

Poetry.

THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I ask not now for gold to gild
With mocking shine a weary frame;
The yearning of the mind is stilled—
I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,
Melting in heaven's blue depths away—
O! sweet, fond dream of human Love!
For thee I may not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,
I make my humble wishes known—
I only ask a will resigned,
O, Father, to thine own!

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye,
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,
A miracle our Life and Death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thought I scan;
I only feel how weak and vain,
How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And, like a weary child, would come,
O, Father, unto Thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend thy helping hand
Unto my prayer to-day!

Select Story.

The Fate of the Princess Sophie

Being a Sequel to Charlotte Fandauer's Ghost.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HAUFF.

BY E. M. SWANN.

There were times when Major von Larun found it difficult to recognize his old brother-in-arms, who was one day the life of all around him, and on the next sat in gloomy, and ready to interpret light and innocent jests into personal insults. The major was Zroniewsky's constant companion, and had a certain power over him, which he frequently used to prevent these outbreaks in the presence of others; but after such restraint the counts passion was the more violent when they were alone.

One day the major had only succeeded in concealing one of these outbursts of temper from the whole court by pleading an engagement which he and the count had made. They had hardly arrived at Zroniewsky's rooms before the latter cried out: "Am I not a miserable reprobate thus to tread every duty under foot, to throw away the truest love, to martyr a heart that is so entirely mine? I have wandered thoughtlessly through the world trifling with my happiness, because in my madness I fancied myself a Kosciansko—whereas I am nothing. What have I to give in return for so much love and such a sacrifice?"

Major von Larun tried to console him, but in vain. "The princess does not expect any other return than that which circumstances allow."

"Ah!" cried the unhappy man, "of what do you remind me? Yes, even she is fallen a prey to my infatuation. How child-like, how happy was she, till I, accused that I am, crossed her path. When I saw her radiant in lovely innocence, I forgot all my good resolutions—I forgot to whom alone I belonged; I silenced my conscience, and allowed myself to be carried away in a whirlpool of delight. It became impossible for me to leave her, for I read love in every varying expression of her exquisite features."

"It is indeed sad," said the major, "but where could you find a man who could withstand such sweet temptation?"

"And when I dared to tell her how I worshipped her, and she proudly confessed her love, how I longed for one glance from her beautiful eyes, one slight pressure from her fairy fingers; how cheerfully I have waited for days for the chance of seeing her alone, though it were but for a few seconds, and how precious were those moments—could I then fly?"

"Who could exact such heroism?" his friend rejoined. "It would have been

cruel to forsake one who offered such sacrifices to the altar of love. I would that you had been more cautious, but all is not yet lost!"

The count continued, without heeding his friend: "And then she, with graceful hesitation, told me where I might seek her alone—when those lips, whose slightest words were laws to a loving people, met mine, and the greatness of the princess was lost in the confiding whispers of love, was I then to leave her?"

"But if you are happy you can defy the whispers of the world, for there is nothing sinful in loving such a being."

The colour deepened in the count's cheeks, and he almost ground his teeth as he said, in a hollow voice, "I do not deserve so indulgent a judge, for I am a criminal whom you ought to shun. Would that I could purchase forgetfulness, that I could blot out from my memory the event of past years. But I will forget, I must forget, if not I shall grow mad. Comrade, give me some wine; let me drown the remembrance of my guilt."

The major listened quietly to these bursts of despairing self-condemnation, and said to himself: "I always knew him to be a harebrained, passionate fellow, and such always rush from one extreme to the other; he now looks upon his love as a great crime, because it may bring the princess to misery, but in a few moments he will regard it in quite a different light."

Zroniewsky, meanwhile had tossed off two or three glasses of wine, and was now walking impatiently up and down the room. "Major!" he exclaimed at last, "what do you consider the most wretched of all feelings?"

After thinking for a few moments, the major replied, "Decidedly that of injured honour."

The count smiled grimly. "Comrade, your psychological studies have not availed you much if you suppose that injured honor is the most miserable feeling of the human breast, for he who is injured can revenge himself upon the offender; and there is still a hope that his honor may reappear pure and spotless as before. Brother," he continued, seizing the major's hand convulsively, "you must dive deeper into the mysteries of the soul, and search for a still more horrible feeling than that."

"I have heard of one other," replied the major, "which men like you and I, Zroniewsky, cannot be acquainted with—that is, self-content."

The count trembled and turned pale, and for several moments gazed silently at his friend.

"You are right, comrade; that lies deeper still," he said at last; "men like you and I do not generally know what that is; but the devil lays cunning snares for us sometimes, and before we are aware of them we are caught. Do you know what it is to be undecided, major?"

"Heaven be thanked that my path of duty has always been clear and straight."

"Clear and straight! How fortunate for you! But do you not remember the morning when we were to very senses of the day. To whom, then, did the guards of the Polish Lancers belong? Our band played the Polish airs and songs that inspired us, even when boys with a love for our fatherland; the well known sounds penetrated our breasts. To whom, then, did our hearts belong, comrade?"

"To our fatherland," said the major, with deep emotion. "Yes, then indeed I did hesitate."

"Well is it for you if that is the only time you have given way to indecision. But the devil is a subtle tempter; he allows us to feel happy in what we have, while he paints in brilliant colors the happiness we have not."

"Very likely; but surely man has the power to hold firm his determination."

"True," cried the count who seemed overwhelmed by his friend's reply. "Why then, should I appear better than I am? Comrade, you are a man of honor, avoid me as you would the plague. I am dishonorable and despicable. You are firm, and must, therefore despise me. I despise myself, for I know that I am—"

"Hush!" cried the major, "somebody knocks! Come in!"

"I am extremely sorry if I interrupt you," said the manager Opera, entering the room with a low bow.

"May I ask what brings you here?" replied Major von Larun, who recovered his self-possession sooner than his friend; "pray be seated, and while you tell us what has given us the pleasure of this visit, allow me to pour you out a glass of wine."

"Gentlemen, I fear it is now impossible to prevent Othello from being performed. Nothing more can be done. I made the company study the opera, and the prima donna gave me her solemn promise to be too hoarse to sing; but as ill luck would have it, Signora Fanuti arrived here yesterday, and she having petitioned the directors of the theatre for a part in one of the operas, they gave her that of Desdemona. I nearly wept when it was announced, for I have a presentiment of evil."

"Let me persuade you to give up that foolish superstition," said Zroniewsky, who was quite himself again. "I assure you not a hair of the royal family shall be hurt, for I will myself go the churchyard, find out the grave of the murdered Desdemona, and entreat her this time to kill me instead. It will certainly be only the blood of a count that she will shed, but one of my ancestors did wear a crown, of which fact I will take care to inform her."

"For Heaven's sake do not jest on this subject," said the old man; "you know not what fate may have in store for you. Last night I saw in my dream a long funeral procession by torchlight, such as generally follows a royal corpse to the grave."

"Perhaps you had taken a glass more than usual," laughed the major; "and it is but natural that you should dream of such nonsense when you think of nothing else all day."

"You, of all people, should not mock me, for though I never saw you till you visited me with the count, yet last night you walked by my side and wept violently; but what God wills must happen, and perhaps you will then wish it were but a dream. But, gentlemen, I have forgotten that the principal reason for my troubling you was to invite you to be present at our rehearsal, and I will introduce you to our company, and particularly to our new singer."

The friends willingly accepted the invitation. The count, as usual, evidently repented his violence, and therefore this diversion was opportune, and the major felt saddened by the self reproaches of his friend, and wished to put off any further explanations for an indefinite period.

From that time Zroniewsky had no wish to continue the painful subject he had then touched upon. Every now and then the gloomy spirit came over him, and moments of despairing sorrow returned, but brought not with them the confession of guilt that had trembled upon his lips. Major von Larun, whose time was now more taken up with the diplomatic business which had brought him to the town, had seen little of the count, who generally spent his evenings in the theatre. He was present at every rehearsal, and his refined taste, which had been cultivated by extensive travel, assisted the manager not a little in placing the opera before the public in an almost perfect state. The old man often forgot his horrible presentiments so much did the conversation of the count interest him.

The opera had progressed more rapidly than had been supposed to be possible: the singular circumstances which had hitherto prevented its performance gave it the charm of novelty not only to the public but also to the singers. No wonder, then, that the singers did their very best—no wonder that the public impatiently longed for the day which should bring the Moor of Venice again on the stage.

There were two things that added to the interest the public generally take in a new opera by a well-known composer. Signora Fanuti was a very celebrated singer, and they were curious to see how she would represent the part of Desdemona, which not only requires beautiful singing but first-rate magic acting; there was also a whispered report of the horrible events which had followed every former performance of Othello. The old people related them mysteriously to the younger members of their families, who at first alto-

gether doubted the truth of these histories but ended by exaggerating them, so that half the inhabitants expected the Evil One himself to take a part in the new opera.

Major von Larun frequently heard the coming event discussed, but though he spent several evenings at court, the subject was never mentioned in his presence. The Princess Sophie, however, one day said smilingly to him, "You see, baron, we are really to have Othello at last, thanks to the count's diplomatic threats. How I long for Monday, that I may hear Desdemona's beautiful song once more; I could wish to die with those notes on my lips." "Are there such things as presentiments?" thought the baron, who involuntarily gave to this remark a scornful import.

As he watched the young princess gliding by, bestowing on all a sweet smile or a kind word, he compared her to Schiller's Madchen aus der Fremde. "If it should again so chance," thought he—"if she should die." The next moment he laughed at himself for harboring such gloomy forebodings; but ever and anon a sweet voice resounded in his ear, "I could wish to die with those notes on my lips."

Monday came, and on it occurred a singular circumstance. Von Larun had ridden out in the morning with the count and several officers. They had hardly turned their horses' heads towards home before they were caught in a violent shower that wetted them to the skin. As Zroniewsky resided close to the gates of the town he begged the major to come with him and change his dress; he accepted the offer, and fully equipped in one of his friend's suits, he left him in order to return to his own hotel. He had passed through several streets, when he fancied that some one followed him; he looked round, and saw close behind him a tall, thin man, shabbily dressed. "This is for you, sir," said he as he put a little note into his hand, and immediately disappeared.

Von Larun could not imagine from whom so mysterious a communication could come, as he was quite a stranger in the town. He examined the note with attention. It was written on beautiful paper, and sealed with an exquisite cameo, but it was without any address. He opened it, and after reading it, he crushed it nervously in his hand, and hurried home. On entering his room he called for lights in order to examine it more carefully, but the horrible words remained the same: "Wretch! How can you leave your wife and young children to die of hunger, while you live in pomp and splendour? Why do you remain in this town? Is it because you wish to bring disgrace upon the royal house, and make its daughter as unhappy as your wife? Fly, for in the same hour that this reaches you, the princess will know how you have deceived her."

TO BE CONTINUED.

EXTRAORDINARY NARRATIVE.

One of the most extraordinary narratives that we have had the fortune to relate has just come under our notice. It was told us by the hero himself, and the most searching investigation fails to shake the truth of the story, astonishing as it may seem to be. If there is any deception in the case, we fail to see its object. About twenty-six years ago some Canada Indians were in Cleveland trading with the people. In the course of the trade the Indians fancied they had been cheated, and in order to revenge themselves, stole a three year old boy from the city and carried him off to Canada. As far as can be learned, the child was stolen from a small brown house but in what part of the city, or any further particulars of the theft, cannot be learned.

The captors kept the boy in Canada for a few days, and then, fearing his recovery by the whites, sold him to a party of Potawatamies, who kept him about a month. By these he was again sold to the Paw Paws, in which tribe he remained a month; but, as there were some fears that he would be traced and taken back by the whites, he was traded off to the Winnebagoes of Illinois and Wisconsin.

How long he remained in the keeping of this tribe has not been ascertained, but he was eventually transferred from them to the Chippewas of Wisconsin, who again sold him to the Sioux of Minnesota.

Twenty-five years ago he was sold by the Chippewas to the Snakes and Copperheads of Iowa. When this tribe removed to Missouri, he accompanied them, and afterwards went with them in their migrations through California and Oregon. That portion of the tribe with which he remained finally proceeded as far north as the Russian possessions near Behring's Straits, and there, with portions of the

Creeks, Utahs, and other large bands of Indians, they at present remain. The principal point of settlement is about the hundred miles from the north Pacific Ocean, and about 2200 miles to the west of St. Paul. One of the points in the Russian territory where the tribe occasionally visits is "Russian Fort," which is laid down on the map as near the Colville river. The hero of this strange adventure says the fort is in the immediate vicinity of a small river, the name of which, other than that given by his tribe, he does not know.

The Snake and Copperhead Indians trade with St. Paul, having a semi annual trade to that place. The train has about two thousand Indians. One party starts from St. Paul about the same time that the other starts from their hunting grounds, thus meeting about half way. The furs are packed on ponies, elk and dogs.

On their last semi annual trip, the hero of these adventures received a pass from one of the Chiefs—"Ma co-chew a-wa"—to seek out his relatives, and, if found, to remain with them awhile. The pass requires his presence in St. Paul at the next trip in 1860. Seven of the tribe accompanied "Ma ko-s-e que-quan"—for this is the Indian name of the young man—to Chicago. From that place he has footed it most of the way, and arrived here yesterday. At Fremont his features were recognized by a man as bearing a strong resemblance to one Joseph Todd, who is said to have resided in Cleveland about thirty years since.

For some time past the young man has been diligently engaged in tracing up his history, and what we have given above is the result of his inquiries. He says he has no desire to leave his Indian associates, as he has a wife and two children among them. He speaks English well, having learned it, he says, in his trading at St. Paul. He says that his hair was cut and his clothing changed, to conform to white usages, before leaving St. Paul.

We have his narrative as he told it this morning. It seems extraordinary, but a close and rigid cross examination failed to shake his story in the least. As far as we can learn, his account of numerous minute details of the country and manners of the far northwest regions do not differ from the facts. What motive there is for deception we cannot see at present, as he is slightly made, speaks rapidly, and is at present suffering from ophthalmia, occasioned, he says, by sleeping without his customary blankets. He says that as soon as he can get into the woods to search for roots he can cure himself.

Perhaps some of our older settlers can throw some light on the subject of the alleged stealing by the Indians, and whether this "white Indian" is not the son of one Joseph Todd.—[Cleveland Herald.]

SILENCE IN NATURE.—It is a remarkable and very inst active fact that many of the most important operations of nature are carried on in an unbroken silence. There is no rushing sound when the broad tide of sunlight breaks on a dark world and floods it with glory, as one bright wave after another falls from the fountain, millions of miles away. There is no creaking of heavy axles or groaning of cumbrous machinery as the solid earth wheels on its way, and every plant and system performs its revolutions. The great trees bring forth their boughs and shadow the earth beneath them—the plants cover themselves with buds, and the buds burst into flowers; but the whole transaction is unheard. The change from snow and winter winds to the blossoms and fruits and sunshine of summer, is seen in its slow development, but there is scarcely a sound to tell of the mighty transformation. The solemn chat of the ocean, as it raises its unchanged and unceasing voice, the roar of the hurricane, and the soft notes of the breeze, the rushing of the mountain river, and the thunder of the black browed storm; all this is the music of nature—a great and swelling anthem of praise breaking in on the universal calm. There is a lesson for us here. The mightiest worker in the universe is the most unobtrusive.

"I ain't going to be called a printer's devil any more—no more I ain't," exclaimed our flibuster the other day, in a terrible pucker. "Well, what shall we call you, hey?" "Well, call me a typographical spirit of evil, if you please, that's all."

Miscellaneous.

Sundown.

The sun, his journey ended, his burning brow to the lingers, still descending the tranquil western ward each breeze and calm ed clouds attend his w sunshoes her rugged p receive the king of day.

As comes with evening s the mountain and the in the darkling meadow the quail prolongs her the lark goes singing, s towards from the fragrant the last faint sunbeam ptefully her fond farewe

"FIVE POINTS" IN N

New York, August 18th. The city, which every year, the mysteries and the lowly, of different turns, brought to the serve the purpose of a sympathy of city de clarity, in its narrow anything in turn but not the subject carries away whether it be the cage of a man, the unknown of the starling, or the top first is the upper sum must first of years ago McDo the his speciality, and deities gave publicity a debauchery and licent ally seeming city. Sim of sympathy-pumps operation to supply the evidence for the moral ir localities. Among th works of renovation New York the "Five 1 a foremost place. Much is, resulting from the labor, and others, amid the metropolis ulcer. I on being has been a suc curing or even dimi ending evil no one can day the "Point" can be, as filthy, as degrad—devoid of every fav without the faintest hope are its deadly nightsh uniform testimony of th to maintain comparative the laws in and are d live of thieves, murr tales. A brief tour of the other evening, has the opinion thus expres with the spot. A list are as indispens whose curiosity would of vice in the "Bloody us, as well as dark dis places of poverty can upon and support labyrinthine lanes and way Estate. These front upon streets whos redolent of purity and has accented from embatness the names and ley, Worth and Bu means as of aforesaid checked her shameless of lust that sweeps th named alley-ways.

Wears all his hateful vineage to the "Miss House of Industry" Orange street is no l great rendezvous of head-quarters of ville of creaking timbers, ceiled rooms, and slip tremble as, alone, c would attempt to pen this ill-famed "crib groupe amid its thic absolute disregard ol can boast. In a local of herculean frame, ten, maimed, stabbe ing daylight and dai cannot hope to vent

Nor is actual and only characteristic Low, groveling Vic