3

Delicate, odorous rosses.
The rarest that ever grew:
The vase stands ready, while the sweet little lady.
Sits wishing for something to do.] Half-hid under flowers a volume
In daintiest gold and blue,
Just parted, as it would open
At "The Miller's Daughter" for you:
The book lies ready, yet the sweet little lady
Sits sighing for something to do. A silent harp in the corner, And melodies old and new Seattered in pretty disorder—
Songs of the false and the true:
The harp stands ready, still the sweet little
ledy
Sits longing for something to do,

A sudden wind-sweep and flutter— The door wide-open flew A 8 step in the hall, and swiftly, Like a bird, to the threshold she flew Blushing, already the sweet little lady Forgets she has nothing to do! IN THE CITY OF THE SEA. O high set lion of sweet Saint Mark.
There are seas to the left and seas to the right,
Front and aback there is nothing but flood.
Nothing but billows and nothing but night,
And white-blown caps that are tossed and curled
City afloat, thou art surely an ark.
And here about us are beasts in stud—
Creatures and beasts that come and ge
Enough, and wicked enough, I know,
To populate and devour the world.

Sphinx-like lion, art prophet or what? Nay, Noah nor prophet art thou, St. Mark; But King of the desert or slave of the sea, Whatever thou art now or what art not, In a city at sea, in ark or bark, Lead us and land us on some sweet shore, Some new-washed summit, where olives green, And never the visage of sorrow is seen For ever and ever and evermore.

Lead us and land us, oh! that were best, . To the Isles of the Blest, by the Isles of Gre And on and beyond, where the great mo face
Bends low and large to the golden grain
The whole year through; and death nor pain
Nor any hard thought his name or place—
To the land of olives, the land of peace,
To the land of love, the land of rest. Lead us and land us, for that were best, A home on the seas where never a home Fleated in floods of salt sea foam And seeking for what? For the Golden Flease, For the land of Giants, the sea-lost moon, Gates of Hell, or Hercules, Or the land of eternal afternoon? O, wrinkled old lion that tops St. Mark, Lo! here are the doves, this is the ark, But where is the olive and where is the peace, Where is the land and where is the rest?

VENUCE, Italy, 1874.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

VENICE, Italy. 1874, JOAQUIN MILLER. A FAREWELL TO SORROW. From Advance Sheets of the Maritime Monthly for October.

Thou hast wrought for me more than bliss could O my friend Sorrow. In thy coming, thou, Nor thought I to regret our parting now. Choosing the darkest chamber in my heart. Thine own dark self hast made it strangely bright; Dark chamber! scarce I think that entering joy

Thou hast wrought for me. Sorrow, all these Often at night, when Love and Duty slept, Thou sattest, working patient, at thy loom No task so mean but had thy tend'rest aid, No effort that thy rare smile did not cheer; Thy dark cup tasted, fired the soul like wine, And in its dregs were neither doubt nor fear. It was thine altar sanctified my gifts

love;
Thy wisdom ruled the giving. In thy strength I plead with Him who sent thee from above. Thou hast a place among His angels there, I thank Him that He sent thee down to earth, And murmur not that He recalls thee now. And yet, O Sorrow! can I part with thee? Friend tried and trusted! It is not for long; Only, when melting, I shall welcome thee,

Sorrow, He shall have changed thee into song.

POND LILIES. BY MARGARET R. SANGSTER. In early morning, when the air
Is full of tender prophecy,
And rose-hue faint and pearl-mist fair
Are hints of splendor yet to be, The lilies open. Gleaming white, Their fluted cups like onyx shine, And golden-hearted in the light, They hold the summer's rarest wine. Ah, love, what mornings thou and I Once idly drifted through, affoat Among the lilies, with the sky Cloud-curtained o'er our tiny boat! Noon climbed apace with ardent feet; The goblets shut whose honey-dew Was overbrimmed with subtle sweet While yet the silver dawn was new. The pomp of royal crowning lay On daisie! field and dimpling dell, And on the blue hills far away In dazzling waves the glowy fell.

Secretary of the property of the control of the con

the privy chamber to Edward IV. Cleve- | the following inscription: don passed from the family of the Wakes about the reign of Charles 1. to John Digby, Earl of Bristol, and from that OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, B. A. family it was purchased by Sir Abraham Elton, created a baronet in 1717, one of DAUGHTEROF SIRABRAHAM ELTON, BART. whose descendants is the present pro-

prietor. Persons tired of the noise and heat of the city can find coolness and quiet here and variety in the many pleasant drives gardens, beautiful houses and churches, trees, divided by hedgerows, gemmed with villages and towers, and bounded in the distance by the long drawn heights of the Mendip Hills, form, indeed, a goodly landscape, pleasing to the eye, refreshing to the heart, and not easily forgotten. One need not wonder at the number of lodgings for the summer to be found here, for Clevedon is a most desirable place for families to spend the

mmer, or for any one to enjoy a holi-

day.

But the literary and poetical associations give the place an additional charm, and crown natural beauty with mental and spiritual grandeur, for the memory of genius gives a presence and a power even to a rude and uncultivated spot, and makes that which is beautiful a thousand times more attractive. "The banks and braes of Bonnie Doon" are invested with new beauty since Robert Burns immortalized them, and the shaded walk by the Cherwell at Oxford bears Addison's name, and has the music of his poetry and prose floating around it. In Clevedon may be seen "Myrtle Cottage," a poor dwelling, yet here lived S. T. Coleridge dwelling, yet here lived S. T. Coleridge whose productions have had and still have a wonderful influence. Over the door is this inscription "Coleridge's Cottage" while dangling from a tree in front its a rude signboard signifying that "eggs and butter are sold here." Singular blending of poetry and prose, of the spiritual and the sensuous. So, it was with Coleridge, so it is with us ail. In the year 1795 the celebrated man settled here after his marriage to Miss Fricker, sister after his marriage to Miss Fricker, sister to Mr Southey, wife of the Laureate. In Cottle's early recollections of S. T. Coleridge the following may be found.

"Two days after his marriage I re-ceived a letter from Mr. Coleridge, re-questing the kindness of me to send him own, with all despatch, the following ittle articles:
"A riddle slice, a candle box, two ven tilators, two glasses for the wash stand, one tin dust pan, one pair of candlesticks, one carpet brush, one flour dredge, three tin extinguishers, two mats, a pair of slippers, a cheese toaster, two large tin spoons, a Bible, a keg of porter, coffee, raisins, currants, catsup, nutmegs, all-spice, cinnamon, rice, ginger and mace."

Coleridge has made that rude poor

cottage famous by his description of it in his "Sibylline Leaves." his "Sibylline Leaves.

'Low was our pretty cot: our tallest rose
Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hes
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrites blossom'd; and across the porch
Thick jasmins twined: the little landscape rout
Was green and woody, and ref esh'd the eye.

Thick jasmins twined: the little landscape round Was green and woody, and ref esh'd the eye. It was a spot which you might aptly call I he Valley of Seclusion! Once I saw (Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quictness) A wealthy son of commerce saunter by, Bristowa's citizen: methought, it calm'd lis thirst of idle gold, and made him muse With wiser feelings; for he paused and look'd With a pleased sadness, and gazed all round. Then eyed our cottage, and gazed round again, And sigh'd, and sa d, it was a blessed place, And we were blesse!. Off with patient ear Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note (Viewless or happy for a moment seen Gleaming on sunny wings), in whispered tones I've said to my be oved. 'Such, sweet girl! The inobtrusive song of happiness, Unearthly minstrelsy! then only he rd When the soul seeks to hear: whe all is lush'd, And the heart listens!'

Fut the time, when first From that low dell, steep up the stony mount I climbed with perilous toil and reached the top, Oh! what a goodly scene! Here the bleak mount. The bare bleak mountain speckled with the shoep;

sheep; Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunr fields: fields:
And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd,
Now winding bright and full, with naked banks
And seats, and lawns, the abbey and the wood,
And cots, and hamletr, and faint city-spire;
The channel there, the islands and white sails,
Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills and shoreler ocean—
It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought Had built him there a temple: the whole work Seemed imaged in its vast circumference, No wish profaned my overwhelmed heart, Blest hour! it was a luxury,—to be!"

Gazing at the cottage, we could not help exclaiming in the words of Charles Lamb, in his delightful essay in Christ's Hospital, London, where he and Coleridge

went to school. "Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a flery column before thee —the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration, (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young Mirandula,) to hear thee unfold, in thy deep

THE MEMORA ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM, ELDEST SON OF HENRY HALLAM, ESQ., AND OF JULIA MARIA HIS WIFE,

WHO WAS SNATCHED AWAY BY SUDDE DEATH AT VIENNA ON SEPT. 15, 1833, IN THE 23RD YEAR OF HIS AGE. And now in this obscure and solitary and variety in the many pleasant drives about the neighborhood. The fields and too early lost for public fame, but alreading to the many pleasant drives church repose the mortal remains of one about the neighborhood. dy conspicuous among his contempora-ries for the brightness of his genius, the depth of his understanding, the noblenes and the purity of his life.

Vale dulcissime vale dilectissime desider tissime Recquirscas in pace. Pater ac Mater hic post hac recquirscamu

The ship that bears the dear dead body to its narrow bed is thus addressed: Thou comest, much wept for; such a breeze Compelled thy canvas, and my prayer Was the whisper of an air To breathe thee over lonely seas.

For I in spirit saw thee move Through c reles of the bounding sky; Week after week: the days go by; Come quick, theu bringest all I love. Henceforth, wherever thou mayst roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home."
The Burial place is beautifully and con

ectly described in these sad and me The Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave. There twice a day the Severn fills.

The sait sea-water passes by.

And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills. The Wye is hushed nor moved along;
And hushed my deepest grief of all,
When, filled with tears that cannot
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

Tis well, 'tis something, we may stand Where he in English earth is laid, And from his ashes may be made The violet of his native land."

"Break, break, break,
On the cold gray stones, oh Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me, O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he singe in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on To their haven under the hill; But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still! Break, break, bre k, At the foot of thy crags, oh Sea! But the tender grace of a day that is dead Will never come back to me."

In these lines the springs of tende ess and the sources of tears are reached Here we have otto of roses, precious essence, distilled from the flowers of af fection—heart's blood, the very soul as it were, going forth in the exclamation:

"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand!" Love" is more than they and the roots of faith can suchor in the rifted rock. The

"The circle round the blessed gate Received and gave him welcome there." tears and looks of tenderest and purest love were more expressive than mere

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer, No other thought her mind admits But, he was dead, and there he sits, And he that brought him back is there.

All subtle thought, all curious fears With costly spikenard and with tears."

The darkness of death becomes heautiful in the hope of the future, the blessed compensation, the resurrection of the just, the restitution of all things. "Voice-less lips" shall open and speak. "Tend and were seen mounting into space with a good prospect of being eyes in dark eclipse" shall beam with the light of eternal life and beauty, and shows too small to keep afloat during and gladness of Paradisc.

But the space of a brief article will not admit of all that might be said on the same over Jonathan. Clevedon is the impudent fastidiousness of least light of eternal life and beauty, and shows too small to keep afloat during and gladness of Paradisc.

With costly spikenard and with tears."

Tho darkness of death becomes heautiful in the hope of the future, the blessed compensation, the resurrection of the just, the restitution of all things. "Voice-less lips" shall open and speak. "Tend white people of the State, who, stripped of every means of defence, were man got rid of among the Boslon jewel-graduate is heard in the land, and the recezes of the evening are burdened with the exuberant frietoric of the last essay of the school girl.

The darkness of death becomes heautiful in the hope of the future, the blessed to the one of the mith they used them that they rushed from the table, got into the basket, and were seen mounting and then would meanly substitute brass ones when handing the chains of horrid brass which Simon Hereman got rid of among the Boslon jewel-graduate is heard in the land, and the recezes of the evening are burdened with the exuberant frietoric of the last essay of the school girl.

The darkness of feath becomes heautiful in the land, and the recezes of the evening are burdened with the exuberant frietoric of the last essay of the school girl.

The darkness of feath becomes heautiful in the land, and the recezes of the evening are burdened with the exuberant frietoric of the last essay ones when handing the chains of among the boles, and glob and so s Borne down by gladness so complete, She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet, With costly spikenard and with tears."

The darkness of death becomes heauti-

TIMELY TOPICS.

Somebody defines flirtation to be attention without intention. A man may love wisely, but he cannot

love two very well. land in a balloon. Was that the only way they could escape importunate creditors? lived in one neighborhood 38 years and merged into a freight depot. never borrowed her neighbor's flat-irons

expectedly. A man who is really kind hearted, and "Wud Yurd & Kinlins" is the ortho-

fears his neighbor's children may get sick graphical phoenix of signs in Springfield,

ness will indeed be avenged. "Husband," said the wife of a young ness. dergyman, "read me one of your ser-

805,000,000 persons without killing or injuring a single one of them.

"Of course, we couldn't have him roam"Of course, we couldn't have him roambut never mind.

"Of course, we couldn't have him roam"Of cour

A Delaware father, whose son had become nominated for a country office, gave him his choice between withdrawing his name and taking a dose of buckshot. The father said he didn't propose to be discreted in his aid age.

They are looking for a man in London

isgraced in his old age.

called the Kingdom of Reaven for 75 contest the testament.

The Evening Mail having mentioned, the other day, that a New York bride had vesterday morning," is the particular way \$10,000 policy on the life of the bride- in a Goldsboro', N. C., newspaper.

groom, a heartless exchange remarks: A singer that had managed to wade two shall watch the obituary notices." through the notes of a melody composed What a wretch.

Always acknowledge all courtesies in a set of brilliants by the Duke for the kindly spirit. Throw a bouquet and a feat. card of thanks to a screnading party, if not prepared to invite them in. If you haven't a bouquet or a card at hand, throw a boot-jack, or a brick, or anything of that sort, just to show your apprecia-

"Oh for the touch of a vanished hand!"
The In Memoriam is a wonderful production, demanding and richly repaying thought and study and frequent reading.
One is not fit to say much about it until elegy and eulogy, philosophy and poetry, faith and feeling, spirit and sense, sad ness and sweetness are combined. "Our mess and sweetness are combined. "Our mess and sweetness are but broken lights"—the Lord. Strong Son of God, Immortal "the Lord. Strong Son of God, Immortal" in the lord. Strong Son of God, Immortal is a wonderful production, demanding and richly repaying thought and study and frequent reading.

The average Burlington, Iowa, saloor the kindness intended.

The average Burlington, Iowa, saloor the winds the head that leaves them hid And curst be he who lifts the lid.

One pint of whiskey cost a jury in Sullivan, Ill., about \$300 the other day, 11 jurors having been fined by a ferocious judge \$25 each for drinking in the jury room.

The Weite sous worth of charcoal to extunguish it.

A sin pof a girl in Cliuton, Conn., only twelve years old, has just fathen a victim to puppy love. Because her knee-high the bed of that river was bank-high with the suds of salvation, and a June rise of piety coming down from the mountains, there wouldn't be enough to wash your fined to wish the sous of the condition.

Mr. Hall, having married Miss Hasson in Indianapolis, of course the alliterative and now she goes in for square meals and is waiting for a partner.

feet."

A sentimental exchange remarks that reporter did not miss the opportunity of saying that they had been Hymeneally

Mr. Thos. Cook, of Lorenza and the company of the control of th faith can suchor in the rifted rock. The poet's "prime passion is in the grave" for "God's finger touched his friend in Vienna young dream, excepting the luscious An "ecc watermelon. But justice to the unosten And the dead shall rise again. Jesus only twenty-five cents, love's young eart was too full for utterance. Language was too weak. Heart-throbs and

ral men from New Kincardine going away from the other side of the street. sounds. Mary's eyes became in very deed the windows of her soul and her to seek work in Montreal. We regret-

There are now 39 women preachers in he United States. Goldsmith Maid is in Rhode Island. Doble thinks she can trot across the State inside of two minutes.

Register clerk-"Your name?" "So Three newspaper men have left Cleve- and so." Your profession?" "Lawyer." "Can you read and write?" The Charing Cross Hotel, London, well Mrs. Austin, of Alexandria, Va., has known to St. John merchants, is to be

A Buffalo father has persuaded his bad boy to stay in o' nights. The chain cost Now is the season when men are seen \$4.80 and the padlock 75 cents. at depots when late trains come in, to A Pennsylvania fumigator smoked a make sure their wives do not return un-expectedly.

eating green fruit, will keep a lively dog Mass.

It is suggested that aeronauts would There seems to be a prospect that make good police officers, as they are accustomed to taking people up.

in England. If it does the Alabama busi-uess will indeed be avenged.

Mrs. Wyncoop, an extensive real estate broker in Chicago, bas kindly taken her husband into partnership in the busi-

ing around here and putting on Congress- Milk punch is recommended for diph-

ional airs," says a Nevada paper in ex plaining how a horse-thief came to his ness among teetotalers as soon as this When a member of the Boston Com-

They are looking for a man in London Civility is reported to be dying in the to regild the ball on the tip of St. Paul's.

Coming out of the church and standing on the cliff looking down at the "gray stones," the "crags," and the sea with its "stately ships," one could readily recognize the scene of Tennyson's touching lines so closely allied to the "In Memoriam" as almost to form part of it:

Civinty is reported to be dying in the to regid the ball on the tip of St. Paul's. Twenty pounds in money and a life insurance will be given for the job.

A law-suit with ninety-three parties to it, is raging in Pittsylvania, Va. George else.

Some man in Boston publishes a paper am" as almost to form part of it:

cents a year. Of course, it is a bogus
affair. The genuine Kingdom of Heaven
can be had without money and without

The trees along the Thames embankment are beginning to grow handsemely.

Five years from now the roadway will be

one of the finest in all Europe. "Married, at 23 minutes past 1 o'clock received among her wedding presents a in which a bridal announcement begins

Hark, from the gas works comes a sound Sinners, incinerate! Ye mortals come and view the flue Where you must soon cremate.

Good friend, for heaven's sake, do not Blow on the ashes in this pot.

An eccentric character, Robert Mc-Cauley, who died of old age at Farmingtatious watermelon demands the state-ment that while a good watermelon costs never cutting his toe nails, which attain-

We met on the cars the other day seve-ale that hurt him—it was a bullet fired

spirit looked out to Him whose ward was spirit and life, bringing her dead: .othe up from the grasp of the grave. And touching this the poet says

Muskin advises the Oxford students to get up their muscle by building public in the new settlement, the Government in the new settlement, the Government in the new settlement, the Government advice. Ruskin advises the Oxford students to

in the new settlement, the Government not having, they state, fulfilled their engagements to compensate certain of the settlers.—Carleton Sentinel.

M. Durnof and his wife started for England from Calais in a balloon on the months which have no "r" in their names.

Those

ties and 245 towns named after the great and good father of his country.

Pullman palace cars are a great success in England. "They are just the sort of thing, you know; so awfully easy and jolly, you know, and all that sort of thing, you know."

In observer hims that may is only a pet an observer hims that will some an observer hims that you is an observer hims that will some an

The latest case of conscience has occurred in Augusta, Me., where a heartstricken penitent has forwarded \$5.50 to pay for a coffin which he stole a year ago—of course not for his own personal use.

The first photographer has opened his saloon in Truckee, Nevada, and has been shot at by a miner who insisted on having his picture taken by lamp-light, as he was going away early in the morning.

Three colored men who bought a farm road is reported as having forbidden

Three colored men who bought a farm road is reported as having forbidden f 200 acres in Tennessee, three years honeymoon "billing and cooing." Ob-

wood, Iowa, the object of which is to religious gathering prayed earnestly that

The ladies of Rankin, Ill., lately had "a

too lazy to finish.

York on a charge of defrauding a London were found dead on the premises the next bank of \$75,000 by the same means.

France, was found in a miserable garret in Paris asphyxiated with chareoal recently. He left a note in his pocket saying it took five great battles to ennoble his name and only five sous worth of

yet?" shouted a bootblack to a newsboy from under the control of the Mayor, and on Clark street on yesterday afternoon.
The youngster shook his head and said:
"But, I'm goin' to clam-chowder myself to night on a quarter what an old rooster gave me for holdin' his hoss, while he went into Jake's. Strawberries ain't the residences and persons of timorous went into Jake's. Strawberries ain't nothin' to k-lems; they ain't."—Chicago officials, and to dragoon parishes when-

An Omaha printer named Shorrock | In the Ohio Legislature, when the name has fallen heir to a fortune of \$200,000. of John Smith is called, five of him There is to be a tonsorial contest for the championship and \$200 a side between two barbers at Indianapolis.

A pawnbroker was found hanging to a state of the body dares to utter anything disrespectful of the name. It is too multitudinous to be treated lightly. tree in Nebraska the other day. It is supposed that the Pawnees did it.

We may all eat oysters in the month of May, for there is an "R" in it. A veter-In the United States there are 26 coun- an observer finds that May is only a pet

The latest case of conscience has oc- in the following fruitful illustration: Dou-

clergyman, "read me one of your sermons; I feel dreadfully wakeful to-night, and I wish to sleep."

The London Metropolitan Railway, since its opening in 1863, has carried 305,000,000 persons without killing or in-

A story told by Dr. McCosh, of Prince-They have a Cremation Club at Glenton College, is seasonable. A negro in a educate the public sentiment to a preference for the pyre. The President of the club has named his last baby "Cinderel la."

Of stories about hens there is no end, and to the talents of those delightful birds no limits. The last celebrity of the sort is a hen in Moore County, Tenn. She not only catches and kills mice, but she eats them.

Teligious gathering prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethern might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins." "Brudder," strinks in the close of the meeting, "you ain't got the hang of dat word. It's besettin', not 'upsettin'." "Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so, it's so. But I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin of intoxication, an' if dat ain't upsettin' sin, I dunno what am." Several negroes broke into a house

bee" to clean the church, and after it was over, they expended their remaining energies in completing the sidewalk which the men had begun last Fall and were too lazy to finish.

In Lexington, Ky., last week, and with drawn pistols demanded of the landlady all the valuables in the house. She was compelled to obey, and after taking all she had the robbers were invited to lunch. They accepted the polite invita-The Valparaiso Bank has been robbed of \$150,000 by forged drafts presented by a New York sharper. A German swindler was arrested on landing at New house. The thieves ate heartily, and

The Government of England seems A private letter from Paris, received The Government of England seems
about to consummate the project which
the Professors have been so long staving
off, to make Oxford a military centre.
Not even Dean Stanley will be able to
call it a Paradise any more.

M. Henri de Trassac Briennes, the
owner of one of the noblest names in
owner of one of the noblest names in
expectation of the project which
this morning, expresses some apprehensions as to what is to be the outcone of
the existing political muddle in France.
We extract a single paragraph: "If it
were only in my power to describe to you
the present state of French politics—
each party striving for the reins of the
government, while no one is willing to

Mr. Thos. Cook, of London, the vele-Mr. Thos. Cook, of London, the tele-brated organizer of European tours, expresses the indignation of an honest Briton at the "blarsted extortion" of the Union Pacific Railroad Company. "Why," says Mr. Cook, "I can take a party from New York, through Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy to Naples for less money than I can convey the same party from New York to the Yosemite Valley in California." California."

by-law. The Metropolitan Police, for whose support an enormous tax is levied er strawbully shirt cake at McGulligan's upon the city exclusively, has been taken

ever any political scheme required it. Those were not silken chains, but "The white people of the State, who,