

SHE LOVES HIM STILL.

BY NED P. MAH.

Murmuring zephyr, softly sighing
Round about my cottage eaves;
Rustling, whispering, sweetly dying
In among the summer leaves—
Zephyr, bear my message to him,
With a kiss his doubting kill;
With softer kisses I would woo him—
Tell him that I love him still.

Golden sunbeam, brightly streaming
My chequered window lattice through;
The orb which sheds you must be gleaming
On his distant pathway too.
Sunbeam, when that path you brighten,
With fond hope his bosom thrill,
Whisper love life's way would lighten—
Tell him that I love him still.

Gentle rain, in mercy steeping
Arid earth in pitying tears,
Till we think of angels weeping
Over mortal hopes and fears.
Gentle rain, from heaven descending,
His eyes with sober visions fill,
Tell him how my heart is rending—
Tell him that I love him still.

Streamlet, hurrying to the ocean,
Rippling o'er thy pebbly bed
With interesting, ceaseless motion,
As of one whose peace has fled;
Tell him, when his bark is cleaving
Waves which issue from thy rill,
Of this bosom's anxious heaving—
Tell him that I love him still.

Song bird, never tired of singing
Amorous ditties to thy mate;
Soon thy way thou wilt be winging
To far lands less desolate;
Songster small my message bring him,
In his ear sweet tidings trill,
Sweeter love-songs I would sing him—
Tell him that I love him still.

Heaven's blue vault that bends above us,
Changeless vault that must endure,
Telling how heaven's God will love us,
Though stormy clouds his face obscure;
Tell him, whoso'er he ranges,
Led by fate or selfish will,
Love is constant through all changes—
Tell him that I love him still.

THE RATTLESNAKE HUNTER.

The following is the story of a man known amongst the Green Mountains as the Rattlesnake Hunter:—

"We had resided in the new country nearly a year. Our settlement had increased rapidly, and the comforts and delicacies of life were beginning to be felt, after the weary privations and severe trials to which we had been subjected. The red men were few and feeble, and did not molest us. The beasts of the forest and mountain were ferocious, but we suffered little from them. The only immediate danger to which we were exposed resulted from the rattlesnakes, which infested our neighbourhood. Three or four of our settlers were bitten by them, and died in terrible agonies. The Indians often told us frightful stories of this snake, and its powers of fascination, and although they were generally believed, yet, for myself, I confess I was rather more amused than convinced by their marvellous legends.

"In one of my hunting excursions abroad, on a fine morning—it was just at this time of the year—I was accompanied by my wife. It was a beautiful morning. The sunshine was warm, but the atmosphere was perfectly clear; and a fine breeze from the north-west shook the bright green leaves which clothed to profusion the wreathing branches over us. I had left my companion for a short time in the pursuit of game; and in climbing a rugged ledge of rocks, interspersed with shrubs and dwarfish trees, I was startled by a quick, grating rattle. I looked forward. On the edge of a loosened rock lay a large rattlesnake, coiling himself as if for the deadly spring. He was within a few feet of me, and I paused for an instant to survey him. I know not why, but I stood still, and looked at the deadly serpent with a strange feeling of curiosity. Suddenly he unwound his coil, as if relenting from his purpose of hostility, and raising his head, he fixed his bright fiery eye directly on my own. A chilling and indescribable sensation, totally different from anything I had ever before experienced, followed this movement of the serpent; but I stood still, and gazed steadily and earnestly, for at that moment there was a visible change in the reptile. His form seemed to grow larger and his colours brighter. His body moved with a slow, almost imperceptible motion towards me, and a low hum of music came from him, or at least it sounded in my ear a strange sweet melody, faint as that which melts from the throat of a humming-bird. Then the tints of his body deepened, and changed and glowed, like the changes of a beautiful kaleidoscope—green, purple, and gold—until I lost sight of the serpent entirely, and saw only a wild and curiously woven circle of strange colours, quivering around me like an atmosphere of rainbows. I seemed in the centre of a great prism, a world of mysterious colours, and tints varied and darkened and lighted up again around me; and the low music went on without ceasing until my brain reeled; and fear, for the first time, came over me. The new sensation gained upon me rapidly, and I could feel the cold sweat gushing from my brow. I had no certainty of danger in my mind, no definite ideas of peril, all was vague and clouded, like the unaccountable terrors of a dream, and yet my limbs shook, and I fancied I could feel the blood stiffening with cold as it passed along my veins. I would have given worlds to have been able to tear myself from the spot—I even attempted to do so, but the body obeyed not

the impulse of the mind, not a muscle stirred, and I stood still as if my feet had grown to the solid rock, with the infernal music of the temper in my ear, and the baleful colourings of his enchantment before me.

"Suddenly a new sound came on my ear. It was a human voice, but it seemed strange and awful. Again, again, but I stirred not; and then a white form plunged before me, and grasped my arm. The horrible spell was at once broken. The strange colours passed from before my vision. The rattlesnake was coiling at my very feet, with glowing eyes and uplifted fangs; and my wife was clinging in terror upon me. The next instant the serpent threw himself upon us. My wife was the victim! The fangs pierced deeply into her hands; and her scream of agony, as she staggered backwards from me, told me the dreadful truth.

"Then it was that a feeling of madness came upon me; and when I saw the foul serpent stealing away from his work, reckless of danger, I sprang forward and crushed him under my feet, grinding him upon the ragged rock. The groans of my wife now recalled me to her side, and to the horrible reality of her situation. There was a dark livid spot on her hand; and it deepened into blackness as I led her away. We were at a considerable distance from any dwelling; and after wandering for a short time, the pain of her wound became insupportable to my wife, and she swooned away in my arms. Weak and exhausted as I was, I yet had strength enough left to carry her to the nearest rivulet, and bathe her brow in the cool water. She partially recovered, and sat down upon the bank, while I supported her head upon my bosom. Hour after hour passed away, and none came near us, and there, alone in the great wilderness, I watched over her, and prayed with her, and she died."

The old man groaned audibly as he uttered these words, and as he clasped his long bony hands over his eyes, I could see the tears falling thickly through his gaunt fingers. After a momentary struggle with his feelings, he lifted his head once more, and there was a fierce light in his eyes as he spoke:—

"But I have had my revenge. From that fatal moment I have felt myself fitted and set apart, by the terrible ordeal of affliction, to rid the place of my abode of its foulest curse. And I have well nigh succeeded. The fascinating demons are already few and powerless."

Years have passed since my interview with the Rattlesnake Hunter; the place of his abode has changed—a beautiful village rises near the spot of conference, and the grass of the churchyard is green over the grave of the old hunter. But his story is fixed upon my mind, and Time, like enamel, only burns deeper the first impression. It comes up before me like a vividly remembered dream, whose features are too horrible for reality.

ABUSE IN PLACE OF ARGUMENT.

"If you find that you have no case," the old lawyer is reported to have said to the young, "abuse the plaintiff's attorney," and Judge Martin Grover, of New York, used to say that it was apparently a great relief to a lawyer who had lost a case to betake himself to the nearest tavern and swear at the court. Abuse, in any event, seems to have been regarded by both of these authorities as a consolation in defeat. It is but carrying the theory a step further to resort to abuse in argument. Timon, who is a club cynic—which is perhaps the most useless specimen of humanity—says that 'pon his honor nothing entertains him more than to see how little argument goes to the discussion of any question, and how immediate is the recourse to blackguardism. "The other day," he said recently, "I was sitting in the smoking-room, and Blunt and Sharp began to talk about yachts. Sharp thinks that he knows all that can be known of yachts, and Blunt thinks that what he thinks is unqualified truth. Sharp made a strong assertion, and Blunt smiled. It was that lofty smile of amused pity and superiority, which is, I suppose, very exasperating. Sharp was evidently surprised, but he continued, and at another observation Blunt looked at him, and said, simply, 'Ridiculous!' As it seemed to me," said Timon, "the stronger and truer were the remarks of Sharp, the more Blunt's tone changed from contempt to anger, until he came to a torrent of vituperation, under which Sharp retired from the room with dignity.

"I presume," said the cynic, "that Sharp was correct upon every point. But the more correct Sharp was, the more angry Blunt became. It was very entertaining, and it seems to me very much the way of more serious discussion." Timon was certainly right, and those who heard his remarks, and have since then seen him chuckling over the newspapers, are confident it is because he observes in them the same method of carrying on discussion. Much public debate recalls the two barbaric methods of warfare, which consist in making a loud noise and in emitting vile odors. A member of Congress pours out a flood of denunciatory words in the utmost rhetorical confusion, and seems to suppose that he has dismayed his opponent because he has made a tremendous noise. He is only an overgrown boy, who, like some other boys, imagines that he is very heroic when he shakes his head, and pouts his lip, and clenches his fist, and "calls names" in a thrill and rasping tone. Other members, who ought to know better, pretend to regard his performances as worthy of applause, and metaphorically pat him on the back

and cry, "St, boy!" They only share—and in a greater degree, because they know better—the contempt with which he is regarded.

In the same way a newspaper writer attacks views which are not acceptable to him, not with argument, or satire, or wit, or direct refutation, but by metaphorically emptying slops, and directing whirlwinds of bad smells upon their supporters. The intention seems to be, not to confute the arguments, but to disgust the advocates. The proceeding is a confession that the views are so evidently correct that they will inevitably prevail unless their supporters can be driven away. This is an ingenious policy, for guns certainly can not be served if the gunners are dispersed. Men shrink from ridicule and ludicrous publicity. However conscious of rectitude a man may be, it is exceedingly disagreeable for him to see the dead-walls and pavements covered with posters proclaiming that he is a liar and a fool. If he recoils, the enemy laughs in triumph; if he is indifferent, there is a fresh whirlwind.

A public man wrote recently to a friend that he had seen an attack upon his conduct in a great journal, and had asked his lawyer to take the necessary legal steps to bring the offender to justice. His friend replied that he had seen the attack, but that it had no more effect upon him than the smells from Newtown Creek. They were very disgusting, but that was all. This is the inevitable result of blackguardism. The newspaper reader, as he sees that one man supports one measure because his wife's uncle is interested in it, and another man another measure to gratify his grudge against a rival, gradually learns from his daily morning mentor that there is no such thing as honor, decency, or public spirit in public affairs; he chuckles with the club cynic, although for a very different reason, and forgets the contents of one column as he begins upon the next. If a man covers his milk toast, his breakfast, his lunch, dinner, and supper with a coating of Cayenne pepper, the pepper becomes as things in general became to Mr. Toots—of no consequence.

This kind of fury in personal denunciation is not force, as young writers suppose; it is feebleness. Wit, satire, brilliant sarcasm, are, indeed, legitimate weapons. It was these which Sydney Smith wielded in the early *Edinburgh Review*. But "calling names," and echoing the commonplaces of affected contempt, that is too weak even for Timon to chuckle over, except as evidence of mental vacuity. The real object in honest controversy is to defeat your opponent and leave him a friend. But the Newtown Creek method is fatal to such a result. Of course that method often apparently wins. But it always fails when directed against a resolute and earnest purpose. The great causes persist through seeming defeat to victory. But to oppose them with sneers and blackguardism is to affect to dam Niagara with a piece of paper. The crafty old lawyer advised the younger to reserve his abuse until he felt that he had no case. Judge Grover remarked that it was when the case was lost that the profanity began.

DYING WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

"Kiss me, Hardy—I thank God I have done my duty."—Lord Nelson.

"Head of the army."—Napoleon.

"Don't give up the ship."—Lawrence.

"It is well."—Washington.

"I must sleep now."—Byron.

"I feel as if I were to be myself again."—Sir Walter Scott.

"Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."—Robert Burns.

"Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die."—Alfieri.

"Let the light enter."—Goethe.

"Into thy hands, O Lord!"—Tasso.

"What! is there no bribing death?"—Cardinal Beaufort.

"It matters little how the head lieth."—Sir Walter Raleigh.

"I pray you, see me safe up, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself" (ascending the scaffold).—Sir Thomas More.

"I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying."—Chancellor Thurlow.

"Give Daryoles a chair."—Lord Chesterfield.

"Independence for ever."—Adams.

"I have loved God, my father, and liberty."—Madame de Staël.

"Be serious."—Grotius.

"I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country."—Jefferson.

"It is the last of earth."—J. Q. Adams.

"I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."—Harrison.

"I have endeavored to do my duty."—Taylor.

"A dying man can do nothing easy."—Franklin.

"Let me die to the sounds of delicious music."—Mirabeau.

"Let not poor Nelly starve."—Charles II.

"All my possessions for a moment of time."—Queen Elizabeth.

"It is small, very small indeed" (clasping her neck).—Anne Boleyn.

"There is not a drop of blood on my hands."—Fred. V. of Denmark.

"Is this your fidelity?"—Nero.

"You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie; take my last notes, sit down to my piano here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother; let me hear once more those notes which have so long been my solacement and delight."—Mozart.

"God preserve the emperor."—Haydn.

"The artery ceases to beat."—Haller.

HERBERT SPENCER IN AMERICA.

The visit of Mr. Herbert Spencer to this country cannot fail to be greeted with pleasure by all intelligent Americans. Few of his many admirers, indeed, are likely to see him; for he comes without any intention of speaking in public, and expects generally to go about very quietly. But, whether one actually sees him or not, there is a certain sort of pleasure in feeling that one to whom we owe so much is at last in our country, and is coming into daily contact with our ways of living and thinking. The people of the United States may fitly welcome Mr. Spencer as a friend. It has been said—and, we believe, with truth—that he has found a greater number of intelligent and sympathetic readers in this country than in England. This sympathy may be partly due to the strongly democratic character of Mr. Spencer's political philosophy. His earliest work "Social Statics," has always found many interested readers in America; and, although in some respects it does not represent the author's matured opinions, there can be no doubt that it is the very best text-book of sound democratic political philosophy that has ever been published. It is a pity that all our legislators could not have its wise lessons instilled into their minds in early youth, even as one learns how to compute compound interest, or studies the rudiments of history or geography. Much jobbery and much ill-advised legislation would doubtless be prevented.

Popular as the "Social Statics" has been, it was only ten years after its publication that it began to be known in America. Thirty years ago foreign literature found its way to this country much more slowly than at present. It was in 1860 that Mr. Spencer's name began to be somewhat generally known to American readers; and the book to which this popular reputation was primarily due was the little book on "Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical," which was published in America in that year, before its publication in England. This admirable little book has been very widely read.

The influence of Mr. Spencer's views is to be seen very plainly in the changes which have taken place in our systems and methods of education during the past twenty years. Not only has there been a very marked increase in the relative quantity of scientific study, but there has also been a notable improvement in our methods of teaching. To abandon rote-learning, to stimulate instead of repressing the natural curiosity of the pupil, to strengthen the observing faculties and the judgment, and, as far as possible, to appeal to whatever native ingenuity the pupil may possess—these are the chief desiderata in teaching.—*Century*.

HOMOEOPATHIC TREATMENT.

Talma, the great French tragedian, once cured a tribulation by aggravating the disease.

For several weeks, each time that he played, Talma remarked a hunchback, who always sat in the same place—one of the front stalls at the right of the theatre. This little hunchback was critical, and often evinced, in the most marked and impatient way, his disapproval of certain points made by the actor. His conduct annoyed Talma. He called upon the gentleman at his own house, and said to him, "Sir, I have come to beg a great favor of you. Of course I do not wish to deprive you of the pleasure of attending the play; but I entreat that you will take some other place in the house, that I may not have you directly under my eye; for I confess that you exert a strange power over me, and that your gestures, your manner, your whole person, occupy me so entirely that I feel scarcely able to go on with my part."

The little hunchback refused, and Talma departed in a great rage.

He went to the theatre, engaged the five other stalls situated beside the one occupied by his vexatious enemy, and passed the day in giving them away. In the evening a gentleman came and took his place in one of these stalls. "See," said the *habitué* of the orchestra, "our friend the hunchback will have company this evening; his neighbor is deformed!" The door again opened—a second gentleman entered. "Oh, another hunchback! Why, one would swear this was expressly arranged—a rendezvous of three hunchbacks!" Another person entered. A burst of laughter greeted the new comer; he was a fourth hunchback! At last the fifth—all invited by Talma—made his appearance, and was received with laughter and stamping of feet. Upon the rising of the curtain the accustomed hunchback arrived. He received an ovation of applause. Pale with vexation he took his place between his brethren, who themselves laughed at the oddity of the position. During the *entr'acte* he made his escape, not to appear again. Talma was avenged.

A WOMAN'S features are less disfigured by her age at 80, than by her rage at 20.