# Poetry.

## A QUAKER'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

How slow and soft the snow dress falls Upon the vine-deserted walls, As if some gracious soul, intent Upon the one sweet deed it meant, Since in its grace such bounty lay Should wrap each bare thing on the way, Till all things white and whiter grow, Except the shadows Earth must throw. The tender gray, the peaceful white, A Quaker setting make to-night; And so this moonshine, which is shade, Only a little lighter laid, Into my heart-still mood has crept, With such a glow as sunrise kept When youth and Benjamin were mine. Ah! swift the slowest years incline, And sunrise has no story now To move me like the night and snow.

If those unquiet bells would cease Clashing their peals across this peace, It seems the hour's rare silentness E'en worldly hearts might chide and bles And lift the lowest heavenward To greet the birthday of the Lord. I cannot think the loudest bells Can utter what a pure voice tells, The spirit needs no brazen tone To whisper triumph to His own; The blessed healing falls to them Who touch unseen the garment's hem; And hidden deeds are wafted higher Than chantings of an angel choir, Hosanna still the mad lips cry, While still the mad hands crucify; But angels watch and women weep, And theirs the Rising after sleep.

How careth He for Christmas song To whom all days and songs belong? Only an ebbing love has need Its high-tide reachings thus to heed Always the willing angels sing To worn-out workers listening; Always our Christ is in the earth, Always his love has human birth-In joy that crowns our later morn As in Judean Christmas born.

And yet I mind how every year, When my ripe birthdays draw anear, Dear Ruth, from out her gayer life, With worldly hope and wisdom rife, Comes to the quiet nest once more, Bringing the smile her father wore, And little gracious gifts, to tell She keeps by some high miracle The simple heart neath costly lace, That needs a double grant of grace. Though all the year Ruth's tender eyes To mine are openings of the skies, Though love unsaid be love complete, I find the special service sweet.

And so, perhaps, these louder chimes, Smoothing the pros-told hours to rhymes, Like some rare voice God sets to round The jarring ones of shriller sound; These spires with grand and silly art, Climbing to reach the Central Heart; These broken lilies, and the rush Of feet where leading angels hush-May be to clearer eyes than mine Fresh spellings of a tale divine. And He whose birthday knew no bliss Except a woman's troubled kiss, May still forgive the foolish, art, And hide the meaning in His heart. -FANNIE R. ROBINSON, in Harper's Magazine for January

# Belected Storp.

# THE THREE CRICKETS

The first time I saw Pipo he was lying on the wall of the public garden in Venice, fishing with a pin-hook. He apparently consisted of two brown bare legs and a thing of shreds and patches called trousers. The rest of him was hanging over the lagoon.

"Hallo, young man,' I said; "stay where you are a minute. I want to make a sketch of you."

He lifted his head and showed me one of those delicious childfaces that belonged only to Da Vinci's angels. Two great innocent brown eyes looked frankly and steadily into mine. The mouth wore that sweet shadowy smile which Leonardo cast over the lips of all his women and children.

I extended my hand, the young figherman dropped his pin-hook and. laid his dingy little paw therein.

"This is more than mere circum stance." I said; "this is an affinity. I will take this child into my heart and adopt him while I stay in Venice. I am a poor and lonely Bohemian; this delightful boy is also a Bohemian, judging from his clothes. Let us be beggars and happy together."

I ended by promising that he should share my humble home and fortunes, provided his mother would let him, clean brushes, go of errands, amuse the dogs, make himself generally useful, and pose for me by mio, that will bring you good the hour.

"I will," he cried, tumbling off "Come along, Illustrissi-

mo." So we went home to the dull abode of poverty. I introduced Pipo to the World, Sin, and the Flesh. Don't tremble in your virtuous shoes. They were only my dogs- out.

# DEWIELE MARKET



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# No. 3.

poor outcast curs that drifted with the tide in the lagoon to my door.

They were lean, hungry-eyed creatnres, always on the alert for friends could an unrecognized artist | them in the spring." have than three drowning, starving, miserable dogs? They were fourfooted epigrams against fortune.

It was too late to begin work up." that day; I could only form high hopes of Pipo on canvas. We partook of a frugal repast. Pipo was initiated into the use of a fork. Then I offered for his consideration the first of a series of lectures on the manly art of washing plates.

And yet, now that I have made me a name, now that friends and honor and fame are mine, I long with a wistful sadness for those dear old days in far off Venice. Something I have lost which then made life glorious. If I could only step out into my loggia at sunset, after a hard day's work, and hear in the rustle of the trees in the garden, in the roar of the surf at the Lido, in the vesper bell sweeping over the lagoon: "The world is an infinite possibility. Go forth in the might of thy genius and youth and at myself. I wore a coat with fiftyconquer the realm."

his rags and his dirt and his angelic impishness. I wanted to paint him seminude, for the sake of that ripe golden skin of his. But I felt that my picture was destined for American eyes, and I merely enlarged | artist living here," he said, looking the holes in his garments.

Pipo began to manifest an alarming fondness for brushes and colors. "Is it possible that I may prove the Cimabue to this Giotto?" I queried. "Giotto tended sheep and Pipo fished with a pin-hook. from Venetian canals all his life. He shall never wield the brush with my consent."

This model boy of mine had one vice which all my efforts could not uproot from his youthful breast. He had the face of an angel, but he used language that would have of sheer poverty and nothing else. shipload of pirates.

Pipo soon settled to his own satisfaction that when I went to America he was to go likewise. I encouraged the idea from education. al motives.

"Pipo, how long is it since you washed your face ?'

Pipo counted his fingers. "A week."

"Well, when you go to America, Pipo my boy, you'll have to wash too, for there, my Venetian aristocrat, the people have a plebeian glory at present." prejudice in favor of cleanliness."

Pipo went off and returning, said, with a confidential smile: "Me clean now; me go to America."

Pipo came to me shortly after and with a graceful bow offered me a cigarette from a package in which should like to leave an installment. he had just invested. It was Saturday; our week's work was done; we had squared accounts, and Pipo

felt like a millionaire. at the hotel.' After a while things began to look black in the little old house on the lagoon. Pipo and I had been subsisting for sometime on ship- door. He waved me good-bye with wreck rations. Never a foot cross- his umbrella. "Come up and see ed my humble threshold with intent | me and we'll talk it all over." to order pictures. Robinson Crusoe and Friday were not more entirely ed of Pipos. It's all through you alone on the island than were Pipo and your crickets!"

and I there in that water-bound cottage with only our own bright dreams and the prophetic glory of sea and sky to keep us from utter wretchedness. I was up to the ears in debt with Pipo at this time. But he understood my position and did not dun me. He was a dear good fellow this Pipo of mine, and would rather have gone cigarette less to the end of his days than to

"I am poor, Pipe," I said, at last, openly and calmly; "poor as a church mouse or an artist."

have brought me face to face with

insolvency by asking for centimes.

"I'll tell you something, padrone luck," answered Pipo, looking at me with his great earnest eyes.

"What is it?" "You see, me want two cents-

I collected the required amount with some difficulty and cautioned Pipo to be careful how he laid it

black crickets.

poor beasts. One morning I took lonely summer evening in far-off who may come to Greenville for down the cage and behold there Venice. were only two legless torsos of crickets. Their amputated limbs lay about the floor of the cage in expressive confusion. The third had immigrated. Later I found him half cremated hehind the fire-

"Pipo," I said, mournfully, "your crickets are a delusion and a snare." One morning not long after, I

was painting as usual, and Pipo was posing patiently before me. Suddenly there came a loud ring at the door. What could it be? Creditors I had none and visitors never. The dogs began to howl. I looked two patches; I told Pipo to keep I painted Pipo just as he was, in his attitude. I put on a bold face, and went to the door.

A white-haired gentleman stepped into the hall. The dogs swarmed over him at once.

"I have been told there was an about him. "Down, my dears, down I beg of you.'

"I am the artist, or at least I try to be one."

I thought his face looked familiar I remembered then who he was The winter I was in Rome I heard Better that he should dredge mud a good deal about him-a benevo lent old fellow who hunted out poor artists and helped them on. He had had a son mad after art, and refused to let him study. The boy ran away from home, came to Europe, painted awhile, gave hope of a brilliant career, and then falling ill died brought a blush to the cheeks of a And so the father did what little he could to atone for his fault. Oh, I remembered him well. I ushered

him into the studio. "That's a very nice little boy," he said, patting Pipo's shaven pate. "Does he go to school?"

"He does not. He revels in ig-

norance and smokes." "Ah, I see you are painting his portrait-a young fishe man. Beautiful thing! Is it ordered?"

I forced a pallid smile. "Orders your face every day and your hands are not plentiful in this establishment. I am painting entirely for

"Then would you allow me to se cure it for a friend at home who is making a collection of native art? Could you finish it by the end of the month? And I know that artists must have brusnes and colors. I if you will permit me."

He laid a purse on the table. "Never mind thanks; I had a sor once myself. Come up and see me

With his dear old face all aglow with kindness he started for the

"Come to my arms, O, most bless-

minister to the needs of hungry to apply its principles in reading. prophets? Who says that angels walk not abroad in human guise. The dogs barked for delight, and Pipo and I danced for joy.

From that day onward life prospered again. Friends gathered about,my orders assaulted me on every side, and I exchanged the picturesque poverty of the house on the lagoon for the sumptuous hall of a palace on the Grand Canal. Pipo stayed with me until I left Venice. He pleaded hard to be taken to America, but I felt that he would be misunderstood. His innocent fondness for the weed would be labeled "Juvenile depravity;" his poetic raggedness would be account-

ed squalor. So I left him in that beautiful city where the marble domes rise from the water like great white lilies, and the boats dance over the sea like scarlet-winged birds .-

He came back with a small cage There, where life is all one golden | This Circular is affectionately THE MARCH TO ETERNITY. in his hand, containing three great afternoon, I left my Pipo. We had commended to the youth of the borne joy and sorrow together, and State and their kind co-operation "They bring you good luck, pad- the parting was hard. And where- is solicited. Every teacher and pablows and kicks. What better rone. Everybody in Venice keeps ever I go I carry about with me the rent into whose hands it may come, memory of two innocent child-like is respectfully requested to encour-"Well, I havn't much faith in eyes which finds its way continually age the youth under his charge, to them myself, but we will hang them on to my canvas. And when I hear enter their names as competitors over the fireplace and see what turns the critics say: "How much this and to render them whatever aid face reminds me of Da Vinci," I may seem appropriate. The crickets sang on bravely for laugh, half wistfully, and think of week, and did their best to bring the tender child-mouth that smiled me good fortune, I have no doubt, up at me from the garden wall that railroads of the State, to pass those

# Miscellaneous.

GREEK PRIZES.

SECOND YEAR

It affords the subscriber sincere pleasure to be able to report to the friends of classical studies throughout the Commonwealth, that the effort made in behalf of those studies last year resulted in a gratifying success.

The young gentlemen who participated in the examination which was held in December, 1875, showed that they had acquired lasting benefits from their training, while address of his excellency Governor Chamberlain on the occasion when the prizes were delivered, is justly regarded as a valuable contribution to the interests of higher edu-

. 1. The subscriber is therefore encouraged to make a second effort. In connection with various citizens of Greenville who have generously lent him their aid, he begs leave to offer three prizes-one of twentyfive, another of fifteen, and another of ten dollars in currencyto the students who shall stand respectively first, second and third in an examination to be held in this city on the 29th day of November,

2. The examination-partly written and partly oral-will be open to any person in the State of South Carolina, who is under twenty-one years of age on the day mentioned It will be conducted, and the awards will be made by three gentlemen of acknowledged classical attainments

3. The examination will embrace the whole of Xenophon's Cyropædia, (Owen's edition is recommended,) and the whole of Hadley's Greek Grammar, except the appendix, (page 318) and the matter below the line between page 5 and page 180. The student should consult Anthon's Classical Dictionary, or some other work of that kind for information with regard to Xenophon, Cyrus and other prominent persons mentioned in the Cyropædia.

4. The student will be expected to show entire familiarity with the matter between §7 and §80, and point out the application of the facts, and principles there taught in declension and conjugation, and in reading. He will also be closely examined on the matter between §81 and §113, and the accents will be re quired in all cases. Complete and accurate knowledge of the matter between §114 and §450 (except that portion of it which is below the line) will be found indispensable. The student will not only be examined on the Syntax, but efforts will also be made both in the written and or-Who says that ravens no longer al examination to test his ability

5. Ability to read Greek aloud with fluency and a proper regard to accent and expression will be of

service to the student. 6. The maximum of proficiency will be 100. Each person who receives as much as 75 out of this number, shall be entitled to honorable mention.

7. All persons who expect to compete for these prizes are desired to report to the subscriber before the first day of May, 1876, at which time the list will be closed. No examination will be held unless at least ten persons shall report themselves as proposing to enter it. Prompt notice will be given when that number is obtained.

8. The prizes will be awarded in public, and efforts will be made to induce a distinguished friend of classical learning from abroad to deliver an address on the occasion.

It is believed that arrangements can be effected with the various the purpose of engaging in the examination, free of charge. They will be hospitably entertained by our citizens during their visit, so that on the whole the expense promises to be trifling.

WM H. WHITSITT,

Greenville, S. C.

MOTHER.

How my heart has been pained to see the coolness and indifference which is often manifested for an aged and dependent mother.

Age may waste a mother's beauty, and dim the lustre of her eye, her strength may depart, her limbs refuse to support her tottering frame, or she may become as helpless as an infant, but shall we love her less? Is she not our mother still? Has ed into friends? Have we conshe not toiled and watched over our helpless infancy? And in youth, has she not tried to lead us in the straight and narrow path? And in sickness she was our ministering angel. Who but a mother could be so patient, so kind and af-

ficing, as a mother? If we have been tempted into forbidden paths, if we have followed in bad counsel and gone astray, if we have chosen evil companions and forgotten the good counsels of our youth, who is so ready to encourage and lead us back to honor and virtue, as a mother? She is ready to forgive, to love and cherish us

fectionate, so gentle and self-sacri

Who can fathom a mother's love? She is our friend when all the world forsakes us. She will cling to us, will die for us if necessary.

A mother's love is strong, tender and true. Hard indeed must be the heart that can neglect and abuse dear old mother.

She should never feel that she is not welcome, never feel that she is burden to her children, never should her sensitive heart be pained by an unkind look or word. How little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness and love, while living-how little do we think of her care and anxiety for us! But when she is gone, and we see the old arm chair, the vacant place at the table, and hear no more her dear voice, then do we know she is gone, never more to return, and we cannot call her back. She has gone; and happily for us if v/e have so treasured our nother, that we can say we have been faithful and made her happy, and could look forward to a meeting

beyond this world. VULGARITY .- We have a friend that never spoke a "vulgar word." He is a minister and a writer of ability. "I resolved when I was a child." said he, "never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offendng her." He kept his promise. He is a pure-minded, noble, honored man to-day. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of lo vulgar words and expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care on the part of parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course we cannot think of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not give utterance to before her father or mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart:" "next thing to swearing," and yet not so wicked. It becomes a habit; it leads to profanity; it fills the mind with evil thoughts, it vulgarizes and degrades the soul; it prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society. Christian Neighbor.

Advertise in the HERALD.

Tramp, tramp, on we go without ical and mental energies. Then, of people must be met at the front retrogression is the order of nature, door and coldly repulsed, and Sa and gradually, at first, but with con- rah said she'd repulse 'em if she stantly accelerated pace, the frame had to break every broomstick in descends to senility, the material Detroit. essence lapsing finally into naught, and the spiritual launching upon

and there is no escaping the con- awhile that peddlers marked that sequences of man's fall, and the house, and the door bell never doom of our first parents. must die; aye, inevitably die, despite men mortal but themselves.

stages upon life's pathway, bringing us one stadium nearer to the goal of eternity, it is meet at least to pause and reflect. How stands the reckbetter within the past twelve months? Have feuds and animosities been forgiven and forgotten, and enemies thereby transfermguered self in any particular, and risen superior to the slavery of injurious habits or propensities? Are we fonder husbands or wives, and more tender and considerate parents? Have we sought to pay our honest debts and owe no man aught save love? Have we endeavored to seek the "pearl of great price" and propitiate the favor of a long suffering and merciful God? In short are we advancing or retrograding in the scale of be-

These are pertinent and important questions, which should be propounded and candidly answered by every one at each return of his natal day.

Man's allotted existence is but three score years and ten, and few go beyond it. How soon then will the hours of our probation ebb away, and the night of death succeed, wherein "no man can work." Still the day of one's birth should

be celebrated with thanksgiving and praise, in that God has mercifully lengthened out to another year the fleeting span of life, and crown him with innumerable benefactions and loving kindnesses. Moreover, it ought to be seen to that good resolutions are not only then formed, but off. faithfully kept.

THE WAY IT RAINS IN FLORIDA.-A

Florida correspondent says: It is hard for a Northern farmer, who watches the horizon with aching eyes, to understand the clock-like regularity of this rainy season South. Occasionally, as this year it is delayed; but once set in goes on regularly. There is a misty or clear morning, the air transfused with a blushing rainbowy effulgence that melts away in the ardent kisses of the sun into an intense dazzle of sun. light up to two o'clock. Then the skirmishers of the rain rush in on cool, dewy winds, and by sharp three o'clock the whole line is platoon firing in great, heavy fusilades. Such rains! Gorgeous, glorious, rushing, a magnificent enthusiasm of plunging moisture. Then the long roll of the thunder drums; the cracking artillery, with its splendor of electric flash, tolled off in low rolls; and, before you are aware, the mobile army has gathered up its splendid wings, its fire and after guard and reserves, and only in the west you see its grand victorious battle flags ribbing the sky with broad bands of color. Mix in a few rainbows some foggy morning when the whole air is prismy, and the clear still lake looks like an undersky, and you have some idea of Florida in the rainy season. Regular as the clock that marshalling and grand battle panorama goes on at set two o'clock, to be closed positively-no change on account of the weather

with his goods? He gives them away (a weigh.)

-by five o'clock P. M.

The Punch man notices that the bald-headed men comb their heads THAT HIRED GIRL.

When she came to work for the pause or respite from the cradle to family on Congress street the lady the grave. First comes progress of the house sat down and told and increase of stature; the devel- her that agents, book peddlers, opment of every faculty, and cul hat rack men, picture sellers, ash mination to the zenith, of the phys- buyers, ragmen, and all that class

And she did. She threw the door open wide, bluffed right up the sea of the dread unknown here- to 'em, and when she got through talking the cheekiest agent was on-Reader, this is your lot and mine, ly too glad to leave. It got so after

We rang except for company. The other day as the lady of the apothegm that all men think all the house was enjoying a nap. and Sarah was wiping off the spoons, Hence, when the return of a birth- the bell rang. She hastened to day marks another of the brief the door expecting to see a lady. but her eyes encountered a slim man dressed in black and wearing a white necktie. He was the new minister, and he was going around oning? Have we grown wiser and to get acquainted with the members of his flock, but Sarah wasn't

> expected to know this. "Ah-um-is Mr.-ah"-"Gitl" exclaimed Sarah, pointing

> "Beg pardon, but I'd like to see

"Meander!" she shouted, looking around for a weapon, "we don't want any flour sifters

"You are mistaken," he replied, smiling blandly, "I called to"-"Don't want anything to keep moths away-fly !" she exclaimed, getting red in the face.

"Is the lady in?" he inquired trying to look over Sarah's head "Yes, the lady's in, and I'm in, and you're out!" she snapped, "and now I don't want to stand here talking to a fly-trap agent any longer! Come, lift your

boots!" "I'm not an agent," he said, try-

ing to smile, "I'm the new"-"Yes, I know you-you are the new man with a patent flatiron but we don't want any, and you'd better go before I call the dog!" "Will you give the lady my card

and say that I called?" "No, I won't. We're bored to death with cards and handbill here all day!"

minister?" he asked as he backed "No, nor I don't know it now you look like the man who sold

"Didn't you know that I was

"But here is my card." "I don't care for cards, I te you! If you leave that gate open I'll heave a flower pot at you!" "I will call again," he said as he

went through the gate. "It won't do you any good" she shouted after him; "we don't want no prepared food for infants-no piano music-no stuffed birds! I know the policeman on this beat, and if you come around here again he'll soon find out whether you are a confidence man or a vagrant!"

And she took unusual care to dren.

lock the door .- Detroit Free Press. An exchange hits the nail right on the head when it says: "If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he call things by proper names, he unfit for the position of editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mullet; if he does, he is a rattlehead, lacking stability. If he condemns wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrongs and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he exposes a public man, he does it to gratify spite—is the tool of the clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if he does not, What does an honest grocer do his paper is dull and insipid."

> Why is coal the most contradictory article known to com merce? Because when purchased it goes to the cellar.

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JOB PRINTING

Done with Nestness and Dispatch

ALPHABETICAL LINES ON A

Terms Cash.

HOP.

A was Amanda, who came to the

B was the Brewer, sweet Amanda's pop.

C was the Costume she wore at the ball. D were the Darts her eyes shot

at all. E was the Evening, in pleasure thus spent.

F were the Fathers, who stood 'round content. G were the Girls, so graceful and

bright, H were the Hearts that they broke that night.

I were the Incidents told all around. J were the Jokes which fell to

the ground. K was the Kindness the hostess did show,

L were the Ladies, each one with

a beau. M were the Married men, silent and glum,

N were the Nice fellows, who · knew they were "some." O were the Old chaps who stood by the fire,

P was the Preacher, that awakened their ire. Q was the Qriosity by many displayed,

R was the Row some tipsy men made. S was the Supper, held down in

T was the Table with room for

U were the "Usefuls," who handed 'round things, V were the Vain ones who wore all their rings.

W were the Waiters, as dusky as coal. X was the 'Xit, to which carri-

Y were the Youth's who stood

'gainst the wall. Z was the Zany who laughed at

them all.

PLAYING HORSE IN CALIFORNIA .-The Contra Costa (Cal.) News tells the following: "Little Charley Van Anden, who is not quite three years old, resides in San Francisco, and is occasionally brought to Pacheco on a visit. He betrays an extraordinary fondness for horses, and when at home can hardly be kept and circulars. Come, I can't stand from the horses, where he plays with a pet horse without fear, and it seems without danger. He delights in crawling beneath the horse and between his feet, while the animal moves only his head and extends his ears as he watches the child's gambols. Charley was the woman next door a dollar in town the other day and tottled off chromo for eighteen shillings!" surreptitiously. When his absence was discovered he was sought with alarm, and was finally found in a stable stall with an unbroken and unruly colt. The child had fastened a short rope around a hind leg of the colt, and when found was 'playing hoss' with the utmost glee. 'I wouldn't have tried that trick for two hundred dollars,' said the hostler. If it wasn't a baby that did it, he'd have been kicked to death, sure.' Well, now, it does seem as if horses, like dogs and good hearted men, are fond of chil-

> If a reflective, aged man, were to find at the botton of an old chest, where it had lain forgotten fifty years, a record which he had written of himself when he was young, simply and vividly describing his whole heart and pursuits and reciting verhatim many passages of the language which he sincerely uttered, would he not read it with more wonder than almost every other writing could at his age inspire? He would lose the assurance of his identity under the impression of this immense dissimilarity. It would seem as if it must be the tale of the juvenile days of some ancestor, with whom he had no connection but that of name.-Foster.

You should never tell a man that he lies. Simply remark that he is guilty of heterophemy and drop the subject-if he'll let you.

Why should Maas, of Kellogg's opera troupe, be a good sailor? Because he's at home on the high