

## WRECKED.

Tossed aloft on mighty billows, borne along in  
cruel glee,  
Speeds a good ship to destruction, o'er the  
tempest-riven sea.

Hoary-crested, white with splendor, mounting  
high with frenzied dash,  
Round the coast the waves are gleaming, lit  
up by the lightning's flash

On towards the roaring breakers, through the  
surf and through the foam,  
Speeds the good ship to destruction, speeds the  
good ship to her home.

In amongst the cruel breakers, wrestled for  
with sinewy strength—  
Then a few poor spars and timbers, tossed up-  
on the shore at length;

Tossed upon the shore to linger, crushed and  
useless many a day,  
Till another mighty tempest, pitying, bears the  
wreck away.

So full often have I noticed men by nature  
bold and brave,  
Tossed aloft 'mid Sorrow's tempest, buffeted  
by wind and wave;

Drifted in among the breakers, lifted high  
with angry roar;  
Bruised and crushed the spirit broken, cast a  
wreck upon the shore,

There to lie in shame and anguish, raising not  
the head again,  
Till in mercy comes Death's billow, hiding  
them and all their pain.

## Something About Secrets.

WM. ROUNDEVILLE.

"I do not see the necessity of your be-  
ing so secret in the business of your lodge  
unless you do something you are ashamed  
of and that will not bear investigation."

These words were spoken by the wife  
of a dear friend with whom I had been  
visiting for a few days, and were deliver-  
ed with such vim and force that I at once  
knew they were from her heart, and the  
expression of a settled conviction, and  
not the chance overflowing of the feelings  
for the moment. It was, evidently, not  
only a common, but a favorite topic with  
her. Hence, when pointedly addressed  
directly to me, it assumed the position of  
a challenge, which I was expected to ac-  
cept; and the principle attacked, I was  
called upon to defend.

"Do you hold that to be true in all the  
relations of life?" I asked.

"Certainly," was the reply. "Why,  
pray, should we keep from others our  
acts which are not reprehensible?"

"Whether there is a good and suffi-  
cient reason for so doing need not now  
be argued, since we all act against your  
theory."

"Excuse me, sir; please not include  
me in your category."

"I am afraid I shall have to include  
you, my dear madam. Your first act,  
when I arrived here, was in direct con-  
travention of your theory."

"Why, what was that?"

"Pardon me if I speak plainly, and of  
your own concerns. You met your hus-  
band, after an absence of a week, and he  
gave you a number of kisses at the gate.  
Doubtless you recollect what you said on  
that occasion."

"No, I recollect nothing about it."

"Perhaps you will allow me to repeat  
it?"

"Some nonsense, I suppose."

"Nonsense, yes, if your theory about  
secrets is true; otherwise, it may be reck-  
oned to be sensible."

"Well, what was it? let us have it."

"It was, 'Will, you ought to wait until  
you get in the house, and not kiss me so  
much where all the world can see.'"

"I recollect something about it now. I  
did feel a little chagrined that he should

do so before you, a perfect stranger to  
me."

"And there was nothing wrong or rep-  
rehensible in the act; he had the right  
to give, and you to receive, a hundred of  
his loving kisses."

"Yes, I suppose so; but it would have  
been in bad taste."

"That may be conceded, and on that  
ground your gentle rebuke of the exhibi-  
tion of your husband's love and fondness  
for you, you come directly in opposi-  
tion to your theory that we need keep secret  
only that which is reprehensible."

"It would seem so; but this is a single  
instance. One swallow does not make a  
summer."

"Unfortunately for your argument, and  
fortunately for mine, you furnish another  
instance, almost in your next act."

"Pray tell me what it could have been  
for I have not the most remote idea."

"Your husband and myself had been  
traveling since early morning without  
food, and, on our arrival, he proposed  
that we should have a lunch forthwith,  
and not wait for the regular dinner."

"Well, what has that to do with it?"

"Much. You put your lunch on a side  
table in front of a window, and dropped  
the curtain. When your husband ob-  
jected to this arrangement, because it  
made the room gloomy, do you remember  
your answer?"

"I have not the least idea of what I  
said."

"Shall I refresh your memory, mad-  
am?"

"If you please."

"You said you were ashamed that your  
table was so poorly supplied, and that  
you would be deeply mortified if any one  
passing along the walk should see it."

"And so I should. It is not often that  
our table is spread with such meagre  
fare."

"But there was nothing wrong or rep-  
rehensible in the furnishing of that table.  
According to my recollection, it  
was a good, wholesome and substantial  
lunch, to which any hungry man would  
be glad to sit down."

"Well, if there was nothing wrong  
about the collation, there was nothing  
reprehensible in lowering the curtain to  
prevent people from seeing the scanty  
fare."

"Not in the least; but pardon me for  
saying that your admission militates very  
strongly against your theory that we  
should keep secret only what is repre-  
hensible."

"What next? I suppose, during the  
few days you have been with us, I must  
have furnished you with other arguments  
against myself."

"Doubtless. But perhaps it would be  
more pleasant to drop the subject where  
it is."

"No, I insist that you shall continue  
the argument. We have two swallows  
already; perhaps we shall have enough  
for a summer presently."

"Well, if you care to continue the sub-  
ject, you must excuse me if I tell you  
that you have gone contrary to your the-  
ory, in repeated instances, but that you  
have been indoctrinating your children  
into the idea that to keep a secret not  
reprehensible in itself, may be very  
commendable."

"You astonish me! How or when  
have I taught them any such thing?"

"A day or two since you had the un-  
pleasant task of correcting your little  
Willie for some misdemeanor."

"I did; but what has that to do with  
keeping secrets?" There was nothing  
secret in that transaction, as I can see."

"Permit to explain. You punished  
the little fellow in an adequate manner.  
His brothers and sisters knew of the pun-

ishment, and you apprehended that,  
thoughtlessly, they might tell his play-  
mates he had been corrected. You did  
not wish this revelation to be made, thus  
adding greatly to the punishment already  
inflicted, so you charged the other mem-  
bers of your family not to reveal the fact  
of Willie's correction to his school and  
playmates."

"I do not believe it was wrong for me  
to instruct my children not to publish  
Willie's disgrace."

"Neither do I. On the contrary, I  
hold that you would have been direct  
in duty toward an erring child, had you  
not done so. The child would almost  
certainly have felt severely the disgrace,  
and, in the same degree, lost his self re-  
spect had his youthful friends been cogni-  
zant of his misfortune."

"He surely would have done so."

"But do you not see that, in this, you  
give instructions to your children square-  
ly opposed to your theory that secrecy is  
proof of wrong—that only where our ac-  
tions are reprehensible do we keep them  
secret?"

"I see it plainly now, but never viewed  
the subject in this light before. What  
other instance in this line have you to  
quote?"

"With your leave, I will mention but  
one, and that is one in which you not on-  
ly counseled your husband to keep a  
certain thing secret, but actually advised  
him to deceive those with whom he was  
doing business."

"What in the world is coming now?  
Of what crime have I been guilty?"

"Not exactly a crime—only an attempt  
at deception—that is all."

"Well, let us have it. I shall think  
presently that my whole life has been an  
inconsistency and a fraud."

"By no means madam. Only there is  
a little inconsistency running through  
every character, and you are human  
enough to partake of it. You remember  
the cold night when your husband had  
business which called him to town, and  
you were so assiduous in preparing him  
for the journey?"

"I remember it well, but how are you  
going to apply that to the subject? I  
don't see it."

"I think I shall be able to make it visi-  
ble. That night your husband, by your  
device, wore an old, threadbare coat, un-  
der his overcoat, did he not?"

"Yes, it was much warmer than his  
better ones, which were thinner."

"Very well. That was what you said  
at the time. But what also did you say?"

"I do not clearly recollect."

"But I do. Shall I tell you?"

"Certainly; let us have it all."

"You said: 'Keep your overcoat but-  
toned, and no one need know but you  
have on a good coat.'"

"Yes, I recollect now that I told him  
so."

"So you not only advised your husband  
to conceal the fact that he wore an old  
coat, but you asked him to so do as to  
make those with whom he came in con-  
tact, believe contrary to the fact, that he  
wore a good one."

"I believe I shall have to acknowledge  
the truth of your statement. But there  
was really no harm in the deception."

"Not in wearing the old coat, but in  
the attempt to deceive. In that laid the  
blame, if any existed, and probably no  
harm was done. But the instance shows  
that we may honestly and rightly keep  
secret things which are neither wrong nor  
reprehensible; and further, that things  
are not necessarily reprehensible because  
they are concealed. Your husband has  
the right to give you a hundred kisses in  
public, but it would be better to give  
them in private. You could place your

lunch table before an open window and  
still violate no law of right, but it would  
be more seemly to have it more secluded;  
you might have added exposure to the  
punishment before inflicted on your child  
but was better it was kept secret. You  
were justifiable in putting the warm  
coat on your husband to keep him com-  
fortable, even if it was covered by a bet-  
ter one, as long as it was not designed to  
mislead. Every one has secrets which  
he is justified in concealing. A secret is  
not even *prima facie* evidence of fraud."

And so ended the conversation.—*Can-  
adian Craftsman.*

## A Man 125 Years Old Who Never Voted.

He is now in his 125th year, and he has  
never voted. Etienne Gaudinot was  
born in 1752, in a Canadian hamlet be-  
tween the St. Charles and Montmorenci  
rivers, below Quebec. The great battle  
between the French and English was  
fought near his father's cabin, and al-  
though he was but six years old he remem-  
bers it perfectly. Indeed the urchin saw  
Wolfe after he was killed, and Montcalm  
after he was wounded. In 1772 he mar-  
ried a lass, and made a clearing on the  
west side of Lake Champlain. The com-  
mandment of Fort Ticonderoga employed  
him as a scout. In May, 1775, having  
come in from a scouting expedition down  
the lake he was captured by Ethan Allen.  
He sent his wife, mother and children to  
Canada, where they remained until the  
close of the Revolutionary war. In 1793  
he trapped for furs in the vicinity of Ni-  
agara river and served three years during  
the war of 1813, being wounded twice in  
the battle of Lundy's Lane, and being  
complimented by Gen. Scott for his brava-  
ry. He does not appear to have taken  
a hand in the Patriot war, the Mexican  
campaign, the civil war, or any of the Fe-  
nian raids. He is now living with his  
great granddaughter, near the mouth of  
Bullskin creek, in Franklin county, Ohio.  
He talks but little hobbles about the  
house with a cane, smokes a clay pipe, is  
quite deaf, but has good eyes.—*Clermont  
(O.) Sun.*

MACAULEY'S MEMORY.—Mr. G. O.  
Trevelyan records, in his "Life and Let-  
ters of Lord Macauley," that at eight  
years of age Macauley got hold of Scott's  
"Lay of the Last Minstrel" during a vis-  
it somewhere with his father, and that  
from that one reading he was familiar  
enough with it to repeat canto after can-  
to to his mother when he returned home.  
Perhaps such feats of memory as the  
following are even more remarkable: At  
one period of his life he was known to  
say that, if by some miracle of Vandal-  
ism all copies of "Paradise Lost" and the  
"Pilgrim's Progress" were destroyed from  
the face of the earth, he would under-  
take to reproduce them both from recol-  
lection whenever a revival of learning  
came. In 1813, while waiting in a Cam-  
bridge coffee room for a post chaise which  
was to take him to his school, he picked  
up a newspaper containing two such  
specimens of provincial poetical talent as  
in those days might be read in the corner  
of any weekly journal. One piece was  
headed "Reflections of an Exile," the  
other was a parody on the Welsh ballad  
"Ay hyd y nos," referring to an anecdote  
of a hostler whose nose had been bitten  
off by a filly. He read them once, and  
never gave them a thought for forty  
years, at the end of which time he repeat-  
ed them both without missing, or, as far  
as he knew, changing a word.

Men are never so ridiculous from the  
qualities which really belong to them as  
from those they pretend to have.