

Haste Not—Rest Not.

"Without haste, without rest!"
Bind the motto to thy breast!
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine guard it well;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
Mar for'er the spirit's speed;
Ponder well, and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might;
Haste not—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done!

Rest not—life is sweeping by,
Go and dare before you die;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time!
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

"Haste not!—rest not!" Calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide;
Do the right, whate'er betide!
Haste not—rest not! Conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last!

GOETHE.

From the Sunny South.

THE OLD RED TAVERN.

BY CLAUDE.

After a lapse of fifteen years, I visited the town where the old red tavern stood; but it was not there. In large, gilded letters there stood a sign, "Pequod Institute."

"Where," I involuntarily exclaimed, "is the old inn keeper?"

"Over in that three story house," was the reply.

"How came he there?"

"Why, he got rich keeping tavern and mortgaging property. You see, the old loafers used to sit there in the bar room and drink until their senses were benumbed; and when their farms grew empty, first the tavern keeper would take a few acres of mowing land for security for liquor drank, then the pasture lot, and finally the homestead. Oh!" said my informant, "your heart would ache were I to enumerate all the doings of the past fifteen years. You remember Joe Ashton?"

"Yes; a likely man. At the time I left, overseer of the poor."

"Well, the poor house took him in at last. Every cent he had went for liquor. You knew Frank Donald?"

"Certainly—he was town clerk."

"Well, he died of delirium tremens."

"And his brother Ned—what became of him?"

"He perished in the snow with a jug under his arm."

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed; "has every body died drunk since I left? Where is my old Uncle Joe? Gone the same, I suppose."

"Why no; to save him, a guardian was placed over him, and he reformed when the temperance question was so agitating. Friend Joe was nearly dead from his violent excess—not that he was a habitual drinker, but one who, in vulgar phrase, 'would have his spees.' Soon after he was put under guardianship, a temperance lecturer came along, and Joe took the pledge. He never violated it, was appointed president of the society and is now one of our best citizens—very watchful over the habits of young men, and a most worthy advocate of the cause. He is a great lecturer, and speaks from experience."

And so Jack Connor lives over the way—the man who kept the red tavern, and was a boy with me. I will give him a call. Jack has a splendid house—three stories high. His grounds are laid out with great taste, and just see what an aping for city fashions! He has put a bell at the side of his front door—the on-

ly one in town. I gave it a twitch; it pulled hard. None of the villagers ever rang it, I suppose.

"Is Mr. Connor at home?" I enquired of a lean, gray headed old man, who had on a pair of green spectacles, and seemed debilitated and enfeebled in his gait.

"Yes, sir; I am Mr. Connors."

"I mean Mr. John Connors, formerly inn keeper in this village."

A paleness came over his countenance as he replied, "I am the person you speak of."

"Do you remember your old school mate, George Powell?"

"George—George! I reckon I do!" and he gave me a hearty shake of the hand as he seated me in a great arm chair. "I am glad to see you, George. I am horribly 'blue' this morning, and am glad to be cheered with the presence of an old friend. Come, come George; you must pass the day with me."

"Well, Mr. Connors, if I must, I will. I am rambling a day or two in these parts to hunt up old genealogical reminiscences of my ancestry. I will avail myself, therefore, of your invitation. Had you kept the old 'red tavern,' however, I should have taken lodgings uninvited."

The mention of the tavern seemed to throw a deadly pallor again over my old friend's countenance. I began to interrogate him about the people in the neighborhood.

"Let us walk out," said I, "and see the place I have not looked upon for fifteen years; and point out to me changes and removals which time has made."

"Then we had better go in the graveyard to find your old friends. They are nearly all dead. This place has been famed for its mortality. The fact is, people lived too fast, Mr. Powell; they ate too much and drank too much."

"But," interrupted I, who lives opposite in that vine covered cottage."

"The widow Darton. You remember Tony, her husband—a shoemaker."

"Perfectly. What became of him?"

"Oh! he is dead—died a drunkard. I have a mortgage on that property."

"Whose estate is that by the river side, where Peter Morton lived?"

"That is mine. Peter died an inebriate. His widow survived a year or two, and both lie there," pointing to the grave yard.

"Who keeps the grocery store now?"

"I have a man; that estate belongs to me likewise. The fact is, Mr. Powell, everybody drank formerly, and I was the only man who kept liquor, and of course, when they could not pay I was obliged to take a mortgage for security, just to keep the families along; but few ever redeemed their property. But since I broke up, and some raving temperance man came along, things wag on a little better. The old drunkards have died off, and their children don't follow the footsteps of their fathers—and some mothers, I am sorry to say."

"But this liquor selling has brought you a great estate, Mr. Connors. I suppose it wakes up your conscience now and then, and leads you to consider whether some of the doings in that old 'red tavern' were right, admitting they were legal at the time?"

"Why, no—it is not that; but my health is miserable. I have terrible low spirits, bad dreams, forebodings of evil and great tremulousness. I suppose it is all nervous debility from applying myself too closely to business. I have read of various medicines which could cure such diseases, and have spent a great deal of money to no purpose in taking them; but to-morrow, I am going to put myself in magnetic correspondence with a celebrated woman who, they tell me,

will show me what is my difficulty; and I wish, George, you would go with me."

I promised to do so.

On our return, a poor woman met us, crying bitterly and said:

"Oh, 'Squire, you have ruined me! The Sheriff has carried off everything! My poor husband, too, died in your store!"

"Get away, Mary; you are crazy. Here, Leslie, take care of this woman, she is insane. I won't have her following me around."

Another younger and fairer one stood at the gate as we entered.

"'Squire," said she, very modestly, "will you give me a few days' grace to redeem my household stuff? You may take all the rest, but there are a few things I hardly earned before my marriage, which it grieves me to sacrifice. Will you?" she asked imploringly.

"Nancy, you are womanish; I want money, and must have it, but—but perhaps I will wait four and twenty hours if I were sure of my money then."

"Say forty eight, sir—do oblige me," and a tear stole down her cheek and another followed.

"That's the way you women bother. Go along, and remember just forty eight hours from this time is every moment I will give you," said the 'Squire, gruffly. Nancy decamped.

"That is a very pretty woman," I remarked.

"Yes; her husband was a great drunkard, though, and I've had to take her effects for security."

"Good heavens!" thought I, "it is no wonder you have bad dreams. We will see what the mesmeric woman will say to-morrow."

I felt sure he would have a bad night. It proved so, and early the next morning my nervous friend was moving, betraying great uneasiness.

"That confounded Nance," said he, "stood before me all night pleading poverty. I suppose I had the nightmare."

I felt certain the same mare would trouble him all day.

In the morning, he submitted to a mesmeric examination. Hear the oracle speak:

"You are troubled in mind; medicine will do you no good. The cause lies there (knocking at the heart). You have distressed so many families, and oh! such a scene as I behold! All perishing and pointing to one man. I shudder; I can say no more—take me away! You must make peace here, and your bodily health will return. Go out in company and forget yourself, and all will be better."

"And am I to pay a dollar for such advice? You imposter!"

So saying he threw down a hard dollar and beckoned me out.

"Well," said the 'Squire, "I have been duped again. She told me to forget myself. Merciful Heaven! that I might do so, Powell. I would gladly exchange situations with the meanest beggar if I might once more rid my eyes and ears of those shrieking maniacs which follow me crying, 'You did it!' and pointing me to the liquor cask."

"Poor fellow," said I, "I know no recipe for such a case as yours but penitence. Restore, so far as you can all unjust gains; be a benefactor to your race; relieve the poor woman who called yesterday, and show yourself merciful to the erring, if you ever desire peace to be restored to your conscience."

"And will that give me relief?" eagerly inquired the late inn keeper.

"That will bring some present satisfaction. But the old score! I don't know how you will wipe that out. You must look above for comfort on that account."

"If I had no conscience left, Powell—but—"

"Rather be grateful that you have awakened it in time to repent. All the effect of transgression may not be washed away. Repentance, if sincere, will take away the sting, so that present evil forebodings may be mitigated by filling up of life with good deeds."

I left my friend to pursue my ancestral registry, and when I next heard of him, he was a celebrated temperance lecturer, and had secured thousands of names to the pledge.

Centennial Greeting from the Grand Orient of Egypt.

The following is a copy of a communication sent by the Grand Orient of Egypt to the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania: (To the the Glory of the Grand Architect of the Universe.)

Secretary General of the Grand Orient of Egypt and Dependencies, Valley of the Nile, Orient of Alexandria, the 13th of May, 1876.

1776—FOURTH OF JULY—1876.

R. W. John Thompson, G. S. Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania;

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—Most Illustrious Puissant Brother S. A. Zola, Grand Master of Grand Orient of Egypt, proposed, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted to be sent—

TO ALL AMERICAN GRAND LODGES.

Grand Orient of Egypt and all Lodges hailing therefrom, avail themselves of the happy event of the Centennial Anniversary of American Independence to greet their American brethren therefrom as the best part of one of the greatest nations in the world, and request them to accept on so glorious a day the hearty salutations and fraternal wishes from the regenerated Egyptian Craft Masonry, which is working to strengthen more and more the sacred ties binding all F. and A. Masons who are spread throughout the world, for the glory of the Great God of the Universe.

This you will be pleased to convey to your M. W. Lodge in due and full form, and believe me truly and fraternally yours,

F. F. ODDI,

Grand Secretary.

Bird's Foreknowledge.

An eminent European ornithologist has just given to the world the results of his observations concerning the influence of epidemics upon birds, to which he has devoted the last thirty years of his life. His statements, fortified by numerous references to facts, are peculiar and decidedly interesting. The chief of his conclusions are that birds, such as sparrows and swallows and other species, will leave any city that is threatened with an epidemic, as cholera, for instance, and return only after the disease shall have abated. The author himself observed this in St. Petersburg and Riga in 1848, in West Prussia in 1849, in Hanover in 1850, and again in Galicia in 1872. In every instance the sparrows suddenly disappeared from the streets, roofs and trees of the city, and a few days thereafter the disease broke out. Within several days after the epidemic had ceased the Birds reappeared. Having communicated his observation to other ornithologists, he was gratified to find that the same coincidence had also been observed by them, and numerous instances were given him confirming the fact.

In every sin which a man deliberately commits, he takes down a draft of deadly poison. In every lust which he cherishes, he embraces a dagger.