THE WEEKLY ERA.

WM. M. BROWN, - - MANAGER.

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THE WEEKLY ERA.

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THE WEEKLY ERA.

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POETRY.

Modern Christianity, or the Old Gentleman in a Stylish Church.

Well, wife, I've been to church to-day—
been to a stylish one—
And seeing you can't go from home,
I'll tell you what was done:
You would have been surprised, to see
what I saw there to-day;
The sisters were fixed up so fine, they
hardly bowed to pray.

I had these coarse clothes of mine—not
much the worse of wear—
But, then, they knew I wasn't one they
call a millionaire;
So they led the old man to a seat way
back by the door;
'Twas bookless and uncushioned, a reserved seat for the poor.

Pretty soon in came a stranger with a
gold ring and clothing fine,
They led him to a cusioned seat far in
advance of mine;
I thought that wasn't exactly right, to
seat him up so near,
When he was young and I was old, and
very hard to hear.

But then there's no accountin' for what
some people do;
The finest clothes now-a-days oft get
the finest pew;
But we reach the blessed home, and undefiled by sin,
We'll see wealth beggin' at the gate,
while poverty goes in.

I couldn't hear the sermon, I sat so far
away;
So through the hours of service I could
only "watch and pray;"
Watch the doin's of the Christians near
me, 'round about,
Pray that God would make them pure
within, as they were pure without.

While I sat there lookin' all around
upon the rich and great,
I kept thinkin' of the rich man and the
beggar at the gate;
How (all but by dogs forsaken) the poor
beggar's form grew cold,
And the angels bore his spirit to the
mansions built of gold.

How at last the poor man perished, and
his spirit took to flight,
From the purple and fine linen, to the
home of endless flight,
There he leaned as he stood gazing at
the beggar in the sky:
"It is less all of life to live, nor all of
death to die."

I doubt not there were wealthy sires in
that religious fold,
Who went up from their dwellings, like
the Pharisee of old;
Then returned home from their worship
with head uplifted high,
To spurn the hungry from their door,
with naught to satisfy.

Out! out with such professions, they are
doing more to-day
To stop the weary sinner from the
gospel's shinin' way
Than all the books of infidels; than all
that has been tried
Since Christ was born in Bethlehem—
since Christ was crucified.

How simple are the works of God, and
yet how very grand—
The shells in ocean cavern, the flowers
on the land;
He gilds the clouds of evening with
goldlight from His throne,
Not for the rich man only—not for the
poor alone.

Then why should man look down on
man because of lack of gold?
Why scan him in the poorest pew because his clothes are old;
A heart with noble motives, a heart that
God has blest,
May be beating Heaven's music 'neath
that faded coat and vest.

I'm old—I may be childish—but I love
to hear the story
I love to see it shinin' on a Christian's
piety.
Jesus told us in his sermon, on Judea's
mountain wild,
He that wants to go to Heaven must be
like a child.

Our heads are growing gray, dear wife—
our hearts are beating slow—
In a little while the Master will call us
for to go;
When we reach the pearly gateways,
and look in with joyful eyes,
We'll see no stylish worship in the
temple of the skies.

[From Raleigh Sentinel.]

Poor Women.

There is something closely akin to true eloquence in the following, cut from the *Nation*:—

There is probably nothing, not even the sack of a stormed city, which brings out devilish and animal parts of some men's nature as the unchecked control of another human being's person and feelings does. There are thousands of poor women in this city, without friends or hope in this world, who have to listen every night to the ravings, and bear the blows and tortures of tyrannical beasts, compared to whom Walworth was harmless, and decent, and merciful; and yet the world knows nothing of their sorrows, unless when, now and then, some unlucky blow terminates their misery and their life together, and thousands of others pass their lives in higher stages of the same hell. What is the remedy for this state of things, except the general elevation of human nature, it would be hard to say. Legal remedies few people will care to discuss who seriously consider the condition of a woman whose youth and health have been passed in bearing children, and who has to face life without heart, or hope, or training for any calling by which money may be made, and whose nearest friend has turned into one of those fiendish enemies by whom no male human being is ever pursued in civilized society.

Simplicity in Dress.

Those who think that in order to dress well, it is necessary to dress extravagantly or grandly, make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity. We have seen many a remarkably fine person robbed of its true effect by being over dressed. Nothing is more unbecoming than overloading beauty. The stern simplicity of the classic tastes is seen in the old statues and pictures painted by men of superior artistic genius. In Athens, the ladies were not gaudily, but simply arrayed, and we doubt whether any ladies ever excited more admiration. So also the noble old Roman matrons, whose superb forms were gazed on delightedly by men worthy of them, were always very plainly dressed. Fashion often presents the hues of the butterfly, but fashion is not a classic goddess.—*George D. Prentice.*

We are told that "in London a child is born every five minutes." How grateful our children should be that their lot is not cast in England. We don't see how a child that is born every five minutes gets time to play marbles, learns its A B C's, throw stones, or pursue any other juvenile study. Those Britishers do have the queerest customs—don't they.

There is nothing more curious than the dominion some persons now and then establish over others perhaps a hundred times cleverer, warmer-hearted, more tractable, wiser than themselves. A sheer strength of will seems sometimes to count for more in the commerce of life than all the grace, and accomplishment, and study, and good intention in the world.

Old Jubal Early on Woman.

In his speech before the Southern Historical Society at White Sulphur Springs, the unreconstructed old "Jube" gratefully "surrendered" to woman after the following characteristic fashion:—

He had been called a woman hater; it arose from the fact of his being opposed to ladies following the camp. They were to an army what Cæsar called *impedimenta*—this was the mildest way to put it.

He thought the true place of woman was at home, praying and working for the soldiers, and not running around the camps. He had called to see General Lee on one occasion, and rushing into his tent without warning, found there two ladies. He fell back in not a very orderly manner, and General Lee told him that he said to another officer, "My God, is the commanding General demoralized!" General Lee sent for him and introduced him to his fair companions, and said: "These are two of my daughters; I have a great many daughters, and feeling a fatherly affection for them, I do not wish them to be running about camp unprotected; I therefore appoint you and General Edward Johnson to escort them!" It must be confessed, said General Early, "I skulked!"

He thought a married woman ought to be an autocrat in her own house, and they were not good wives unless they managed their husbands. When married a woman should take charge of the bridle reins, but not hold them too tight, or they might break, or irritate, but only enough to keep a proper check. Whenever he went to a house where a woman had to ask her husband everything, he was not comfortable. A woman should always be the master at home. He admired high temper in woman; true steel was always highly tempered—*but not snappish.*

In 1863, while in command, a number of ladies wanted passports. He cited one case. A widow with whom he had happened to go to school [he would not tell how long ago that was] came for a pass. She was told she would have no chance, but she said she'd try, and she did, came gushing into headquarters, and said: "Jube, don't you remember little Julia?" (I pledge you my word she weighed 200 pounds.) Turning to his assistant, he said, "Give her a pass." Would you believe it, she was worse mad with me for cutting off her story, than if I had refused her the pass?

Shortly afterward three ladies came in for passes. He asked the first why she wanted to go through the lines. She wished to go to her home in Winchester. Of course I gave it—that was the proper place for her. The other two ladies wanted to go home with her. For what? "Oh, to stay a little while." "And get a little finery, bonnets and fixings?" After awhile they confessed they wanted to get a few things. He knew their father, an estimable gentleman, who lived in Charlottesville. He refused the pass, told them to go home, that if they went to Winchester and bought their bonnets and fixings, all the other girls in the county would be jealous of them. The girl to whom he gave the pass got up with a tale of dry goods on and putting her foot down, said: "Come on, girls, it's no use; he ain't going to give it to you." Turning to his officers, he said: "That's a girl I'll bet on!"

The next year in a battle at Winchester, the one in which General Lilly lost his arm—that night the battle-field being in charge of neither army—a number of ladies from the town came out to administer to the wants of the wounded and dying. Among these was Randolph Ridgley, severely wounded, and these young ladies had no means of carrying away from the field the wounded, and while the others went back to town to get some vehicle, this same young lady staid there in the dark night, administering to the wounded Confederates. Ridgley afterwards got well.

In 1863, when going into Pennsylvania and near Winchester, it became necessary to dislodge the enemy from the town, and they were marching around the town so as to get possession of the hills commanding it, when turning a curve in the road they came upon a little girl 13 years of age on horseback with a large bundle of miscellaneous goods tied up before her and her little brother behind her. When she saw them she was at first frightened, but on discovering the gray color, she pulled off her bonnet and hurrahed! She had been sent from her home by her parents because the enemy were throwing shells into their house, and not knowing of the approach of the Confederates, they supposed the shells were thrown out of maliciousness. "You," said the General, "have no idea of the effect of that little girl on the soldiers, but her influence was felt that evening when we captured between 3,000 and 4,000 prisoners, 200 or 300 wagons and over 20 pieces of artillery."

In 1864, in passing a lady's house near Charleston, she was standing at the gate, and he said to her, "You must have a very hard time with the enemy." She smiled and said, "We do; but there are green spots in the desert, when we can occasionally administer to the wants of our Confederate boys!"

At the time of the Averill raid up the Roanoke Valley, when General Fitz Lee was after him, there were some stragglers. Near ——— there was a gentleman, his wife, and a daughter, all of whom belonged to the Methodist Church, and very good people. This girl was walking in the garden, which was on the bank of a river, very steep, when, coming to it suddenly, she saw a Yankee coming up the bank. Without stopping to consider, she stooped down, picked up a rock, and said, "D—n you, hand me that musket." He was so completely taken aback that he gave up his musket, and was marched a prisoner into the house.

It is no use referring to the oath of Uncle Tobey, which was wiped out with a tear, for the recording angel never took the trouble to register *that* oath.

One of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to women insinuation and persuasion in order to be surly; it did not make them weak in order to be imperious; it did not give them a sweet voice to be employed in scolding.

One of the best puns ever made by the late Phœbe Cary was this: "Why was Robinson Crusoe's man Friday like a rooster? Because he scratched for himself and Cru-soe."

Steel bars are to be substituted for bells in England and America.

Gratz Brown is said to be looking well and avoiding buttered water-melons.

The Wishing Ring.

And How it Brought Good Luck to its Owner.

A young farmer, whose farming did not prosper particularly well, was sitting resting on his plow for a moment as he wiped his brow, when an old witch crept up to him and said: "Why do you toil so hard, and all for nothing? Walk straight before for two days and you will come to a large fir tree, which stands alone, towering over all other trees of the forest. If you can fell it your fortune is made."

The farmer did not wait to be told twice, but, taking his ax on his shoulder, started on his way. After walking two days he came to the fir tree, and immediately set to work to fell it. Soon it toppled and crashed to the earth, when from the top branches dropped a nest containing two eggs. The eggs rolled on the ground and broke; as they broke, forth came a young eaglet from one, and a small golden ring from the other. The eaglet grew visibly, till it reached half the height of a man, shook his wings, as if to try them, raised itself from the ground, and then cried: "You have released me! as a token of my gratitude take the ring the other egg contained—it is a wishing-ring. Turn it on your finger, speak your wish aloud, and it will immediately be granted. But the ring has only one wish; when that is accomplished it will lose all power and become no more than any other ring. Therefore reflect well on what you wish for, so that you may not have to repent afterward."

Having so spoken the eagle rose high in the air, swept, for some time, in wide circles over the farmer's head, and then, like an arrow from a bow shot swiftly toward the east. The farmer took the ring, put it on his finger and started homeward. Toward evening he reached a town. At the door of his shop a goldsmith stood who had many valuable rings for sale. The farmer showed him his ring, and asked him what was about the value of it.

"Mere trumpery," answered the goldsmith. The farmer laughed heartily, telling the man it was a wishing-ring and of more value than all the rings in his shop put together. Now the goldsmith was a false, designing man, so he invited the farmer to stay all night at his house, saying: "It must bring one good luck to entertain a man who is the possessor of such a precious jewel, so pray remain with me." He accordingly entertained him well with plenty of wine and civil words, but when he went to sleep at night he drew his ring stealthily from his finger and put on it instead a common ring quite like it in appearance. The next morning the goldsmith could hardly wait, with any degree of patience, till the farmer had taken his departure. He awoke him in the early dawn, saying: "You have so far to go, you had better start early." As soon as the farmer was safe on his journey the goldsmith went into his room, and, having shut the shutters that no one might see, he bolted himself in, and standing in the middle of tha room, and turning the ring on his finger, exclaimed:

"I wish to have a hundred thousand silver crowns immediately."

Hardly were the words spoken when bright five-shilling pieces began to rain down from the ceiling; shining silver crowns poured down so fast and hard that at last they began to beat him unmercifully about the head and shoulders and arms. Calling piteously for help, he tried to rush to the door, but before he could reach it and unbolt it he fell bleeding to the ground. Still the rain of silver crowns did not cease, and soon, under the weight of it, the flooring gave way, and the unfortunate goldsmith and his money fell down into a deep celler. And still it rained on, till the hundred thousand silver crowns were completed, and then the goldsmith lay dead in his cellar, with the mass of money upon him. Attracted at last by the noise the neighbors rushed to the spot, and, on finding the goldsmith dead under his money, exclaimed: "It really is a great misfortune, when blessings rain down like cudgels." Then the heirs came and divided the spoil.

Meantime the farmer went happily home, and showed the ring to his wife.

"We shall now never want for anything dear wife," he said; "our fortune is made. But we must consider well what we must wish for."

The wife had a bright idea ready at hand.

"Let us wish ourselves some more land," said she; "we have so little. There is just a nice strip which stretches in to our field. Let us wish for that."

"That would never be worth while," replied the husband; "we have only to work well for a year, and have a moderate share of good luck, and we can buy it for ourselves."

And the man and his wife worked hard for a whole year, and the harvest had never been so plentiful as that autumn, so they were not only able to buy the strip of land, but had money to spare.

"You see," said the husband, "the land is ours and the wish too"

Then the good woman thought it would be a capital thing to wish themselves a cow and a horse.

"Wife," answered the husband, again clinking the surplus money in his pocket; "it would be folly to sacrifice our wish for such a trumpery thing. We can get the cow and the horse without that."

And, sure enough in another year's time, the horse and cow had been well earned. So the man rubbed his hand cheerfully and said:

"Another year has passed, and still the wish is ours, and yet we have all we want; what good luck we have!"

The wife, however, began, to be very impatient, and tried seriously to induce her husband to wish for something.

"You are not like your old self," she said crossly; "formerly, you were always grumbling and complaining, and wishing for all sorts of things; and now, when you might have whatever you want, you toil and work like a slave, are pleased with everything, and let your best years slip by. You might be king, emperor, a great, rich farmer with loads of money, but no—you can't make up your mind what to choose."

"Pray do cease continually worrying and teasing me," cried the farmer; we are both young, and life is long. The ring contains but one wish, and that must not be squandered. Who knows what may happen to us, when we might really need the ring? Do we want for anything now? Since the ring has been ours, have we not so risen in the world that all men marvel at us? So do be sensible, and amuse yourself, if you like, by thinking what we shall wish for.

And so the matter was allowed to rest for the present. It really seemed that the ring brought blessings on the house, for barns and granaries grew fuller and fuller from year to year; and in course of time, the poor farmer became a rich and prosperous one. He worked all day with his men as if the whole world was dependent upon it; but in the evening, when the vesper bell sounded, he was always to be seen sitting, contented and well-to-do, at his threshold, to be wished "Good evening" by the passers-by. Now and then, when they were quite alone and no one near to hear, the woman still reminded her husband of the ring, and made all sorts of propositions to him. He always answered there was time enough to think about it, and that the best ideas always occured to one last. So she gradually fell into the way of mentioning it less often, and at last it rarely happened that the ring was ever alluded to at all. The farmer, it is true, turned the ring on his finger twenty times a day and examined it closely, but took good care never to express the slightest wish at the time. And so thirty and forty years went by, and the farmer and his wife grew old and their hair snow-white, and still the wish remained unspoken. At last it pleased God to show them a great mercy, and He took them to Himself both in one night. Children and grand-children stood weeping around the coffins, and, as one of them tried to withdraw the ring from the dead man's finger, his eldest son said:

"Let our father take his ring to the grave. There was some mystery about it. Probably it was a love token, for our mother often looked at the ring, too; perhaps she gave it to him when they both were young."

So the old farmer was buried with the ring which should have been a wishing-ring, but was not one, and yet had brought as much good luck to the house as man could desire. For it is strange, as regards the true and the false, but a bad thing can be turned to better account in good hands than a good thing in bad.—*Good Words for the Young.*

Our Visitor.

He came in with an interrogation point in one eye, and a stick in one hand. One eye was covered with a handkerchief and one arm in a sling. His bearing was that of a man with a settled purpose in view.

"I want to see," he said, "the man that puts things into this paper."

We intimated that several of us earned a frugal livelihood in that way.

"Well, I want to see the man which cribs things out of other papers. The fellow who writes mostly with shears, you understand."

We explained to him that there were seasons when the most gifted among us, driven to frenzy by the scarcity of ideas and events, and by the clamorous demands of an insatiable public, in moments of emotional insanity, plunge the glittering shears into our exchanges. He went off camly, but in a voice tremulous with a suppressed feeling and indistinct through the recent loss of half dozen or so of his front teeth.

"Just so. I presume so. I don't know much about this business, but I want to see a man, the man that printed that little piece about pouring cold water down a drunken man's spine of his back, and making him instantly sober. If you please, I want to see that man. I would like to have a talk with him."

Then he leaned his stick against our desk and spit on his serviceable hand, and resumed his hold on the stick as though he was weighing it. After studying the stick a minute, he added in a somewhat louder tone:

"Mister, I came here to see that 'ere man. I want to see him bad."

"Just so. I presume so. They told me before I come that the man that I wanted to see wouldn't be anywhere. I'll wait for him. I live up north, and I've walked seven miles to converse with that man. I guess I'll sit down and wait."

He sat down by the door and reflectively pounded the floor with his stick, but his feelings would not allow him to keep still.

"I suppose none of you didn't ever pour much cold water down any drunken man's back to make him instantly sober, perhaps."

None of us in the office had ever tried the experiment,

"Just so. I thought just as like as not you had not. Well, mister, I have. I tried it yesterday, and I have come seven miles on foot to see the man that printed that piece. It wasn't much of a piece, I don't think; but I want to see the the man that printed it, just a few minures. You see, John Smith, he lives next door to my house, when I'm at home, and he gets how-came-you-so every little period. Now, sober he's all right, if you keep out of his way; but when he's drunk he goes home and breaks dishes and tips over the stove and throws hardware around, and sometime he gits his mad up and goes out calling on his neighbors, and it ain't pleasant.

"Not that I want to say anything about Smith; but me and my wife don't think he ought to do so. He came home drunk lately, and broke the kitchen windows out of his house, and followed his wife round with a carving-knife, talking about her liver, and after a while he lay down by my fence and went to sleep. I had been reading that little piece; it wa't much of a piece, and I thought if I could pour some water down the spine of his back, and make him sober, it would be more comfortable for his wife, and a square thing to do all aronud. So I poured a bucket of spring water down John Smith's spine of his back."

"Well," said we, as our visitor paused, "did it make him sober?" Our visitor took a firmer hold of his stick and replied with increased emotion:

"Just so. I suppose it did make him as sober as a judge in less time than you could say Jack Robinson, but, mister, it made him mad. It made him the maddest man I ever saw, and Mister John Smith is a bigger man than me and stouter. He is a great deal stouter. Blabless him, I never knew he was half so stout till yesterday, and he's handy with his fists, too. I should suppose he's the handiest man with fists I ever saw."

"Then he went for you, did he?" we asked inocently.

"Just so. Exactly. I suppose he went for me about the best he knew, but I don't hold no grudge against John Smith. I suppose he ain't a good man to hold a grudge against, only I want to see the man what printed that piece. I want to see him bad. I feel as tho' it would soothe me to see that man. I want to show him how a drunken man acts when you pour water down the spine of his back. That's what I come for."

Our visitor, who had poured water down the spine of a drunken man's back, remained until about 6 o'clock in the evening, and then went up the street to find the man. The man he was looking for started for Alaska last evening for a summer vacation, and will not be back before September, 1878.—*Union Herald.*

House Built in a Day.

The Lancaster (Penn.) newspapers give a full account of the building in that city, inside of ten and one-half hours, on Friday, August 7th, 1873, of a brick dwelling house, twenty-four by thirty (24x30) feet square two (2) stories high, finished complete with eight (8) rooms, together with all the doors, closets, and all the modern improvements, painted and tin roof. The cellar foundation had been prepared, and the requisite building material was in readiness. One hundred and three (103) men were employed, and at precisely six o'clock that morning they commenced work. From the *Daily Examiner* of that city we clip the following account:—

"Mr. J. T. Reading, photographer, was present with his apparatus, and took views every fifteen minutes of the building and the workmen while in motion, which, of course, produced some ridiculous pictures—men, white and colored, in almost every position, are to be seen represented. At 8 o'clock A. M., the structure was advanced to the height of one story, with two floors—ground and second—laid, partitions in, and lathed and partly plastered, doors hung, stair-way up, and a view taken with the Doctor in the midst of his workmen. The scene was a busy and comic one—the brick-layers erecting scaffolding for the second story. 10 o'clock A. M., view taken of western front on Prince street; second story brickwork two-thirds up, with carpenters ready to lay the floor, and plasterers commence lathing; western front painted and brick penciled of first story, and masons run short of brick, and then some delay in consequence, but it was remedied in a short while.

11 o'clock A. M., the brick-layers are up to the square of ceiling for third floor, with corners raised to the height required to receive the rafters for roofing. Tinners waiting. The process of white-coating is now about completed in the first story. 11:18 A. M., first rafter for the roof laid. At 11:11 the last brick was placed upon the chimneys, and the brick-layers are done. Roof sheathed and tinners begin to lay roofing. 12:50, scaffolding all removed from building. 2:30 P. M., sash in windows of first story and painters finished up; washboards down and rubbish cleaned away. At this writing the tinners are leaving the building; roofing and spouting completed. Plasterers still at work in the second story. The building has been insured, and in the course of a few hours will be ready for a tenant."

If superior beings regard the world, and are curious in the observation of character, how few instances they will be able to discern of any vice, or virtue, or quality being thoroughly carried out! Envy, we certainly have seen some splendid specimens of consistent cruelty amongst mankind, such as Judge Jeffries. But, for the most part, the characters of men are of a mottled description. The envious man is not always envious; the jealous not always jealous; and as for good qualities, I supopse we must own that they are seldom carried to a surpassing degree.—Arthur Helps.

M. D. Conway, in a recent letter from London, says:—One of our Broad Church clergymen, being recently on an excursion in Scotland, was vehemently rebuked by his landlady for taking a walk on Sunday afternoon. The clergyman said that he could not see the harm, and said: You know that we read that our Lord himself walked with his disciples in the fields on the Sabbath day.' "Ay,' said the old lady, 'ay, I ken it, an' I ne'er thought any the better o' him for it, neither!'"

Dr. Barnes, in "A Visit to Scinde," says: "On one occasion I made a very fatiguing night march with a Cutchie horseman. In the morning, after having traveled thirty miles, I was obliged to assent to his proposal of halting for a few minutes, which he employed in sharing a quantity of about two drachms of opium between himself and his jaded horse. The effect of the dose was soon evident in both, for the horse finished a journey of forty miles with great apparent facility, and the rider absolutely became more active and intelligent.

I would always have a man to be doing, and as much as in him lies, to extend and spin out the offices of life; and then let death take me planting cabbages, but without any careful thought of him, and much less of my garden's not being finished. I saw one die who, at his last gasp, seemed to be concerned at nothing so much as that destiny was about to cut the thread of a chronicle history he was then compiling, when he was gone no farther than the fifteenth or sixteenth of our kings.

There is a sphere in which every one may act and be useful to his fellow beings. No matter how limited his abilities may be, there is a work for him, and by doing it he may render essential service to the Church. If the one talent is not improved, what a sorrowful account many will have to give at the last day!

We pity old men who have no hope of heaven. Their condition is lamentable. Neither the remembrance of the past nor the anticipation of the future can afford them comfort or inspire them with hope. They have exhausted all the sources of earthly pleasure, and have neglected the great end for which life was given.

"Don't put too much confidence in a lover's vows and sighs," said our Mrs. Partington to her niece; "let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a carnation, and an eye like an asterisk; but such things oftener come from a tender head than a tender heart."

A prosy old gentleman meeting Jerrold, related a long, limp account of a stupid practical joke, concluding with the information that "he really thought he should have *died* with laughter." "I wish to heaven you had," was Jerrold's reply.

Mrs. Oates' song this season, instead of Sweet-heart, Good-Bye," will be a lullaby.

[From the Halifax (Nova Scotia) Morning Chronicle, October 14th 1870.]

Robert E. Lee.

"Ah, Sir Lancelot," he said, "Thou wert head of all Christian knights; and now, I dare say," said Sir Ector, "thou, Sir Lancelot, there thou liest, that thou wert never matched of earthly knights" hand; and thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; * * and thou wert the kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou wert the goodliest man that ever came among the press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest."—*The Mort D' Arthur of Sir Thomas Malary.*

With reverence and regret we repeat to-day Sir Ector's words of sorrow for the great Sir Lancelot, and apply them to the man who died yesterday—the noblest knight in our generation. The hero of Arthulan legends as he lay dead in Joyous-Gard, with the record of a life made splendid by great deeds, might have revived other than kindly or enobling reccollections in the mourner's mind for the wronged king, and the breaking up of the goodly fellowship of the Round Table could not be forgotten, but lay like shadows upon the dead knight. But in the life of Robert Edmund Lee, there was no reproach of man or woman; his deeds were dimmed by no wrong done or duty unfulfilled; there was no stain upon his honor and no unrighteous blood upon his hands. He was indeed a good knight, noble of heart and strong of purpose, and both a soldier and gentleman. The age that knew him, if not the age of chivalry, will yet be remarkable for having produced in him a man as chivalric as any that lives in history. He, too, was one, and the greatest one, of a goodly fellowship that was broken up and scattered about the world. Some of those Southern knights have gone before him, and with him departs the last remnant of the cause for which they fought and the strength that so long upheld it.

In every particular he possessed the requisites of a true soldier. He was brave; his whole military record and life-long scorn of danger alike bear testimony to his bravery. He was wise; his successes against great odds, and his almost constant anticipation of the enemy's movements, were proofs of his wisdom. He was skillful; his forced marches and unexpected victories assert his skill. He was patient and unyielding; his weary struggles against the mighty armies of the North, and his stern defence of Richmond, forever preserve the memory of his patience and resolution. He was gentle and just; the soldiers who fought under him and who came alive out of the great fight, remembering and cherishing the memory of the man, can one and all testify to his greatness and justice. Above all, he was faithful; when he gave up his sword there was no man in his own ranks or in those of the enemy who doubted his faith, or believed that he had not done all mortal could do in the cause for which he made such a sacrifice.

When the last chance was gone, and all hope was at an end, the old hero bowed to a higher will than his own, and accepted the fate of the South with a calm grandeur. He could never take the field again, he knew that, it was not for him to see the act of secession upheld by the South and recognized by the North, and after the failure of his own countrymen he was too old and worn to draw his sword in a foreign quarrel. He passed from the fever of the camp into the quiet of the cloister, and, as the President of Washington College in Virginia, spent the remaining portion of his sixty-three years in working for the good of his native State.

We cannot express all the truth that could be told about Lee, nor can we do justice to his worth and fame; but perhaps the few words of Sir Ector are the best of all. He was a good knight, a true gentleman; knowing this, let us leave him with fame and posterity; with the rest, the Resurrection and the Life.

"ASA MATTHEWS."—We never knew "whiskers to fascinate the ladies," no matter how they were worn. Dyed whiskers are seriously objectionable. Certainly, it would be polite for you to accompany the lady home. When the time comes for you to propose to the lady, you will find words to tell your desires. If you, in reality, have the training of youthful minds, you had better try to cultivate brains instead of whiskers.

While a Troy man was in a beer saloon the other day speaking to the toast, "Woman, God bless her!" his wife walked in and led him out by the ear, and he now says that on that on the occasion of another festive meeting he will have that toast changed to woman something else—to which improved sentiment he will respond with an eloquence that will cast a cloud upon the fame of Daniel Webster.

Rev. Dr. West, of New Bedford, once heard that his choir would refuse to sing on the next Sunday. When the day came he gave out the hymn: "Come we who love the Lord." After reading it through, he looked up very emphatically at the choir, and said: "You will begin at the second verse: "Let those refuse to sing who never knew our God.'"

The moral world is as much superior to the natural as the house is to the steps that lead up to it. This solid, rock-ribbed earth beneath our feet, and the altitudes above us, around us, and beneath, strewn with flaming worlds, are no more than the decorations of the chamber where the Father meets his household, and opens to them the thoughts of his heart.

Ex-President Millard Fillmore is seventy-three years old. Fillmore and Andy Johnson are the only ex-presidents living, and neither of them was elected to the office. Mr. Fillmore, as vice-president, succeeded President Taylor, who died a little over a year after he was inaugurated, and Andy Johnson succeeded the lamented Lincoln.

A mother trying to get her little daughter of three years old to sleep, one night, said, "Anna, why don't you try to go sleep? "I am trying," she replied. "But you haven't shut your eyes." "Well, I can't help it; um comes unbuttoned."

There are 10,721 policemen in London, and they have to patrol 7,612 miles of streets.

Hope is the dream of those who are awake.

A Very bad Boy.

Max Adeler mentions a report that the chief astronomer at the Washington Observatory was dreadfully sick a few days ago. A wicked boy, whose Sunday-school experience seems only to have made him more depraved, caught a firefly and stuck it, by the aid of some mucilage, in the centre of the largest lens in the telescope. That night, when the astronomer went to work, he perceived a blaze of light apparently in the heavens, and, what amazed him more was, that it would give a couple of spurts and then die out, only to burst forth again in a second or two. He examined it carefully for a few moments, and then began to do sums to discover where in the heavens that extraordinary star was placed. He thought he found the locality, and the next morning telegraphed all over the universe that he had discovered a new and remarkable star of the third magnitude in Orion. In a day or two all the astronomers in Europe and America were studying Orion, and they gazed at it for hours until they were mad, and then they began to telegraph to the man in Washington to know what he meant. The discoverer took another look, and found that the new star had moved about eighteen billion miles in twenty-four hours, and upon examining closely he was alarmed to percieve that it had legs. When he went up on the dome next morning to polish up his glass he found the lightning bug. People down at Alexandria, seven miles distant, heard part of the swearing, and they say he infused into it whole-souled sincerity and vigorous energy. The bills for telegraphic dispatches amounted to $2,600 and, now the astronomer wants to find that boy. He wants to consult with him about something.

Amateur Newsmongering.

It is commonly thought to be very easy to write in practical newspaper style; but many an over-confident young sophomore, as well less learned journalistic scribe, has found by experience that his 'copy' required wholesale re-editing before it was practicable for the humblest news-column. Apropos, the *Gazette*, of Stockton, Cal., relates the following: