

THE WARRIOR, THE STATES-MAN, AND THE POET.

The warrior grasped his glittering sword,
And sought the daring foe,
And blood was shed and foemen fled
And the cries of woe,
And many a battle fierce and long
The warrior fought and won,
And laurels wreathed the victor's brow
For deeds that he had done.

Death stopped the warrior's fierce career,
And laid him in the dust,
His blood-stained sword his deeds record
Now deeper stained with rust,
And yet in spite of chivalry,
His titles and his fame,
An executioner must be
The warrior's proper name.

The sword, the famine and the plague
Are evils which we dread,
They tell of punishment for sin
And judgments widely spread,
War is a curse, and still must prove
To happiness a bar—
And God the nations shall remove
Who take delight in war.

War is a scourge: but should it come
We must our homes defend,
If in the right, then let us fight
And on our God depend,
But wiser not to shun our foes
And show our better cause,
And blunt their swords by kindly words
And giving no offence.

The statesman, sober, learned and wise,
Who knows and studies man,
Who laws enact, and plans and tries
To do what good he can,
Deserves a nation's gratitude
And justly earns the fame
Bestowed upon the truly good
Of pure unguilted name.

For that the warrior may be great,
Yet he is greater still,
Who wisely holds the reins of state
With philosophic skill,
And yet the greatest of the three
Is he who tunes the lyre,
And in inspired poetry
Breathes forth his songs of fire.

The holy prophets who unveiled
God's mysteries to man,
In poetry their thoughts revealed
For this was heaven's plan:
And still devotion's higher flight
As in the ancient days
Ascends in hymns of sweet delight
And grateful songs of praise.

When chubby little Cupid makes
A target of our hearts,
He from Apollo's wings he takes
The feathers for his darts:
We own the power of poetry
And yield to its control:
For poetry must ever be
The language of the soul.

In every age, in every clime,
It was the poet's art
To sing and write in strains sublime
The songs which move the heart,
And still we love the gifted bard
And prize his bardic lore,
And shall his honored name regard
Till time shall be no more.

Quebec.

S. MOORE.

TILDEN'S YOUNG LOVE.

THE SAGE OF GREYSTONE'S EARLY LOVE FOR MISS MARGUERITE MORSE.

"Why is Tilden a bachelor?" asked a New York *Journal* reporter of one of Tilden's friends.

"He is so old that very few can answer the question. The idea of Uncle Sammy in love would move most people to laughter.

"There is a legend of a mysterious lady in black floating about, but Lord! the was as settled and crusty a bachelor even then as you would care to see," said an aged resident of Yonkers. "You must go further back than me."

Discouraging, surely! It would, indeed, be difficult to find a more sentimentally frigid or unromantic character than the venerable sage of Greystone. One naturally forms an opinion at the first glance that the quizzical smile which usually twinkles over the otherwise placid countenance of Mr. Tilden penetrates the nature of the inner man and lights up the soul with at least a ray of comicality. When disturbed from such pleasant meditations one is surprised to find how quickly his seemingly happy countenance assumes a cold and rigid aspect.

It was not always, thus, however. An aged resident of the little quaker village of New Lebanon, Columbia County, who remembers the early youth of Tilden, when, with the farmer youths, he played at marbles or roamed the fields and mountains together, tells a curious tale of the youthful days of this great man.

Samuel J. Tilden, it is claimed, was born in the year 1806. His parents were well-to-do quakers of the renowned quaker settlement of New Lebanon. His father, Elam Tilden, kept a country store and dealt largely in herbs and "patent medicines," many of the latter being in the market at the present day. Samuel was the eldest of three sons. He was a sickly, puny youth, tall, slim, and very shy. His early boyhood was made wretched among his associates, who took advantage of his physical deficiencies in many boyish ways. This naturally drove him to a closer attention to his books, and at an early age his proficiency at study had entitled him to a course at Yale.

While at Yale the father of Samuel suddenly died. The two brothers were retained at home to assist the mother in continuing the business, while Samuel remained to complete his studies.

At 18 he began to attract attention as a writer of political speeches and newspaper articles on topics of importance in state government. Many of his articles appeared in the Albany *Argus* under the nom de plume of "Crino." The young student never enjoyed good health, and the additional labors of college were more than his physical abilities could withstand, and at this early stage in his career we find physicians hovering about him and advising rest and quietness. Then Samuel retired from college to the more romantic life on the homestead at New Lebanon, where he devoted a year or more of his life to studying the beauties of nature and concocting pills and plasters in the laboratory over the Tilden store.

The rough usage which youths of Samuel's nature were wont to receive at Yale by their associates probably had some influence on the future destiny of the man, for when he recovered sufficiently to again pursue his studies he chose to complete his education at the New York University. Here Samuel made rapid progress, but in his new life met with an incident which came near wrecking his ambitious career.

The young student found time to participate in the festivities of the gay city life. He had gradually become known to his associates and the leaders of the Democratic party as a political writer and critic of some importance, and was a welcome guest among the families of the better class of society. Men who hoped to gain publicity through the pen of Tilden courted his favor, and he was the recipient of many courteous attentions as well from the ladies.

Miss Marguerite Morse was one of the prettiest and most talented of city belles, whose hand many had sought in vain. Miss Morse had thrown a radiant beam across the pathway of young Tilden, a pathway which had never before been crossed by Cupid. For a time it seemed as if the young student had lost all ambition for learning. The new life was a happy one. His health was improving. His friends and admirers were numerous, and withal he was satisfied. He had become intoxicated with love. Young Tilden's ambitions then turned toward gaining the hand of this beautiful woman in marriage.

By no means an attractive figure, with no fortune and with very dim prospects, the youth had little or nothing to lay at the feet of the lovely maiden. Nothing daunted, Samuel was an ardent suitor, paid every conceivable attention to his adored one, wrote poetry and prose by turns, and waged probably the most desperate contest of his life.

On the other hand, the haughty miss had not, or could not, entertain a ray of love for her suitor, and before Tilden was aware of his fate his lady love had been led to the altar by a more pretentious and wealthy admirer.

The blow fell heavily, and for a time threatened to entirely change the course of Tilden's life. Most men would have quailed under the severe test and gone deeper into the dissipations and intoxications of a gay life. But not so here. Taking a solemn vow against all future social pleasures and aspirations, the youth threw off his fetters and returned once more to his books. With high honors Tilden graduated from the New York University, and shortly after astonished the profession by his bold, stern and collected manner in the practice of law.

From this new era of his life, however, it was noticed that he shunned all social intercourse. He retired to unpretentious quarters in Madison avenue, where he resided for many years, until by vast accumulations of wealth he was enabled to live more luxuriously, and purchased his present residence in Gramercy Park and a lordly estate in a secluded spot along the Hudson.

The aching void which was created by this beautiful belle was partially filled by the political aspirations of his after life, but never has the cruel treatment received at the unmerciful hands of the beautiful woman been quite forgotten.

As years advanced and Mr. Tilden withdrew from active life the stern and frigid nature grew upon him, and never since has the cold heart of the hermit of Greystone been lit up or softened by social pleasures or conjugal affections.

THE WRONG DUDE.

BY FLANEUR.

Three aggressive young men sat on the forward end of a 3rd avenue elevated railroad car one day last week and made audible comments about the other passengers. They were untidily clad, guiltless of collars, and noticeably addicted to tobacco, but they were endowed with a certain amount of assurance that enabled them to discuss the personal points of other people with entire candor and fearlessness.

They were flushed with beer. One of them leaned over with his elbows on his knees, another's hands were buried deep in his trousers' pockets, and a third had his arms and head out of the window most of the time. They were sitting thus when the car stopped at Chatham square on its way to the city hall.

A dude was gently waited in. The passengers glanced at the dude with an air of helpless wonderment, or gazed upon him with the vague interest that an enigma always inspires. He was a purely placid dude. The serenity of his expression was unmarred by even so much as a passing thought. Above a cruelly high collar appeared the face; surmounting it, a high hat, with generously curved rim and ball-shaped crown. The

feet of the dude were squeezed into shoes that looked like swollen toothpicks, and the tightness of his trousers inspired the beholder with a quivering distrust. Around the towering collar was a mild tie about the size of a shoe-string, and a light-colored coat was buttoned closely to the neck. He carried a pair of gloves and a silver-handled cane, and his hat was worn on the back of his head, disclosing a short bang of straw-colored hair. His light moustache had been carefully nurtured, but it was of disappointing growth.

The dude sank languidly to rest opposite the three young men. His eyes passed listlessly over them, and then he fell to sucking the end of his cane, while his face looked blank and mournful.

The three young men stared at the dude for some time, and then one of them yelled: "Ah, there, Bartholomew! Who untied you? Ain't you ashamed, you coy thing, to wear such tight pants?"

The dude raised his eyes and stared tranquilly at the three young men and then carefully dropped them again.

"Don't you look at me, sauce-box, or I'll slap you real hard, so there?" minced another of the young men.

The third one had meanwhile been glaring at the dude with immense dislike.

"Say, what good are you?" he asked at last, with an expression of supreme contempt. "Who feeds yer? I'll come over there and stick a pin in yer lung an' kill yer dead, d'y' hear?"

Once more the dude raised his eyes tranquilly and fixed them on the eyes of the first speaker, who was now leaning forward and peering at him with an ugly scowl.

"Don't you look at me, ye mutton-faced idiot," continued the belligerent one, half rising in his seat. "I'm a man, I am, an' I don't allow no white-livered Gussie to squint at me."

Still the dude's eyes looked steadily into those of the loud-mouthed bully, while the dude sucked the end of his cane. The rough one rose slowly, with his head thrust forward, and his eyes half-closed, and moved toward the languid dude.

"Don't touch the poor thing, Mickey; you'll kill it if you do," said one of the trio. "It ain't alive. It ain't possible."

By this time the passengers were leaning forward, and cries of "Sit down an' let him alone!" were addressed to the bully, who was deriding the dude. The latter still sucked the end of his cane languidly. The bully rose and stepped toward the dude with clenched fists, but before he could strike the dude had dropped his cane and was standing squarely in front of the bully.

An instant the two stood face to face, and then the dude made a feint with his left hand, the bully threw up both hands to ward off the expected blow, and caught a right-hander on the jaw that sent him sprawling over backward in the car. Quick as a flash the dude turned, and, seizing the more offensive of the two others by the throat as he sat in his seat, he deliberately jammed his head back against the car, and slapped his face on either side, as he calmly said:

"You just awaked if a dude was possible (bang). All things are possible. A dude is a thing (bang, bang). Therefore, a dude is possible (bang, bang, bang)."

Then the dude submitted to the pressure of the peace-makers, and walked gracefully out upon the platform of the city hall station. I looked him attentively in the face, and was suddenly knocked speechless by the discovery that he was not a dude at all, but a nefarious imitation. He is the best known man in New York, Arthur Dickinson Williams, formerly State senator.

"What on earth do you mean by masquerading in this style?" I asked, in amazement.

"It is a masquerade," he said, thoughtfully;

"isn't it?"

"Well, I suppose so. How do you happen to be at large in such a costume?"

"Joke," said the senator, mournfully, "large and playful joke. Hasn't panned out very well so far. Nearly broke my wrist hitting that bully in the ear. I've stood no end of chaff all the way down. I got weary toward the end of the line and dropped the disguise."

"But why are you?"

"Bob Brown gives a dinner at the Astor House to-day, and I am one of the invited guests. Thought it would create a sensation if I went in as a dude. I shall go the rest of the distance in a closed cab. If I walked, however," he added, thoughtfully, "I would create a still deeper impression when I arrived."

"How?"

"I should probably be taken in as a corpse. Which had you rather be, a dude or a corpse?"

"Dude."

"So'd I," said the festive diner. Then he hailed a cab and whirled out of sight.—*Argonaut.*

ADVISED HIM TO HEDGE.

It was only the other day that a party of knights of the green cloth, seated around the stove in a Second street saloon, were discussing the merits—and demerits—of a pawnbroker named Solomon, who does business in South Laramie. All agreed that the old fellow was closer than one's undergarment, and never let a dollar get out of his fingers without knowing that the recipient left the equivalent of five in his hands as security.

"I tell you, boys," said one, "if old Death himself should call on Solomon and offer him a new lease of life for ten dollars, he'd make the

old chap open his overcoat and exhibit his dry bones before he would condescend to dicker with him at all. He'd want to be morally certain that it was Death, and even then he'd insist on his leaving his coat as a sort of guarantee, you know."

Just then a new arrival chipped in and asked who they were speaking of. On being told, he declared that Solomon wasn't such an old skin-flint as many people supposed. "Why," said he, "I'll bet \$50 that I can go and borrow \$25 of him right now, without any other security than my word of honor."

There were half a dozen takers at once. The bet was made, the money put up in the hands of one of the boys, and the new arrival, accompanied by one of the party, started for Solomon's place of business. Arriving there the would-be borrower entered, while the other man remained outside, but looked through the window to see that nothing in the shape of a "security" changed hands.

The pawnbroker was soon made acquainted with the terms of the bet. "Now," said the applicant, "you lend me the \$25, and of course I win \$50; then I'll return you your money and also give you half of what I win."

"You bet I gif you twenty-five dollar without any security, eh?" inquired Solomon.

"Yes."

"Und your money vas oop?"

"Yes."

"Mine frent, dot vas a ferry foolish bishness."

I told you what you do: you go und hedge!"—*Laramie Boomerang.*

THE EVILS OF TOBACCO.

"Strange, isn't it?" remarked Judge Groesbeck to a legal friend the other evening; "but the anti-tobacco people do not tire apparently, they are continually producing dreadful examples of the consequences of smoking and chewing. The shrinkage of the American leg following the introduction of the cigarette has been the round of the papers. Cancer, consumption, liver complaint, bronchitis, dyspepsia, and paralysis are all imputed to nicotine poisoning, and nobody enters a denial. Yet we go on smoking calmly and confidently, willing to take our chances of all the diseases in Pandora's box, including such new ailments as have been patented since that cadeau was opened. And the diseases do not come. Tobacco users certainly sicken and die of sundry causes. Some have cancers, and some fall down elevator shafts; paralysis reaches for this one and a steamboat explosion gathers that, but the anti-tobaccoist does not seem to enjoy any immunity. No special providence seems to be waiting to rescue him from the cholera morbus, or to turn aside from his back the itch. Ah! thanks; I have a match," and the couple were soon concealed from view in a cloud of tobacco smoke.

VARIETIES.

"PETITE Sara Bernhart" is the name of the last new French cheese. It appears that Dona Sol, otherwise the inimitable Sara, was afraid that the French "jerry builder" meant to enclose her estate in that most odious of all ring fences, a cordon of cheap houses. She at once sallied out, and as there was a large farm in the neighborhood, purchased the whole of the land. Then the lady set to work to make cheese, and rechristened the best local product the "Petite (little) Sara Bernhart." Paris, as easily tickled by a name as by a feather, instantly patronized the new comestible.

"DEAR BIRD OF WINTER." (Edwin Ashdown, Hanover-square.) This is a song composed by Mr. Wilhelm Ganz expressly for Adeline Patti, to whom it is dedicated. We all know that this great songstress has special delight in singing the songs of this composer, and it is but natural that she should tempt him once more into composition; natural, too, that he should be inspired by somewhat similar strains of beautiful melody when he thinks of the glorious exponent who especially honours him. Yet he thinks wisely, also, when he collects the thousands who would wish to sing his compositions too, and humbly follow in the line in which Patti directs the taste. Therefore, perhaps, the song before us is a simple outpouring of melody which any one may accomplish, though there are roulades in parenthesis, which are to be accepted or declined according to ambition or skill; but even these are by no means out of the reach of a good vocalist with a full range of voice. The song is flowingly tuneful, reminding one of Abt at his very best, or not unlike the more masterly Schubert. The accompaniment is a very easy one, though written by one whose skill as a pianist might have led him to indulge his fancy in that way. This is the best of modern productions, and can be cordially recommended to the refined amateurs and to professionals alike. The words are by Frederick Enoch. The bird of winter is, of course, the robin.

MOTHERS DON'T KNOW.—How many children are punished for being uncouth, wilful, and indifferent to instructions or rewards, simply because they are out of health! An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give the little ones moderate doses of Hop Bitters for two or three weeks, the children would be all a parent could desire."