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SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

BY FATHER RYAN,

I walk down the Valley of Silence.
Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
A round me—save God and my own!
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovels where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with a din:
Long ago I was weary of place
Where I met but Human and Sin.

I walked through the world with the wordly;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said; "In the world each Ideal,
That shines like a star in life's wave
Is toned on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in the grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
And still found the False with the True:
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal
Veiled even the glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human;
And I moated 'mid the mazes of men;
'Till I knelt long ago at the alter
And heard a voice call me; since then
I walked down the Valley of Silence
That lies for beyound mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis my trysting-place with the divine:
And I fell at the feet of the Holy
And about me a voice said, "Be mine!
And then rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo: "My heart shall be thine!"

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray:
But my tears are all as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer, like a perfume from censer,
Ascendeth to God, night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence,
I dream all the songs that I sing.
And the music floats down the dim Valley,
'Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to men, like the doves of the Deluge,
The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float in the speech;
And I have dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley
Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces—
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the Valley, like virgins,
Too pure for the aid of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains.
And God and his angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

The Withered Bouquet.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

A gay party of young people were playing croquet upon the smoothly shaven lawn of Godfrey Stanmore's aristocratic country seat. The shining waters of the Hudson rolled at the foot of the lawn, and many a hard hit ball sprang over the light iron fence, to float merrily down the sunny ripples, to freedom. Over the heads of the players stately tress met to shade them from the rays of the July sun, and wherever the eye could reach, flowers were spread in richest profusion.

Ethel Stanmore, only child and heiress of this stately estate and superb house that lifted its marble walls behind her, was leader and chief promoter of all gay meeting for miles around Stanmore. It was her ingenuity that contrived out door theatricals and tableaux, with natural scenery for background and wings. It was Ethel who made up the most delightful picnics and the gayest of parties. She was always discovering cozy little nooks for luncheons, tiny half-hidden waterfalls for artists, berry patches for the girls and brooks for the boys. Nobody had such ferneries and aquariums, such mosses and hanging baskets, as Ethel. She was pretty, too, in a graceful, winning form, and she was lively, good-tempered, and a little bit of a coquette. Uniting with all this the fact that she was the only child of a wealthy New York merchant, it is not a matter for astonishment that Ethel was a belle, flattered, courted, and vain of her pretty face and power to please

Suitors were certainly not wanting to encourage this vanity, and the gay, little lady flitted from one pleasure to another, certain of attention and devotion wherever she moved.

As she knocked the croquet balls about on the sunny July afternoon of which I write, one of her most devoted cavaliers, playing against her, was evidently much absorbed in studying the effect of green and gold, as illustrated by the little beauty's ribbons and curls. He was a tall young man, of the English type of manly beauty, broad-chested, strong-limbed, with curling brown hair and large blue eyes, and a mouth uniting strength and sweetness in a rare degree, as his disposition united a man's power with the spirits of a boy.

He could meet Ethel Stanmore upon equal ground of position, wealth and birth and a very promising flirtation had sprung up between the two. Lookers-on wondered if this was to be a match, or only one of Ethel's amusements, and Harold Goldly himself set his teeth hard at some of the careless coquetries that boded ill for the success of his suit.

With all the strength of a nature that was sincere and earnest, in spite of surface merriment, the young man loved the pretty blonde, reading the sweetness of her disposition, and the sterling good qualities of her heart and mind, as yet untried by any of life's rough discipline.

He waited, hoped and trusted that he could win the heart he coveted, and he sued for it with patient, manly devotion willing to give all homage to the weaker one, yet never cringing if sorely tried by Ethel's careless manner.

The game was over and another was being formed, when Ethel pleaded fatigue and ran into the house, leaving Harold fast bound by the mallet he had taken, believing she would be his partner. In the wide, cool drawing-room the young girl threw herself into a deep arm-chair, and was half hidden by the window curtains.

"Aunt Grace!" she, cried, springing forward. "I did not know you had returned from town.

"Two hours ago, dear."

"Why auntie, you have been crying! You have heard bad news?"

"No dear, no news of any kind."

"And you have my bouquet in your hand," said the young girl, in a wondering voice. "I thought you did not like tea roses."

"I found this on the table.'

"Yes; Harold brought it to me, and I tossed it down here when we went to play croquet. I have had to dodge Harold all day, auntie," she added, laughing; "he is bent upon making a proposal, and I am not ready for one."

"Oh, Ethel, my dear child, do not trifle with him. If you do not love him, dismiss at once. Human hearts were never meant for playthings, and you may find, too late, your own bruised and bleeding. I know the tempation youth, beauty and wealth are to a careless nature, for I was like you, twenty years ago. Sit here, darling, and I will tell you why I was weeping over your bouquet of tea roses."

Ethel took a low seat beside her aunt, to listen, and after a moment's pause Grace Stanmore spoke:

"I was about your own age, Ethel, nearly nineteen, when I met George Holmes, a young artist, whose name now has attained world-wide celebrity. He was even then known as an artist of great talent and promise, and society opened her doors wide to receive him. Shy in manner could be won by interest in his subject, to a complete self-forgetfulness that would betray him into positive eloquence. With a gentle courtesy and modesty, he was yet manly and dignified when occasion required.

"I was then, yourself, an heiress, petted and courted, and really believing in my own heart that I was a little above the rest of humanity in virtue of my pretty face, my accomplishments and my well-known purse. I had suitors and friends, and flirted away their respect in more than one case. It gave me a pleasant sense of power to lead my lovers on to a proposal, and then mortify their vanity and crush their hopes by a refusal. A paltry ambition that brought its punishment.

"For it was not many weeks after I met him, that I found I loved George Holmes with all the strenght of my heart. He never flattered me, yet a word or look of approval from him would please me as no honeyed-speech had ever done before. He respectful to me, as a woman, but never paid subservient homage to my position or wealth. I think he knew that I was not all the vain butterfly of fashion others believed me and the thought of me and the thought of this aroused all that was true in my nature. In his presence I dropped my vanity and coquetry, and tried to meet his own mental powers and pure high-toned conversation. He taught me some of the delight a knowledge of art gives to the sight of a fine painting or piece of sculpture. He trained my eyes for me till every flower, every sunset, every sight in nature acquired a new beauty.

"He guided me through higher walks of literature than I had at tempted alone. Ethel, it is useless to prolong the story. He loved me and he won my love.

"Yet, during all the months of intercourse that bound our hearts together, George had never said to me 'I love you,' and sure as I felt of his affection, I kept my own love hidden till some word of his gave me the guarantee to speak. It was not coquetry that kept me silent, Ethel, but the modesty of true, pure love.

"We had come to town for the winter and I met George Holmes constanly, at home and abroad, when my uncle and guardian told me that young artist had been offered a most desirable and lucrative commission for a painting, that would require him to go to Europe for two, perhaps three years.

"I was sure he would speak then. It could not be that he would leave home for years, and give me no word of love at parting. We were preparing for a large party at home, when the servant handed me a bouquet of tea roses with Mr. Holmes compliments. I loved tea roses then, Ethel, and the creamy, half-opened buds, the bright leaves, the deep tinted hearts of the open flowers, all seemed smiling hope upon me, as I sat in my room inhaling their perfume, and thinking of the giver. It seemed to me a promise of all I hoped and wished, that I should receive the lovely gift, and amidst my tender thoughts I resolved to drop all my careless manner, all my flirting, heartless tricks, when I was assured this noble, true heart was all my own.

"Never was I more careful of my dress than on the evening of the party to which I referred. My choicest jewels, my richest silk did duty for that occasion, and I dressed my hair as George liked it best, and wore the color he thought the most becoming.

"It was still at my post as hostess, receiving my fast arriving guest, as he came in. I saw, as he advanced to meet me, that he was very pale, and his eyes were fixed upon my face, as if he would read my very soul I smiled as I greeted him, my heart full of hope. He took my hands in his own, looked at them a moment, again searched my face with strange wild eyes. and then abruptly turned from me and left the room.

"All through the long evening I watched for his return, but he did not come. When I was alone in my one room once more, I took the boquet from my dressing table, wrapped in soft tissue paper, and put it in a box. Then with tears and sadness I put it away, as we bury our dead.

"He would come no more. I knew that the silent parting was a final one though I could not guess its meaning. Yet I did not doubt him even then, believing some good reason existed for his silence, and waiting till time should reveal the truth to me.

"I heard of his departure for Europe, and two years later I heard of his marriage. On that day I opened my box for the first time, to throw away the flowers I had no longer a right to cherish. They were withered away, and I saw, for the first time, what the flowers and leaves had hidden with such fatal security. Tied in the very heart of the bouquet was a letter and a diamond ring.

"He had written to me asking my love and telling me his own, and he begged me, if I could be his wife, to wear the ring when I met him in the evening. But the sting, Ethel, the punishment in that letter were words telling me he dared not speak to me was of a boquette, who laughed at her suitors when they offered her love. Yet he wrote that he thought me wronged, and begged me to prove to him I was not the heartless flirt society called me.

"And when he came to me, Ethel, I smiled in his face, and offered him my hand no ring he had given upon it.

"Do you wander he left me believing all he had heard of my false heart and cruel coquetry? Do you wonder the sight and a perfume of a tea rose has made my heart faint since the day when I discovered how it had hidden from me the happiness of my life?

"I never saw George Holmes again. He is happy in Italy with his wife and children, and I am an old maid for love of him, weeping over a bouquet of roses that remind me of the past."

"Tear it apart," Ethel said in a low voice. "See if my fate is there."

"No, darling, there is no ring here, no letter; but yet I tell you my story as a warning. There are fortune-hunters, I know, who will woo any rich girl, but they will need not gain the trumph of debasing your heart by leading you through the mazes of a flirtation Quiet dignity will soon teach them their hopes are vain. Yet, if a true heart is in your grasp, do not play with it: gently discourage it, the plea is a vain one; if not, as you value your happiness, do not trifle with a love true."

"But, auntie, you were not to blame if you did not know the letter was hidden among the flowers."

"Not for that, but for the conduct that prevented George from speaking to me, for fear of heartless trifling.

There was a very grave-faced lady returned to the croquet ground, and Harold Goldy wondered what had happen while he was knocking balls round with more energy than good-temper.

It disqueted him to see the bright face clouded, and he watched an opportunity to suggest a short ramble into the woods, hoping to secure an explanation of the cause.

What was said, exactly, history does not record, but Ethel whispered to her aunt, as she kissed her good night:

"The new ring is Harold's auntie. I did not let him bury his heart in a WITHERED BOUQUET."

WAR BETWEEN THE DUTCH AND THE CHINESE.

The trouble between the Russian Government and the Khan of Khiva is not the only contest impending in the East. From a point still further East intelligence reaches us of differences between the Dutch East Indian Government and the Sultan of Atchin, which are to be settled by force of arms.

The information of the general reader upon these distinct points is misty and vague, and from lack of news an impression is conveyed that the inhabitants of those regions live in peace and quiet, their slothful ease being disturbed only by bites and stings and other discomforts of hot countries. It is we who have trouble with Captain Jacks and Modocs, guerilla warfare between races, and other enlivening episodes of domestic history. The reverse is probably the case; the news market is limited in extent, and without the area worked by journalists the domain is perhaps far more fertile in the productions of news it ms of the most sensational and delightfully horrible sorts, The semi-barbarous States are always fetting and fuming among themselves, and international politics boil continually like a witches' cauldron, with "double."

The Empire of Atchin, which is now the seat of war, is in the northern portion of the Island of Sumatra, the southern portion being occupied by the Dutch East Indian Company. In 1818 England made a treaty with Atchin, by which it obtained the right to establish a factory upon the island. Subsequently the Dutch obtained a foothold, and in 1824 made a treaty with England, who exercised a sort of protectorate over the island by virtue of priority of colonization, by which they obtained a greater portion of territory, but pledged themselves not to violate the independency of Atchin.—In 1840 they occupied a small neighboring State called Singhel, and the English residents of Singapore complained of this as a violation of the treaty. Another treaty was therefore made, which was not ratified until last year, by which, in return for some concessions, the Dutch again defined their relations with Atchin, and disclaimed interference with the government of that State. Meanwhile the Atchinese have been very unneighborly, stealing and pilfering goods, committing robberies of all kinds, and even kidnapping people, selling them for slaves. The troubles resulted in a declaration of war, and on the 20th of March a force of 4,000 infantry, artillery and cavalry, besides 250 officers and 1,000 Coolies, started for Atchin, under the command of General Koehler. What will be the result of the tremendous contest our information is not sufficiently full to allow the expression of any opinion.—In the Dutch Parliament a member of the opposition denounced the Home Government for its action, and said that the war would be the last blow to the Dutch authority in the East, as there was not a sufficient number of soldiers nor sufficient ships to bring the expedition to a successful end. The Minister replied that the honor of the Dutch flag must be maintained, which we presume means that the chastisement of sundry Atchines is necessary to preserve the dignity of the Dutch Government. Meanwhile the Russian forces, under Gen. Kaufman, are advancing on Khiva, and the English journals are declaiming on the neccessity of interferring in the matter, Russia and England being now like two rats, who, by assidous boring into the Central Asia cheese, have burrowed very closely to one another, and are afraid that a few more scrapings may bring them into contact. At the same time the British Indian Government views the acquisitions of the Dutch with uneasiness, and the necessity of interfering is discussed. Thus it is that the next day, the next hour, may be heard upon the gales the sound of war, not from the lava beds of Oregon, where an inglorious contest is waged with dirty, root-nubbing, snake-eating Indians, but "Where the gorgeous East, with richest hand, showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold," which place the discerning reader will easily understand is much more desirable than the lucrative pursiuts of the trade of war.—Baltimore *American*.

A LEPERS' VILLAGE.

A Curious Town in the Sandwich Islands.

In William R. Bliss' new book of travel in the Sandwich Islands he describes as follows a "Leper Village."

"There is leprosy in the Hawaiian blood, but none of it is to be seen is Honolulu, as those who are afflicted with it are sent to the lepers' village, on the island of Molokai.

"To visit the settlement on Moloka', which is about thirty miles east of Honolulu, we embark on a clipper-schooner bound to windward to bring down a cargo of sugar from Lahaina—a town on the island of Maui, where lepers may be seen in its one broad street.

"After rolling to starboard and rolling to farboard all night long, the schooner 'heaves to' at sunrise off the southern coast of the island, and we are set ashore from a small boat in the little harbor of Cannakaki.

"The island is green with vegetation, but is nearly deserted. There are less than fifteen hundred persons on it, although it contains one hundred and seventy square miles. As we ride on horseback away from the shore up the ascending plains, in a northeastern direction, we pass deserted garden patches, fallen walls and ruins of native huts, on which knots of long grass are waving like signals of distress.

"Crossing a succession of green hills, we come suddenly to the brink of the precipice of Kalaupapa, which looks north to the ocean and is two thousand feet high. Below, from the foot of the precipice, stretches a plain diversified with hills and vales, and reaching to the distant shore, where it curves like a scythe into the sea, turning up a white swath against the trade wind. The plain is covered with luxuriant vegetation; but we can see no life on it. Here and there a few brown huts catch the eye. Far on the right are dots of white houses. That is the leper village.

A steep bridle path zigzags down the front of the precipice, and we must descend it. Under wreathing vines, white blossoms and swinging trailers, which adorn and obstruct the descent into this valley of death, the horses step carefully and tediously. In an hour they reach the plain, when a gallop of two miles brings us to the settlement. It consists of detached houses, enclosed by low walls or picket fences, standing in open pasture lands and sweet potato fields. Capara, pahala, hanana trees and a winding brook give a picturesque appearance to the village. Its horizon is bounded on one side by the flower precipice, which shuts off the world, and on the other side by the ocean.

"Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

"Every person in this community is a leper. Of those who have not sore hands or feat, the men till the ground and women braid mats. Those who cannot take care of themselves are nursed in hospitals by leper nurses. The boys and girls go to school to leper teachers, learning the branches of a simple education which none of them can probably live long enough to appreciate. They leave the school with frolicsome shouts; they romp across the green field, enjoying the air and sunshine like the children in either lands, unconscious of their misfortune.

"In a grassy field, near the sea shore, stands a little church, visited all day by the sun and sea-breeze. Here a native minister, a leper, leads religious services on Sunday for his miserable fellows.

These poor people seem to be contented. A ration of five pounds of fresh meat and twenty pounds of vegetables is issued weekly, in addition to what each one cultivates with his own labor. This support is so much better than any Hawaiian ever has at home, that natives living on other parts of the island have desired to make themselves lepers in order to be taken care of in this village of death.' As we turn away for our homeward journey, it is natural to wish, for the sake of humanity, that there might be in this beautiful valley a river Jordan into which these miserable people could dip and be cleansed. But the curse of Elisha upon his corrupt servant seems to be irrevocably fixed upon them:

"The leprosy of Naaman shall cleave unto thee and unto thy seed forever."

SHIRTLESS SOCIALISM.

A Spanish Advocate of Anarchy.

In Madrid a new weekly paper named *Los Descamisados*, has appeared. The name means, "Men without Shirts;" and the paper, like the revolutionary French paper of the first Revolution, *Les Sans-culottes*, declares itself the "organ of the lowest social strata." Its creed is thus given in one of its leading articles, which for infamous abandon and reckless disregard of all decency, we have never seen excelled:

Anarchy is our only formula. Everything for everybody, from power down to women. From this beautiful disorder, or rather organized disorder, will result the truest harmony. The earth and its products being the property of every one, robbery, usury and avarice must cease; the family being destroyed and free-love instituted, there will be an end to all public and private prostitution, thus realizing the ideal of the Greek legislator that young men should love and respect all their elders, seeing in every old man a father, and a mother or a sister in every woman. By abolishing that bugbear which is called God, and reducing his mission to frighten little children, we shall put an end to those businesses which are called religious, and which only serve to provide food for those low comedians (as Dupuy defines the priests), whose mission will then only be to deceive the ignorant. This is our programme. But before putting it into execution it is necessary to purify society, a bleeding is necessary, but a great, an extraordinary one; it is necessary to cut off the rotten branches of the social tree, in order that it may grow up lusty and vigorous. You now know our desires, our aspirations, expressed with all openness, and with the boldness which conviction produces. Tremble, burgesses; the end of your dominion has arrived! Make way for the shirtless ones! The black flag is hoisted. War against the family! War against property! War against God!

WHIPPING POST.—According to the new fangled notions of humanity the "whipping post" is a relic of barbarism,—but we submit the question, whether it is more barbarous to keep a convict all winter in a cold jail without smelling a fire, or to try him before a magistrate and if found guilty, take him to the whipping post and give him "forty lashes, save one." We contend that there is a deal more humanity in the latter—not to say anything of the vast expense that attaches to feeding convicts in the jail at public expense.

There is not a jail in the State, but contains one more or negroes who are serving various terms of punishment, by imprisonment, and who, if allowed a choice in the matter, would prefer to take a good sound whipping, rather than lay in jail for months. No attemps to elevate this class in the way of "humanitarian treatment" has every proved of benefit—nothing short of the whipping post has any terrors for a negro thief. If it could be revived thousands of dollars would be saved to the State, in the way of jail fees, costs, &c., and that would, in a great measure, be a check placed on these thieving scoundrels. —*Concord Sun.*

THE LENGTH OF DAYS.—The days are lengthening perceptibly, and most people have daylight enough to do all the work they aspire to. We are now getting thirteen hours, good measure, between sunrise and sunset. We cannot compare in this line with some of the European countries, however. At Hamburg the longest day has seventeen hours and the shortest seven. At Stockholm, the longest has eighteen and a half hours, and the shortest five and a half. At St. Petersburg, the longest has nineteen and the shortest five hours. At Finland, the longest has twenty-one and one-half, and the shortest two and one-half hours. At Wondorbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 2nd of July, the sun not getting below the horizon for the whole time, but skimming along very close to it in the north. At Spitzbergen, the longest day lasts three months and a half.

Wilmington *Journal.*

A PAIR OF ROYAL BARBARIANS.

A shocking story comes from Africa. A treaty having recently been concluded between the King of Bonny and the King of Opobo it was, in accordance with the ancient custom, ratified by sacrificing a slave in a very peculiar manner. From the crown of the head down over the trunk an incision, as if for halving, was made; then several stout men seized hold of the victim, while some others hacked the body into two parts along the line indicated through the incision. One half of the body the representative of King Bonny, and the other half an ambassador of Opobo, flung into the sea, by which the contract was considered irrevocably sealed. King Bonny tried very earnestly to avoid this useless and cruel part of the ceremony, but the Africans were not to be dissuaded from abandoning a time honored usage. The victim himself did not appear much disturbed by the fate in store for him. His consolation was that his butchers would be repaid with the same coin in the next world.