

MY NEIGHBOUR OVER THE WAY.

(From 'The Aldine for June.')
 I know where an old philosopher dwells—
 A bearded cynic of wit and sense,
 In a broad white tent with curious cells,
 On the sunny side of the garden fence.
 He passes his days in virtuous ease,
 Watching the world with his many eyes;
 And perhaps he is sorry when he sees
 How his tent entangles the moths and flies.
 I have a neighbor, a legal man,
 We meet on the sidewalk every day;
 He is shrewd to argue, and sly to plan,
 As my legal neighbor over the way;
 He talks, perhaps, a trifle too much—
 But he knows such a vast deal more than I;
 We have in our village a dozen such,
 Who do no labor—the Lord knows why.
 But they eat and drink of the very best,
 And the cloth they wear is soft and fine,
 And they have more money than all the rest,
 With handsome houses, and plate, and wine.
 And I ponder at times, when tired and lame,
 How strangely the gifts of fortune fall;
 And wonder if we are not to blame
 Who have so little, yet pay for all.
 Alas, for the workers throughout the land,
 Who labor and watch, but wait too long,
 Who wear the vigor of brain or hand
 In trifling pleasures, and drink, and song!
 But my neighbor is one who understands
 All social riddles; and he explains
 That some must labor with callous hands,
 While others may work with tongue and brains.
 Though he doesn't make it so very clear,
 Why he should fare much better than one
 Who does more work in a single year
 Than he in all his life has done!
 But he argues me out of all demur,
 With logic that fogs my common sense;
 And I think of the old philosopher
 Whose "shingle" hangs by the garden fence.

HISTORY OF A PENNY.

In the mint, where all our pounds, shillings and pence are made, there was once a gold ducat and a penny just coined. There they lay, clean and shining, close together on a table, and the bright rays of the sun danced and sparkled on them.
 Then said the sovereign to the penny,—
 "You lump, get away from me! You are only made of common copper, and are not worthy of the sunlight that shines on you. You will soon be lying all black and dirty on the ground, and no one will take the trouble of picking you up. I am made of costly gold. I shall travel about in the world with great lords and princes. I shall do great things, and perhaps some day shine in the emperor's crown."
 In the same room there lay by the fire an old grey cat. When he heard this, he licked his paws thoughtfully, turned himself round on the other side, and said,—
 "Some things go by the rule of contrary."
 And so it proved with the pieces of money. It turned out the very contrary of what the gold ducat expected.
 It fell into the possession of an old miser, who locked it up in a great chest where it lay idle and useless with hundreds of others like itself. But when the old miser found that he should not live much longer he buried all his money in the ground, that no one might get it, and there lies the proud ducat to this day, dirty and black, and no one will ever find it.
 But the penny travelled far about in the world, and it came to high honor. And this is how it happened:—
 First, one of the poor boys in the mint received it in his wages. He carried it home, and as his little sister was so delighted at the clean, shining penny, he gave it to her.
 The child ran out into the garden to show it to her mother, and saw a poor, lame beggar passing by, who begged for a piece of bread.
 "I haven't got any," said the child.
 "Then give me a penny to buy some," said the beggar, and the child gave him her penny.
 The beggar limped off to the baker's. Just as he came to the shop an old friend of his passed by, dressed as a pilgrim, with mantle, staff, and scrip. He gave to some children who were standing round the baker's door, pictures of good and holy men, and the children in return put some money in the little box he had in his hand. "The beggar asked,—
 "Where are you travelling to?"
 The pilgrim answered,—
 "Many hundreds of miles away to the city of Jerusalem, where the Holy Christ lived and died. I wish to offer up prayers at his grave, and redeem my brother, who is a prisoner in the hands of the Turks; it is for this purpose that I beg for money."
 "Then take a mite toward it from me," said the beggar.
 And he gave the penny to the pilgrim, and would have gone away as hungry as he came, had not the baker, who saw all that passed, given him the loaf which he had wished to buy.
 And now the pilgrim wandered through many lands, and went in a ship far over the sea to the holy city of Jerusalem. When he arrived here, he first offered up his prayers at the sepulchre of Christ, and then went to the Turkish sultan who kept his brother a prisoner. He offered the Turk a large sum of money if he would set his brother free. But the sultan wanted more.
 The pilgrim said,—
 "I have nothing more to offer you but this copper penny, which was given me by a poor, hungry beggar, out of compassion. May you also have pity, as he had, and this copper penny will secure you a reward."
 Then the sultan took compassion on him, and set his brother free, and he received the penny from the pilgrim.
 The sultan put the copper penny in his

pocket, and after a little while forgot all about it. Now it happened that after a time the Emperor of Germany came to Jerusalem to fight against the sultan. So the sultan fought bravely at the head of his army, and was never wounded; but one day an arrow was aimed right at his breast; it struck him, indeed, but glanced off from his clothes without wounding him. The sultan was very much surprised, and when his clothes were examined, after the battle, the penny was found in his pocket, and this had caused the arrow to glance off. So the sultan prized the penny very much, and had it fastened with a golden chain to the hilt of his curved sword. Some time afterward the sultan was made prisoner by the emperor, and had to yield up his sword to his conqueror. So the penny came into the possession of the emperor.
 One day when the emperor was sitting at the table, and was just in the habit of raising his goblet to his lips, the empress said she was anxious to see the curved Turkish sword. So it was brought in, and as the emperor was showing it the empress, the penny became unfastened, and fell into the goblet of wine. The emperor saw it, and before drinking the wine he took out the penny. But when he looked at it he perceived that the penny had turned quite green. This showed everybody that there was poison in the goblet. A wicked servant had mixed the poison, hoping to kill the emperor. The servant was ordered to execution, but the penny was set in the emperor's crown.
 So this penny made a child happy, gave bread to a beggar, delivered a prisoner, saved a sultan from being wounded, and preserved the life of an emperor. It deserved to be set in an emperor's crown. Perhaps it is there to this day if we could only see the crown.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Home, where father and mother, brothers and sisters have a unity of interests, sympathy, and affection, becomes in mature life the most sacred picture
 "That hangs on memory's walls."
 In after years, when the destroying angel has crossed the threshold of the dearest spot on earth, and silenced its familiar voices in their death; when the hand of changing time has torn down the woodbines that climb all above its portals and its windows, and when its paths echo only to the tread of the stranger's feet; how often does remembrance lead us back to its sacred precincts, and make us realize that the home of childhood is the brightest scene—the fairest oasis on the desert of life. It is during these moments of retrospection that the religious instruction of youth flows back upon the soul. It is then that we kneel by the side of her
 "Whose breast with gentle billows
 Stocked to rest our infant woe,"
 and lip over the prayers she taught us. Poetry has encircled the name of "mother" with halos of beauty, but its language will never be adequate to measure her influence. To her the first years of our lives belong, and it is then in her power to plant seeds of virtue that will bud and blossom in the soul when age has plowed deep furrows in our pale cheeks. The prayers of a pious mother are a priceless legacy. They are like the dews of heaven, which first ascend from the earth to the skies, and then descend again to bless and revive the unfolding plant. Infidelity may array itself against the Bible, and its clamors may be loud among the assemblies of men, but it has not the courage to go to the sanctuary of a religious home, and listen to the earnest prayers of a holy mother, as she points her children to the throne of God.

THE POISONED TONGUE.

It is the custom in Africa for hunters, when they have killed a poisonous snake, to cut off its head, and carefully bury it deep in the ground. A naked foot stepping on one of these fangs would be fatally wounded. The poison would spread in a very short time through the whole system. This venom lasts a long time, and is as deadly after the snake is dead as before. The Red Indians used to dip the points of their arrows in this poison, so, if they made the least wound, their victims would be sure to die.
 The snake's poison is in its teeth; but there is something quite as dangerous, and much more common in communities, which has its poison on its tongue. Indeed, your chances of escape from a serpent are greater. The worst snakes usually glide away in fear at the approach of man, unless they are disturbed or attacked. But this creature, whose poison lurks in its tongue, attacks without provocation, and follows up his victim with unflinching perseverance. We will tell you his name, so you will always shun him. He is called Slanderer. He poisons worse than a serpent. Often his venom strikes to the life of a whole family or neighbourhood, destroying all peace and confidence.
 BY FITS AND STARTS.—Spasmodic efforts amount to little or nothing. It is steady application that accomplishes. One may be easily "fired up" to do something and as suddenly cooled off. The team—of men or horses—that will pull together and pull steadily, will do the work. But those who are always beginning and never finishing, have more of the spasmodic than the persevering. Moral: teach your children to do one thing at a time, and to finish what they begin.

Sawdust and Chips.

A good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, at times grieved for it; but he sure that no man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty in it.
 A storekeeper lately chalked on a big hog-head, in front of his store, "For sail." A passing wag added, "For freight or passage apply at the bung-hole."
 Mosquitoes are bred upon the waters. Goggles says they tormented him fearfully the other night, and he wishes they would not return until after many days.
 A bright little fellow was eating some bread and milk when he turned to his mother and said, "Oh, mamma, I'm full of Glory! The sun fell into my spoon and I swallowed it!"
 Some men look upon women as mere nothings. Well, granting this to be true, nothing (0) united to one (1) increases the value tenfold (10).
 Dead; oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear; for how much charity, mercy, purified affection, would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves.
 At a collection lately made at a charity fair, a young lady offered the plate to a rich man who was noted for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was his curt answer. "Then take something, sir," she replied, "you know we are collecting for the poor."
 A witty gentleman, speaking of a friend who was prostrated by illness, remarked that he could hardly recover, since his constitution was all gone. "If his constitution is all gone," said a bystander, "I do not see how he lives at all." "Oh," replied the wag "he lives on the by-laws."

COVETOUSNESS.—Rich people who are covetous are like the cypress tree: they may appear well, but are fruitless; so rich persons have the means to be generous, yet some are not so; but they should consider that they are only trustees for what they possess, and should show their wealth to be more in doing good than merely in having it. They should not reserve their benevolence for purposes after they are dead; for those who give not till they die, show that they would not then if they could keep them longer.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Dickens wrote there is nothing beautiful and good that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it; play its part, though its body be burned to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here.

MENTAL FOOD.—Facts are to the mind the same thing as food to the body. On the due digestion of facts depends the strength and wisdom of the one just as health and vigor depend on the other. The wisest in council, the ablest in debate, and the most agreeable companion in the commerce of human life, is that man who has assimilated to his understanding the greatest number of facts.

A wag down west says he would as soon try to go to sea upon a shingle, make a ladder of fog, chase a streak of lightning through a crab-apple orchard, swim up the rapids of Niagara, raise the dead, stop the tongue of an old maid, or set Lake Ontario on fire with a wet match, as to stop lovers from committing matrimony when they take it into their heads to do so.

SECRECY.—When the Duke of Wellington was Prime Minister of England, some crafty individual attempted by sly and insinuating questions to get a certain state secret out of him. "Sir," said the Duke, "if I thought the hair of my head knew what was inside of it, I would have my head shaved, and wear a wig." The gentleman bade him good day.

PROFANENESS.—If there are hypocrites in religion there are also, strange as it may appear, hypocrites in impiety—men who make an ostentation of more irreligion than they possess. An ostentation of this nature, the most irrational in the records of human folly, seems to be at the root of profane swearing. It may not be improper to remind such as indulge this practice, that they need not insult their Maker to show that they do not fear Him—that they may relinquish this vice without danger of being supposed to be devout, and that they may safely leave it to the other parts of their conduct to efface the smallest suspicion of their piety. To view this practice in the most favorable light it indicates, as has been observed by a great writer, "a mind over which religious considerations have little influence." It also sufficiently accounts for that propensity to ridicule piety which is one of our national peculiarities.

A HAPPY HOME.

"Six things," says Hamilton, "are requisite to create a 'home.' Integrity must be the architect, tidiness the upholsterer, it must be warmed by affection, and lighted up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilation, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God."
 The guardian angel of life sometimes flies so high that it cannot be seen; but is always looking down upon us, and will soon hover nearer to us.

VON MOLTKE.

HIS CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE.

The Berlin correspondent of the Times says that valuable testimony has been given to the precautionary measures of Count Moltke in anticipation of the struggle with France. He says:—"On Monday was issued at Berlin the first volume of the 'Official History of the War,' compiled from the materials of the central staff of the army. In it is contained a memorandum, drawn up by General Moltke, in the winter of 1868, discussing the relative positions of Prussia and France at the outbreak of a war, then regarded as a near probability, if not, indeed, as a mere question of time. As befitted a general who has to guard against all contingencies, the memorandum starts from the most unfavourable suppositions. It is based on the surmise that there may be war, and that at the beginning of the war Prussia and Northern Germany may, perhaps, be deserted by their allies and left to bear the brunt of the battle alone. Reasoning upon these possibilities, the General arrives at the conclusion that Northern Germany at the beginning of the campaign would have at her disposal 330,000 men; whereas France, after filling up her *cadres*, might take the field with 343,000. This arrangement, as Northern Germany alone had 13 corps and three reserve corps, would have left six corps to be employed against other enemies or doubtful friends; but, as the Southern States stood by Prussia from the outset, the national army was, in fact, not only swelled by the Southern troops, but also by a portion of the six corps which, in the opposite alternative, would have had to be reserved for service in another direction. We will let General Moltke speak for himself:—
 "Much will depend on our availing ourselves of our strength at the very outset. Even should we only have the forces of Northern Germany at our command, we may count upon the possession of superior numbers soon after the beginning of the campaign. This advantage will be greatly increased should the French divide their troops and employ a portion of them on expeditions against Southern Germany or the North German shores. In consequence of the neutrality of Belgium, Holland and Switzerland, the theatre of war will be confined to the area between Luxemburg and Basle. Such being the case, we must look forward to the French concentrating their troops between Strasburg and Metz, preparatory to an invasion along the line of the Main. This invasion, if it succeeded in separating Northern from Southern Germany, might force the latter to give up the game and remain an idle spectator of any future operations directed against the Elb and our eastern provinces. The best way of parrying such an attack would be to assemble all our disposable forces south of the Moselle, and more especially in the Bavarian Palatinate. By thus stationing ourselves in the left flank of the enemy, we shall always be able to force him to stay his progress in an eastern direction; and if the Baden-Wurtemberg corps joins our left wing we may be in a position to bring on a decision not very far from Rastadt, in which case defeat must result in the destruction of the enemy. Should a mere raid into the country, adjoining the Black Forest be undertaken by a portion of the hostile troops, there will be nothing to prevent our detaching a corps or two to intercept the invading army. Our main force will thereby be no more weakened than the enemy weakens himself by employing a portion of his strength on a task of secondary importance. If the French fully avail themselves of the advantage offered by their railway system, they will have to send their troops to two points, Strasburg and Metz. Supposing the troops concentrated at Strasburg are not despatched to the Black Forest, they will probably join the army of the Moselle, performing the distance chiefly on foot. The palatinate therefore affords us a position between the two wings of the enemy. From thence we may turn against his right or his left, or against both should we be strong enough. The assumption of the offensive from so favourable a position, if resolved upon in time, will probably prevent the enemy from setting foot on German soil. But it may be questioned whether it would be safe to effect the first concentration of our troops in the palatinate—that is, in the immediate vicinity of the enemy. In my opinion there will be no danger in such a step, it being not at all likely that the first arrivals will be attacked by superior numbers while yet too weak to offer adequate resistance. We are prepared for mobilisation at a moment's notice. With such railways at our disposal to transport the troops to the country between the Rhine and the Moselle we cannot easily be taken by surprise, and to make sure that everything shall be in order when the moment arrives, we have drawn up a list showing the train by which every battalion is to be conveyed, with the time of starting and arrival accurately fixed. On the tenth day after the order of mobilisation the first detachments will arrive in the neighbourhood of the French frontier. By the thirteenth day they will have been increased to two corps d'armes. On the eighteenth day they will number 300,000 men, and on the twentieth they will be provided with nearly all the baggage and ammunition trains and the commissariat service. There is no reason to suppose that the calling in of the French reserves and the mobilisation of the filled-up *cadres* can be more rapidly effected than that of our own. Since Napoleon I. the French army has never been mobilised as a whole, and the partial mobilisations which have repeatedly occurred can be hardly regarded as on a par in point of magnitude with the much more comprehensive measure that would have to be adopted on the eve of a German campaign. It is true if the French determine to take the field without reserves, a much shorter period would suffice to assemble 150,000 men in their north-eastern provinces. Those provinces have plenty of garrisons, camps and railways, and the daring nature of the enterprise would suit the national character, and has, indeed, been discussed in military circles. Supposing such an army, amply provided with cavalry and artillery, to be stationed at Metz on the fifth day after receiving orders to march, it might cross the frontier at Sarrelouis on the eighth day. In such case we need not send our troops across the Rhine. We might stop our military trains on the right bank of the river, which could not be reached by the invading army before the fourteenth day, when we

should be stronger than the enemy. With the bridges in our hands we should a few days later assume the offensive with twice the number of the French. The disadvantages of a hasty invasion are, therefore, so evident, that I do not think it will be ventured upon.

"So far General Moltke. Upon France declaring war in 1870, all the King of Prussia had to do to ensure the protection of his country was to sanction the memorandum of his Chief of the Staff, and to command that the written orders to march, which were lying ready and required only the addition of the date, be sent out to the individual battalions. Soon after the correctness of Moltke's calculations was proved by the event."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

"O FOR ANOTHER CROMWELL."
 (Rev. Dr. Cuyler in the New York Evangelist.)
 LONDON, July 22.—Twenty-nine years ago—during a college-boy visit to England—I had a most interesting interview with Thomas Carlyle. His conversation proved very fertilizing. Having a great desire to see once more the veteran who has placed thirty volumes of his productions in English libraries, I sent him a friendly message. He invited me to his little plain house in Cheyne row, Chelsea. Taking an intimate friend into the "hansom" with me, we sallied off on a hunt for the lion. We drove through the fashionable West End, on to the banks of the Thames. There we found an antique house, on whose corner we read the inscription, "This is Great Cheyne Row." In one of the oldest of the brick houses in this row dwells—and for forty years has dwelt—the most extraordinary of living English men of letters. Not an article seemed to have been changed in the house since my previous visit in 1842. The good faithful wife who dwelt there then has since passed away to the "silent land;" all else looked unaltered. I sent up our names, and we were shown into a plainly furnished room, on whose walls hung a rugged portrait of brave Oliver Cromwell. Presently an old man apparently over three score and ten, walked very slowly into the room. He was attired in a long blue woollen gown reaching down to his feet. His gray hair was in an uncombed "mop" on his head. His clear blue eye was sharp and piercing. A bright tinge of red was on his thin cheek; and his hand trembled as he took our own. This most singular personage—who reminded me of an old alchemist—was the author of "Hero Worship," and the "French Revolution." He commenced at once—after a few inquiries about Longfellow, Bryant and other American friends—a most characteristic discourse on the fearful degeneracy of this wretched age of delusions and impostures. With great vehemence of manner he said that "England has gone clean down into an abominable and damnable cess-pool of lies, and shoddies and shams!" The first of these which he specified were the swindling joint stock companies, and new schemes for turning everything into gold. "Abominable contrivances for turning commerce and trade into a villainous rouge et noir." He described the present turmoil on the labour question as simply a "lazy trick of both master and man to get as much pay and to do as little work as they possibly can." He then broke out into a terrible denunciation of dram shops and "whiskey," which it did my soul good to hear. Gough never surpassed the red-hot vehemence of the old man's philippic against "the horrible and detestable damnation of whiskey and every kind o' strong drink." He is heartily in favour of the prohibitory movement, but has no faith in Parliaments, and none at all in any living man now controlling civil affairs. He gave us an intensely ludicrous picture of a night he once spent in Parliament listening to an "infinite babblement of windy talk, and endless grinding of hurdy-gurdies, grinding out lies and inanities." But at last the old Duke of Wellington arose, and then, said Carlyle, "he stammered away for fifteen minutes; but he was the only man in the House who gave me any credible portraiture of the facts." I asked him his opinion of the man whom we in America honour as the most eloquent and brave of living British statesmen. Carlyle's contemptuous reply was, "Only a shop-keeper—a mere beggar—a man who treats England as only a big shop; he ought never to go into the House of Commons without a white apron tied under his arms." "O for another Oliver Cromwell!" exclaimed the old man. "I have gone down to the very bottom of Oliver's speeches; and let me tell you that nothing in Demosthenes or any other man can compare with him in the piercing into the veritable and credible core of the fact. But in these days 'Parliamentary eloquence' is only a detestable and damnable babblement of imposture and lies!" And this red-hot lava of denunciation was poured out in one unceasing stream for nearly half an hour, until he wound up by consigning pretty much everything and everybody to a "bottomless pool of everlasting damnation—in whatever meaning you may give to that word." This wonderful harangue was delivered in broad Scotch brogue, and with the most ludicrous twistings of countenance. At times the old man stopped and laughed heartily at his own caricatures. In fact I was constantly puzzled to detect whether he was in downright earnest, or was only an intellectual Samson pulling down everything right and left to "make sport" for his wondering guests. But there was something indescribably sad in the spectacle of this powerful old Scotchman hurling contempt at almost everything under the sun, and venting an utter despair of anything hopeful in the providence of God or the future of humanity. Carlyle, in days past, has uttered some of the grandest truths which our times have heard. But his cynicism has grown morbid. And as the old man shambled away in his blue gown I looked after him in mingled amazement and tenderest pity. He is the psychological marvel of the age. Such astonishing acuteness, and yet such astonishing absurdity—such faith in the "everlasting facts," and yet such scoffing scepticism—such hatreds of wrongs, and yet such defences of certain wrongs—were never before combined in any man of genius in our generation. It is strange that Bible-loving Scotland should be represented in the same era by Thomas Chalmers and Thomas Carlyle.

California hasn't enough corks to put in her wine bottles, and calls loudly for more.