

## Sea Music.

The tide rises, the tide falls,  
The twilight darkens, the curfew calls;  
Along the sea sands damp and brown  
The traveller hastens toward the town,  
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,  
But the sea in the darkness calls and calls;  
The little waves with their soft white hands  
Efface the footprints in the sands,  
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks: the steeds in their stalls  
Stamp and neigh as the hostler calls;  
The day returns, but nevermore  
Returns the traveller to the shore,  
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

## The Birthday.

OF THE BABY MADE FAMOUS IN DICKENS' AMERICAN NOTES.

The Gentleman who, while a baby, was unconsciously immortalized in Charles Dickens' "Notes" of his trip to St. Louis was met yesterday by a Republican reporter. It was the gentleman's birthday, and that circumstance led to the disclosure of facts comparatively little known regarding the identity of characters described in the "American Notes" of the great novelist.

The pretty little scene on board the boat between St. Louis, as printed in the "Notes," was of the most charming and soul-felt pictures of character and emotion that ever warmed the heart in fact or fiction, and Forster said that of all the writings of Dickens, it was Lord Jeffreys' favourite passage.

In a letter to Forster, dated on board the boat, April, 1842, Dickens gives the story, which for freshness excels the printed account in the "Notes," and its publication will be new to many. It runs as follows:

## THE LITTLE WOMAN.

"There was a little woman on board with a little baby; and both little woman and child were cheerful, good-looking, bright-eyed, and fair to see. The little woman had been passing a long time with a sick mother in New York. The baby had been born in her mother's house, and she had not seen her husband (to whom she was now returning) for twelve months. Well, to be sure, there never was a little woman so full of hope, and tenderness, and love, and anxiety, as the little woman was; and there she was, all the live long day, wondering whether he would be at the wharf, and whether he had got her letter, and whether, if she sent the baby on shore by somebody else, he would know it, meeting it in the street; which, seeing that he had never set eyes upon it in his life, was not very likely in the abstract, but was probable enough to the young mother. She was such an artless little creature, and was in such a sunny, beaming, hopeful state, and let out all this matter clinging close about her heart so freely, that all the other lady passengers entered into the spirit of it as much as she did; the captain (who heard all about it from his wife) was wondrous sly, I promise you—inquiring every time we met at table whether she expected anybody to meet her at St. Louis, and supposing

## SHE WOULDN'T WANT TO GO

ashore the night we reached it, and cutting many other dry jokes which convulsed all the hearers, but especially the ladies. There was one little, weazon, dried-apple old woman among them who took occasion to doubt the constancy of husbands under such circumstances of bereavement and there was another lady (with a lap dog) old enough to moralize on the lightness of human affections, and yet not so old that she could help nursing the baby now and then, or laughing with the rest when the little woman called it by the father's name, and asked it all manner of fantastic questions concerning him in the joy of her heart. It was something of a blow to the little woman that when we were within twenty miles of our destination it became clearly necessary to put the baby to bed, but she got over that with the same good humour, tied a little handkerchief over her little head and face, came out into the gallery with the rest. Then, such an oracle as she became in reference to the localities, and such facetiousness as was displayed by the married ladies, and such sympathy as was shown by the single ones; and such peals of laughter as the little woman herself (who would just as soon have cried) greeted every jest with. At last there were the lights of St. L. and there was the wharf, and there were the steps; and the lit-

tle woman, covering her face with her hands and laughing or seeming to laugh

## MORE THAN EVER.

ran into her cabin and shut herself up tight. I have no doubt that in the charming inconsistency of such excitement she stopped her ears lest she would hear him ask for her; but I didn't see her to do it. Then a great crowd of people rushed on board, though the boat was not yet made fast, and was staggering about among the other boats to find a landing place; everybody looked for the husband and nobody saw him, when all of a sudden, right in the midst of them—God knows how she ever got there—there was the little woman hugging with both arms round the neck of a fine, good-looking, sturdy fellow. And in a moment afterwards, there she was again dragging him through the small door of her small cabin, to look at the baby as he lay asleep. What a good thing it is to know that so many of us would have been quite down hearted and sorry if that husband had failed to come."

## THE BABY

It will be a surprise to many in St. Louis to know who were the parties so feelingly touched by the pen of Dickens. The baby alluded to, which has since grown up to manhood, is Mr. Charles R. Garrison, the eldest son of a well-known citizen, D. R. Garrison, Esq. The "little woman," the mother of Chas. R. Garrison, died about six years ago. Her name was Annie Noye Garrison, and her father, Richard Noye, was a native of Plymouth, England. He was a local Methodist preacher, and resided many years in Buffalo, New York, where his son, John T. Noye, still resides, the proprietor of the largest boot and shoe establishment in the United States. Mr. Charles R. Garrison, aforesaid "baby," was 39 years old yesterday, having been born in Brooklyn, N. Y., October 12, 1841. His mother brought him by way of Pittsburg, and, taking a Ohio river steamer for St. Louis, they had unawares fallen in with and had their little history embalmed by the pen of Dickens.

Mr. Garrison has no memory of the event described by Dickens, but as he grew up his mother frequently rallied him on the figure he cut in the "Notes."

## About Wine.

The five principal brands of Bordeaux wine are the Chateau d'Yquem, the Chateau Lafitte, the Chateau Margaux, the Chateau-Latour, and the Haut Brion. The Chateau and the domain of Yquem belong to the family of Sur-Saluces, who bought it in 1785 from the Seigneur Sauvage d'Yquem. The domain covers 360 acres, about two-thirds of which are flanked with the vines which yield the wine. The average yield of the best quality is 120 barrels of 200 gallons each, and the prices realized vary very much, for while the vintages of 1859 and 1861 were sold for \$1,200 per barrel, those of 1858 and 1867 fetched little more than half the sum. Chateau Lafitte belongs to the Rothschilds, to whom it was bequeathed by the late Baron James de Rothschild, who purchased it in 1867 for \$828,000 the average annual yield of Chateau-Lafitte is 180 barrels of 200 gallons each, and of this 140 barrels are first-class wine, fetching as a rule 1,800 per barrel. Chateau-Margaux is of very ancient origin, the site of the present house being that of a fortress belonging to the family of Montferrand. Vines were not planted on the domain till 1750, and in 1802 the property was purchased by the Marquis de Lacouilla, who pulled down the old castle and built a very handsome chateau, which was bought by Count Aguado in 1839. He sold it for \$1,000,000 to a Paris banker, M. Pillet-Will, three or four years ago, the Margaux domain yields upon an average 155 barrels of wine, each being worth from year to year \$1,600. Chateau Latour, the joint property of MM. de Flers, de Beaumont, de Gravelle, and de Courtyron, the descendants of the Segur family, belonged in the seventeenth century to a secretary of Louis XIV.; and this vineyard, the produce of which is nearly all exported to England, yields about 90 barrels of first-class wine. The vineyard of the Chateau-Brion, which belongs to M. Amedee Larrion, covers about 120 acres, and now grows about 100 barrels of first-class wine.

The price of the Haut-Brion and the Chateau-Latour may be put a trifle lower than the Chateau-Margaux; so that, taking these five vineyards, one will not be far wrong in estimating that they yield 645 barrels for 129,000 gallons, worth, when purchased immediately after the vintage, a million of dollars.

## MIRTHFUL MORSELS.

To live long—grow tall.

THE mule understands the art of heeling. Spoken of the mouse: "Hear me gnaw me."

A two-foot rule—making "rights" and "lefts."

A BEGGAR set up business the other day with a small sign reading, "help wanted."

"THERE is no place like home," repeated Mr. Honpeck, looking at a motto, and he heartily added: "I'm glad there isn't."

WHEN girls are young they like half a dozen birthdays a year; but as they grow old they don't care to have even one.

THE difference between a goat and a Scotch-man is this. The one delights in cold oat meal and the other delights in old coat meal.

TAKEN together, all the beauties of art and nature do not interest the inquisitive female so much as the view she gets through a keyhole.

AUTUMN gilds the leaf. Of course she does. That's her business. If she didn't we'd get some sort of a machine to do it for her and dock the old gal's wages.

RECITATION room—Professor: "X., do you know the meaning of that word?" X. hesitates. A whisper. Professor: "your friend is right."

ISN'T it kind o' curious that no woman goes to the telephone to answer a ring without wondering if her hair is all right and her train in proper shape?

A COUNTRY girl visited a music shop, and asked for "The heart boiled down with grease and care," and "When I swallowed home-made pies." The attendant at once recognized what she desired.

DURING his recent visit to Hamilton the Marquis of Lorne was treated to a fifteen-minute address in ancient Gaelic. He is now prepared for a visit from his mother-in-law.

SOME tasteful individual very correctly remarks that the best lip-salve in creation is a kiss; the remedy should be used with great care, however, as it is apt to bring on an affection of the heart.

COUNTRY schoolmaster: "How many hens have you?" Boy: "Well, one died, and the other didn't live." Schoolmaster: "Then you have none?" "Oh, yes, we have got six that ain't hatched yet."

CHEMISTRY recitation: Professor—"what is water?" Student, "water is an article used as drink." Professor, interrupting—"Can you name any of its properties?" Student—"Well it occasionally rots boots" *Exeunt omnes.*

WHEN a Yankee is struck by a thunder-bolt and knocked endways clear across a ten acre lot, the only great regret he feels, upon recovering consciousness, is the disheartening fact that he can't capture the bolt and exhibit it for money.

"PEARS to me your mill goes awful slow," said an impatient farmer boy to a miller. "I could eat that meal faster 'n you grind it." "How long do you think you could do it, my lad?" quoth the miller. "Till I starved to death," replied the boy.

CHARLES FOX and his friend Mr. Hare, both much incommoded by duns, were together in a house, when, seeing some shabby men about the door, they were afraid they were bailiffs in search of one of them. Not knowing which one of them was in danger, Fox opened the window, and, calling to them, said: "Pray, gentlemen, are you Fox hunting or Hare hunting?"

PROF. OLDBERG, of Washington, recommends various changes in the pharmaceutical nomenclature, which are vigorously opposed by the druggists, who don't propose being swindled out of their godlike prerogative of charging extra for their Latin, and putting down five cents worth of potash as ten cents worth of potassa pura, misc. cum nihil, id est omnes, dissolved in aqua, fifteen cents extra.

"AN acute observer," said Dr. Borum, "can easily detect the nationality of a man. Now, one could easily tell that yonder fellow unloading the cart was Hibernian." Here the horse twisted his head around and threw off some of his harness, and the unloader shouted: "Make behave yourself mit your head dere, you tuysill, vill you?" which rather shook the doctor's reputation as a physiognomist.

PAT—"Oh, Bridget, did ye niver hear uv my great spache afore the Hibernian

society?" Bridget—"No, Pat, how should I? for shure I was not on the ground." Pat—"Well, Bridget, ye see I was called upon by the Hibernian society for a spache; and, be jabbers, I rose with the enthusiastic cheers of thousands, with me heart overflowing with gratitude, and me eyes filled with tears, and the divil a word did I spake."

"ARE seeds of the futuro lying under the leaves of the past?" is the very pertinent inquiry of the knowledge-seeker. There may be; or it's hardly possible that the seeds of the past are lying under the leaves of the futuro or the leaves of the futuro may be lying under the seeds of the past; or the seeds of the leaves may be lying under the futuro of the past—at any rate, something is lying, and if you expect to get through a heated political campaign like this without it, there's where you dispose of yourself.

A GENTLEMAN who has a bill against Gilbooly has been bothering that distinguished Galvestonian for weeks for a settlement. The other day he called on him and said: "Now, Mr. Gilbooly, I want you to tell me when you will pay that bill." "Didn't I tell you I was going to pay it ultimately?" "Yes but I want to set some day, so I can make my calculations." "I'll pay it ultimately." "Can't you be more definite? When will you pay it ultimately?" "Well, I will pay it d—d ultimately. Now, I hope you are satisfied."

LORD REDSDALE, somewhat shabbily dressed, as is his wont, recently went to see the foreign minister on business. Knocking at the door, he was received by the footman, who, without knowing who Lord Redsdale was, informed him curtly that Lord Granville was not at home. "But look 'ere," continued the flunky, "just run and get me a pint of 'arf and 'arf, will you."—Producing a jug. "Certainly," replied Lord Redsdale, and, taking the jug, away he toddled for the beer. Bringing it back he handed it to the footman, who first of all took a regular quencher, and then Lord Redsdale, politely declining the offer of a drink, quietly remarked: "Oh, by the by, when your master comes in tell him that the earl of Redsdale called to see him." You may imagine how the footman felt at that sublime moment, and how Lord Granville conveyed his displeasure to him when, after hearing the anecdote told amid roars of laughter in every club he went into, he arrived at home and had an opportunity of hearing the flunky's explanation.

## Rare Elephants.

There are now on exhibition in New York two peculiar elephants brought from the mountains of the Malay peninsula, about 800 miles from Singapore. They are remarkable for their small size, being respectively 28 and 30 inches tall; and for being covered with a thick coat of bristly hair or wool. They are supposed to be from five to seven years old. In size they resemble the extinct elephants of Malta, and in covering, those of Siberia. Their woolly coat is attributed to the circumstance that they live high upon the mountains where the climate is cold. The species appears to be all but unknown to naturalists, this pair being the first that have survived the passage through the heated low country to the coast and the subsequent journey by sea. The sailors on the steamer which brought them—the Oxfordshire, Captain C. P. Jones—named them Prince and Sidney. They are described as playful and harmless, and they keep their little trunks stretched out to strangers to be petted. They love to be scratched on the under side of the trunk close to the mouth, and they hold their trunks curled back over their head as long as any one scratches them. Like elephants of larger growth, they keep up a swaying motion, either sidewise or forward and backward. When a visitor lets one of the little fellows take his hand he delicately curls his proboscis around it and carries it gently to his mouth. Then he trumpets his satisfaction.

JOHN BUTLER, a tramp, had seen better days. Finding himself hungry and destitute in St. Clair County, Ohio, he resolved to revenge himself upon those prosperous farmers who had since morning refused to feed him. Stealing a horse from a stable, and some matches from a barroom, he rode away to perform his strange task. During a ride of two miles he set fire to seven barns all of which were destroyed. The line of incendiarism would doubtless have been extended much further, had he not been promptly pursued. He was caught while kindling the eighth fire.