NOTES AND NEWS. LOOKING BACK.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. I may live long, but some old days Of dear, deep joy akin to p in-Some suns that set on woodland ways Will never rise for me again. By shining sea, and glad, green shore That frolic waves ran home to kiss, Some words I heard that nevermors Will thrill me with their mystic bliss.

O love ! still throbs your living heart-You have not crossed death's sullen tide. A deeper deep holds us apart : We were more near if you had died-If you had died in these old days When light was on the shining sea, And all the fragrant woodland ways, Were paths of hope for you and me.

Dead leaves are in those woodland ways Cold are the lips that used to kiss: Twere idle to recall those days, Or sigh for all that vanished bliss! De you still wear your old-time grace, And charm new loves with ancient wiles? Could I but watch your faithless face, I'd know the I'd know the meaning of your smiles.

SEASIDE GOLDEN-ROD. Graceful, tossing plume of glowing gold, Waving lonely on the rocky ledge; Leaning seaward, lovely to behold, Clinging to the high cliff's ragged edge;

Burning in the pure September sky, Spike of gold against the stainless blue, Do you watch the vessels drifting by? Does the quiet day seem long to you?

Up to you I climb, oh perfect shape 1 Poised so lightly 'twixt the sky and sea : Looking out o'er headland, crag, and cape, O'er the ocean's vague imme

Up to you my human thought I bring. Sit me down your peaceful watch to share. Do you hear the waves below us sing ? Feel you the soft fanning of the air ?

How much of life's rapture is your right? In earth's joy what may your portion be? Rocked by breezes, touched by tender light, Fod by dews, and sung to by the sea!

Samething of delight and of content. Must be yours, however vaguely known; And your grace is mutely eloquent. And your beauty makes the rock a thone.

Matters not to you, O golden flower! That such eyes of worship watch you sway; But you make more sweet the dreamful hour. And you crown for me the tranquil day.

Edward M. McDonald, Collector of Customs, died at Halifax on Monday,25th ult., of cramp in the stomach. Mr. Barnard, of the Boston Journal of Commerce, is in Halifax on a mission for

that paper, his object being to procure statistics showing the trade between the United States and Nova Scotia, with a view to writing letters on reciprocity. London par At Paterson, New Jersey, Friday, dur-

ing a storm of rain, hail, thunder and lightning, two persons were struck by lightning,—a man in the street, whose leg was hurt, and a little girl who was so seriously injured that she is not expected The extreme popularity of the Prohibi-

tory Liquor law in Vermont was well lustrated in a case before the St. Albans ourts last week. About sixty persons, ome of them the most respectable citi-ens of the town, were summoned as witzens of the town, were summoned as wit-nesses, but they all had to be arrested be-fore they would attend the trial.

The man with the glass eye, who is so often alluded to, has at length arrived in Chicago. He is giving daily exhibitions of second sight in front of the *Tribune* office, to crowds of idlers. By putting a little apparatus which contains a reflect-ing glass to his eye he is enabled to see behind him, and comments on the street

behind him, and comments on the street scenes in his rear, much to the amuse-ment of his audience. At Seymonr, Ind., Friday, two brothers

named Fleetwood, were convicted of the murder of a little German boy a year ago, and sentenced to the ponitentiary for life. The evidence showed that they enticed the little boy into a field, beat out his entitle boy into a field, beat out his

the fittle opy into a field, beat out his hrains with a club, cut his throat, and threw the body into a creek. The object of the murder was the robbery of two dollars from the child. 'One case of infanticide, one elopement, one attempted suicide, the progress of two divorce suits, one breach of promise two divorce suits, one breach of promise case, one mysterious disappearance, one case of alleged stealing of a railway re-cording munch, six murder cases, one case of "dead beat," several cases of petty larceny and drunkenness, and one of passing counterfeit money, comprised the local sensations of Brooklyn on Tuesday. Pretty good for the City of Churches.

The dash of the number of a large farm, he could never be persuaded to sell any of his farm products, and in the club was at fault, for the wife's for the c

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