

NOTES.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Late or early home returning,
I often see that light aye quench'd,
Shining from his window-pane,
Eve o'er his tatter'd curtain,
Nightly looking I could see,
Aye inditing.

What's that?—what's that?
The pale figure's a man,
Still discerning him fall,
The same shadow on the wall.

Far beyond the murky midnight,
By dim bunting of my oil,
I have watch'd him at his toll,
Watch'd his broad and somny forehead,
Watch'd his white industrious hand,
Ever passing.

And repeat'd,
Watch'd him and strove to understand
What impell'd it—gold, or fame,
Bread, or bubble of a name.

Or I've asked, debuting vanity
In the silence of my mind,
What the world he'd started
To his country of his kind;
Whether tones of ancient music,
Or the sound of modern gong,

Wisdom holy,

Sermon, cause, novel song,
Or philosophy sublime.

Filled the measure of his time.

No old soul's this, nor young him,
Unconscious he'd it was his name,
Never had his praise been uttered
By the oracles of fame.

Sonny face and decent mien,
Humble lodging and a fire,
These were his signs,
And he gained his meek dooms;

Teaching men by written word—
Clinging to a hope defer'd.

So he liv'd, as has I done;
Still might evening twilight fall,
But no taper lit his lattice—
Lay no shadow on his wall.

In the winter of his days,
In the midnight of his life,

Mid his writings,

Death had beckon'd him away,

Ere the sentence had grown'd,

Found completion at his hand.

But this man to old and novices,

Left behind him projects large,

Schemes of progress undeveloped,

Worthy of a nation's charge;

Noble fancies uncompleted,

Gems of beauty immatured,

Orbs of empire unadorned,

Kindly feelings,

To have flourished and endured;

Met now in golden store,

To have lived for evermore.

Who shall say—what a noble manage?

What a summyr is nob'd of;

Never to be torn'd again!

What we lose because we honor

Overmuch the mighty dead,

And despise

Honor, strown upon its head?

Or perh'apse, when kinder grown,

Leaving it to die—alone?

YANKEE.

CONTRACT WORD. —A story is related of an English soldier who, in the name of Turner, attached himself to the British army, and, after a terrible conflict with a tiger. On the day this incident arrived at Gangani on the coast of Coromandel, two of his companions stayed unarmed to a neighbour's mountain, and had been terrified by a bear. The next day Turner, at the request, accompanied the m. along with two muskets and bayonets, and, having shot the bear, returned to the camp. The party proposed, one of them espied a tiger, and, firing up to the beast, shouted to warn his comrades of the fact. Presently a large royal tiger, whose roar unfortunately lay directly upon the path by which they had passed, doubled the angle of the mountain, and pursued them by a terrain of rocks. Recovering somewhat from their panic, two of the party proposed attempting their escape by another route. Turner, more courageous, was for the safety of his friends, and offered fire upon the tiger. As his friends would load their pieces, he had hardly proffered a second shot, when he saw a tiger with a dreadful roar, springing up to stalk him. The assailant fired, and the tiger, fell over the rock, but, recovering itself, made a second spring, and, with an agonized roar of fury, received a second ball. Thrice again the tiger returned to the charge, receiving a fresh wound. At length their ammunition was exhausted, and they were compelled to gradually dislodge him to battle single-handed, with the o. traped animals. The tiger sprung upon Turner; and received his bayonet up to the muzzle of the gun in its chest; in the attempt to disengage it, the bayonet unfortunately became detached, but Turner, who had the presence of mind to seize his gun, succeeded in partially fracturing the tiger's skull. Hitherto the hairy soldier had not received a single scratch, but, in a very short time afterwards three wounds were inflicted upon him, whilst his comrade was born to shield and defend him. But such was the boldness of Turner, that he was the master of all the muskets, and had laid in a wound which one of the muskets had laid in the tiger's neck, and the tiger, left near a piece of ragged flesh. From the place thus inflicted upon the tiger, he uttered a tremendous roar, which was distinctly heard at a great distance, and then took his departure. He eventually recovered, when this dead body of the tiger was found the next day stretched out by the banks of a nullah.

There once in a country village a Dr. D., who though a man of fine sense was unfortunately adduced to interlopers. While visiting the city Hawesville, famous for its bad milks, he was overtaken by a tiger, and, as he was about to be devoured, the boys, fond of fun, concluded they would call the Doctor to his aid. After an hour or two, the Doctor opened his eyes and seeing many black faces with fangs in the sides of their caps, he said to the boys, "I am afraid that he was aware, out of them approached him and asked him to drink." "No, I thank you, Mr. Dr. D. I quit drinking three weeks before I left the other world!" replied the Doctor.

"It is impossible," said one politician to another, "to see where your party stands and the opposition party begins." "Well sir," replied the other, "if you were riding a horse, it would be impossible to say where the man stood and the ass began."

The fellow who braved the face of nature says he has the face of young Nature better.

Avoid an angry Man for a while—a manificence will do.

Oppose—the sweet oil with which human misery is pleased.

"Look out for pain," as the girl said when the fellow went to kill her, "you'll be sorry."

A legend will go to the point of temperature, when more people than phys.

The greatest thing for a bullet is a minute.

Let your expense be such as to leave a balance to your pocket.

The world is for the working man, but

the world is for the working woman, but

we are not to work; our recompence is

there, that is there, we reflect there, we recover

from sickness more, and when we die in peace we die there.

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