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ADVERTISING RATES.

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JOB PRINTING

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VERY BAD GRAMMAR.

The Tribune has an article on grammar—not bad grammar but very bad grammar—in which it says: We hear it on the street, on the cars, in business offices, in schools and colleges, in private circles, and sometimes in the pulpits and from platforms. The ignorant and the scholar, are all more or less guilty. Even when we know what is correct in expression we are often betrayed by habit or association or imitation into some violation of the King's English. The following expressions in daily use among people who think they are well educated may perhaps call attention to this subject more effectively than theorizing and philosophizing upon it will do. They have all been gathered within the last few weeks and are the most frequent violations, in common parlance, of correct grammar: "It ain't," for "it isn't." "Ain't" is a contraction of am not; "it ain't" is evidently erroneous. "Has the cows been fed?" "I laid in three tons of hay;" "he walked twenty miles;" "boats is best for horse"—these violate the rule that verbs and nominatives must agree in number and person. The use of two negatives in the same sentence is very common—"They don't want no more," "I don't know nothing about it," "they haven't got no money," "any" and "anything" instead of "no" would make these sentences grammatical. Adverbs and adjectives are often used amiss. No error of this sort is more common than the use of the adjective "good" for the adverb "well." "Is my hair combed good?" Verbs are frequently incorrectly formed in their past tenses, and the participle used where the past tense would be proper. "He was drowned," "I throwed it to him," "they done it," "we seen it," these expressions one can hear any day. The addition of an unnecessary preposition is a very common error. "The way is opened up," "why not opened down?" "We continue on;" "where is he at?" These and others are often used instead of this and those, "These kind," or "them kind of things," "them children." Other improper uses of pronouns are found in "her and me went to school," "it is him," "that's me."

JOURNALISM AS A BUSINESS.

In commenting upon the failure of a newspaper manager, the St. Louis Globe tells a plain truth in the following words: "The business of journalism will continue to be an inviting field for experiments to those who have a large amount of money and a large amount of egotism. A man who, having edited a newspaper until he was forty, should suddenly announce himself a lawyer, would be regarded as a fool by the legal profession; and yet we often hear of lawyers of forty making sudden pretensions to journalism. There is an idea that editing requires no apprenticeship; that editors come forth from law offices and colleges fully armed for the profession, like Pal-las from the brow of Jove. It is a mistake; there is not in America to-day a single journalist of national reputation who has not devoted more time and more hard work to his profession than, with equal fitness and application would have made him a great lawyer or a good doctor. And yet ninety out of every hundred men you meet on the street will hesitate about carrying a load or making a pair of shoes, whereas there will probably not be one in a hundred who can't, according to his own judgment edit any newspaper in the country better than it is edited, no matter in what manner or by whom.

THE SON OF SIXPENCE.

Mr. Tyler, in his "Primitive Culture," thus applies to this work the law of the interpretation of myths: "Obviously, the four and twenty blackbirds are four and twenty hours, and the pie that holds them is the underlying earth, covered with the over-arching sky; how true a touch of nature it is, when the day breaks—the birds begin to sing! The King is the sun, and his counting out his money is pouring out the sunshine, the golden shower of Danae. The queen is the moon, and her transparent honey the moonlight. The maid is the rosy figure drawn, who rises before the sun, her master, and hangs out the clouds, his clothes, across the sky. The particular blackbird who so tragically ends the tale by snipping off her nose is the hour of sunshine.

HE FINALLY WENT.

An old man recently appeared before the Detroit and Lansing Railroad ticket window at the Central depot, and asked: "What you charge for a ticket to Lansing?" "Two-sixty, sir," replied the agent, winking his thumb and reaching out for the money. "Two dollar and sixty cents!" exclaimed the stranger, pulling his head out of the window. "Yes, sir, that is the regular fare." "Then I sthays here by Detroit forty years!" said the man, getting red in the face. "I haf never seen me snsh in swindle as dat!" "Two-sixty is the regular fare, and you will have to pay it if you go," replied the agent. "I sthust gef you two dollar and no more," said the stranger. "No; can't do it." "Vell, den I sthays mit Detroit till I dies," growled the old man, and he went away and walked around the depot. He expected to be called back as he left the window, as a man is often called back to "take it along" when he has been chaffing with a clothing dealer. Such an event did not occur, and after a few minutes, the old man returned and called out: "Vell, I gef you two dollar and ten cents." "No, can't do it," replied the agent. "Vell, den I don't go, so help me grasshans! I have lived in Detroit three yare, and small bay bolice tax, sewer tax, and want to grow up mit dis town, and I shall not be swindled!" He walked off again, looking back to see if the agent would not call him, and after a stroll around he returned to the window, threw down some money, and said: "Vell, dake two dollar and twenty cents, and gif me dickette." "My dear sir, can't you understand that we have a schedule of prices here, and that I must go by it?" replied the agent. "Vell, den I sthays mit Detroit von dousand yare!" exclaimed the stranger, madder than ever. "I bays bolice taxes and sewer taxes, and I shall see about dis by de Sheaf of Bolice." He walked off again, and as he saw the locomotive backing up to couple on to the train, he went back to the window and said: "Gif me'n dickette for two dollar and thirty cents, and I rides on the platform." "Can't do it," said the agent. "Vell, den I gy polly, I speaks to you what I does! Here is dem two dollar and sixty cents, and I goes to Lansing and never comes back. No zar, I shall never come back, or I shall come mid de blank road; I bays taxes by dem bolice, and by dem zewers, and I shall show you dat I shall haf nodding more to do mit dis town." He went on the train. [Detroit Free Press.

DON'T CRITICISE.

Whatever you do, don't set up for a critic. We don't mean a newspaper one, but in private life, in the domestic circle, in society. It will not do any one good, and it will do you harm—if you are called disagreeable. If you don't like any one's nose, or object to any one's chin don't put your feelings into words. If any one's manner don't please you, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste, recollect that. Take things as you find them unless you can alter them. Even a dinner, after it is swallowed, cannot be made any better. Continual fault-finding, continual criticism of conduct of this one and the speech of that one, the dress of the other, and the opinions of 'tuther, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun.

A MICHIGAN PAPER DECLARES THAT

"Dr. Mary Walker's life is one continual struggle to keep her pants hitched up without the aid of suspenders." Which, to all intents and purposes, is a shab-sided, knock-kneed and bandy-legged notion; and as a more apt of Justice, we should like her somebody to add that if those sinned pants are properly cut and made, you could no more pull them off without dislodging a horn button than you could pull a camel through the eye of a needle without first swapping him off for a spool of thread.

If your sister fell into a well, why couldn't you rescue her? Because you couldn't be a brother and assist her, too.

A polite way of putting it—Trouble with a chronic indisposition to exertion.

Wise sayings often fall to the ground, but a kind word is never thrown away.

days, and I may be gone. There are but few of my old comrades living. Those that are left remember me when they read the name I bore in the brave days of Lafitte. They will remember the best gunner Lafitte and Chauvet ever had, the best oarsman, and the one whom they nick-named "L'Ecolier." If you publish this in your paper, please correct the English and put some polish to my rough sentences, for I have some pride yet in maintaining the reputation for scholarship I enjoyed among the brave filibusters of our loved Lafitte.

ADIEU, MESSIEURS. JEAN BAPTISTE CALISTRE, Calcasieu, La., Dec. 28, 1874.

ROADSIDE COLLOQUY.

"And so, Squire, you don't take a country paper?" "No, Major; I get the city paper on much better terms, and so I take a couple of them."

"But, Squire, the country papers are often a great convenience. The more we encourage them the better the editors can make them."

"Why, I don't know of any convenience they are to me."

"The farm you sold last fall was advertised in one of them, and thereby you obtained a customer, did you not?"

"Very true, Major; but I paid three dollars for it."

"And you made much more than three dollars by it. Now if the neighbors had not maintained and kept it ready for use you would be without the means to advertise your property."

"But I think I saw your daughter's marriage in one of those papers. Did that cost you anything?"

"No, but—"

"And your brother's death was thus published, with a long obituary notice. And the destruction of your neighbor Briggs's house by fire. You know these things are exaggerated till the authentic accounts of the newspaper set them right."

"Yes, yes, but these things are news to the reader. They cause the people to take the paper."

"No, no, Squire Grudge, not if all were like you. Now I tell you the day will come when some one will write a very eulogy of your life and character, and the printer will put it in type with a heavy black line over it, and with all your riches this will be done for as a grave is given to a pauper."

"Your wealth, liberality, and all such things will be spoken of, but the printer's boy, as he spells the words in arranging the types of these savings will remark of you:

"Poor, mean devil, he is even sponging an obituary! Good morning, Squire."

A CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEHOLD.

I have heard, writes a London correspondent, an amusing account of the failure of a recent attempt to establish a co-operated home in London. Five families possessing small incomes united in the establishment of a common home. A large house in the Bloomsbury region was taken for the purpose, and the arrangements for the regulation of the household were made with the utmost care and precision. There was to be a common dining-room, in which all the meals of the household were to be taken; and each family had a set of rooms, which it was to furnish and arrange as suited its own convenience. There was to be one cook for the whole household, and a couple of servants to do the other work. The experiment was commenced, and for the first day or two matters went well enough. Before a week had passed, however, it became evident that to govern a confederated home would be nearly as difficult as to manage an Irish Parliament. The five families could never agree upon what "y" should eat and drink. The dinner especially was a standing subject of dispute, and the consequence was that the kitchen became a scene of constant wrangling between the unfortunate cook and her five mistresses. Five bells would frequently be ringing at the same time, and one family would complain that they were neglected and that another was receiving undue attention. Then the children of the different families would quarrel, and of course each mamma was sure to utter her darlings were not the cause of the disturbance. Before a few weeks had passed the confederated home became what the person who told me the story called a confederated discord, and had to be broken up.

A newly-married man up-town possesses such a poor memory that his loving wife has to tie a string around his finger so he may not forget to come home at night.

was the genius of the fight! How his French blood boiled at the sight of a red coat! *Les Anglais perdirent* Jackson, tall and gaunt, was moving in his men, occasionally observing the British line with his glass, and turning anon to encourage his Tennesseeans and Kentuckians. How impatient those ruffians appeared! But Jackson's orders were, "Reserve your fire, men, for close quarters."

Pretty soon the cannonading ceased, and then we could see the long and solid line of British advancing, first at a slow, steady pace, then a double quick. When they were within three hundred yards of our works, Lafitte, springing upon a gun carriage, thundered out, "Fire!"

Score! What a sheet of flame leapt forth from our guns! Then Jackson, with a clear ringing voice that could be heard above the roar of battle, cried out: "Make every shot tell. Fire low, my boys!"

Crack! crack! fire went, the burning rifles. Our guns roared. Grape, canister and round shot went crashing through the advancing ranks. The foe reeled under the fire. For an instant they faltered—for an instant only—then with closed ranks they again advanced, under a most withering and deadly fire. A general officer leads them. He mounts the parapet, waving his sword and cheering on his men. Lafitte springs toward him, pistol in hand. A dash—Packerham falls shot through the heart. The waver, and then retreat, in great confusion and disorder, to the shelter of their war vessels. Lafitte was for charging them, but Jackson, cool and collected, said "no." Our forces were too small, and bayonets were scarce; so we remained behind our breast-works poured volleys of grape into them until they were out of range. *Mon Dieu!* how my old blood is stirred at these remembrances.

Well, about the gun! Patience, passengers, I am coming to the gun. Well, sir, after the British fleet had sailed down the river, we went over the battle-field, picking up the plunder. Among many other things left in their hasty departure the British left a six-pounder, a field-piece, stuck in the mire, with one wheel shattered. It was a beauty; almost new. The date of its casting was in—1813.

After remaining in New Orleans a few days, we prepared for our departure. Among other things given Lafitte by Gen. Jackson was this six-pounder (the identical cannon described in your paper of 25th December), to replace one of ours that

HAD BURST IN THE BATTLE.

It was placed on our bridge, the *Vengeance*, and ever after formed part of her armament.

When we returned to Galveston, Lafitte called us all together—men and officers—and told us that he was determined to give up following the sea, and would leave us: that if we desired, we could choose a new leader. We were sorry to hear this, for we all loved our intrepid and generous Lafitte, and endeavored to shake his resolution. But he was firm, and so we went into an election, and Chauvet, Lafitte's first lieutenant, was chosen our leader. Shortly after, Lafitte bade us adieu, and taking one ship, the *Chiquita*, sailed for South America. I remained behind on the island with Chauvet. Chauvet was not the leader Lafitte was. He liked dash and enterprise; he was cross, cruel, harsh, avaricious and overbearing. We feared him, but did not love him as we did Lafitte. Well, one day Chauvet took command of the *Vengeance*, the fastest vessel and best armed of our navy, and sailed into the gulf for a cruise. We stopped at one of the Florida Keys, and, while there, Chauvet received some dispatches, the contents of which seemed to give him intense pleasure. He immediately weighed anchor and ran into the Atlantic, heading for Hatteras.

After we got off Hatteras, a man was kept day and night aloft, on the look-out, with orders to report every sail he saw. One day, I think it was sometime in the month of March or April, 1815, the man aloft reported a strange sail on our larboard. Chauvet seized his glass, and after viewing the stranger for some time, ordered the men piped to quarters, and the decks cleared for action. I was then the gunner of the same identical six-pounder captured at New Orleans. Ah! but she was a beauty. I never missed with her.

We kept the stranger in sight until dark, and then, under press of sail, began to crawl upon her. She was a fast sailer, but *Mon Dieu!* she was a tortoise compared to the *Vengeance*. About daybreak next day we were close enough to make

Miscellaneous.

FROM THE GALVESTON NEWS. A STRANGE STORY.

ONE OF LAFITTE'S MEN DESCRIBES THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS—ARON BERRY'S DAUGHTER CAPTURED BY BRITISH AND BARRICADED ON GALVESTON ISLAND.

In your issue of the 25th of December, appears an account of an old cannon brought up from the bottom of the bay by the scoop of the dredgeboat. In the same paper you give several conjectural histories of the piece of ordnance, none of which, as I happen to know, have any degree of truth, except that the cannon in question once formed part of the armament of the fleet of Lafitte—the brave and good Lafitte. From the cut and description given of it in your paper I recognize it as an old acquaintance.

And, sirs, it has a history, and a most eventful, but brief one, and could it but speak would tell its own tale in language far more eloquent than I can. I am an old man now—in the sare and yellow leaf. I was many years ago a member of the company of the brave Lafitte. I am an old now, close on to ninety years, and though some weak of limb and dim of sight, yet have remembrance of persons and events of long ago remarkably vivid. An old man lives in the past entirely; he is fond of talking of the brave days of his youth, of the brave men who lived, of their deeds of daring, of their generosity, and of himself. I may, sirs, grow tedious and prosy, but permit me to tell my story in my own way—the story of the cannon—for, sirs, it has a story, and one of great interest.

You will remember that a short time before the great battle of New Orleans, the great and brave Gen. Andrew Jackson induced our captain, the brave Lafitte, to help him fight the British. I will remember the day, when a small vessel—a schooner appeared off the bar of what is now called Galveston island. She displayed the American flag, fired a gun, and then lowering her national flag, ran a white flag to her peak. That meant a parley. Lafitte sounded the new corner closely with his glass for some minutes, and then ordering his four-oared gig, pulled to the schooner. I was then young and lusty, and accounted the best stroke in our navy, and was one of the gig's crew. Lafitte boarded the schooner, and he and a young American officer, whose name I afterwards learned was Donnellson—Lieut. Donnellson, of Gen. Jackson's staff—descended into the cabin. There they remained an hour or more, and then they came out. As Lafitte stepped over the schooner's side to get into his gig, he said to Donnellson, "Tell Gen. Jackson I will be with him. He may rely on me for at least eighty skilled artificers."

The name of the schooner was the "John Hancock" and a neat clipper she was. We pulled back to the fort, Lafitte saying not a word, but pulling in his quick, nervous way his moustache; proved to us he was planning some desperate work. That night the schooner weighed anchor and left. The next morning there was a grand council held at the fort. All this occurred a long, long time ago—nearly sixty years ago! *Mon Dieu!* how time flies! It seems but yesterday. Well, sirs, I don't want to be tedious, but an old man is naturally garrulous. He has so much to live over in thought. So, sirs, bear with me patiently.

I don't know what happened in the council, but two days after three of our best vessels, with the flower of our filibusters, sailed for New Orleans, under the command of the brave Lafitte himself.

Chauvet, his right bower, being with him. After four days' sail we entered the Mississippi river, and soon anchored off New Orleans, a little below the city. I was then a gunner on board the ten-gun brig *Vengeance*, commanded by Chauvet, a brave but cruel man. When the British forces under Packerham approached the city, in January, 1815, we ran up and anchored above the city. All was bustle and preparation. We took out most of the cannon and placed them in position in the works General Jackson had hastily thrown up at Chalmette, and one hundred and twenty picked-artificers, or gunners, with all our officers, headed by the brave Lafitte in person, manned them.

On the 8th day of January, the British opened a terrible fire on us with their field pieces, but as we were safe behind our earthworks and cotton bales, we let them waste their powder. Lafitte—our brave Lafitte! ah, how grand he looked! how his black eyes flashed! Oh, he

ing. I will quote one that may recall it to your memory. "The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all." The rich blood tinged the cheeks of Marian but Louise still declared herself ignorant as before. Mr. Hamilton glanced for a moment at Marian, then turning to Louise, he said: "Long years ago, a little boy, ragged and dirty seated himself upon the steps of a stately dwelling on Fifth Avenue, New York, and was there busily engaged trying to read from a bit of paper, when his attention was attracted by two little girls, richly dressed. The eldest of the two particularly attracted him, for she was as beautiful as an angel, but as they came near to him, she lifted up her hand and exclaimed: "Boy, what are you doing there?"

The boy answered that he was trying to read. The child of affluence derided him, and said she had heard of intellect in rags, and he was the very personification of it. Her companion's answer was, that the rich and the poor shall meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all. The older girl drove the boy away from the steps, but the younger one took him into her dwelling and warmed and fed him there. When they parted the little girl said, "you must not forget Marian Hayes." And, Miss Hayes, he never has forgotten you. That ragged, dirty boy is now before you ladies, as Mr. Hamilton, the Member of Congress, and allow me, Miss Gardner, to tender my thanks to you for the kind treatment of that boy."

Overwhelmed with confusion, Louise knew not what to say or do. In reply for her, Mr. Hamilton rose, and turning to Marian, said: "I will see you again, Miss Hayes, and he left them."

Louise would not stay in the city where she daily met with Mr. Hamilton, and in a few days returned to New York, leaving Marian with the consciousness of having done nothing to be ashamed of, and enjoying the society of distinguished Congressmen.

Marian and Mr. Hamilton were walking together one evening, when the latter drew from his bosom an old and well-worn primer and handed it to Marian.

"From this," he said, the man who is so distinguished here, first learned to read. Do you recognize the book?"

Marian trembled, and did not raise her eyes, when she saw the well-remembered book. Mr. Hamilton took her hand and said: "Marian, Jimmie has never forgotten ten you. Since the day you were so kind to him and give him this book, his life has had one great aim, and that was to attain to greatness, and in after years to meet that ministering angel who was the sweetener of my days of poverty. When I left your house with this book, I returned to my humble home ten times happier, and as industriously set to work to learn to read. My mother was an invalid, and ere long I learned well enough to read to her."

"When my mother died I found good friends, and was adopted by a gentleman in W—." As his son I have been educated. A year ago he died and left his property to me. Of all the pleasant memories of my boyhood, the one connected with you is the dearest. I have kept this primer next to my heart, and I dwell upon the hope of again meeting the giver. I have met her. I see all my imagination pictured, and I ask if the dear hand that gave this book cannot be mine forever?"

Louise felt deeper grief than ever when Marian told her she was to become the wife of Mr. Hamilton, the poor boy whom she once spurned from her door, and derisively called "intellect in rags." But she learned a severe lesson, and one that soon changed the whole current of her life. For a while she shunned Mr. Hamilton; but by perceiving kindness he made her easy in his presence, and she became the acknowledged friend of the Congressman and his noble wife.

Years have passed since then, and Louise is training up a family of little ones; but she is teaching them to despise not intellect in rags, but to be guided by Marian's text: "The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all."

The Chicago Times puts the solemn exclamation: "How can we escape fire?" A New York paper answers: "The Gospel offers you every encouragement, but perhaps your 'best hold' is to get out of Chicago."

Next to the diary, the most difficult thing to keep is a lead pencil.

"Oh, he shall warm, sit here lit the boy," and Rachel pushed a chair in front of the stove; she then gave him a piece of bread and meat.

Marian watched these arrangements and then glided from the room; when she returned she had a primer, with the first rudiments of spelling and reading. Going to the boy she said: "Little boy here is a book that you can learn to read from better than a piece of paper. Do you know your letters?"

"Some of them, but not all. I never had anybody to teach me—I just learned myself but, oh, I want to read so badly."

Marian sat down beside him, and began to teach him his letters.—She was so busily occupied in this work that she did not see her mother enter the room nor hear Rachel explain about the boy; and she knew not that her mother stood for some time behind them listening to her noble child teaching the beggar boy his letters.

There were but few that he had not already learned himself, and he was not long before Marian had the satisfaction of hearing him repeat his alphabet.

When he arose to go he thanked Rachel for her kindness and offered Marian her book.

"No, I don't want it," she said, "I have given it to you to learn to read from. Won't you tell me your name?"

"Jimmie," he replied. "I will not forget you, Jimmie. You must always remember Marian Hayes," was the little girl's farewell.

Louise Gardner and Marian Hayes were playmates and friends. Their dwellings joined, and almost every hour of the day they were together for they attended the same school. These two children were very differently disposed, and very differently brought up. Louise was proud and haughty. Poverty in her eyes was a disgrace and a crime, and she thought nothing too severe for the poor sufferer. These views she learned from her mother. Mrs. Gardner moved in an exclusive circle—bought of New York. Without its precincts she never ventured, for all others were beneath her. Louise, taught to mingle with no children excepting those of her mother's friends, was growing up believing herself even better than they.

The teaching that Marian Hayes received was totally different from this. Mrs. Hayes was acknowledged by Mrs. Gardner as one of her particular friends; yet though she moved among that circle, was far from being one of them. Her doctrine was the text her little girl had used: "The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all." Thus she taught Marian, there was no distinction as to wealth and position; that the distinction was in worth alone.—She taught her to reverence age, and to pity the poor and destitute; and that pleasant words were as sweet as honey comb, sweet to the soul, a little kindness was better than money. Marian learned the lesson well, and was ever ready to dispense her gentle words to all, whether they were wealthy and influential, or ragged and indigent as the boy she had that cold morning befriended.

A gay and brilliant throng were assembled in the city of Washington. Congress was in session, and the hotels were crowded with strangers. It was an evening party. The brilliantly lighted rooms were filled with youth and beauty. Standing near one of the doors were two young ladies, busily engaged in conversing together. The elder of the two suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, Marian, have you seen Mr. Hamilton, the new member from W—?"

"No, but I have heard a great deal about him."

"Oh, I want to see him so badly. Mrs. N— is going to introduce him to us. I wish she would make haste, I have no patience."

"Don't speak so, Louise. I wish you were so trifling," said Marian. "A singular smile played around the mouth of a tall, handsome gentleman who was standing near the girls; and as he passed them he scanned them very closely. In a short time Mrs. N— came up with Mr. Hamilton, the new member, and presented him to Miss Gardner and Miss Hayes. As they were conversing together, Mr. Hamilton said: "Ladies, we have met before."

But Louise and Marian detected their ignorance of the fact.

"It has been long years ago, yet I have not forgotten it nor a single sentence uttered during that meet-

Poetry.

QUESTIONING THE NEW YEAR.

New Year, I would that I might read Your purpose through! I wonder if you promised me To see me true? But while your flattery I receive, In truth I hardly dare believe Or trust in you. For ah! the Year whose hoary head Now lieth low, Came in with smiles like yours widespread, Twelve months ago. And oh! the hopes so rich and rare, That with his promises so fair, He help me sow! But when at last the harvest came, I gathered naught, No golden treasure met my claim, 'Till 'tho' I sought. And we are glad—my heart and I— To see at last the Old Year die. For all be brought. And now you come! what do you hold? What do you bring? What blessings are for me enrolled? What songs to sing? Ah, well! New Year! from day to day—Where'er you give or take away—Still, Hope is king! —FROM THE ALDINE for February.

THE BAIDS OF DEATH.

This magnificent piece of poetry is from the Rev. W. H. Platt, the Rector of Calvary Church, in Louisville. On his phantom steed, with passion's speed, Death sweeps on his circuits wide; Through every one he rides alone, With dread as his weird bride. Pause and think On the brink Of the tide Dim and wide In the gloom Of thy doom. Passing thee. With a mocking eye 'er every sea, He gathers his trucking store, And he hunts down life in its grasping strife, In every breathing form; With his muffled feet, his courier fleet, O'erakes each firm for man enrolled, And summons him back, in every crowd, To tramp in his caravan. Ponder! sigh! Each must die; Vengeful death, In each breath, Conspires life. To the laughing child and the savage wild, To the maiden in the mystic light—To the ravens' mind, in missions bright—To hope, with its beamings kind—To the proud and great in pomp of state—To all a vanguard's birth—To the heart of grief, like a smitten leaf—To all of this mourning earth, Hastens death, Ponder death! Inky waves, Silent graves, All around These abound, Man! O man!

Selected Story.

INTELLECT IN RAGS.

It was a black wintry day—Heavy snow drifts lay piled up in the streets of New York, and the whole appearance of the city was cold and dismal. Seated upon the steps of one of the large dwellings on Fifth Avenue, was a boy apparently thirteen years of age. He was literally clothed in rags, and his hands were blue, and his teeth chattered with cold. Laying upon his knee was a newspaper which he had picked up in the streets, and he was trying to read the words upon it. He had been occupied thus for some time when two little girls clad in silk and furs came towards him. The eldest one was about twelve years old, and so beautiful that the poor boy raised his eyes and fixed them upon her in undisguised admiration. The child of wealth stopped before him and turning to her companion, exclaimed, "Marian, just see this man on my steps. Boy what are you doing here?" "I am trying to learn to read upon this little bit of paper," answered the boy. The girl laughed derisively and said: "Well, truly! I have heard intellect in rags, Marian, and here it is personified." Marian's soft hazel eyes filled with tears as she replied: "Oh, Louise, do not talk so; you know what Miss Fannie teaches in school, and the Lord is the Maker of them all." Louise laughed again and said to the boy: "Get up from here, you shall not sit on my steps, you are too ragged and dirty." The boy arose and a blush crimsoned his face. He was walking away, when Marian said: "Don't go little boy, you are so cold, come to my house and get warm. Oh, do come," she continued, as he hesitated; and he followed her into a large kitchen where a bright warm fire was shedding its genial warmth around. "Well, Miss Marian, who are you bringing here now," asked the servant woman. "A poor boy, who is almost perished; you will let him warm, will you not, Rachel?"