The Wilson Advance.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

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Poetry.

A Second Wedding Ring.

Samuel Bishop (died 1795.) Master of Merchant Taylor's School, wrote some poems, the best of which is in praise of his wife, on the anniversary of her wedding-day, which was also her birthday, with a ring:

"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed"—
So fourteen years ago I said,
Behold another ring! For what?
To wed thee o'er again? Why not?
With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence and truth;
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all my Molly then appeared.
If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow;
Here, then, to-day (with faith as sure,
With ardor as intense, as pure,
As when amid the rites divine
I took thy truth and plighted mine,)
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring;
With this ring I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues which, before untried,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For consciences' sake, as well as love's.
And why? They show me every hour
Honor's high thought, affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things—but repentance.

LORD AND PEASANT.

He was a lord—she was the daughter of his tenant. No nobler blood than his was there in all England—none lowlier than hers. His was a high-sounding name, Lord Desmond—hers plain and humble, Jane Marr. His hands were soft and white—hers red and coarse. His was a heritage of ease—hers of toil.

And yet that gentle heart reached out to him, though there was such a gulf between. She worshiped him afar off.

In its expression a hopeless love may find a balm. It is the silent heart that breaks; it is the love which dares not speak, that kills.

Lord George Desmond was one of God's as well as England's noblemen. He was still young, having been in possession of his estate but a few years. He was not the conventional lord either in manner or action. As noble as the blood that he could trace back for centuries was the heart which sent it forth.

And Jane Marr loved him—loved him although she knew love's only crown would be despair.

She did not often see "my lord," for he was much away; when she did she lived upon his nod and smile until by his carriage sometimes as he entered that he might touch her as he passed.

Lord Desmond guessed nothing.

"He shall never know," she thought; "he she shall never know."

Poor child! what a mad thing this love was. The sun that shone on her was not farther away than he.

Could she have traced back her ancestry, she would have found but heritage of toil. Her father's back was bent with the burden of that poor man's estate. Her grandfather had died when she was very young. Her only remembrance of him was associated with an ugly scar upon his face, left there by a great lords blow. A queen by purity of soul, she was almost a slave by right of birth.

She, with blue eyes and golden hair, was fair to look upon. No fine lady that clad in heavy silk, swept through "my lord's" halls, wore a lovelier face than she. The spiritual in her nature exhaled ever, like the perfume of a delicate flower—alas too easily crushed.

It was Christmas Eve, and at the hall there was a celebration! It was no grand company of fine ladies and noble gentlemen, who in silks and broadcloth kept up the delusion that they were enjoying themselves. No, indeed! Lord Desmond had invited none such to stand like lumps of ice among the throng and freeze the air. None but the tenantry had been invited.

What a grand time they had to be sure! "my lord" the merriest of them all. How they laughed at his jokes, which were as funny as funny could be? What a shout when up when he said in a loud voice, "I'll dance with prettiest girl in the room?" What a cheer made his ancestral halls ring, as he led Jane Marr to the centre of the floor.

As they led off in the dance, he so grand and noble, she so beautiful and fail, some eyes that saw the sight, for all the rippling laughter, filled with tears.

"My lord" looked down upon the blushing, burning face and smiled. It was well he could not look into the quivering heart that loved him with such a wild despair.

The few brief moments of the dance were like a delicious dream to Jane. With his arm around her, holding her close, close to him, she moved to the music's sweet strains like a floating soul. Those who saw her then, her eyes half closed, her lips parted a warm flush upon her cheek, never forgot the night.

When the dance was done, Lord Desmond before them all, bent and kissed her. If he had known!

Poor child! she did not sleep that night. Her hungry love fed upon that kiss. Not till morning was the wild dream over. Her father sighed as he looked upon her then, for she seemed paler and more frail than ever before.

Indeed, it was so; and from that time, day by day, she faded; day by day became less a child of earth and more a child of Heaven. None knew what was killing her; nothing could have wrung from her a confession of the love that was wearing her life away.

Her father asked, in trembling tones:

"Dear lass, what makes thee wither so?"

She only answered:

"It is nothing father dear nothing."

One night in early spring he said to her:

"I have news for thee, lass."

"What news, father?"

"It be good news, lass; my lord has brought a wife to the hall. They say she is naught but beautiful and good. Why, child, how white thou art!"

She strove to smile and answer him, but vainly. The room swam before her, her brain reeled, and, reaching out her arms to him, she fell upon the floor as one strickended dead.

The old man lifted her tenderly and bore to her bed. As he bathed her forehead he moaned over her. There was an awful fear in his heart that she might die. He almost feared that she was dead—she lay there so wite and still.

It was long before she opened her eyes and spoke reassuringly to him. She tried to rise, but, too weak, fell back, with a smile upon her face.—She knew the end was near.

Day by day she faded, and none had hope that she would rise from the bed again. Those who came into the room talked in whispers, thinking of the strange silence that was soon to come.

Although she waited with patient hope for rest, she longed to once again to see his face, and hear his voice before she died. She did not ask that they would send for him. She only trusted that he would come.

One night when she knew death was very near, this longing to see him was strongest upon her. She could not shake it off. Her father had been called away and would not return for an hour. Her love had not come to her; she would go to him. She prayed for Heaven's help. With that strange strength the dying sometimes have, she rose and dressed. She felt, she would never see her father again.—His Testament was on the table.—Murmuring, "God keep you father!" she kissed it. Then she went out into the night.

It was very dark. Though the moon was in the sky, thick clouds hid it. When she had taken a step or two from the door, she turned back and kissed that, again murmuring, "God keep you, father!" Then she went forth into the black night again.

She had not far to go, and soon reached the lawn in front of the great house. Lord Desmond was upon the piazza, for she could hear his voce.—Her step had grown feebler, and she felt strange strength fast leaving her Once she sank down and moaned to think she might not reach him.

A moment's rest revived her somewhat; and rising, but staggering she struggled on.

She was so close now that she could hear what he was saying. She knew by his loving words that it was to his young wife he was talking. Oh! how she prayed that this young wife might be worthy of him!

It was so dark that she had no fear of being seen. When she was within a few feet of him, she sank down again unable to walk farther. Then she crept on hands and knees, knowing it was useless to wait for more strength.

Along the edge of the porch there was a railing; and over this, his back being toward it, his arm was flung, his hand handing down.

Grasping the edge of the porch with great effort, that made her frail body tremble like a leaf, she drew herself up and leaned against the railing.—Had he moved his arm it would have touched her.

She listened to his loving words as though they were spoken to her own heart.

Thus, her soul thrilling with strange joy, she waited until she felt the touch of death. Then quickly passionately she seized his hand and kissed it.

With an exclamation, he turned suddenly.

Just then the moon came out from behind a cloud and showed the upturned face of her who had been starving to catch a glimpse of her lover though the darkness!

"My God!" he cried; 'Jane Marr!" and his heart stood still at sight of the pallor on her face and the wonderous look in her eyes.

He was strong, and she a feathers weight. He bent and lifted her.

When he had her on the porch and was holding her pityingly to him, he groaned for the moon showed no expresion then in those staring eyes.—With his arms around her, with her head upon his breast—God be thanked for that—she had died.

Even then, as he wept over her, Lord Desmond little knew that she had died for love of him.

The Young Lady's Dream.

She had a lover whom she agreed to marry, but she subsequently refused to do so. He went South and died. Her dream she thus described:

She stood at night upon an eminence overlooking a rushing, icy stream. Dark clouds obscured the moon, and the air was damp and chilly. Soon she described in the semi darkness a boat, with a single occupant, floating with terrific rapidity toward an immense cataract. The man's face she could not see; but he was gesticulating wildly, as if imploring succor from the fate that impended him. On, on went the boat; faster and faster grew its speed; wilder and more despairingly still were the gestures of the unhappy man; until just as the frail bark was about to go over the brink of the awful cataract into the seething waters below, the occupant turned, and she recognized the features of her lover—while a voice rang out from the clouds, 'Another soul lost—and charged to you!'

She became crazy, shot her father and then killed herself. All this is true, and of recent occurrence. The lady was Miss Hovey and the lover Eugene Raines, both of Lyons, N. Y. Was ever there a story more tragical?

How Doctors Thrive.

Excited and anxious patient—'Doctor, I do wish you'd tell me what's the matter with me; I'm clear out of sorts this morning and I'm afraid I'm going to be down sick. What is the matter with me?'

Doctor (gravely)—'Let me see your tongue.'

Patient thrusts it out.

'What have you been eating?'

Patient (reflectively)—'Well, I was out late last night, had a bit of supper at midnight, oysters, raw and stewed, lobster, salad, cold tongue, pressed chicken, curds and cream, coffee, some fruit cake, a little cheese and a handful of hickory nuts.'

Doctor (doubtfully)—'Let me see your tongue again.'

Looks at it thoughtfully, then in authoritive tones: 'Ah, yes, I see; you've been eating something that doesn't agree with you.'

Grateful patient gives him $1.

Dan Rice.

Dan Rice has returned from a trip through the "provinces," and reports the people of Missouri singularly unappreciative of his genius as shown on the rostrum. Old Dan, after his sudden and almost miraculous conversion to the cause of temperance, came to the conclusion that the interests of civilization and humanity demanded that he roam the land as an apostle of the good cause.

He had some small posters printed bearing a turgid picture of himself and the wording 'Dan Rice's New Departure from the Ring to the Rostrum at a Single leap. Dan Rice, the Veteran Manager, Vocalist, Clown and Author Recently Converted, Will lecture at — on —, Subjects; Temperance, Political Equality, Religious Rights, etc.'

He sent a 'manager' by the name of Saville to hang up his bills. The night before Old Dan started out on his starring or starving tour he was met in a Fifth-street saloon by an old journalistic friend, who jocularly invited him to take a drink. Dan promptly accepted, and took wine. 'How is this?' said his friend, 'I thought you were converted?'

'So I am, so I am, to temperance—not total abstinence.'

This incident recalls a little scene that happened on the night when the old showman appeared upon the stage of the Conique and said, with great earnestness, that in the future rum would have no more hold upon him than a bread and-milk poultice would have upon a wooden leg.

After the show old Dan stood around with the boys, and drank soda water for awhile, until his eyes alighted upon a bottle of patent bitters, which the label says 'exhilarates, but does not intoxicate.' The old fellow believed the lying label, and was led home by some friends at a later hour feeling very wealthy—much wealthier than he feels now, for the tour was a financial failure. In one place, where Dan was billed for two nights, an audience of fifteen listened to his fervid eloquence the first night, and the next night no one came but the janitor of the school-house where the orator was to reverberate and the editor of the local paper, who had a complimentary.

Mr. Rice is undecided whether to devote his attention to the perfecting of the electric light or to return to the sawdust.

The Women of To-day.

Queen Victoria's income is $5,000 a day.

Mrs. Grant says that the prettiest girl seen in all her travels was at Reno, Nev., railroad station.

The highest number of votes received by any candidate on the London School Board was by Miss Mullen, she receiving 18,861.

The author of 'Deephaven' is not only a successful writer, but, unlike some 'blue stockings,' is said to have 'real beauty.'

Manchester, England, has a society of women painters, to which the other sex is not admitted, not even at the yearly exhibition.

Miss M. E. Gage, daughter of the poetess, has established a ladies' exchange for mining stocks in New York.

A generous Iowa lady, Mrs. Cordelia Miller, has given $30,000 to the Garret Biblical Institute, at Evanston, Ill.

Madame de Witt has just completed her History of France, which is the sequel to her father's (M. Guizot) history.

The widow of G. P. R. James, the novelist, is living at Eau Clare, Wis. She is now 80 years old, and is well cared for by her sons.

A London correspondent writes that American nationality is accepted in England as a presumption in favor of a lady singer's success.

There are nine ladies on the London School Board. England is very liberal to women in the education and business privileges accorded her.

The widow of Halvey, the composer, has just finished a statue of him, which is to be placed in one of the niches of the facade of the Hotel de Ville, at Paris.

The ex-Empress Eugenie will so time her visit to Zululand as to be on the spot where her son met his death on the anniversary of that sad event. Sir Evelyn Wood will be her escort.

A lady teacher in Boston has resigned after a service in that city of over forty-one years. Thirteen teachers are now employed who have taught over thirty years in the Boston City schools.

The lady principal of a Michigan school has resigned her position to commence the study of medicine. This profession seems peculiarly adapted to women and has many more novitiates than that of the law.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union, of Boston, proposes to present a petition asking the privilege of women voting upon the question of liquor license. They also ask the signature of every person of legal age in the city.

The American Sunday School, of New York, has been presented with $100,000 by Mrs. J. C. Green, of that city, the interest only to be available. This is to be devoted to 'the development of Sunday school literature of a high merit.'

The late Mrs. Charles Dickens was the granddaughter of Mr. George Thompson, who figures in the latter life of Burns as his correspondent on musical and other matters. Mrs. Dickens is said to have seen the volume of her husband's letters, recently published, while in proof, and expressed her entire approval of the manner in which they were written.

Gambetta says that 'if girls are not educated up to the level of the Republican ideal the republic will fall down to their notion of what it ought be.' That the best advisors he ever had not alone as to the conduct of his private life, but in politics, were good women, whose minds were emancipated from sacerdotal tyranny, and it was of vital importance to the commonwealth that the fullest justice should be done to the girlhood of France.

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Charles Dickens' Religion.

Dickens preached—not in a church nor from a pulpit, but a gospel which the people understood, the gospel of kindness, sympathy—in a word, humanity. His creed may be found in the beautiful extracts on the subject of death:

Even when golden hair lay in a halo, on a pillow, round the worn face of a little boy, he said with a radiant smile: 'Dear papa and mamma, I am very sorry to leave my pretty sister, but I am called and must go.' Thus the rustling of an angel's wing got blended with the other echoes and had in them the breath of Heaven.—[Tale of Two Cities, book ii., chapter 21.

The dying look made no answer, 'I shall soon be there. He spoke of beautiful gardens stretched out before him, and which were filled with figures of men, and many children, all with light upon their faces; then whispered that it was Eden, and so died.—[Nicholas Nickleby, chapter 58.

'It's turned very dark, sir. Is there any light a'coming? The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end. I'm a gropin'—a gropin—let me catch hold of your hand. Hallowed be Thy name.'

Dead! my lords and gentlemen. Dead! men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts And dying thus around us every day. —[Bleak House, chapter 47.

He slowly laid his face down upon her bosom, drew his arm close around her neck, and with one parting sob began the world. Not this world. Oh, not this! The world that sets this right.—[Ibid., chapter 65.

If this is sleep, sit by me while I sleep. Turn me to you, for your face is going far off and I want it to be near. And she died like a child that had gone to sleep.—[David Copperfield, chapter 9.

Don't cry. Is my chair there, in its old place? * * That face, so full of pity and grief that would appeal to me, that solemn hand upraised toward Heaven! It is over.—[Ibid., chapter 53.

One new mound was there, which had not been there last night. Time, burrowing like a mole below the ground had marked his track by throwing up another heap of earth.—[Martin Chuzzlewit, chapter 19.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. She was past all help, or need of it. We will not wake her. —[Old Curiosity Shop, chapter 71.

Some of the English slaveholders in Brazil find themselves in a bad fix. They have been holding slaves who ought, according to law, to have been long since manumitted, and the Brazilian Government decrees that they must give to each man wages for the whole period of such detention.