfactions, and to determine what steps could be taken toward making it more healthful, artistic and serviceable. They discovered that the citidal to be attacked was the underclothing—for, says Mrs. Woolson, "What are a few ruffles more or less, a fitful change in the trifles of finish and trimming, to the inequalities of temperature, the burdens and the compressions, which our dress in every one of its many forms must inflict. They are but mint, anise and cummin compared with the weighter matters of physical laws perpetually broken by an established and unvarying style of senseless underwear. What then is needed is not to assail fashion, but to teach hygene," and in order that at least once a year a national object lesson may be given, Mrs. Woolson suggests that at every national, State and county exposition we ought to have a dress department, where the best material may be shown, and where styles, from a hygenic, aesthetic, and economic point of view may be discussed.

A RELIGIOUS paper says: "There will be no issue of this paper next week, as all hands desire to attend camp-meeting. We aim to show by example that we believe in attending gatherings of the Lord's people. Work in the job department will be continued as usual." Draw your own moral, job printers.

FLANNEL petticoats should be embroidered only in the simplest patterns. The best material is Shetland wool, as it wears better than floss or linen thread, and after once washing, presents a soft appearance, amalgamating with the flannel.

IN stockings, all ornamentation is in the front, and arranged lengthwise upon the foot, extending above the ankle. Sometimes the stocking is half of one color, and half of another; but we think this is in bad taste, in fact, is vulgar.

The Cuban War.

WHAT THE PETTY INSURRECTION HAS COST SPAIN IN BLOOD AND TREASURE—A TERRIBLE RECORD.

There is a growing sentiment in Spain that there is something very wrong in the conduct of the war in Cuba, and Gen. Salamanca recently made a long and earnest speech in the national legislature against the further useless expenditure of the resources of the country and the lives of its soldiers in vain attempts to put down the insurrection. A New York *Herald* correspondent writes from Barcelona, Spain, on the subject: The Cuban insurrection has now lasted nine years. Nine years of civil war, and war attended with such barbarities never has the world known before. Yet such is the case with the "petty insurrection" begun at Yara in 1868. The whole resources of the proud and haughty mother country, in men and money, the valor of her soldiers and the skill of her Generals, have not yet sufficed to suffocate it. When the bill of costs is footed up it will astonish the world. From official documents I learn that the number of soldiers sent out from Spain to Cuba, between October, 1868, and 1st of June, 1876, was 179,875; sent out 1876-7, 25,000. Total, 204,875—exclusive of Generals, Chiefs and officers. In two months 15,000 more will embark.

The average of a soldier's passage has been £30. Thus these 204,875 men will have cost $6,146,250 in passage alone. Besides this there is the cost of those who have come home when their time has expired, and the cost to and fro of the Generals, Chiefs and officers and of employes. As to what has been spent in food, clothing and war munitions, I have no statistics, and so will not venture to guess, nor at the pay of the army from the highest to the lowest rank. It must, however, have been fabulous. Apart from the treasure poured out, the blood reckoning is also appalling. I have before me the official list of *bajas* or casualties from 1868 to June 1, 1876:

In Hospitals.	Chiefs.	Officers.	Troops.
Of infirmities	61	457	33,877
Of wounds	2	42	718
Killed in the field	12	92	1,389
Inutiles	...	...	10,672
Total	75	591	46,656
Not in hospitals.			
Of infirmities	14	163	5,728
Of wounds	10	170	3,377
Total	24	333	9,105
Total in hospital	75	591	46,656
Aggregate	99	924	55,771

No official list is obtainable later than June 1, 1876.

That there is something wrong is self-evident, and is confirmed by the absolute ignorance in which the Spaniards in the Peninsula are kept as to the true state of affairs. Every one of the dozens of governments Spain has had since 1868 has fled from discussion, in the Cortes and the press, of the Cuban war. All alike have been cries of "peace, peace, when there is no peace." Hundreds of times have I myself heard Prim, Serrano, Topete, Sagasta, Zorilla, Castellar, and the other men of the home revolution, declare in the Cortes that the insurrection was "about to end," was "ended," etc.; oftentimes reading telegrams from Dulce, Caballero de Rodas, Balmaseda, Crespo, Jovellar, and others of the "Generals," who, in rapid succession, have held supreme command in the island to that effect. The public, however, could not reconcile all these boastful assertions with the constant demands for more troops and more money, which ever accompanied them, always under the pretext of covering natural *bajas* and administering the "finishing stroke." But a mistaken sense of national pride prevented much being spoken or written on the subject. From 1868 forward, he who ventured even to hint that Spain might be worsted in the struggle, or that she was not doing all that she could to maintain her supremacy, or that the war was far from its termination, or that it was prolonged through the blunders of her Generals and the cupidity of her army contractors, or of the clique in Madrid and Havana, who fatten on its continuance, was instantly denounced as a filibuster. The mere application of the word sufficed to terrify everybody, and so everybody tried to prove his "patriotism" by holding his tongue on the disagreeable question. Governments, Cortes, and people alike, buried their heads in the sand and became veritable ostriches in the great dangers existing beyond the Atlantic.

RUINED BY JAPANESE CHEAP LABOR.—The ingenuity and perseverance of Japanese workmen have caused alarm in some of the manufacturing houses of Birmingham, where articles for the Japan trade are made. A sufficient quantity of these articles is already made in Japan to cause European houses in that country to discontinue the importation of them. The impossibility of competing with Japanese workmen is explained by a gentleman in Yokohama, writing to the Birmingham *Post*: "Frugal as badgers, industrious as bees, the Japs undersell every labor market they enter, and outdo every civilized artisan at his own trade. Any one who sees a Japanese carpenter at work, with his toes for a vise and his thighs and stomach for a bench, has seen tools well used and goods equal to European turned out. They will, in fact, become formidable on all kinds of Western manufactures. The Japanese are always rea y to learn, and to outvie everything that the West does, and this they do with less food, less air, less clothing and less comfort than any civilized workman." The writer further states that he was offered a large order for Birmingham goods at a price at which he would lose about ten per cent.; yet a factory at Osaka took the order and made the goods.

"WAS his life insured?" "Yes." "For whose benefit?" "Why, for the benefit of the insurance company, to be sure."

Literary Feats of Aged Authors.

Many authors have produced their best works late in life, and have begun new studies at an age when the majority long for mental leisure. Izaak Walton wrote some of his most interesting biographies in his eighty-fifth year, and edited a poetical work at ninety. Hobbs published his verson of the *Odyssey* at eighty-seven, and of the *Iliad* at eighty-eight. Sir Francis Palgrave, under an assumed name, published, at eighty years old, a French translation of a Latin poem.

Isaac D'Israeli notes that Socrates learned to play a musical instrument in his old age; that Cato learned Greek at eighty; that Plutarch entered upon the study of Latin almost as late in life; that Theophrastus began his *Characteristics* at ninety; that Sir Henry Spelman, a gentleman-farmer until fifty, at that age began to study law, and became an eminent jurist and antiquarian; that Colbert, the distinguished statesman, resumed the study of Latin and of Law at sixty; that the Marquis de Saint Audaire began to write poetry at seventy, "verses full of fire, delicacy and sweetness;" that Chaucer did not finish his *Canterbury Tales* till he had reached sixty-one; that Drydon felt his powers sufficiently in their strength at sixty-eight to plan a complete translation of Homer's *Iliad* into English verse, although circumstances prevented him from giving effect to his intentions; and that Ludovico Monaldeschi wrote his *Memoirs* of his own times at the extraordinary age of one hundred and fifteen.

Dipping into the literary annals of different ages and different countries, there are not wanting abundant additional examples of men continuing their literary work to an advanced period of life, or else beginning *de novo* at an age when most men would prefer to lay down the pen and let the mind and the brain rest. Montfaucon, the learned authority on artistic antiquities, continued his custom of writing eight hours a day nearly till his death at the age of eighty-seven. His labors, too, had been of a very formidable kind, for he was seventy-nine when he put the finishing touch on his *Monumens de la Monarchie Francaise*, in five folio volumes, and eighty-five when he published the *Bibliotheca Bibliothecarum*, in two tomes of similar magnitude. John Britton and John Nichols, artistic and antiquarian writers, both continued to drive the quill until past eighty. Sir Isaac Newton worked on till his death, in his eighty-fourth year, but did not make scientific discoveries in the later period of his career. Euler worked on at his abstruse mathematical writings till past eighty. William Cowper, although he wrote few hymns and letters in early life, did not till after fifty begin those works on which his fame chiefly rests—beginning with *Truth*, and going on to *Table Talk*, *Expostulation*, *Error*, *Hope*, *Charity*, *Conversation*, *Retirement*, *The Task*, *John Gilpin*, and the translation of *Homer*. Gray wrote late and little, devoting seven years to polishing and perfecting his famous *Elegy*. Alfieri, who was taught more French than Italian when a boy, studied his native language sedulously late in life, in order to be able to read the great Italian poets, and wrote his own principal works afterward. Goethe gave advice, which is certainly not followed by the majority of novelists—namely, not to write novels till past forty; because until then we have scarcely an adequate knowledge of the world and of the human heart. Necker said in his old age: "The era of threescore and ten is an agreeable age for writing; your mind has not lost its vigor, and envy leaves you in peace." This corresponds in substance to a reply given by the hale and hearty old premier, Lord Palmerston, to a question "When is a man in his prime?" "At seventy."

THE DISCOVERER OF MARS' MOONS.—Prof. Asaph Hall, the discoverer of the moons of Mars, began life, it is said, as a carpenter and with meagre education. He married a school-mistress, and it was this wise lady who induced him to study higher mathematics, and who herself became his instructor. He rapidly surpassed his gentle teacher, and at twenty-five became an assistant in the Harvard Observatory. Shortly after the astronomical actively of the Naval Observatory in Washington was revived, in 1861, a number of professors of the Navy were appointed, and Hall was given a position as assistant. In 1863 he was promoted to be a professor. There he has remained ever since, heartily appreciated by his associates. It was on the night of August 11th that he first saw Mars' attendants. Between the 11th and the 16th, when the weather was unfavorable for successful observations, he both hoped and feared, but his wife, to whom alone he communicated his discovery, was enthusiastic and confident. While impatiently waiting to confirm his discovery, his generous disposition almost induced him to communicate his chances of success to his associates, so that all could share the honor; but the thought of his many years of labor without any "luck," convinced him that it would be foolish to throw away his first really good chance. One hardly knows what to admire most, Hall's persistent and successful struggle with his untrained mind, or his wife's brave and womanly help and inspiration.

ONE of these excrescences in life, a female slanderer, went into a neighbor's house the other morning, with her tongue loaded with new venom. There were several women present, and the slanderer's eyes glistened in anticipation. Throwing herself in a chair, she sighed and said, "One-half the world don't know how the other half lives." "That ain't your fault," quietly observed one of the company. The slanderer turned yellow.

A MILWAUKEE editor says George Sand may have died from strong coffee, but there has been no mortality from that cause at his boarding-house.

A TWO FOOT rule—keep your feet dry.

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