POETRY.

FIDELITY.

It is grand, no doubt, to chant the 'Charge of the Six Hundred,' to the horse-heof music of the galloping brigade; to 'pibroch' the startled streets of Brussels for the 'gathering' one night before Waterloo; to echo the magic horn of Orlando from the gloomy depths of Roncevalles, the grave of Charlemagnian chivalry. But to the soul attuned to the gentle heroism of sacred nature, what gilding can glitter like the pure gold of this effortless sunset of Wordsworth's? Even Coleridge's wonderful lay of the *albatross* (the subject of the 'Ancient Mariner,' which we shall presently lay before our readers), falls of interest in contrast; it wants the pure piety of this soul lyric of God's attribute, Fidelity.

About the beginning of the present century, a traveller from Manchester, England, who was periodically in the habit of visiting the Lakes, and who, confiding in his knowledge of the country, had ventured to cross one of the passes of Helvellyn late in a summer afternoon, in company only with his faithful dog. Darkness, it is supposed, come on before his expectation; he wandered from the track, and fell over a rock into one of those deep recesses where human foot never treads. The dog was found by the side of his master's body, after many week's fruitless search.

Such is the bald incident. But how wonderful is the effect of genius! The dead traveller shudders outside our sympathy, and we sigh sincerely over the sorrowful endurance of the faithful dog:

A barking sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts, and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks:
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;
From which immediately leaps out
A dog, and yelping runs about.

The dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
With something, as the shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry:
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or in height;
Nor shout nor whistle strikes his ear:
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps till June December's snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway or cultivated land;
From trace of human foot or hand.

There, sometimes does a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere;
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud;
And mists that spread the flying shroud
And sun-beams, and the sounding blasts
That, if it could, would hurry past,
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not knowing what to think, awhile
The shepherd stood; then made his way
Towards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground;
Sad sight! the shepherd with a sigh
Looks round to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The man had fallen, that place of fear!
At length upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear;
He instantly recalled the name
And who he was, and whence he came,
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller had passed that way.

But hear a wonder now, for sake
Of which this mournful tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been through three months' space,
A dweller in that mournful place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day,
On which the traveller thus had died
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side!
How nourished here through such long time
He knows, that gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! It is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair;
Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.
Never give up! or the burden may sink you;
Providence kindly has mingled the cup;
And in all trials or troubles bethink you,
The watchword of life will be 'never give up.'

Never give up there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful, a hundred to one;
And, through the chaos, high wisdom arranges
Ever success if you will only hope on.
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup;
And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of 'Never give up.'

Never give up, though the grape-shot may rattle,
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst;
Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you though doing their worst.
Never give up if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup;
And the best counsel in all your distresses
Is the stout watchward of 'Never give up!'

"DO YOU CULTIVATE TUBERS?"

[From the Danbury News.]

A Boston young lady has been visiting one of our Danbury farmers in the past month. Last Tuesday she returned home. The farmer was ill, and called upon a neighbour to bring her into town to take the train. The neighbour who was to perform this office for the young lady from Boston is an elderly party who knows more of hay seed than of the pentateuch, and whose barnyard flavor rises up to heaven in the hope of justification. The young lady from Boston wore glasses, singularly enough, and wore her clothes as if they belonged exclusively to the other and more despicable gender. The old party took her on, and they two jogged into town. There were several bags of potatoes in the back of the waggon, and when the young lady from Boston heard the nature of the load, she said,

'Do you cultivate tubers extensively?'

'Eh?' asked the elderly party.

'Do you cultivate many potatoes?'

'Oh, summat.'

'The tuber is pretty diffusive in this section I should judge.'

The unhappy man scratched his head an instant in profound perplexity, then he stole a sidelong glance at the young lady from Boston, but finding her countenance in exasperating repose, he whipped up his horse in absolute desperation.

'How long have you tilled the soil?' she inquired after a prolonged pause.

'Better'n forty years.'

'And you have raised many of what you call potatoes?'

'Oh, yes; a heap.'

'It is herbaceous, I believe.'

'Yes—no—that is, I don't think—git-airp Brownie,' exclaimed the farmer, hitting his animal another lick, while the prespiration gathered in heavy beads on his forehead.

The young lady pondered a moment in an abstracted manner. Then she said:

'In the cultivation of the tuber you have probably noticed that the herbaceous stems throw out pinnate leaves.'

'I can't say that I have,' responded the farmer looking sideways and with considerable uneasiness at his interrogator.

'You are aware of course whether the corollo is either white or purple.'

The elder party shifted about in his seat to a degree that caused a small boy whom they passed to turn round and stare at him in all absorbing amazement. Still there was an interrogation, and the humble farmer could not dodge it. Like many a better man under the same circumstances he was indiscreetly hasty.'

'Oh, yes.'

'I am glad of that,' said she triumphantly. 'What causes it?'

Had the young lady from Boston worn glasses on her ears instead of on her eyes, she might have heard a suppressed 'Gee whittiker' from her companion.

'I could'nt say,' he finally gasped.

'Do you mean to say that you have cultivated the nutritious tuber for years, and yet cannot explain the sources of the colors in the corollo.'

The unhappy man was forced to admit that he could not.

'The tuber,' she said looking dreamily through her glasses at a burr in the horse's tail, 'is not indigenous to this country. It is an offspring of far away Mexico. In several respects it is inferior to many other plants in nitregenous substance. Still I am not, nor do I think the world at large should be, impervious to its many good qualities. In a fresh state it contains, I would have you know, my sylvan friend, about 71-80 per cent. of water; 16-20 per cent of starch; 3-7 of woody matter; 3-4 of gum, dextrine and sugar, and about 2 of albumen, gluten and cassia. Did you ever think of that?'

The miserable man rubbed his head in sore perplexity, but said nothing.

Fortunately for him the horse now drew up at the railway station, and with an alacrity remarkable for his age, he removed her trunk and got her aboard the cars.

It was with a dull, dead look he remounted his wagon, and totally oblivious of the business which brought him to town, he turned his animal's head toward home. All the way back he never spoke a word, but when his team drove into the yard, and his family came out to meet him he was heard to say:

'Thank Heaven, the Centennial is not to be in Boston.'

And then fainted dead away.

MASKED MURDERERS.

(From the Georgia 'Commercial.')

About three miles east of Tilton, in Murray County, a most brutal murder was committed last week on a poor, inoffensive, one-legged man, named Crossen. The week before last, three men, in disguise, visited the house of Mr. Crossen, and told him if he was not gone by the following Sunday night that they would kill him. He did not go, and on the night of the 5th inst., they returned, broke in the door, and threw a fire-ball, saturated with kerosene, into the house, which died out when the second was flung in. The three men then entered; one of them then held up the one-legged man in bed, and pointed out the spot for the other to shoot him. His mother and sisters witnessed the whole scene. He was shot through the heart and died instantaneously. He had been furnished a pistol, two barrels of which were emptied, and he cocked it for the third time, firing at and wounding one of them.

The ruffians, after killing their man, tried to get a quilt to carry their dead comrade home in, but were prevented from doing so by the mother and sisters of the dead man, who fought them frantically, and tore off the mask from one of the men, which they now have in their possession. When satisfied that the men had retired, they went to the nearest neighbor and gave the alarm.

A coroner's jury was summoned, and the following facts were brought to light. Two witnesses swore that the bullets had been run at their house by three men, who said they intended to 'break up that roost.' The trouble originated through a lawsuit, which was to have been settled on the Saturday following, by which said Crossen would regain property which, it is thought, the murderers wanted. The sheriff of Murray County has taken the mother and sisters to his home for protection.

ANOTHER LOVE TRAGEDY.

(From the Leavenworth Commercial, Dec. 24.)

Yesterday evening a reporter of the 'Commercial' learned the following particulars of a suicide that took place that afternoon at East Leavenworth, Mo. 'A young lady by the name of Missouri Uttinger had been keeping house for some time past for a bachelor by the name of James Burt. During her stay at his house she for some reason unknown conceived a strong attachment for the man, and it is said made her affections known to him, but it seems that it was not reciprocated by the Benedict, and he refused all overtures. The girl become despondent, but still lived beneath the roof that sheltered all that was dear to her. That seemed to satisfy her until yesterday, when she learned that he was going to Atchinson to marry another lady, and while he was standing at the glass combing his hair she approached him and asked permission to comb it for him, and upon his turning around she confronted him with a razor and attempted to cut his throat. He wrenched the razor from her grasp, and she then begged him to give her some poison that she might kill herself, as life was now a burden. He refused, and she left the house and went to her grandmother's not far distant, and asked for a revolver, saying that Mr. Burt wished to shoot a dog. The pistol was given her, and upon repairing back to Mr. Burt's she passed into the kitchen, asking him at the time to accompany her. He replied that he would come in a moment, but almost in an instant the loud report of a pistol startled the household, and upon going into the kitchen he found her stretched upon the floor with a frightful pistol wound in the right temple. Our informant also says that she was a very beautiful girl, and no reason can be assigned for her insane passion for Mr. Burt.

Winter Care of Stock.—Farmers who were able to make warm, substantial stables for stock, have, of course, already attended to that, but there are thousands who must make the old stables, sheds and pig-stys answer until they have accumulated a little more, and such must resort to less expensive methods of excluding the cold air, and saving the amount of food necessary to preserve their animals in good condition.

Every grain growing farmer, has, of course his straw stack, and straw is an excellent non-conductor of heat. Stables, with only an outside siding, can easily be lined with old boards, and the space between the lining and outside stuffed with straw. In this way a stable can be made as warm as in a close clapboarded barn. If boards are scarce it will not be necessary to nail the lining close together, only close enough to keep the straw in place.

We have known sheep provided with very comfortable quarters in a low shed covered with straw and banked up around with the same material, being left open in front. If sheep are kept dry they will endure quite a low degree of cold without detriment to their health. But when they are exposed to cold rains, and their wool is filled with water, they part rapidly with flesh and strength.

Not long ago an eminent and facetious lawyer was present during the rehearsal of 'Macbeth.' In the scene where Macbeth questions the witches in the cavern, 'what is it you do?' they answer, 'a deed without a name.' The phrase struck the sagacious lawyer, and he immediately remarked to his friend, 'A deed without a name! Why, it's void.'

An Iowa farmer cut open a hornet's nest just to see the inside arrangement. He says he thinks he shall be able to see his barn in a few weeks.

If you know your friend is at all sensitive on any topic, be careful not to allude to it.

THE SEA SERPENT.

The following paper, read by Dr. Samuel Kneeland, at a meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History, on the "Evidence For and Against the Existence of the so-called Sea-Serpent," has just been issued from the volumes of the proceedings of the society. It was read eighteen months ago, on the 18th of March, 1874, and consequently anticipated by a long time the revived discussion of the subject:—

Though an animal so named has been seen by many credible witnesses on the coasts of Norway and New England, and has been popularly believed in for centuries, all the researches of naturalists have failed to discover any remains of such a creature, or to obtain any satisfactory information as to its size, proportions, appearance, or habits. There is, doubtless, much exaggeration in the popular descriptions of the animal; but in view of the great mass of testimony in favor of its existence, the fact that we are by no means cognizant of all the forms of life in the ocean, and also the certainty that in former geological ages more than one type existed to which this animal may bear some resemblance, it is fair to assume that there may be a portion of truth at the foundation of this question.

After tracing the history of the animal from Pontoppidan in the middle of the 18th century to the present time, and enumerating the numerous references to its appearance in Europe and America, and quoting Professor Owen's remarks against its existence, the various alleged sources of error; none of those seemed probable, considering the practised eyes of the principal witnesses in marine objects.

After showing that this animal could not be referred to fishes nor to serpents, nor to any described form of living reptiles or mammals, he drew attention to the fact that many geological types had been transmitted to the present time, with or without interruption—such as the cetacians, lepidosteus, chimæra, pereopsis, lingula, etc.

For the last thirty years it has been believed that the closest affinities of the "sea-serpent" were the Enaliosaurians of the secondary age, and especially the Plesiosaurus. The Mosasaurus, a marine saurian of the cretaceous epoch, seems to fill up still better the requirements of this animal.

Professor Agassiz, in 1849, in a lecture in Philadelphia, is reported to have said "I have asked myself whether there is not such an animal as the sea-serpent. There are many who will doubt the existence of such a creature until it can be brought under the dissecting knife: but it has been seen by so many on whom we may rely, that it is wrong to doubt any longer. The truth is that if a naturalist had to sketch the outlines of an Ichtyosaurus or Plesiosaurus from the remains we have of them, he would make a drawing very similar to the sea-serpent as it has been described. There is reason to believe that the parts are perishable, but I still consider it probable that it will be the good fortune of some person on the coast of Norway or North America to find a living representative of this type of reptile, which is thought to have died out."

In his "Geological Researches," 1871, Professor Agassiz writes twenty-two years later. "If there exists any animal in our waters not yet known to naturalists, answering to the description of the sea-serpent, it must be closely allied to the Plesiosaurus. The occurence in the fresh waters of North America of a fish, the Lepidosteus, which is closely allied to the fossil fishes found with the Plesiosaurus in the Jurassic beds, renders such a supposition probable.

The undoubted rarity of such an animal would account for the failure of any fragment to find its way into collections; many cetaceans are so uncommon that only single specimens have ever been seen by naturalists, and some have been entirely unknown until within fifty years. Inhabiting the ocean, the chances of its body floating long enough for any part to be cast on shore would be very small, the rocky shores which it seems to frequent are unfavorable for the accidental casting up of any fragment. In the present creation, were it not for the persecution of man, the bones of seals and whales, of the beaver, of the congar, of monkeys and elephants, would hardly ever be found in the places thickly inhabited by them. The non-occurance of any fragments, therefore, is of little weight in disproving the existence of an animal, even of man himself.

The cetacean Zeuglodon of the tertiary fulfils some of the indications of the prevalent idea of sea-serpants, and there is no reason *a priori* why a slender and lengthened mamalian form should not exist among the present eateceans. The marine saurians of the secondaro were replaced by the marine mamals of the tertiary of the present ages. Of the generally admitted laws of palæontologn, there would be a greater probabiltty of the Zeuglodon than of the Plesiossausus type decending in a modified form to the present epoch; and either in the vast expanse of ocean might for ages escape the examination of naturalists. The probability is that this animal belongs either to some secondary form greatly between these and the ophidians, or to a tertiary Zeuglodon form, with reptilian affinities, like Elasmosauros, intermediate between Plesiosaurus Mosasaurus, and the elongated cetacean.

He thought a careful weighing of the evidence showed that such an animal is not a zoological absurdity, and that from palæontology (if we discard the testimony of many credible witnesses) we may even conclude that it is a *possibility*—and, he believed, a *probability*—that some form, intermediate between the marine saurians of the secondary and the elongated cetaceans of the tertiary has come down to the present epoch, and will eventually come under the notice of naturalists, and prove in this as in many other cases, that widely spread popular beliefs in natural history, especially when professing to rest upon creditable testimony have generally for their foundation some portion of scientific truth. He believed that there were at least two species of the creature (which he styled *Eremotheria*), one in the northern and another in the southern ocean.

A Wife's Power.—A good wife is to a man wisdom, strength, and courage; a bad one, confusion, weakness and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagence and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad influence. Man is strong; but his heart is not adamant. He needs a tranquil mind; and especially if he is an intelligant man, with a whole head, he needs its moral force in the conflict of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his soul renews its strength and goes forth with increased vigor to encounter the labors and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and there is met with bad temper, jealousy and gloom, or assailed with complaint or censure, hope vanishes and he sinks into despair.

Dean Swift and the Weaver.—In a street of Leicester, one day, Dean Swift was accosted by a drunken weaver, who staggering against him said: 'I have been spinning it out.' 'Yes,' said the dean, 'and now you are reeling it home.'

A LADY SPEEDILY CURED.

by Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines, after being under medical treatment for two years, which left her in an emaciated and very feeble condition, with terrible suffering from pain, and all hope of recovery gone, writes:

Rowe, N. Y., June 15, 1874.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:

I feel it my duty to express my gratitude to you and the Divine Power that assisted you in the study and acquirement of means to relieve suffering. When I commenced the use of your medicines I was in a rapid decline. I had been under medical treatment for nearly two years—had been obliged to wear an internal supporter most of the time for four or five years, and for six or seven months previous to commencing the use of your medicines I suffered intense pain almost constantly, nothing giving me even momentary relief much of the time except opium or morphine, the action of my stomach and liver being almost destroyed by their use. I was rapidly growing weaker, losing in flesh, and could not take nourishment, save a little beef-tea or gruel, could sit up but a few minutes at a time, could not walk across the room, and had formed the opinion that nothing could help me, but that I must soon leave my little children and family. In the midst of my despondency, one of your circulars was brought into my room. I paid little attention to it, thinking little of patent medicines, and supposing yours were such; but, after throwing it aside, I was impressed to look at it again, and, becoming more interested, I wrote you, thinking it useless to purchase any of the medicines before stating my case to you fully. Your reply gave me so much encouragement that I commenced the use of your Favourite Prescription, Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, according to the printed directions accompanying them. Their effect upon me, and the struggle to rid my system of these posionous drugs, was indeed wonderful. Some of the time my body has been completely covered with a rash. I can eat and sleep well; walked to church yesterday morning, besides a block in the afternoon, without any supporter, and consider myself almost entirely well.

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Mrs. T. A. SEYMOUR.

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'I saw an excellent thing in your pamphlet,' said Daniel O'Connell to a young writer. 'Eh? what sir?' was the eager rejoinder. 'A penny bun, my friend.'

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Ch'town, Aug. 3, 1874

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