

"I made Another Garden."

"I made another garden, yea, For my new love; I left the dead row where it lay, And set the new above. Why did the summer not begin? Why did my heart not haste? My old love came and walked therein, And laid the garden waste. "She entered with her weary smile, Just as of old; She looked around a little while, And shivered at the cold. Her passing touch was death to all, Her passing look a blight; She made the white rose petals fall, And turned the red rose white. "Her pale robe clinging to the grass Seemed like a snake That bit the grass and ground, alas, And a sad trail did make. She went up slowly to the gate, And there, just as of yore, She turned back at the last to wait And say farewell once more. —Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

FOR MARSE CHOUCOUTE.

"An' now, young man, w'at you want to remember is this—an' take it for yo motto: No monkey shines with Uncle Sam. Yo understand? You aware now o' the penalties attached to monkey-shin' with Uncle Sam. I reckon that's 'bout all I got to say; so you be on han' promp to-morrow mornin' at 7 o'clock to take charge o' the United States mail-bag." This formed the close of a very pompous address delivered by the post-master of Centreville to young Armand Verchette who had been appointed to carry the mails from the village to the railway station, three miles away. Armand — or Chouchoute, as every one chose to call him, following the habit of the creoles in giving nicknames — had listened a little impatiently. Not so the little negro boy who had accompanied him. The child had listened with the deepest respect and awe to every word of the rambling admonition. "How much you gwine git, Marse Chouchoute?" he asked, as they walked down the village street together, the black boy a little behind. He was very black and slightly deformed; a small boy, scarcely reaching to the shoulder of his companion, whose cast-off garments he wore. But Chouchoute was tall for his sixteen years and carried himself well. "Why I'm goin' to git thirty dolla, a month, Wash. W'at you say to that? Betta 'n hoe'n cotton, a'nt it?" He laughed with a triumphant ring in his voice. But Wash did not laugh. He was too much impressed by the importance of this new function, too much bewildered by the vision of sudden wealth which thirty dollars a month meant with his understanding. He felt, too, deeply conscious of the great weight of responsibility which this new office brought with it. The imposing salary had confirmed the impression left by the postmaster's words. "You gwine get all dat money? Sakes! W'at you reckon Marse Armand sakes? I know she gwine most takes a fit w'en she heat dat." But Chouchoute's mother did not "most take a fit" when she heard of her son's good fortune. The white and wasted hand which rested upon the boy's black curls trembled a little, it is true, and tears of emotion came into her tired eyes. This step seemed to her the beginning of better things for her fatherless boy. They lived quite at the end of this little French village, which was simply two long rows of very old frame houses, facing one another closely across a dusty roadway. Their home was a cottage, so small and so humble that it just escaped the reproach of being a cabin. Every one was kind to Marse Armand. Neighbors ran in of mornings to help her with her work — she could do so little for herself. And often the good priest, Pere Antoine, came to sit with her and talk innocent gossip. To say that Wash was fond of Marse Armand and her son is to be poor in language to express devotion. He worshipped her as if she were already an angel in paradise. Chouchoute was a delightful young fellow; no one could help loving him. His heart was as warm and cheery as his own Southern sublimities. If he was born with an unlucky trick of forgetfulness — or, better, thoughtlessness — no one ever felt much like blaming him for it, so much did it seem a part of his happy, careless nature. And why was that faithful watchdog always at Marse Chouchoute's heels, if it were not to be hands and ears and eyes to him, more than half the time? One beautiful spring night Chouchoute, on his way to the station, was riding along the road that skirted the river. The clumsy mail bag that lay before him across the pony was almost empty, for the Centreville mail was but a few minutes old. But he did not know this. He was not thinking of the mail, in fact; he was only feeling that life was very agreeable this delicious spring night. There were cabins at intervals upon the road — most of them darkened, for the hour was late. As he approached one of these, larger than the others, he heard the sound of a fiddle, and saw lights through the openings of the house. It was so far from the road that when he stopped his horse and peered through the darkness he could not recognize the dancers who passed before the open doors and windows. But he knew this was Gros Leon's ball, which he had heard the boys talking about all the week. Chouchoute dismounted, fastened his horse to the fence-post and proceeded toward the house. The room, crowded with people,

young and old, was long and low, with rough beams across the ceiling, blackened by smoke and time. Upon the high mantel-piece a single coal-oil lamp burned, and none too brightly. In a far corner, upon the platform of boards laid across two flour barrels, sat Uncle Ben, playing upon a squeaky fiddle and shouting the "figures." "Ah! v'la Chouchoute!" some one called. "Eh! Chouchoute!" "Just in time, Chouchoute; yere's Miss Leontine waitin' fer a partna." "Stute yo' partnas?" Uncle Ben was thundering forth; and Chouchoute, with one hand gracefully behind him, made a profound bow to Miss Leontine, as he offered her the other. Now Chouchoute was noted far and wide for his skill as a dancer. The moment he stood upon the floor a fresh spirit seemed to enter into all present. It was with renewed vigor that Uncle Ben intoned his "Balancy all! Fus fo'ard an' back!" The spectators drew close about the couples to watch Chouchoute's wonderful dancing. "It takes Chouchoute to show 'em de step, va!" proclaimed Gros Leon, with fat satisfaction, to the audience at large. "Look 'im! look 'im yonda!" Ole Ben got to work 'an dat if he want to keep up wid Chouchoute, va!" So it was encouragement and adulation on all sides, till, from the praise that was showered on him, Chouchoute's head was as light as his feet. At the windows appeared the dusky faces of the negroes, their bright eyes gleaming as they viewed the scene within and mingled their loud guffaws with the melody of sound that was almost deafening. The time was speeding. The air was heavy in the room, but no one seemed to mind this. Uncle Ben was calling the figures now with a rhythmic sing-song: "Right 'an' left all 'roun! Swing co'nas!" Chouchoute turned with a smile to Miss Felicie on his left, his hand extended, when, what should break upon his ear but the long, harrowing wail of a locomotive. Then he vanished from the room. Miss Felicie stood as he left her, with hand uplifted, rooted to the spot with astonishment. It was the train whistling for his station, and he a mile or more away! He knew he was too late, and that he could not make the distance; but the sound had been a rude reminder that he was not at his post of duty. However, he would do what he could now. He ran swiftly to the other road, and to the spot where he had left his pony. The horse was gone, and with it the United States mail bag! For an instant Chouchoute stood half-stunned with terror. Then, in a quick flash, came to his mind a vision of possibilities that sickened him. Disgrace overtaking him in this position of trust; poverty his portion again, and his dear mother forced to share both with him. He turned, desperate, to some negroes who had followed him, seeing his wild rush from the house. "Who saw my hoss? W'at you all did with my hoss, say?" "Who you reckon tech yo' hoss, boy?" grumbled Gustave, a sullen-looking mulatto. "You didn't have no call to let 'im in de road, fust place." "Pear to me like I headed a hoss a-lop'ing down de road jes' now, didn' you, Uncle Jake?" ventured a second. "Neve heahed nuttin'—nuttin' 't 'cept dat big mout Ben in yonda makin' mo' fuss 'an a t'unda stoin'." "Boys!" cried Chouchoute excitedly, "bring me a hoss, quick, one of you. I'm bound to have one! I'm bound to; I'll give two dolla to the firs' man brings me a hoss." "Near at hand, in the 'lot' that adjoined Uncle Jake's cabin, was his little creole pony, nibbling the cool, wet grass that he found along the edges and in the corners of the fence. The negro led the pony forth. With no further word and with one bound Chouchoute was upon the animal's back. He wanted neither saddle nor bridle, for there were few horses in the neighborhood that had not been trained to be guided by the simple motions of the rider's body. Once mounted, he threw himself forward with a certain violent impulse, leaving till his cheek touched the animal's mane. He uttered a sharp "Hei!" and at once, as if possessed by sudden frenzy, the horse dashed forward, leaving the bewildered black man in a cloud of dust. What a mad ride it was! On one side was the river bank, steep in places and crumbling away; on the other an unbroken line of fencing, now treacherous barbed wire, sometimes the zizzag rail. The night was black, with only such faint light as the stars were shedding. No sound was to be heard save the quick thud of the horse's hoofs upon the hard dirt road, the animal's heavy breathing and the boys' feverish "hoi, hei!" when he fancied the speed slackened. Occasionally a marauding dog started from the obscurity to bark and give useless chase. "To the road, to the road, Bon-arien!" panted Chouchoute, for the horse in his wild race had approached so closely to the river's edge that the bank crumbled beneath his flying feet. It was only by a desperate lunge and bound that he saved himself and rider from plunging into the water below. Chouchoute hardly knew what he was pursuing so madly. It was rather something that drove him—fear, hope

He was rushing to the station, because it seemed to him, naturally, the first thing to do. There was the faint hope that his own horse had broken rein and gone there of his own accord; but such hope was almost lost in a wretched conviction that had seized him the instant he saw "Gustave the thief" among the men gathered at Gros Leon's. "Hei! hei! Bon-arien!" The lights of the railway station were gleaming ahead, and Chouchoute's hot ride was almost at an end. With a sudden and strange perversity of purpose Chouchoute, as he drew closer upon the station, slackened his horse's speed. A low fence was in his way. Not long before he would have cleared it at a bound — for Bon-arien could do such things. Now he entered easily to the end of it to go through the gate. His courage was growing faint and his heart sinking within him as he drew nearer and nearer. He dismounted, and, holding the pony by the mane, approached with some trepidation the young station-master, who was taking note of some freight that had been deposited near the tracks. "Mr. Hudson," faltered Chouchoute, "did you see my pony 'roun' yere any where? an'—an' the—mail-sack?" "Your pony's safe in the woods, Choute. The mail bag's on its way to New Orleans." "Thank God!" breathed the boy. "But that poor little black fellow of yours has about done it for himself, I guess." "Wash? Oh, Mr. Hudson! w'at's—w'at's happen to Wash?" "He's inside on my mattress. He's hurt, and he's hurt bad; that's what's the matter. You see the 10:45 train had come in, and she didn't make much of a stop; she was just pushing out when, bless me! if that little chap of yours didn't come tearing along on Spunky as if Old Harry was behind him. "You know how No. 32 can pull at the start; and there was that little imp keeping abreast of her 'most under the thing's wheels. "I shouted at him. I couldn't make out what he was up to, when blamed if he didn't pitch the mail bag clean into the car! Buffalo Bill couldn't have done it neater. "Then Spunky, she shied; and Wash he bounced against the side of that car and back like a rubber ball and laid in the ditch till we carried him inside. I've ridden down the road for Dr. Campbell to come up on No. 14 and do what he can for him." Hudson had related these events to the distracted boy while they made their way towards the house. Inside, upon a low pallet, lay the little negro, breathing heavily, his black face pinched and ashen with approaching death. He had wanted no one to touch him further than to lay him upon the bed. The few men and colored women gathered in the room were looking upon him with pity mingled with curiosity. When he saw Chouchoute he closed his eyes and a shiver passed through his small frame. Those about him thought he was dead. Chouchoute knelt, choking, at his side and held his hand. "Oh, Wash, Wash! W'at you did dat for? W'at made you, Wash?" "Marse Chouchoute," the boy whispered, so low that no one could hear him but his friend, "I was gwine long de big road, spak' Marse Gros Leon's, an' I seed Spunky tied dah wid de mail. Dar warn't a minute—I 'clar, Marse Chouchoute, dar warn't a minute —to fetch you. W'at makes my head 'roun' round dat way?" "Neve mind, Wash; keep still; don't you try to talk," entreated Chouchoute. "You ain't mad, Marse Chouchoute?" The lad could only answer with a hand pressure. "Dar warn't a minute, so I gits top o' Spunky—I neva seed nuttin' 'clar de road like dat. I came long side de train—an' ding de sack. I seed 'im ketch it, and I don't know nuttin' mo' 'cept 'mis'ry, till I see you a-coming froug de road. Mebby Marse Armand know some'pin,' he murmured faintly, "w'at gwine make my—head quit 'roun' round dat way, I bound to git well; 'eaise who—gwine—watch Marse Chouchoute?" —Kate Chopin, in Youth's Companion.

REDMOND O'HANLON.

Redmond O'Hanlon, the most noted of the Irish brigands, after distinguishing himself through the most daring deeds, met his vanquisher at last in a shopkeeper's apprentice. The youth's master, having to receive a round sum of money in Newry, was afraid to risk an encounter with Redmond or some of his gang on his return to Dundalk, his native town. In his perplexity, his apprentice, sixteen years of age, offered his services, which, after some hesitation, were accepted. The youth, in the words of Mr. Cosgrove, author of the "Irish Rogues and Rapparees," went to the field and brought home an old vicious screw—much of the same humor with Sir Teague O'Ragan's war horse, on which he rode out to meet Duke Schomberg, after the surrender of Charlemont—that, when any other came to meet him on the road, he always strove to bite or kick him, by which means he commonly kept the road to himself. As he wended on his way he was overtaken by a well-dressed gentleman, with whom he freely entered into discourse, making no secret of his business or of his expectations of being about the same place on his return to-morrow with one hundred pounds in his possession. "I wonder," said the fellow-traveler, "you are so free in your communications with strangers; how can you tell but that I may be Redmond O'Hanlon or one of his gang?" "Oh, oh!" said the boy, bursting into laughing, "such a nice-looking gentleman as you to be a robber! Do you think I haven't eyes?" "Well, at all events, I advise you to be more discreet. Redmond is famous at disguises, and will pin you if he gets wind of your business. Here's a crown for you to drink my health, but keep a bridle on your tongue." The grateful youth, sobering at once, made the promise. And, even as the boy expected, the gentleman overtook him as he was returning next day, and conversation was resumed. "Well, my boy, I suppose from your looks you have not met with any bad company, and your money is safe?" "Indeed it is, sir; many thanks for your good advice." "How are you carrying it?" "In the two ends of this ticket wallet." "Dear me! I would like to feel the weight of it out of curiosity," and he approached, but the horse lashed out, and he was obliged to keep his distance. "Throw over the wallet," he said, rather sternly for such a nice spoken gentleman. "Oh, sir, honest, sure you wouldn't rob me? What would the master say?" "I don't know, but this is what I say: If you don't surrender it at once, I will send a bullet through you, and another through your garran." "I promised my master not to let myself be robbed till I was in danger of my life. Here is the money, but you must take the trouble of crossing the ditch for it." So saying he heaved the bag over the slough that bordered the road and the hedge beyond it in the next field. This annoyed the highwayman, but, judging the prize worth the trouble, he dismounted, scrambled over the dyke and fence higher up, and laid hands on the bag. Hearing a clatter he raised his head, and, looking over the fence, saw the innocent youth making the road to Dundalk short on Redmond's good steed, and the vicious beast prancing about on the road, and longing for some one to fly at. He was enraged for being so taken in, but much more when he found the two ends of the precious wallet containing nothing more valuable than the copper half-pence of the time, value for thirty or forty shillings. So there we must leave our outlaw, encumbered with his copper, and not daring to lay hands on the ill-tempered, dangerous garran left at his discretion. The boy arrived safe in Dundalk with the hundred guineas quitted in his waistcoat. After many escapes from armed foes and from prisons, O'Hanlon was treacherously killed by his own foster-brother for the reward—an almost unprecedented crime in Ireland. His followers were obliged, by a most solemn oath, never to shed blood unless in self-defence, never to rob a poor person or to offer violence to a woman. "Men die, but their work lives on. We are all building pyramids, not to last four thousand years, but forty thousand, forty million, forty trillion, forty quadrillion, forty quintillion. All the good words or bad words we speak are spread out into one layer for a pyramid. All the kind deeds or the unkind deeds we do are spread out into another layer. All the Christian or un-Christian example we set is spread out into another layer. All the indirect influences of our lives are spread out into another layer. Then the time soon comes when we put down the implements of toil and pass away, but the pyramid stands." —T. DeWitt Talmage.

CURRAN'S BON MOTS.

Curran's conversation was singularly brilliant. Byron, who only knew him when, in the evening of his life, it had lost much of its radiant vivacity, thus writes of it: "His imagination is beyond human, and his humor—it is difficult to define what is wit—perfect. He has fifty faces and twice as many voices when he mimics. I have never met his equal." "Curran, Curran is the man," he writes again, "who struck me most. Such imagination! There never was anything like it." And again, "I have heard that man speak more poetry than I have ever seen written, though I have seen him but seldom." We shall endeavor to give some specimens, some of which have never seen the light. On an April afternoon, Curran, walking in the garden of the late Judge Fletcher which had been exposed, owing to the walling in, on the Judge's observing that his rows of broccolin were backward, Curran said, "Consider they have been exposed to much dust, and look as they had been after a long march" (March). A barrister entered the hall one day, with his wig very much awry, and of which, not at all apprised, he was obliged to endure from every observer some laughing remark, until, addressing Mr. Curran, he said: "Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" The answer instantly was: "Nothing but the head." A bill of indictment had been sent up to a grand jury, in which Mr. Curran was interested. One of the jurors, whose stupidity vexed Curran, coming into court to explain why they ignored it, Curran said, "O'jist write on the back 'ignoramus,' for sell and fellows. It will then be a true bill." A miniature painter, upon his cross-examination by Curran, was made to confess that he had attempted to put his arm around the waist of a particular lady. "Then, sir," said Curran, "I suppose you took that waist (waste) for a common." "No man," said Curran, "but a weak-minded barrister should be admitted to the bar who has not an independent property." "May I ask," said Curran, "how many acres it takes to make a wise acre?" Curran was once challenged by a barrister named Burrows, supposed to be in an incurable decline. When they met, Curran's second came to him and said, "The second of your antagonist requests, as his principal is in a very feeble condition, that he may be allowed to lean against the milestone where he is standing during the exchange shots." "Certainly," said Curran, with a twinkle of his eye, "provided I am allowed to lean against the next milestone." Judge Day, a very excellent and amiable judge, once in the endeavor to bring the assizes to a close, continued a trial until near midnight, when Curran sent up a slip of paper: "Try men by night; my lord, forbear! Think what the wicked world will say; Methinks I hear the rogues declare That justice is not done by day." Judge Day smiled, and adjourned the court. The Judge, a very tall man, was in the habit of walking with a very little man, Sir Arthur Clarke, who was a knight, and was called, from keeping baths, off Great George's street, "Knight of the bath," and who was married to Lady Morgan's sister. "There goes," said the wit, seeing them, "the longest day and the shortest night" (knight). Curran and the celebrated Dublin tobaccoist, Lundy Foot, whose name was worth a snuff, were great friends, and Foot one day asked him for a motto for his coach. "Certainly," said Curran, "I give you a good Latin one, 'Quid rides.'" Curran died in London, in October, 1817, and was buried in Paddington, where his remains rested until 1834, when they were deposited temporarily in the mausoleum at Lyons, in the county of Kildare, the seat of his friend and client, Lord Canterbury, until his monument of granite at Glasnevin cemetery, near Dublin, was complete. Beneath it, built on the model of the tomb of Scipio, he now sleeps, with the simple but strong word above him—Curran.

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He talks French P.

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