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No 41 SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, OCT. 14, 1874. Vol 41

Poetry.

PUT OUT THE LIGHTS.

BY JAMES R MURRAY.

Put out the lights,
He will not need them more,
Your work is done; his feet have gained
The fairer, purer shore.

Put out the lights,
For him the morning gleams,
The sweetest waking he has known
To-day upon him beams.

Put out the lights,
Sleep on and take your rest,
He is the patient watcher now,
And we the souls distressed.

Put out the lights,
He walks the heavenly way,
And less than ever yet before
He needs our tears to day.

Put out the lights,
The shadows are all parts,
And everlasting glory breaks,
Upon our friend at last.

THAT SWITCH.

If Spurzheim, and Combe, and Schroder, and hosts of other learned men and philosophers had not signally failed in every attempt to locate emotion, I really believe I should have tried on that eventful, long-to-be-remembered morning, to discover most acutely and intelligently—in other words, where I felt worst. Now a quarrel with one's lover is not the pleasantest thing one has to encounter in this world of a little grace and a good deal of stubble. It is not the kind of treatment a young, romantic, warm-hearted girl bargains for when she steps over that stone wall of girlhood into the pasture of love. She doesn't look for hedges and quagmires and ditches. Why should she, when from her little eminence those are all hidden by the wonderful wealth of foliage which, seen through first love's spectacles to a girl of seventeen is a very cruel one? I was just that age when those eyeglasses were presented to me, and once astride the nose of my imagination, there they remained until the same cruel fate dashed them aside, leaving common sense and everyday eyesight to do their work of showing up and healing. This they did most effectually; and although I have since looked out on rose-colored clouds from a sloping meadow as fair as it seemed—although I have since sipped the pure, sparkling, soul-satisfying Champagne of love held to my lips by the dearest and tenderest of fingers, yet I have never ceased to regret the harrowing, mortifying experience that attended the removal of this first pair of spectacles. I do not know that it was the intention of my step-mother to make as quick time as possible in getting me off her hands, but I do say it looked like it; and I am not the only one who thought so. We were spending the summer at the White Mountains, my father's favorite place of resort, and it was among these everlasting hills that the foundation of my "switch" story was laid.

How I came to be introduced to Herbert Satterlee was always a mystery to me. As he lounged about on the broad piazza of the hotel, or strolled among the mountain paths, he seemed but an ordinary individual, and had any one hinted before this introduction that I could by any possibility have fallen in love with him, I should have laughed him to scorn. Oh, that evening, and all those days following, and that morning! Would to Heaven I could forget one incident of either! It was just at twilight, and I had been sitting with folded hands and rapt gaze, watching the cloud mountains of crimson and amber and pink and purple that had piled up in the west, making a royal coronet to grace the brow of Old Sol as he bade good-evening to the world below.

When my cousin, Kate Lancaster, said, "Belle—Miss Hosmer—allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. Satterlee," I had hard work to be civil. But this state of mind didn't last long; for when he commenced to talk of Italian sunsets, and Rhine scenery, and gave me little incidents of Alpine travel, I was thoroughly charmed, and the spectacles above mentioned found their place long before our tete-a-tete was finished. Two weeks from that time papa's consent to our engagement had been asked and given, and I was in a seventh heaven of delight. My lover was fourteen years my senior—a fact which greatly delighted my step-mother.

I am so glad, said she, that there is this much difference in your ages. It can hardly, after all, my dear, be called a disparity—seventeen and thirty-one. Beautiful! This combination of husband and parent is something very desirable.

I never replied to the bursts of enthusiasm. I felt sure that in my case the "combination," as she was pleased to call it, would be all that was satisfactory; but I couldn't help thinking that it might not possibly do for everybody. Our love, of course, an exception to all other love. I have found since that the love of every other lover is also an exception. Does a woman warmly regard a man ten or a dozen years her junior, and he reciprocates, or imagines he reciprocates the tender passion, then matrimony is in order; both parties, without doubt, admitting that such unions are not generally desirable. The purity and unselfishness of their devotion sanctifies this martial arrangement, and the wife, while she may blush and grow reticent when ages are discussed, is quite sure that her husband looks several years older than herself, and that no one would ever guess the truth in regard to these figures. So while thirty one might be a trifle too old to match young, buoyant, undisciplined seventeen in most instances, for me—why, it was just what my nature demanded; and my step-mother was correct, and for the first time since my acquaintance with her.

Herbert Satterlee was all that the most fastidious maiden could desire. He rode well, talked well, had travelled every where, played exquisite accompaniments to all my songs, sketched lovely, adored me, or rather appeared to, which amounted to the same thing then. One has to live in this world sometime to be able to tell the difference between these two verbs, "to seem," and "to be." I had been an extensive reader, and succeeded in making myself quite interesting by the style and variety of my inquiries. As a questioner I was a success, and the light gradually dawned upon me—although not in a practical way—that I could be to any one the comfort—another definition in this special case for vanity and egotism—of my mind by the interrogative course I had in my innocence and enthusiasm adopted than in any other way; indeed, this was all expected of me. I was to sit at his feet and be taught; and, like a little simpleton, I accepted the situation with all due humility.

I occasionally found myself speculating as to the probability of our permanent agreement on matters of etiquette. Not that I would not willingly follow him, obey him if necessary, but our natures in these respects were so essentially alike that I feared lest I might, in an ungarded moment, shock or mortify him. It was evident that my betrothed had learned more from observation and travel than from books, and I soon learned, by the aid of that infinite tact without which the cleverest woman is always at sea, to so gauge my remarks and queries as to exactly cover the ground he had practically been over. I learned all this within three days after our engagement. I do not know that the information disappointed me. At that time I think there was simply born of it a vague fear that I might, in a moment of forgetfulness, offend or annoy my promised lord. That was all. I wonder if there are many such fools in the world as I was at that time! It happened after this wise. He had surprised me early one morning making some notes, and drawing a chair close to mine, said tenderly:

And what is my darling so busy with at such an unseasonable hour?

Unseasonable? I laughingly repeated. And if the hour is so misbehaved and out of joint, why did you not wait until a better behaved, less energetic damsel among the twenty-four made her appearance?

But this is not answering my question, he replied. What are you doing?

Only jotting down some little things I desire especially to remember. That reminds me, when you were speaking of the distinguished men and women you had met last evening, I meant to have asked you if you had ever seen Robert Browning?

Browning, the poet?

Yes, the poet, and my ideal of all a poet should be, was my enthusiastic answer. This, I continued in the same strain, is what I have been doing—jotting down this verse, so that I may always have it near me:

"I am named and known by that hour's feat,
There took my station and degree,
So grew my own small life complete,
As nature obtained her best of me—
One born to love you, sweet!"

I should like to kiss him for that verse this very minute. I would rank him as a great poet if he had never written another line.

I looked into my lover's face to find it entirely devoid of color, and a contemptuous expression written all over it; one I knew I had provoked, and had inwardly vowed should never be seen there again, at least by my indiscretion.

I never have seen your love-sick hero, Belle, he replied; and after a short pause, perceptibly softening, evidently aware that I had noticed and inwardly commented upon his changed appearance—I hope you are not literary. And pardon me (our engagement, I believe, gives me the right to admonish you in these little matters), were I in your place, I think I would be very careful how I expressed myself thus affectionately about any man—more particularly a stranger.

The first part of his remark was extremely commonplace. Strange to say, I felt that more than the last. There was an ignorant coarseness, an innate boorishness about it that jangled and jarred with some nicely of mine most uncomfortably. I did not admit it then—of course not. An analysis of the effect of this remark would have been the rankest of treason. Once more, what simpletons girls are! Propriety responded to his suggestion concerning the last. It was very ridiculous to say such a thing; but it seemed to me that he ought to have better understood me; ought to have known that it was only the enthusiasm of a young and ardent admirer of any thing beautiful. A woman nearer his own age would have had the sense and the courage to have gone to the bottom of this; but I, poor little moth, fluttered round, waiting for a bigger blaze to singe both wings, and lay me fluttering at his feet for mercy or freedom, which ever his royal highness most inclined to. The scene above alluded to passed over with an apology on my part, and a few words of advice and dignified commendation on his, and after this all went merry as a marriage bell until the time I am coming to. Like an accomplished caterer, I had fathomed the likes and dislikes of my intended and understood to a dot just what would best suit his mental and spiritual appetite; or at least I thought I had. Read on, and see how utterly I was mistaken. Since my engagement my step-mother had insisted that my hair, which had previously been allowed to curl and wander round my neck and shoulders at its own sweet will, should be orthodoxically chignoned; and as to make said adjair loom up according to fashionable proportions my own locks were not considered sufficiently numerous, a sample of this auburn was sent to town to be matched, and the result was a huge switch that I hated the very sight of. I did weep most restrainedly the first time the horrible thing was arranged; but then I was "engaged," and step-mother declared that Mr Satterlee had very delicately suggested this change. I looked at my betrothal ring, broad enough and heavy enough to suit the fastidious taste of any sporting man in the country (I always hated the style of that ring) and submitted to the finishing touches in silence.

The smile and words of my lover's commendation, with which he met me when I appeared at tea with this immense superstructure, went a little way toward reconciling me to the transformation. He was pleased, and I ought to be. The whole duty of an engaged woman was manifestly to sink her likes and her hates, her taste and her feelings—indeed, her whole individuality—in the superior nature of the man she has selected for a life companion. It was a little hard so far as my hair and Robert Browning, and a few other minor affairs were concerned; but step mother said that a girl engaged had no business to have a will of her own—that this was the way of it always; and I believed her, and bent my neck as gracefully as possible to the yoke all women must sooner or later wear.

Oh, that auburn switch! into what an ocean of humiliation it did plunge me at last! It was very difficult to get the thing on properly; but after a little practice my arrangement was pronounced "simply perfect," and I tried to be satisfied, although it was extremely hard work. I used to wonder what person a sacrifice I should next be called upon to make for the sake of the man I promised to marry, and conjured up all sorts of imaginary horrors such as wearing caps, and discarding crinolines and Swiss muslins, etc. We were both very fond of sitting on the rocks in the morning after breakfast, and had selected a place where the sun could never dazzle or perplex us—a little niche which in another one of my bursts of enthusiasm, I had christened, "our city residence." Here Mr. Satterlee read the papers; and as he always perused all such from the names of the editors and price per annum to last advertisement, I had ample time for reading also. He approved of magazines, strangely enough; so I generally supplied myself with matter enough to last until his lordship felt ready to take me to Rome or Paris or Switzerland—places I never tired of visiting in imagination—and where he promised we should go on our wedding tour.

On this especial morning the news was at last fairly digested, and the papers carefully folded.

"Confess," he said with a laugh, "that you have been dozing the last half hour, and haven't understood a single word you have been making believe you read."

"No, I have not been in the least sleepy," I replied. If my book had not occupied my time, I had quite enough to occupy me in endeavoring to keep this wretched chignon in place. It will slip, and the curls are a constant source of torment to me; for every now and then they would try to occupy their old place, and I am forever in torture for fear they will succeed."

Those floating curls of yours were very bewitching things, Belle, said my lover; and I am not sure but they helped to weigh down the love scale considerably.

If that be so, I interrupted, why not let me wear my hair as you first liked it? I wish you would please tell mother that you like me better that way. And there was a tone of passionate pleading in my voice that he never heard there before.

Indeed, Miss Belle, to comply with that request is quite impossible. You can no more go back to your curls than you can to the girlhood of a month ago. You are my promised wife; and that little assumption of dignity on your part I feel that I am quite entitled to.

Just then "that switch" gave a queer, one sided torch, and before I really knew what was the matter the bundle of false hair lay by my side, and my own locks were caressing my shoulders as if glad to be free.

There! I laughed, in great glee. Isn't that jolly? Once more, just once, I am a girl again! You do not know, Mr Satterlee—you cannot imagine—what relief this is to me. As for this thing, holding up the switch, I am half inclined to pitch it into the ravine below.

You have my permission to do so, Miss Hosmer he answered, in a cold, measured, haughty tone I had never heard him assume before. It is a matter of perfect indifference to me what the young lady does with the false hair she has not delicacy enough to conceal. This is a species of vulgarity I did not imagine you could be so guilty of.

In what did the vulgarity consist? I asked myself in amazement. Was it in wearing this false hair, or was it for allowing him to know that I wore it? I was not long in doubt for he continued in the same cynical way:

I suppose custom renders it necessary to make those infinite additions; but this is the first instance I have ever seen where a lady was really anxious to exhibit such appendages."

If you would like me to understand that the wearing of such stuff as this vulgar I quite agree with you, Sir; and I declare to you upon my honor as a woman—a very young woman, I am well aware—that I shall never again be coaxed, cajoled, advised, or commanded into braiding the false with the true; and I shall endeavour to carry this principle into each act of my life.

As you please, he replied, through his set teeth. He must have been fearfully angry, for every particle of color had deserted his face.

This hair is an excellent match, my step-mother says I went on; and I think it is pity to throw it away, isn't it Mr Satterlee? But over it goes and with this trouble that has tried to make me a wise society woman long before the time. And I removed the horse jockey ring, rolled it up with the long auburn switch, and threw them from me far down the ravine, then deliberately walked away from my liege lord, leaving folly only as a parting shot.

Next time you think about being engaged, Mr Satterlee, have the lady's cerebellum examined, and be sure that is well covered. Good morning, Sir.

What did my father and step-mother say? Oh, everything you can think of. They stormed and threatened; and finally the situation became so intolerable that one day I packed my trunks and started, without saying a word to any one, for my aunt's house in Brandon—dear old Brandon—where at last I came to find the genuine article without the aid of a magnifying glass whatever. He is a minister—who would ever have thought it?—my aunt's adopted son, and the way it came about was after this wise. Aunt went away for a short visit to Niagara, leaving me housekeeper, and John Percival—that is his name—returned from a two year's Continental tour quite unexpectedly, and quite ill. I was obliged to take care of him until the arrival of my aunt, and even afterward it seemed quite impossible to dispense with my services. He convalesced rapidly, and one day, the very first he was able to walk out after having rested a while in silence under the shade of a dear old elm, he looked up suddenly and said:

What beautiful hair you have, Belle! I am so glad you have sense enough to wear it in that way? and he took one of the curls between his fingers and caressed it so tenderly that my heart gave a wild throb, and I knew then that I had loved John Percival from the first.

I was thinking, he continued, as I looked at you, all unconscious of my gaze, as you sat in the twilight last evening, how beautiful that hair would be thirty or forty years hence, worn in the same way!

What an idea! I replied, trying to be gay. I am afraid white curls would not be so very becoming.

Anything that is graceful and natural is always becoming. But do you know, Belle, I have wondered a thousand times that you did not arrange your hair like other young ladies, he answered.

Then I told him the story of "that switch." He laughed heartily at the comico tragico finale. Who could have helped it? Then after a pause, continued, softly.

I wish you would give me that hair to keep Belle.

And now about the head? I queried, saucily, looking away from his ardent gaze.

I am not bargaining for a switch, dear! and then, more seriously, "Of course the head, if the heart says yes."

There was no answer needed. He read it all in my brimful eyes and flushed cheek, and drawing my head to his shoulder, repeated my favorite Browning verse:

"I am named and known by that hour's feat,
There took my station and degree,
So grew my own small life complete
As nature obtained her best of me—
One born to love you sweet!"

Wasn't it funny.

A WESTERN CASABIANCA.—A friend sends us the following. It reminds one of Casabianca but two points of difference may be noticed. Casabianca would not take water, but the Washington youngster did; Casabianca got blowed up, this one did not.

There is nowadays a good deal of complaint about the want of obedience to parental authority on the part of the rising generation, especially on the part of the boys. We heard of a case the other day which proves that there are noble exceptions to the average "boy of the period." A young son of one of the principal examiners in the Patent office at Washington went to pass his school vacation at an uncle's in Kentucky near the Ohio River. There was but one restriction on the scope of the boy's amusements. Horses, dogs, rifles, dirks, etc., etc., were freely allowed as companions of his amusements; but as his uncle was as fond of the water as so many ducks, he was requested to shun the boat which the young men were wont to use in their aquatic excursions. He promised faithfully, like the dutiful lad he is, and departed rejoicing. A recent letter to his father graphically describes various excursions and the "good times" he had enjoyed among the very last one in which the cousins had decided to visit the Ohio shore. "They went over in the boat," writes the boy, "but I remembered your wishes to that respect, and so swam the river!" It is needless to add that the next mail announced to the young gentleman the embargo upon the boat had been removed.—[Harper's Magazine.

ARMLESS WOMAN.—The Sussex (Eng) Daily News gives a remarkable account of the armless woman of Jevington, whose marriage was recently reported. She is a very good reader, writes very nicely and rapidly, is a member of the choir at the parish church, and has learnt to play upon a concertina, her feet, and especially her left foot, being the implements which take the place of hands. Amongst other things she manages to do fine needlework and fancy embroidery for sale. She is a skilful cook and dresses herself completely with little aid. Most of her work is performed sitting on the ground.

"Old Kaintuck" lives at Red Dog, near You Bet in Nevada county, California. He was the foreign tourist asked what the annual corn crop of Kentucky was, and he replied: "I can't say, stranger; but I know it is enough to make all the whiskey we want, besides what is wasted for bread."

In Perthshire several dissenting members of the Episcopal Church waited on the rector with a request that they might have the services of the new non Erastian section. "Will you allow us, sir, to dig our graves?" asked one of the deputation. Certainly, gentlemen, said the rector, you are most welcome, and the sooner the better.

Our custom being to award the prefix "Hon." to any one of our citizens who has been a member of Congress, a State Senator or a judge, and as on an average those offices are seldom held long—it is estimated that there are in Massachusetts at the present day five hundred men entitled to that distinction. Add to those the LL D's M D's professors and esquires, and Massachusetts can champion the world for titles.—[Boston Transcript.

A gentleman of Louisville has a dog—a pointer. The dog ran up the steps of a house and refused to come down. His master followed and found "A. Partridge" on the door plate. This illustrates the force of instinct.

A Milwaukee boy has swallowed half a dozen steel buttons and his mother doesn't have to scream for him when he is out on the street playing with those Clockerson boys. She just brings a magnet to the door, and he flies to it like a needle to the pole.

A man in Boston, in his hurry to assist a fainting lady, got a bottle of mucilage instead of camphor and bathed her face with it. She was a good deal stuck up with his attention.

A cynic says marriage is very often a dull book with a very fine preface. Sometimes it is "half calf" too.

Owing to the stormy weather on Saturday of last week, only five ladies went to be divorced in St. Louis.

A Parisian musical directory defines a shout to be "an unpleasant noise produced by over-straining the throat, for which great singers are well paid, and small children well punished."

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