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SHUN, O SHUN THE DRUNKARD'S FATE!

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

SHUN, O shun the drunkard's fate!
Few his joys—his anguish great;
No one can his sorrows tell,
Who for drink his soul doth sell.

Woe be to the man who lives
By the sale of that which gives
Such fierce madness to the brain,
So much trouble, so much pain!

Heaven's golden gate, alas!
Drunkards' feet shall never pass;
And 'tis shut as close, methinks,
Against those who sell strong drinks.

O avoid that thorny way,
Leading far from light of day,
Down to deepest depths of gloom—
To the drunkard's fearful doom.

Be it evermore your aim
Some poor drunkard to reclaim;
But of that deep cup beware,
Whose last drop will bring despair.

UNDER THE MOON.

Under the moon two lovers walked—
The silver moon, the round full moon—
Under its beams they softly talked
Of youth and love and June.
And they plighted their vows in the silvery light.
For their hearts, like the moon were full that night.

Under the moon they walked again—
The setting moon, the waning moon—
And scarcely a word was said by the twain;
Oh, moon, you set too soon.
And love in one of the hearts, like the rim
Of the waning moon, grew faint and dim.

Under the skies a maiden stood—
The cold night skies, the moonless skies—
She heard the owl in the lonely wood,
And she heard her own deep sighs.
'Heart and skies devoid of light,
"God," she cried, "what a dreary night!"

Under the skies is a narrow mound—
The watchfull skies, the starry skies—
And the rays of the moon, so full and round,
Shine down where the maiden lies,
And they shine on the fickle lover who
Walks with another and woos anew.

MY MIDNIGHT PERIL.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

The night of the seventeenth of October—shall I ever forget its pitchy darkness the roar of the autumnal wind through the lonely forest, and the incessant downpour of the rain!

This comes of short cuts,' I muttered petulantly to himself, as I plodded along, keeping close to the trunks of the trees to avoid the deep ravine, through which I could hear the roar of the turbulent stream forty or fifty feet below. My blood ran cold, as I thought what might be the possible consequences of a misstep or move in the wrong direction. Why had I not been contented to keep in the right road?

Hold on! Was that light, or are my eyes playing me false?

I stopped, holding on the low resinous boughs of a hemlock that grew on the edge of the bank; for it actually seemed as if the wind would seize me bodily and and hurl me down the precipitous descent.

It was a light—thank Providence—it was a light, a no ignis fatuus to lure me on to destruction and death.

'Halloo o o!'

My voice rang through the woods like a clarion. I plunged onward through tangled vines, dense briers and rocky banks, until gradually nearing, I could perceive a figure wrapped in an oil-cloth cape, or cloak, carrying a lantern. As the dim light fell upon his face, I almost recoiled. Would not solitude in the woods be preferable to the companionship of this withered, wrinkled old man? But it was too late to recede now.

'What's wanting? he snarled, with a peculiar motion of the lips that seemed to leave his yellow teeth all bare.

'I am lost in the woods; can you direct me to R——Station?"

'Yes; R——Station is twelve miles from here.'

'Twelve miles!'

I stood aghast.

'Yes.'

'Can you tell of any shelter I could obtain from the night?

'No.'

'Where are you going!'

'To Drew's, down by the maple swamp.'

'Is it a tavern?'

'No.'

Would they take me for the night? I could pay them well.'

His eyes gleamed; the yellow stumps stood revealed once more,

'I guess so; folks do stop there.'

'Is it far from here?'

'Not very; about a half a mile.'

'Then let us make haste and reach it, I am drenched to the skin.'

We plodded on, my companion more than keeping pace with me.—Presently we left the edge of the ravine, entering what seemed like a trackless woods and keeping straight on until the light gleamed fitfully through the wet foliage.

It was a ruinous old place, with the windows all drawn to one side, as if the foundation had settled, and the pillars of a rude porch nearly rotted away.

A woman answered my fellow-traveller's knock. My companion whispered a word or two to her, and she turned to me with smooth, voluble words of welcome.

She regretted the poverty of their accommodations; but I was welcome to them such as they were.

'Where is Isaac?' demanded my guide.

'He has not come in yet.'

I sat dawn on a wooden bench beside the fire, and ate a few mouthfulls of bread.

'I should like to retire as soon as possible,' for my weariness was excessive.

'Certainly.' The woman started up with alacrity.

'Where are you going to put him?' asked my guide.

'Up chamber.'

'Put him in Isaac's room.'

'No.'

'It's the most comfortable.'

'I tell you no!'

But here I interrupted the whispered colloquy.

'I am not particular—I don't care where you lodge me, only make haste.'

So I was conducted up a steep ladder that stood in a corner of the room, into an apartment sealed with sloping beams and ventilated by one small window, where a cot bedstead crowded close against the board partition, and a pine table, with two or three chairs, formed the sole attempts at furniture.

The woman set the light—an oil lamp on the table.

'Anything more I can get you sir.'

'Nothing thank you.'

'I hope you'll sleep well, sir.—When shall I call you?'

'At four o'clock in the morning, if you please. I must walk over to R——Station in time for the seven o'clock express.'

'I'll be sure to call you, sir.'

She withdrew, leaving me alone in the gloomy little apartment. I sat down and looked around me with no very agreeable sensation.

'I will sit down and write to Alice,' I thought. 'That will soothe my nerves and quiet me, perhaps.

I descended the ladder. The fire still glowed redly on the hearth beneath; my companion and the woman sat beside it, talking in a low tone, and a third person sat at the table eating—a short, stout, villainous-looking man, in a red flannel shirt and muddy trowsers.

I ask for writing materials, and returned to my room to write to my wife.

'My darling Alice.'

I paused and laid down my pen as I concluded the words, half smiling to think what she would say could she know of my strange quarters.

Nor until both sheets were covered did I lay aside my pen and prepare to slumber. As I folded my paper, I happened to glance towards the couch.

Was it the gleam of a human eye observing me through the board partition? There was a crack there, but only black darkness beyond; yet I could have sworn that something had sparkled balefully at me.

I took out my watch—it was one o'clock. It was scarcely worth while for me to undress for three hours' sleep. I would lie down in my clothes and snatch what slumber I could. So, placing my valise close to the head of my bed, and barricading the lockless door with two chairs, I extinguished the light and lay down.

At first I was very wakeful but gradually a soft drowsiness seemed to steal over me like a misty mantle, until, all of a sudden, some startling electric thrill coursed through my veins, and I sat up, excited and trembling.

A luminous softness seemed to glow through the room—no light of the moon or stars was ever so penetrating—and by the little window I saw Alice, my wife, dressed in floating garments of white, with her long, golden hair knotted back by a blue ribbon. Apparently she was beckoning to me with outstretched hands, and eyes full of wild, anxious tenderness.

I sprang to my feet and rushed toward her, but as I reached the window, the fair apparition seemed to vanish into the stormy darkness and I was left alone. At the self same instant the sharp report of a pistol sounded—I could see the jagged stream of fire above the pillow—straight through the very spot where ten minutes since my head had lain.

With an instantaneous realization of my danger, I swung myself over the edge of the window, jumping some eight or ten feet into tangled bushes below, and as I crouched there, recovering my breath, I heard the tramp of footsteeps into my room.

'Is he dead?' cried a voice up the ladder—the smooth, deceitful voice of the woman with half closed eyes.

'Of course he is growled a voice back; that charge would have killed ten men. A light, there, quiet, and tell Tom to be ready.'

A cold, agonized shudder ran through me. What a den of midnight murderers had I fallen into? And how fearfully narrow had been my escape.

With the speed that only mortal terror and deadly peril can give, I rushed through the woods, now illuminated by a faint glimmer of starlight. I know not what impulse guided my footsteps—I never shall know how many times I crossed my own track or how close I stood to the brink of the deadly ravine; a merciful Providence encompassed me with a guiding and protecting care, for when the morning dawned, with faint red bars of orient light against the stormy eastern sky, I was close to the high road, some seven miles from R——

Once at the town, I told my story to the police, and a detachment was sent with me to the spot.

After much searching and many false alarms, we succeeded in finding the ruinous old house; but it was empty—our birds had flown; nor did I recover my valise and watch and chain, which latter I had left under my pillow.

'It's Drew's gang,' said the leader of the police, 'and they've troubled us these two years. I don't think, though, they'll come back here just at present."

Nor did they.

But the strangest part of my story is yet to come. Some three weeks subsequently I received a letter from my sister who was with Alice in her English home a letter whose intelligence filled me with surprise:

'I must tell you something very, very strange,' wrote my sister, 'that happened on the night of the 17th of October. Alice had not been well for some time; in fact, she had ben confined to her bed nearly a week, and I was sitting beside her, reading, It was late—the clock had struck one—when all of a sudden she seemed to faint away, growing white and rigid as a corspe. I hastened to call aid, but all our efforts to restore animation were in vain. I was just about sending for the doctor when her senses returned as suddenly as they had left her, and she sat up in bed, parching back her hair and looking widly around her.

'Alice!' I exclaimed, 'now you have terrified us all. Are you ill?'

'Not ill' she answered, 'but I feel so strang. Gracie, I have been with my husband!'

'And all our reasoning failed to convince her of the impossibility of her assertions. She persists to this moment that she saw you and was with you on the 17th of October—or rather on the morning of the 18th. Where and how she cannot tell, but we think it must have been some dream. She is better now, and I wish you could see how fast she is improving.'

This is my plain, unvarnished tale. I do not pretend to explain or account for its mysteries. I simply relate facts. Let psychologists unravel the labyrinthical skein. I am not superstitious, neither do I believe in ghosts, wraiths or apparition but this thing I do know—that although my wife was in England in body, on the morning of the 18th of October, her spirit surely stood before me in New York in the moment of the deadly peril that menaced me. It may be that to the subtle instinct and strength of my wife's holy love, all thing are possible; but Alice surely saved my life.

A SUIT FOR THE PURCHASE MONEY OF EIGHTY SLAVES.

In the United States Circuit Court, on Saturday, a case was tried which involved, to some extent, the question of the validity of bonds given for the purchase of slaves. In 1860, Mr. J. Motte Allston sold eighty slaves to Mr. J. L. Manning, for which he received one third cash, ($35,000.) and the bond of the purchaser for the remaining portion of the purchase money, secured by endorsement of Mr. J. S. and J. P. Richardson. Suit was brought a few years ago by the plaintiff against the principal and the sureties to recover the money due on the bond which was given in 1860, and the case came on for trial on Saturday. The plaintiff was represented by Messrs. McCrady & Son and Hon. J. B. Campbell; Messrs. Porter and Connor appeared for the defendants. After the testimony and the arguments had been heard, the court charged the jury that if they found, from the evidence, that the bond mentioned in the proceedings was given for the purchase of a certain number of slaves purchased by the Manning, from the plantiff, Allston, and that the price agreed to be paid for the same was a full price, and that the plaintiff delivered them to the defendant in a healthy and sound state, such as the price warranted, then the plaintiff was entitled to recover in this suit such a sum as may remain due on the bonds That if they found from the evidence that the price agreed to be paid by the defendant, Manning, was a full and adequate price for the slaves, and that when the said slaves were delivered to the defendant they were unsound and diseased, the plaintiff would be entitled to recover such a sum of money as the jury might think, in addition to the sum already paid, would have been a fair price for the persons in the condition of these delivered by the plaintiff to the defendant at the time of such delivery.—And if the jury found that the defendant, Manning, the principal in the bond, had waived any defence of want of consideration, arising from the alleged unsoundness of the persons purchased by him at the time of their delivery to him, such waiver on his part did not preclude the sureties on the bond from setting up in their behalf the defence of want of consideration, unless they are shown to have consented and agreed to such waiver.

There were two actions, one against the principal and one against the sureties. In both cases, the jury rendered a verdict for the defendant.—*Charleston News.*

A SOUTHERN PROSPECT BY A PROMINET RADICAL.

The Baltimore *Sun's* Washington correspondent writes the following views of a prominent Radical in regard to affairs in the South:

A prominent Republican Senator, who has lately had the opportunity of seeing the South for himself, has remarked since his return, that if the present condition of affairs continue, such States as South Carolina and Florida, for instance, must inevitably be Africanized. The result, of course, must be the exodus of the whites, the utter decay of material prosperity, and ultimately the relapsing of those States into a wilderness. These observations apply equally as well to Louisana as to the States mentioned.

It is not doubted that personal contact with the people of the South, and personal experience of its condition will go very far to modify the views of many of the leading men of the North, members of Congress and others, who have already gone, or who propose to go, down South between now and next winter. It would be well if the knowledge thus gained should lead to such modification of the legislation effecting the South as would restore it to its wonted prosperity, and promote good feeling among all classes of its people, instead of the dissensions, which now prevail.

From the Atlanta Herald, 16th.

A FATAL ERROR—POISONED BY MISTAKE.

About nine o'clock last night Atlanta was started by a rumor that two or three men had been poisoned by mistake at Heard, Craig & Co's drug store, and that they were dying or dead. Upon investigation, we found that yesterday about half-past five o'clock. Dr. J. W. Craig and Judge Thos. Pullum, two members of the firm of Heard, Craig & Co., had gone into the cellar of their store to take an evening toddy, Judge Pullum complaining that he was feeling unwell. When they reached the cellar, Mr. J. F. Jones the head pharmaceutist, who was working down in the laboratory, proposed to fix them up "an extra nice drink." They consented to his proposition, and chatted away easily until he announced that the punch was ready. They then partook of it, and were very much pleased, Dr. Craig drinking more hartily than Judge Pullum. They then return up stairs, and in about thirty minutes discovered, from violent symptoms, that something was wrong with them. They ascribed it to the drinks they had taken, and upon investigation found that by mistake a large quanity of aconite, a most fatal poison, had been mixed in their toddy. The symptoms increased in violence, nothing appearing to give relief, until at half past nine o'clock, Dr. Craig died in great agony, leaving Judge Pullum barely hovering between life and death.

Dr. Craig was poisoned at half-past five, and died precisely at half past nine. He had a very hard death, indeed, screaming all the time as if in intense agony, and frothing at the mouth plentifully.—His eyes were very much dilated, and every nerve seemed strung up almost to snapping. He seemed to be unconscious of everything around him and kept shrieking "Oh! what a horrible death to die—what a terrible death!" At one time he was conscious, I think. He begged very piteously for his mother—kept calling "Mother!" and saying, "I want to see her—I am going to die!"

A TWO MINUTES' SERMON TO YOUNG LADIES.—Lad es—caged birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly looks—pale pets of the parlor who vegetate in unhealthy atmosphere like the potato germinating in a dark cellar, why do you not go into the open air and warm sunshine and add lustre to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks, elasti-city to your step and vigor to your frames?—Take exercise, run up the hill on a wager and down again for fun: roam the fields, climb the fences and leap the ditches, wade the brooks, and after a day of exhilarating exercise and unrestriaed liberty, go home with an appetite acquired by healty enjoyment. The beautiful and a dooming young lady—rosy cheeked and bright-eyed—who can darn a stocking, mend her own frock, command a regiment of pots and kettles, and be a lady when required, is a girl that young men are in quest for a wife. But your pining wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, consumption-mortgaged, music-murdering, novel devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want less fashionable restraint and more liberty of action; more kitchen and less parlor; more leg exercise and less sofa, more pudding and less piano; more frankness and less mock modesty. Loosen your waist strings and breathe pure atmosphere, and become sore hing as good and beautiful as nature designed.

THE WORLD WITHOUT SUNDAY.

Think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes. Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous and eternal cycle, limbs forever on the rack, fingers forever straining, the brow forever sweating, the feet forever plodding, the brain forever throbbing, the shoulders forever drooping, the loins forever aching, the restless mind forever scheming! Think of the beauty it would efface, the merry-heartedness it would extinguish, of the giant strength it would tame, of the resources of nature it would crush, of the sickness it would bring, of the projects it would wreck, of the groans it would extort, of the lives it would immolate, and of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig! See them toiling and moiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and hewing, weaving and spinning, sewing and gathering, moving and repairing, raising and building, digging and planting, striving and struggling—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the wood, in the city and in the country, out at sea and on the shore, in the day of brightness and of gloom! What a picture would this world present if we had no Sabbath!

THE SAD FATE OF AN AUTHOR—Foley Hall, the author of "Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming," was a gentleman of wealth and great intellectual endowment. Admired and petted, he led a wild, helpless life, in which his wealth melted away, until he had not wherewithal to buy his daily bread. The woman he had loved discarded him. In the deepest distress he composed this charming song. A London publisher gave him one hundred dollars for it—a mere pittance for such a spendthrift. He wrote other successful songs, but in a moment of weakness, depressed with poverty, he forged the name of his publisher; and, notwithstanding most strenous efforts in his behalf was made by his friends, in which the publisher joined, Foley Hall was thrown into Newgate prison, where he died, broken-hearted, before his trial came on.

PROPAGATION OF FISH.

A New York *Herald* reporter has had a long and interesting talk with SETH GREEN, the ardent and indefatigable pisciculturist, in which he expressed himself as follows:

It is too bad when we have thousands and thousands of miles of rivers and brooks, and vast lakes, to say nothing of the minor ponds, that we should not be, as we are by nature, the greatest fish-raising people in the world.

If you get all the people of America eating shad, white fish, salmon and bass, and if you breed these fish so that it only costs the trouble to seine them, then a most important and nutritious article of food is on the table for a mere song. People will eat fish instead of beef. Beef being in small demand will thus cheapen, and so will all other meats in comparison. Now what does this all mean? It means the elevation of the laboring classes. It tells one that he can go to yonder lake or brook, catch his fish and have them on his table. Socially and morally fish culture is a blessing and a boon to toiling humanity. I am surprised that people do not see the economy involved in it.

Mr. GREEN added:

In this way I am educating men in my employ in the art of spawning, and by and by we will have a profession of experts in the country. Every man cannot be a pisciculturist. It requires many qualities and long experience.

BEFORE the war, America received in thought from Europe more than she gave; the gain is now the other way. It is, indeed, curious to note that the continuance of our mental leadership of the English race seems to depend on that of an injustice to our writers. However unfair may be the absence of copyright with America, the recognition of it would be a crushing blow to our intellectual supremacy.—London and Edinburgh, our only publishing cities, could not long hold their own in America against the free competition of Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, of every village in the States, indeed, for there are signs that America will possess that which has been wanting in England since the Revolution—a literature of the land, wholly free from the centralizing influence of great towns. For the present, no American poet, no philosopher, can stand against the competition of "all Tennyson for fifty cents," and Mill for the price of ink and paper. As long as there is no copyright, London and Edinburgh write for America, without, indeed, being paid for it in money, but not without helping to preserve the unity of the race. Copyright, however just, however necessary, however certain, will reduce London from the rank of capital of a world-wide England to that of capital of Great Britian.—*Athenæum.*

HOW TO BEGIN AN ARTICLE FOR PUBLICATION.—A great many people are apt to hit upon happy ideas in society, and when they go home they write out for publication, and most of these good folks know how hard it is to begin an article satisfactorily. A word to them: Commence with your very finest writing and most beautifully-rounded sentences. Introduce your subject in your most elaborate style; be poetical, rhetorical, didactic, as your mode may be, and when you think fit, gradually drop into the discussion of the subject matter. When the article is finished, begin at the opening sentence, and read it until you find you have commenced to say something to the point. Stop at this place; strike out everything before it, and let your article begin just there. You will then probably find that it opens well, and that by collec ing all your labored composition in one place where it can be readily stricken out you will have saved yourself all the trouble that would have been necessary had it been scattered through the article—but *never* write on both sides of the sheet. *Frank R. Stockton, in Scribner's for May.*

A MARVEL OF SURGERY.—The Baltimore *Sun*, in reporting the proceedings of the Medical and Chirurgical Society, describes the subjoined case:

The patient who was exhibited to the society had both the lids of the left eye diseased for twenty-seven years with what had been called cancer by many surgeons. To remove the entire disease, both lids as well as the skin from the side of the nose had to be removed, leaving the left eye (his only good one) exposed in a frightful gap. To protect the eye, and at the same time to remove the hideous conformity, Professor Chisholm undertook the delicate operation of manufacturing two lids—the upper lid from the skin of the forehead, and the lower lid from the skin of the cheek. So very successfully had this been accomplished, that it required very close observation to detect the difference between the left side of the face with the manufactured lids, and the right side nature had made. The case has been a very satisfactory one to both surgeon and patient.

A case which is likely to call forth all the emotional resources of a French jury is told as follows: A young man, having accepted a challenge from a noted duelist, goes home and tells his mother all about it. The good lady rushes off distracted to the house of the duelist, whom she finds practicing with a pistol in his garden, and what is worse, hitting the mark every time. She implores his mercy, but is coldly repulsed by the marksman, who declares his intention to kill her son. Thereupon in her wrath and terror, the poor woman snatches up a pistol and shoots the duelist dead. The chances are that she will be acquitted, and indeed, it is difficult to imagine any case which offers more, or more genuine, extenuation. A jury of mothers, at least, would not very long deliberate upon their verdict.