

Poetry.

THE LABORER.

Stand up—erect! Thou has the form
And likeness of thy God!—who more?
A soul as dauntless mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure, as breast o'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the great plan
That with Creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? the high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What woe the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No!—uncurb'd passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect,
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
Forever, till this check'd.

These are thine enemies—thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot
Thy labor and thy life accused.
O, stand erect! and from them burst!
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better than thou!
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust!
Nor place—uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then, that thy little span
Of life may be well trod!

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

THE COBBLER'S SECRET.

A waggish cobbler once, in Rome,
Put forth a proclamation
That he'd be willing to disclose,
For due consideration,
A secret which the cobbling world
Could ill afford to lose:
The way to make, in one short day,
A hundred pairs of shoes.

From every quarter to the sight
There ran a thousand fellows—
Tanners, cobblers, bootmen, shoemen,
Jolly leather sellers—
All redolent of beef and smoke,
And cobbler's wax and hides;
Each fellow pays his thirty pence,
And calls it cheap besides.

Silence! The cobbler enters
And casts around his eyes,
Then curls his lip—the rogue!—then frowns,
And then looks wondrous wise;
"My friends," he says, "'tis simple quite,
The plan that I propose;
And every man of you, I think,
Might learn it if you chose.

A good sharp knife is all you need
In carrying out my plan;
So easy it is, none can fail,
Let him be a child or man.
To make a hundred pairs of shoes,
Just go back to your shops,
And take a hundred pairs of boots
And cut off all the tops!"

Tales and Sketches.

"ENTIRELY AT HOME."

BY MARION HARLAND.

"This horrid weather is raining the sleighing!" said Jeannie Hughes, in a melancholy tone, leaving the window at which she had been standing for the last fifteen minutes.

The view from the lookout was not inspiring. A steady, steeping rain had set in at dawn, and continued without intermission until the present hour—half past ten o'clock a.m. The preceding day had likewise been tempestuous, but it was what Jeannie called "a clean storm"—a fall of snow that kept nobody at home except invalids and cowards. By the middle of the afternoon the great family sleigh and two cutters were at the door, and we four girls, with our attendant cavaliers, our host, hostess, and their bright-eyed eldest hope—a fine lad of ten, who preferred a seat on the box to what he considered the tame interior of the vehicle—being comfortably bestowed within these, we had enjoyed a merry, rollicking ride, finding only additional food for fun in the fast-moving fleeces, that soon transformed us into the semblance of polar bears.

"Rather heavy for runners, as yet!" I heard Dick Hornby say to Jeannie, as he helped her out of the fairy-like shell, heaped

up with frosted robes. "To-morrow, the roads will be in splendid order. How will three o'clock suit you? That will give us a long jaunt before dinner. The moon will be full to-morrow evening. Was there ever anything more opportune? Shall you be too tired to take a second jaunt after nightfall?"

"It is hard to get too much of so good a thing as sleighing," responded Jeannie, coloring and smiling. "There should be a winter version of the proverb—'Make hay while the sun shines'—the snow lasts so short a time."

I liked sleighing for its own sake quite as well as did Jeannie, although my seat, on such excursions, was beside my hostess upon the back seat of the family equipage, as aforesaid. But I was not jealous of my pretty friend; sympathized heartily in her regret at missing two opportunities of improving the present season in company with handsome, warm-hearted Dick; mourned with and for her over the bright visions disappearing, like dissolving views, before the pertinacious drizzle, that, for some reason, was more wearing to our spirits and destructive to our hopes than a sweeping deluge would have been. So, when she said, "horrid rain," we three—Rosie Winters, Alice Townes, and I—sitting over the fire with our embroidery and crochet-needles, sighed responsively, and agreed that nothing could be more dismal than a January thaw, such as we foresaw was at hand.

"What have you girls been doing with the morning since breakfast?" asked a lively voice, and Mrs. Granger, whose guests we were so happy as to be, entered, work-basket in hand.

The dull room was brighter instantly, and every face took on a smile; every voice a blither cadence.

"Our conversation has been a succession of tirades against the weather," answered Alice. "Jeannie and Rosie are especially disconsolate."

"And very reasonably," said the lady, before the girls could put in a blushing disclaimer. "I should resent the slight put upon my friends, Messrs. Hornby and Blake, if their fair enslavers did not refuse to be entirely reconciled to the impending affliction. I have not meant to leave you to your woe and the discussion of that very unpropitious subject, the weather; but certain domestic duties have detained me below stairs."

"My dear Mrs. Granger! as if we would interfere in the least with your plans!" ejaculated Jeannie.

"We should not be easy a moment if we thought that our presence in the house made the slightest difference in your arrangements!" chimed in Rosie.

"We wish you to act just as if we were not here!" followed Alice.

And not to be behindhand in the protestations that were to set her hospitable mind at ease, I had my say, "You have the enviable faculty of making your visitors feel so much at home, that you may safely leave them to entertain themselves."—I checked myself in mid-career, at seeing the object of my panegyric raise her hands and eyes in imploring deprecation.

"Tide any form but that!" she exclaimed, theatrically. "Tell me that my attentions have been officious and a bore; that I have been openly rude in my speech and behavior—anything and everything rather than that I have made you entirely at home—have 'acted just as if you were not here!' My dear girls, when people declare they wish to be treated unceremoniously, 'in all respects as one of the family,' they are as far as possible from meaning what they say. Nothing would astonish and displease them more than to be taken at their word.

"But we are really sincere in wishing that our visit to you may not be the occasion of discomfort or inconvenience to any of your household," replied Rosie, earnestly.

"I believe you, dear, and I am equally sincere in the declaration that I have enjoyed every minute of your stay. I only regret that imperative engagements, the discharge of which affects your comfort as it does mine, sometimes oblige me to deprive myself of the pleasure of your society for hours together," rejoined the lady, affectionately. "I grant you that the highest achievement of hospitality is to provide so ingeniously for the entertainment of one's friends, that they shall not observe the working of the machinery which brings to them a succession of congenial occupations and agreeable pastimes. But it is not in human nature to prefer neglect to attention; indifference to kindly regard."

"Of course not!" assented Alice, a little perplexedly. "But then, you see, Mrs. Granger, people—civilized people, I mean—are seldom in danger of slighting invited guests. I cannot now recall an instance in which I, as a visitor, did not receive my full proportion of respect and notice. I know that I have, more than once, been so oppressed by the well-meant, but awkward attempts of my hosts to make me enjoy myself, that I have curtailed my sojourn in the families where I seemed to throw everything out of the accustomed groove of every-day life."

"Rather this extreme than the other!" said Mrs. Granger. "Officious attentions may bore you, but in your heart, you do justice to the intention that prompts these; carry away with you no unkind thoughts of those whose manner, and not whose motive, was offensive. There is a great difference between being allowed to follow the bent of one's own tastes and whims, and in being overlooked

utterly. I recollect a passage in my own experience!"

"Oh, a story!" cried Jeannie, delightedly, "Please wait till I get my work. The night of eight other pairs of busy hands makes me fidgety while mine are idle. I shall be back before you can count twenty!"

Away she tripped up stairs, returning in two minutes with a little "Ladies' Companion," furnished with a dainty set of implements of feminine industry. Settling herself at one corner of the hearth, in a cosy-looking easy chair, she fitted on her mite of a gold thimble; produced a strip of linen lawn, ready for hemming, and pronounced herself "ready to be amused or edified."

"And please, dear Mrs. Granger, amplify and illustrate, *ad libitum*, as you go on!" with a piteous glance at the misty window panes, and another at the clock upon the mantel. "I do so dread a long, rainy morning!"

The indulgent hostess smiled at the petted child, and commenced:—

"I was younger than, Jeannie—just eighteen, in fact—when an old school-fellow of my mother's, a Mrs. Kingsley, the wife of a rich city merchant, chanced to stop over night at the principal hotel in the country town which was my home. Brighton is a picturesque place, situated just back of the Hudson, and within easy walking distance of a fine range of mountains. At the time of which I speak, it was a less fashionable resort for passing tourists and summer boarders than it has since become; but it was a lively, pleasant village, nevertheless, and had the air of being awake to a sense of its own importance. The streets were wide and clean, shaded by a double row of noble trees; the buildings neat and not devoid of style; the gardens numerous and tasteful. We boasted of three hotels; a public hall, dignified, in the lecture season, by the name of Lyceum; a circulating library and a park, and we were wont to plume ourselves upon the excellent tone of our best society, as upon the natural beauties of the location. Altogether, Brighton was very far from being out of the world, or behind the age, and when my mother, having heard, accidentally, that her former friend was in town, called to see her, and would not be gainsaid in her design of carrying her off to her own dwelling, and making her the guest of herself and family for the period she proposed to spend in the neighborhood, her gratification at accomplishing her object was not marred by misgivings lest she should not be able to accommodate the city lady as her desires and habits might demand.

"We kept but two servants—a man to till the garden and take care of the cows and horses, and a woman to cook, wash, and iron. The lighter work of the chambers and drawing-room was performed by the quick, willing hands of my sister and myself, our mother acting as directress and general supervisor. But Mrs. Kingsley never slept in purer linen sheets, or upon a more elastic mattress than was prepared for her in our spare chamber. The carpet was a white ground with crimson vine leaves and ferns, russet, green, and gold, dropped upon it here and there; the furniture was of solid mahogany, well-chosen and carefully preserved; there was a tempting lounge, covered with a delicate pattern of chintz that suited the carpet; muslin draperies above the toilet-glass, tied back, with pink ribbon, as were the full white curtains of the windows, these latter framing pictures which could not be purchased for a town residence by a mint of money. Our parlors were cheerful, airy, and even elegant. Neither books, music, nor pictures were wanting to give them at once a refined, yet home-like expression. Our table was bountifully spread with rural luxuries—cream, fruit, fresh vegetables, poultry, and eggs—that elicited the warmest commendations from the merchant's wife.

"I am persuaded that the tone of my health and spirits would be speedily restored if I were to pass a few weeks in this delightful region!" she said, the morning after her arrival.

"My mother's response was prompt and cordial. Nothing could gratify her more than to have her school-fellow remain with her so long as she could find it convenient and pleasant to do so. The rest of the household enforced the invitation by eager entreaties for a longer visit from the fascinating guest. She was a handsome woman; dressed beautifully, and was most engaging in language and deportment. I fell madly in love with her during the first hour of our intercourse—a sentiment that strengthened daily during the three weeks of her stay. For stay she did, succumbing sweetly and gracefully to our solicitations, and declaring, as she sat down to write to her husband of her changed purpose, that she was overpowered less by our too complimentary warmth of invitation than by her own inclination, which would not let her leave this earthly Eden until she should be torn from it by dire necessity.

"With equal sweetness and urbanity she gave herself up to be petted and waited upon by the entire family. My father was a lawyer in a large practice, a man of considerable note in his town and county. Our associates included most of the best families in Brighton and the surrounding country; many of them being people of means, education and good-breeding. It was a social neighborhood, and Mrs. Kingsley was soon the centre of attraction for the choicest elements of our circle. Within a fortnight two regular parties were

given in her honor, not to mention pic-nics, rides, and sails innumerable. She was unfeignedly pleased by the sensation she had created in our little world; the genuine admiration, unequivocal as it was respectful, that greeted her wherever she went. Never was celebrity more affable; more graciously willing to be lionized; more profuse of thanks for the 'enchanted holiday, the season of delicious refreshment we had given her world-weary spirit.' Like painted, padded, panting Mrs. Skewton in 'Dombey and Son,' she mourned that in society—i. e., New York upper-tendom—"we were so very artificial." When the day of parting came, there were real tears in her eyes, and her voice was plaintively shaken as she begged our mother to grant her "an early opportunity of reciprocating, to the best of her poor ability, the kindness she had received in our home."

"And as for you, Carrie, and you, Louise,"—passing an arm around each of us, as we pressed closely up to her for a last kiss—"mamma has promised faithfully that you are to spend the whole of next winter with me."

"No!" corrected our mother, smiling, "I only said perhaps they might pay you a short visit."

"As if three months were not too short a visit to suit my wishes!" replied the charmer, touching my forehead with her lips. "Never mind, Carrie, love. Do you come, and then we will settle about the length of your stay. Possession is nine points of the law. We will give our good mamma a practical illustration of the force of this adage."

"We heard from her once after she reached the city. The letter was read in family conclave, and afterwards perused by each one of us separately. It was honey sweet, and smoother than oil to our mental palates. Her husband and her three daughters, Ida, Eva, and Linda, united with her in affectionate gratitude for the goodness shown her in her 'Brighton home.' Only we had spoiled her. She had found more fault with city life, city houses, and city bills of fare since her return, than she had done during the whole of her previous residence in New York.

"Mr. Kingsley protests that he will be driven to adopt one of two courses—either to forbid my future visits to Brighton, or to look out for a country house in your vicinity, where we may spend our summers. If you hear of one which you think will suit us—one near your own, of course—please let me know. As for the other alternative, it is not to be thought of for an instant. The simple idea is heart-rending!"

"Rather strongly expressed!" ventured my father, in reviewing this passage.

"Eliza was always enthusiastic," returned my mother, warmly. "But it is because her affections are strong. She is perfectly sincere in all she says."

"My father was distinguished for discretion, and he did not controvert this declaration. It would have served no other purpose than to show him in what an ignominious minority he would be set who should, in the hearing of the rest of our household, question Mrs. Kingsley's claim to infallibility.

(To be continued.)

"EXPLODING" A SHARK.

While the good ship "Amphitrite" was creeping along, a man in the mizzen top noticed an enormous shark gliding steadily in her wake. This may seem a small incident, yet it ran through the ship like wild fire, and caused more or less uneasiness in three hundred stout hearts; so near is every seaman to death, and so strong the persuasion in their superstitious minds, that a shark does not follow a ship pertinaciously without a prophetic instinct of calamity.

Unfortunately, the quartermaster conveyed this idea to Lord Tadcaster, and confirmed it by numerous examples, to prove that there was always death at hand when a shark followed the ship.

Thereupon Tadcaster took into his head that he was under a relapse, and the shark was waiting for his dead body; he got quite low spirited.

Dr. Staines told Lieutenant Fitzroy, and Fitzroy said, "shark be hanged! I'll have him on deck in half-an-hour." He got leave from the Captain; a hook was baited with a large piece of pork, and towed astern by a stout line, experienced old hands attending to it by turns.

The shark came up leisurely, surveyed the bait, and, I apprehended, ascertained the position of the hook. At all events, he turned quietly on his back, sucked the bait off, and retired to enjoy it.

Every officer in the ship tried him in turn, but without success, for if they got ready for him, and the moment he took the bait, jerked the rope hard, in that case he opened his enormous mouth so wide that the bait and hook came out clear. But sooner or later he always got the bait and left his captors the hook.

This went on for days, and his huge dorsal fins always in the ship's wake.

Then Tadcaster, who had watched these experiments with hope, lost his spirit and appetite.

Staines reasoned with him, but in vain. Somebody was to die; and, although there were three hundred and more in the ship, he must be the one. At last he actually made his will, and threw himself into Staines' arms, and gave him messages to his mother and Lady Cicely; and ended by frightening himself into a fit.

This roused Staines' pity, and also put him on his mettle. What, science to be beaten by a shark!

He pondered the matter with all his might, and at last an idea came to him.

He asked the Captain's permission to try his hand. This was accorded immediately, and the ship's stores placed at his disposal.

Dr. Staines got from the carpenter some sheets of zinc and spare copper, and some flannel; these he cut into three inch squares, and soaked the flannel into acidulated water. He then procured a quantity of bell wire, the greater part of which he insulated by wrapping it round with good gutta-percha. So eager was he that he did not turn in all night.

In the morning he prepared what he called an electric fuse—he filled a soda-water bottle with gunpowder, attaching some cork to make it buoyant, put in the fuse and bung, made it water tight, connected and insulated his main wire, tied a line to it, and let the bottle overboard.

The captain and officers shook their heads mysteriously. The tars peeped and grinned from every rope to see a doctor try to catch a shark with a soda-water bottle and no hook; but somehow the doctor seemed to know what he was about and awaited the result—the others were mystified, but curious, and shewing their teeth from ear to ear.

"The only thing I fear," said Staines, "is that, the moment he takes the bait, he will cut the wire before I can complete the circuit and fire the fuse."

Nevertheless, there was another objection to the success of the experiment. The shark had disappeared.

"Well," said the captain, "at all events you have frightened him away."

"No," said little Tadcaster, white as a ghost, "he is only under water, I know, waiting—waiting."

"There he is," cried out one in the ratlines. There was a rush to the taffrail—great excitement.

"Keep clear of me," said Staines, quietly and firmly. "It can only be done at the moment before he cuts the wire."

The old shark swam slowly round the bait. He saw it was something new.

He swam round and round it.

"He wont take it," said one.

"He suspects something."

"Oh yes, he will take the meat somehow, and leave the pepper. Sly old fox."

"He has eaten many a poor Jack, that fellow."

The shark turned slowly on his back, and instead of grabbing at the bait, seemed to draw it by gentle suction into that capacious throat, ready to blow it out in a moment if it was not all right.

The moment the bait was drawn out of sight, Staines completed the circuit; the bottle exploded with a fury that surprised him and everybody who saw it; a ton of water flow into the air, and came down in spray, and a gory carcass floated, belly uppermost, visibly staining the blue water.

There was a roar of amazement and applause.

The carcass was towed alongside, at Tadcaster's urgent request, and then the power of the explosion was seen.—Confined first by the bottle, then by the meat, then by the fish,

and lastly by the water, it had exploded with ten fold power, had blown the brute's head into a million atoms, and had even torn a great furrow in its carcass exposing three feet of the back bone.

Taddy gloated on his enemy, and began to pick up again from that hour.

SHORT SPEECHES.

Perhaps the shortest speech ever delivered in any legislative chamber was that of the member of the United States Congress, who having got out this sentence: "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general," was pulled down to his seat by a friend, with the remark: "You'd better stop; you are coming out of the same hole you went in at!"

Daniel Webster was apt to over-indulge himself at public dinners, but managed, when called upon, to make a speech—if a brief one. At Rochester, New York, he once delighted the company with the following: "Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you, and I am glad to see you, and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. That is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Caesar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days had never a waterfall one hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmiest days never had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high!" On another occasion Webster finished up with: "Gentlemen, there's the national debt—it should be paid; yes, gentlemen, it should be paid. I'll pay it myself. How much is it?"

Sir Arthur Helps somewhere suggests that clergymen would be more successful in attacking the pockets of their flocks if they sent round the plates before instead of after the sermon, with the understanding that if they gave liberally they should be let off from the sermon altogether. The experiment might be worth trying, although it would be unnecessary if charity sermons were modelled upon Swift's well-known laconic appeal. A modern instance of the efficacy of brevity in good cause may be cited. M. Eupauloup,