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POETRY.

Song from a Drama.

I know not if moonlight or starlight Be soft on the land and the sea,— I catch but the near light, the far light, Of eyes that are burning for me!

The winds may be sobbing or singing, Their touch may be fervent or cold, The night bells may toll or be ringing; I care not, with thee in my hold!

I think not of time that is flying, How short is the hour I have won, How near is the living to dying, How the shadow still follows the sun!

MISCELLANEOUS.

LOVING THE MONEY NOT THE MAN.

"Uncle Coleman, I'm going to marry Lucia Frothingham!" "Eh? What?"

"Going to marry Lucia Frothingham!" he cried, after gasping awhile in sheer dismay. "You idiot!"

"I am twenty-one, sir," (with an immense air of dignity.) "I am sixty-four! Now, Frank, do hear reason. Lucia Frothingham is a fascinating woman, touching the thirties, if not already over the line—a finished flirt, and as mercenary as she is pretty. I know her, and I tell you her affection is centered upon your aunt Jennie's legacy, and the half million in prospect at my banker's."

"I don't suppose you ever did. Having always had an independent income, I don't think you ever counted on a dead man's shoes. But Miss Frothingham was educated in the hard school of genteel poverty, and a rich husband is the prize for which she has studied and toiled, for—well, say ten years. She was in society before you were done playing with tops and marbles."

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and though his manner had been asynical, his heart had been sorely wrung by the announcement of his engagement, but not from any paltry jealousy or any mercenary motive. Had Frank loved a true, tender woman, were she a beggar, his uncle would have given her a father's love and welcome.

"Never mind that grand air of contempt. I am to have my way for just one hour, and you can take yours afterward for a lifetime. Will you go?"

"If you say so." "Go, then."

Just a little later Miss Frothingham, all smiles and white muslin, sailed into the east drawing-room to greet her elderly admirer. With an air of deepest devotion he raised her hand to his lips and greeted her with a flowery compliment.

"I presume," he said, in a low, tender tone, "you are at no loss to guess the reason why I have ventured to summon you here. You must have understood the meaning of my attentions. Need I tell you how dear you have become to me? Need I speak of the love you have inspired?"

"I am contemplating a speedy return to the city, and I wish to arrange for the wedding, if I can obtain any expression of your wishes. Do you object to an early day?"

"My wife! Bless my soul, my nephew told me—"

"Oh! Mr. Burke, you do not imagine I have encouraged the boy?" with an accent of most magnificent scorn. "He is an amiable young fellow, and I have been kind to him. But love between myself and a boy of that age is simply preposterous."

"I am aware that the disparity of years—"

"My dear Mr. Burke, do not speak of that. To me there is a dignity and nobility about a man who has passed middle life that can never be attained without the experience of years. Believe me, you having a slight advantage of me in age will but increase my affection."

"I choose a wife! My dear young lady, what are you talking about? I have no intention of seeking a wife!"

"Not at all," was the cool reply. "I was under the impression that you were engaged to my nephew. As Frank is my nearest relative and my heir, I was anxious to win the affection of his promised wife. But since there is no engagement between you—"

"Oh, Mr. Burke, you must have misunderstood me. My only fear was lest you should not sanction our love. Dear Frank has often spoken to me of your fatherly love for him. You will not repeat to Frank this conversation we have had? In my confusion—you will forget my wild words?"

"But I shall not!" The blinds parted as Frank spoke, revealing his white face and anguished eyes. Miss Frothingham screamed, and Uncle Coleman said quietly:

"Fully! The boy, Miss Frothingham, thanks you for showing him the folly of trusting in the love of a coquette. You have given me a sharp lesson, Uncle Coleman, but I thank you that my life has not been blighted by a woman's treachery."

The pale face vanished, Uncle Coleman, with a ceremonial bow, revealed his white face and anguished eyes. Miss Frothingham screamed, and Uncle Coleman said quietly:

"I thank you," was the reply. "You have saved me a life of misery by showing me a mercenary woman's treachery. I shall never feel any emotion but gratitude that you proved your words."

The Debt of Pennsylvania. During the past year the State debt of Pennsylvania, the governor says in his message, was reduced by \$1,230,186. The receipts were \$7,697,119; the expenditures, \$6,466,933, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$1,230,186.

"Bless my soul, Uncle Coleman, what a swell you are!" And then Frank was in the room and the two exchanged cordial greetings.

"And Lucia?" Frank questioned. "She was perfectly well last evening when I took her for a drive."

"Certainly. You do not suppose I have failed in attention to my future niece, do you?"

"You like her better than you did," continued Frank, pleadingly. "See her, Frank," the old man said, suddenly wheeling round from the glass to face his nephew.

Prison Life in England. The Female Prison at Millbank—How the Convicts Spend their Time. A correspondent of the London Daily News gives the following sketch of a convict's daily life in the female prison at Millbank:

By half-past seven the cell must be in apple-pie order, and all the clothes taken off the bed, neatly folded up inside the quilt, and placed at the foot of the bedstead.

Then comes breakfast, consisting of a piece of bread and a tin of cocoa. From Monday to Saturday a pound of bread is daily allowed to each prisoner. On Sunday twenty-two ounces is the allowance, but, per contra, on this day the prisoners dine luxuriously off cheese, of which three ounces is served out to each on returning from divine service.

Half an hour is allowed for breakfast, and from eight o'clock to nine is devoted to labor. At nine, the prisoners file out down the corridors into the chapel, where they sit on bare benches, with the assistant matrons planted here and there on high stools, keeping a watchful eye over the silent congregation. Prayers are over in time for all to be back in their cells at half-past nine, when comes another hour's work at knitting or the making of articles of clothing. At half-past ten the straw bonnets, guileless of ribbon, are donned, the ugly yellow cloaks are put on, and all, being first marshaled and counted in the corridors, march into the yard for "exercise."

"Exercise" means marching round and round the yard in single file, whilst the warders look on. Nobody speaks a word or looks to the right hand or the left, but for sixty minutes all plod round and round, a silent, sad and sullen company. This performance over, the prisoners return to their cells and get to work again, sewing or knitting, till one o'clock.

At one o'clock they dine, the rations being carried up to the wards by relays of the prisoners themselves. The allowance is served out to each in her cell by the assistant matrons. On Mondays and Wednesdays the prisoners dine of mutton, of which each gets three ounces, with a few spoonfuls of gravy, the character of which may be inferred from the fact that it is "flavored with one-half ounce of onions, and thickened with one-eighth ounce of flour, and with bread left from the previous day." In addition, each prisoner has three-quarters of a pound of potatoes. On Tuesday the fare is bread, and a pint of soup, containing eight ounces of shins of beef, one ounce of pearl barley, three ounces of fresh vegetables, and three-quarters of a pound of potatoes. On Thursday the dinner consists of three-quarters of a pound of potatoes, and an equal quantity of suet pudding, containing one ounce and two pennyweights of suet, six ounces of flour, and four ounces and fourteen pennyweights of water. On Friday and Saturday the fare is beef and potatoes, three ounces of the former to each quarter of a pound of the latter, which is rendered further appetizing by the addition of gravy made in the same generous fashion as that of Monday. On Sunday comes divine service, and bread and cheese again, and then the mutton, the soup, the suet pudding, and the beef in due and unalterable order. At two o'clock on the afternoon of week days work recommences, and is continued till half-past five, when "supper" is indulged in. Supper consists of the remains of the day's allowance of bread washed down with a pint of gruel, the component parts of which are two ounces of oatmeal, one-half ounce of molasses, and two ounces of milk. At six more work, which is carried on till eight o'clock, when three-quarters of an hour's leisure time is allowed for reading. At a quarter to nine bed-making begins, and by nine all lights are out and darkness reigns throughout the always silent cells. These hours are the same in winter with the exception that the prisoners rise half-an-hour later and go to bed half-an-hour earlier.

War Ships and their Armor. So great have been the changes effected in ships of war by the introduction of steam and iron, an English paper says, that the navy may be said to have been in a state of transition during the present generation, and will still be so, for many of the latest inventions are yet upon trial. Since the commencement of the present century, at least three different classes of ships have succeeded each other. At the battle of Trafalgar, in 1805, the Victory, Nelson's flagship, was considered a model of a line-of-battle ship. She carried 100 guns, from twelve to twenty-four pounders. Comparing her with the Duke of Wellington, which now floats beside her in Portsmouth harbor, and carries the admiral's flag, we find a great advance in ship building. The Duke of Wellington carries 131 guns, and is 3,700 tons burthen. She is fitted with engines of 780 horsepower, and is altogether the finest specimen existing of a wooden line-of-battle ship. But when we look at our present fleet of ironclads, at the Warrior or the Oceanic, at the Hercules, or the Black Prince, the change effected since the old days of wooden three-deckers, is truly marvelous. These ships are completely incased in armor, varying from six to fourteen inches in thickness; for it seems that no sooner have we got armor for a ship which is considered to be impregnable, than straightway a gun is invented which will pierce it. They are armed with large eighteen-ton guns, as well as with smaller ones on the Whitworth principle; these last are made of steel, which by a peculiar process is compressed while in a fluid state, and the gun is thus rendered extraordinarily tough. But in the navy, as in other institutions in these days of rapid progress, the new very quickly becomes the old; and already since the construction of these fine ships, we find in our waters a strange and unfamiliar object, the new cupola or turret ship, such as the Devastation, in which the guns are mounted on turrets. The Devastation carries four guns of the immense size of thirty-five tons, mounted on two masts. Whether these unsightly ships, without either masts or rigging, will ever be available for sea going, or whether they will be reserved as floating batteries for the defense of our coasts, is a problem still undecided.

The modifications and improvements in marine artillery succeeded each other with surprising rapidity. There is at present in process of construction a new ironclad, the Inflexible, which is to be completed in the year 1877. This sea monster is to be armed with guns of the incredible size of eighty-one tons. They will be twenty-seven feet in length, and are expected to penetrate twenty inches of solid armor plate at a distance of more than a quarter of a mile! Then, again, there is the torpedo, that destructive submarine engine, against which no man-of-war, armor-plated or otherwise, is safe. Truly formidable will be naval warfare in the future!

Lawyers' Fees. The lawyers who are fighting in the Beecher-Tilton case, a correspondent says, are not only working for pay, but for fame. It is admitted that whoever triumphs here will at once achieve cosmopolitan distinction. The question now raised in this connection whether there can be any limitation to the fees demanded by our popular lawyers? Field and Shearman have rendered a bill of \$20,000 against the estate of the late James Fisk. Shearman is now Beecher's lawyer. Lawyers' fees have reached a state pitch, when compared with the past, seem almost fabulous. In 1845 Ogden Hoffman charged New York city \$1,000 for attending in an important case. It was considered extortionate, but now ten times that amount would be small. Beach demands \$10,000 for an important case, and has enough to keep him busy all the time. Governor Tilton was attorney in one case in which his fees were, as is carefully calculated, \$100,000. The fees in the Parish will case were estimated at an equal sum. Half as much was paid a noted lawyer for services in settling the Rose will case. There are a number of estates now in settlement whose attorneys will draw \$50,000 from their clients for services. This golden glory of the law profession, which excels that of all others, is the reason why lawyers strike for notice. A name when obtained insures immense wealth. Tilden, next to Charles O'Connor, has enjoyed a long as well as a lucrative practice, and hence he will be the richest governor or New York State has had since the days of Edwin D. Morgan, who was worth \$1,000,000.

INDUSTRY.—Man must have occupation or be miserable. Toil is the price of sheep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The world does not contain a briar or a thorn which divine mercy could not have spared. We are happier with sterility, when compared with the spontaneous plenty which unbounded profusion. The body and mind are improved by the toll that fatigues them. The toll is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them. No indolence can taste them. They flow only from the exertions which they repay.

PROPERTY.—Property left to a child may soon be lost; but the inheritance of virtue, good name and unblemished reputation—will abide forever. If those who are toiling for wealth to leave their children, would but take half the pains to secure their virtuous habits, how much more serviceable would they be. The largest property may be wrested from a child, but virtue will stand by him to the last.

Power of Beauty.

"A woman is only as old as she looks," says the old adage; and history is full of accounts of the fascinations of women, who were no longer young. Thus, Helen of Troy was over forty years old when she perpetrated the most famous elopement on record; and, as the siege of Troy lasted a decade, she could not have been very juvenile when the ill-fortunes of Paris restored her to her husband, who is reported to have received her with unquestioning love and gratitude. Pericles wedded the court-Aspasia, when she was thirty-six, and yet she afterward, for thirty years or more, welded an undiminished reputation for beauty. Cleopatra was past thirty when Antony fell under her spell, which never lessened until her death, nearly ten years after; and Livia was thirty-three when she won the heart of Augustus, over whom she maintained her ascendancy to the last. More modern history tells us of the extraordinary Diane de Poitiers, who was thirty-six when the young Duke of Orleans, after the golden youth of France, and she was seventy-two when the Abbe de Bernis fell in love with her. True it is that in the case of this lady, a rare combination of culture, talents and personal attractions endowed their possessor seemingly with the gifts of eternal youth. Bianca Capello was thirty-eight when the Grand Duke Francis II. of Florence fell in love to her charms and made her his wife, though he was five years her junior. Louis XIV. wedded Madame de Maintenon when she was forty-three years of age. Catherine II., of Russia, was thirty-three when she seized the Empire of Russia and captivated the dashing young General Orloff. The celebrated Mile. Mars once attained the zenith of her beauty and power between forty and forty-five. At that period the loveliness of her hands and arms especially were celebrated throughout Europe. Madame Recamier was thirty-eight when Barras was ousted from power, and she was, without dispute, declared to be the most beautiful woman in Europe, who ranked in the fifties when she died, at the age of fifty-five years. The reader will perceive that although youth is an "estimable thing in woman," its loss does not necessarily destroy her power of fascination.

How Manufacturers are Established. In a single small town in Illinois, a town containing, perhaps, twenty-five hundred dwelling houses, there are at least six score manufacturing establishments of all grades. Vast numbers of agricultural implements are annually made there, and are shipped South to places that ought to be able to make them themselves. This busy Illinois village makes machinery, furniture, gloves and mittens; has whole streets of flouring mills, and sends into the market all varieties of paper. At the same time it is prosperous in an agricultural sense. It managed to ship more than three hundred thousand bushels of grain, nearly a million pounds of butter, and thousands of cattle and swine, during the year just past. It is needless to say that money is plenty and circulates freely in that town, and in the streets are to be seen handsome and lighted, and lined with elegant residences; and that the savings banks are numerous and in good condition. And this town would serve as an illustration of the condition of thousands in the Eastern and Western States, and the incident is related by an exchange to show that every place ought to have its own manufacturing establishments, and keep at home the industry that is sent to other localities for the articles. The paper tells us that these establishments are generally started on a small scale and grow up to be important. It says that a person begins by making a few plows for his neighbors; year by year his business assumes larger proportions, until he has a manufactory and supplies a dozen counties. An industrious family, desirous of getting on in the world, makes clothing, or gloves, or hats. The profits of one year are used to enlarge the business, and in a few twelve months another "manufactory" is established. This is the way in which prosperous towns are built up. It is because every one works, turning his or her industry into a hundred different channels for the common weal, that such thriving communities as the Illinois town are springing up by scores and hundreds. It is very easy to build up such communities in every village or town.—Exchange Paper.

It is calculated that the clergy cost the United States twelve millions of dollars annually; the criminals, forty millions; the lawyers, seventy millions; Drunks, two hundred millions!

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