☞ All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

MRS. TOWNSEND'S POEM.

Read at the Opening of the World's Fair at New Orleans.

Though feeling thrill the soul's profoundest chords—
Though language search among her choicest hoards—
Mid scenes, and hours, and moments such as these,
How vain the pomp of pen, the pride of words—
To thoughts unuttered are the victories!

Sublime inspirer of this wondrous day,
While continents thy lightest beck obey,
From off his soul the singer's sorcery slips;
Amidst thy triumphs turn to him, and lay
Thy touch divine upon his halting lips.

Oh, Freedom! gentle mother of us all,
What hallelujahs hold our hearts in thrall,
As we to-day behold thy noble grace:
And know the kingliest crown is, after all,
As nothing to the glory of thy face!

Sweet Liberty! thy blazing torch afar,
From out the desert leads man, as the star
Of old the shepherds led to Bethlehem;
Shine, till remotest Kings their helms unbar,
And bend to kiss thy garment's shining hem!

And may the splendid fervor of this hour
So send thy name from Fame's eternal tower,
'Twill echo round the planet's widest girth:
'Till doubting nations rise and own thy power,
And Freedom's dazzling temple domes the earth!

Among thy lustrous triumphs be it scrolled,
Thy hand from woman's clouded destiny rolled
The stone that held her from her rightful place,
And led her brave feet to thy foremost fold,
Among adv ancing heroes of her race!

The rolling drum, the trumpet's noisy blare:
The colors yonder, tangled with the air:
The pomp of nations and their pageantries—
The splendors that with spectators here compare—
Not these the symbols of man's power—not these!

The robbing engines set their psalms to him—
The metals, mastered by his lightest whim,
He with a single finger can control;
'Till cold machines, waked from their slumbers grim,
So human seem, they only lack a soul.

The depths of earth his eager feet have pressed;
The loftiest heights his daring arm caressed;
No sphinx so frowning but his lips have kissed,
And coaxed her secret from her stony breast,
To sit a hooded falcon on his wrist.

The subtle force he gathers from the skies
And buckles to his strenuous energies;
The mighty giant that his genius throws,
And fetters to his daring enterprise—
These, with the r chaplets bind his god-like brows.

My gaze I lift above these palaced plains,
Where Peace her proudest victory maintains,
Remembering those we never may forget,
And as the eye the empyrean gains
De Soto smiles and Joliet and Marquette;

And brave LaSalle and Iberville are there,
This splendid consummation of their dreams to share:
They, with Bienville, greet us from on high,
To all the triumphs of this day co-heir—
Such names, such deeds, such heroes never die.

Here smiles their fair-faced Louisiana, lo!
More fraught on of her royal self, but oh,
A splendid fraction still! Behold, she stands
With lips that with their gladness overflow,
And welcomes for the world in her sweet hands!

The blood of Spain is warm upon her cheek,
The fire of France is sparkling in her eye,
And Creole graces sit upon her brow,
And tune the witching cadence of her voice,
As radiant she as Sheba when she stood
Before the throne of Solomon the King;
And beauteous as was Miriam when she clashed
Her joyful cymbals on the Red Sea's shore!

The fabled isle whereon Ulysses roved,
A seven years' captive to Calypso's charms,
Not fairer was than are these fruitful plains
Where Louisiana's glowing gardens spread
Their sumptuous blossoms to the generous sun!
Her sweet-sapped cane-fields glitter in the light,
Their jocund juices reveling in the stalks
Which shake their shining pennons to the wind;
The golden apples of Hesperides
Their mellow bounty drop o'er every hedge.
To her majestic live oak man may go
To cull the moss for beauty's yielding couch
Or cut for ponderous ships their rugged ribs;
Her opulent magnolia, year by year,
Rebuilds its ivory villages, and sends
Its pomp of perfume out to freight the air;
While the white blossing which God gave the word,
The bounteous cotton, in its ripened grace
O'er regal acres spreads its frostless snow.
The tawny river the explorer found
A lonely monarch in a wilderness,
Now commerce-crowned, goes weeping to the sea,
Past cultured prairies once the cypress chained,
And lo! her valleys sleeping in the sun!
Beneath the flowers which make their coverlet
Undreamed-of treasures hide them for that day
When Labor, wedded to the soil, shall wake
Them all to marriage gladness and great gifts,
And unexampled harvests! And she calls—
Calls loud and sweet, with voice of all the South:
"Come hither, oh, ye weary sons of toil;
Come hither, ye who labor and despair
And spend your strength on unrewarding stones;
Here bring the hearts that break for want of work,
Here bring your brains, your sinews and your powers,
Come hither, and beneath these generous skies
Build up your homes and rear your little ones;
Let the thick smoke of factories strangle vice,
And busy spade and plow turn o'er the globe,
'Till buried idleness can rise no more!
And when the day's sweet labor shall be done,
And balmy eve lies pillowed on her flowers,
The yellow moon will light the moss-roofed path
Where you may walk with your beloved, and wear
On your uplifted brows contentment's crown.

And still beyond these crystal gates, sweet lands
Enticements hold for enterprise to seek—
Not only buried cities, and the tombs
Of ruined kingdoms and forgotten Kings,
But worlds of wonder to rejoice his eyes.
Rich as that marvelous cave of Eastern tale,
The Southwest yonder smiles, scarce out of sight,
Waiting the voice of commerce to ring out
The magic "Open Sesame," that will fling
The mystic portals wide for him who seeks?

* * * * * * * *

Now sweet as bugles, grand as throb of drums,
As from strong-throated men an anthem comes
Rolling in rich harmonious amplitudes
Along the lands, across the oceans' floods.
Strains that will echo from the golden pages
Of shining gospels of the coming ages.
Hark! 'tis the chant of noble exaltation
Which bursts from nations gathered as one nation;
The hosts who come as children of one father,
Beneath the standards of our land to gather;
The voice of multitudes who hither turn
To this great school where all may teach, all learn;
The torrid, temperate and frigid zone,
Earth's noble trinity, here three in one,
Within this tabernacle of the free,
Stand 'mid the marvels of their century.
Here are the precious splendors of the mine,
The Arctic trophy and the tropic vine;
The car that rushes at the maddest speed;
Across the continent, without a steed;
The sounder by which one can hear to-day
The clock that ticks a thousand miles away;
The lightning, harnessed to the alphabet,
Or to the most herculean labor set;
The wire on which one's words can walk the seas:
The telegraph, the vast discoveries,
Which make illustrious the Book of Time,
And write the nineteenth century sublime!

Invention, science, agriculture, art,
And genius in these triumphs all take part.
Of these are they
Who throttle ignorance to-day;
And when she dies
The darkness flies
From off the shadowed features of the sphere
As clouds before the sunlight disappear.

Not he who is to loftiest plan inclined,
The man alone who benefits mankind;
Who in the point the needle's eye did place,
Became the benefactor of his race,
No less than he whose magnet needle turns
Steadfast to where the northern planet burns;
The miscroscope which finds the dire microbe
Is more to millions dwelling on the globe
Than is the telescope which in its might
Discerns the unknown comet sail in sight.
The life-boat battling with the boiling wave,
The shipwrecked sailor in the shrouds to save,
More precious is to scores of anxious hearts
Than yon Great Eastern with her mighty parts
Stretched on the billows, bending o'er the sea,
Amazing men by mere immensity!

And hark ye yet, for still another voice
Speaks unto all, and bids the world rejoice!
The ponderous engine, whose prodigious power
Holds up a thousand triumphs to this hour,
Bids men remember from how slight a thing
The most exultant victories may spring,
And from its great heart earnestly it cries:
"Behold! this day is full of prophecies,
Of splendid promises for all who aim
The shaft of effort, to bring down a mame!"

MARRIAGE MADE EASY.

A 'Squire Tells How He Ties the Nuptial Knot.

The Different Varieties of Runaway Weddings—What People Elope, and Why They Do So—A Matrimonial Melange.

"Many strangely assorted and odd-looking couple come to me to be joined together in matrimony," remarked to a *Post* reporter the other day a magistrate whose office is not far from the City Hall, and whose benevolence toward lovers fleeing from angry relations is well known, "and this particular portion of my magisterial duties brings into my possession many curious stories and incidents. A pair of runaways, seeking for some one possessing the authority to tie the indissoluble knot, usually feel embarrassed and lonely. They are eager to find an individual to whom they may, without fear of betrayal, confide the cause of their flight. Such a person they usually find in the obliging magistrate, who read-over to them the nuptial ceremony, and he is, with rare exceptions, made the repository of their secrets. To him they confide the causes which induced a stern parent to oppose their union."

"Marrying youthful lovers is then the pleasantest of your official duties, is it not?" remarked the reporter.

"Certainly; nature has endowed me with the most benevolent instincts, and when I see two tender hearts hungry and pining for each other it affords me the most exquisite pleasure to bring their owners together and make them one and the same for all time. It causes me to feel like one whose duty and chief delight is to banish grief and doubling fear and establish in their stead confidence and unalloyed pleasure. I place myself in the light of a public benefactor, and the thought of diffusing so much happiness in the world has made of me that portly and contented-looking personage whom you see before you. I do not claim to be by nature endowed with deeper springs of human kindness than other men, but when I have spoken the last words of the sacred ceremony and see turned upon me two faces shining with the light of happiness and gratitude, I experience in the region of my left side a feeling akin to that so oftenly depicted upon the countenances of the two who have just begun with such light hearts the journey along the matrimonial path. I know that I, and I alone, am responsible for so much joy, and I can not help sharing it. Thus my instincts are benevolent by cultivation."

"Do you unite none but runaway couples?"

"I preside at the marriage rites of many whose parents and relatives have no objection whatever to the consummation of their union. Weddings in ordinary life are costly affairs. I do not refer to those occurring among the leaders of the most fashionable class, but such as are celebrated by the sons and daughters of staid, respectable citizens. The minister must have his fee of ten dollars, twenty dollars, and sometimes fifty dollars. Flower adornments are necessary for the parlor. A supper for the guests is expected, and the ceremony is not considered complete unless the couple takes a bridal tour. Even when no extra amount of style and display is indulged in, these things cost a considerable sum, often far more than a groom endowed with a scanty purse can afford. When my services are required all this is dispensed with. The future husband and wife, each accompanied by a friend as attendants, enter a carriage, drive to my office, and here the knot is tied in short order. I am paid my fee. They re-enter their carriage and return to their homes as if nothing unusual had happened. These marriages prove fully as conductive to connubial bliss as those in which the solemn words are spoken by an eloquent minister in a flower-bedecked church, and the matrimonial debutantes are followed by a long train of elegantly dressed bridemaids."

"It is, however, not an ordinary proceeding to come to you?"

"It certainly is. I can point out to you many happy and well-established couples living in this city, who, with the full consent of their parents, came to me to be married. They did so in order to avoid foolish and unnecessary expense, and I do not think they have ever experienced regret for acting in the manner they did. The Germans especially, who are provident and frugal, adopt this method of marriage, and far more frequently than others come to me for my services. On some occasions a carriage is sent to my office, in order to carry me to the residence of the lady, but the majority come directly to this place. They tell plainly and without hesitation what they want, and it does not require many minutes to make them man and wife.

"Occasionally two persons whom you would think could not have the slightest affinity toward each other come," continued the genial magistrate. "The contrast in ages is often ludicrous. A man of sixty will wed a girl of twenty, but it gives me an inclination to laugh when I read the marriage ceremony over a young fellow of two or three and twenty and a woman twenty years or more his senior. Such instances are not so rare, but the affection of the younger one is usually inspired by the knowledge that his mistress is the owner of a full purse. Not long ago I had the extreme pleasure of joining together a gentleman whose age was twenty-three and a lady who counted forty-eight summers. They hailed from a county in the lower part of the State, and were both well connected. The woman was a widow and was the mother of a son older than her new husband. I have not heard whether the youth has got tired of his aged bride.

"A funny incident happened to a certain brother magistrate of this city. Several days ago a party stopped at the Arlington Hotel, in this city. The needed official was called in, and put himself in readiness for the ceremony. In the absence of other attendants one of the hotel clerks—a youth of not more than nineteen—and a lady boarder were pressed into service. The couple who wished to be married were getting along in years, and when they all stood up my friend mistook the attendants for the bride and groom. It was the first time the former had officiated in such a capacity, and they were ignorant of the ceremony. Just as the magistrate reached the all-important question: 'Will you take this woman for your wife?' he remarked to the clerk: 'My friend, you look rather young for anything of this kind. I can not marry you unless you assure me you have attained your majority.' The two attendants were considerably startled at this question, and informed the official that they were not his game. It took considerable persuasion to show them that they were not married nor half-married, but the whole matter was finally adjusted and the right parties wedded."

"Do they pay pretty liberally?"

"That varies exceedingly," replied the official, with a laugh. "Sometimes they offer me nothing, and consider that I am an officer for the purposes provided and paid by the law. Again they are liberal, and give me a handsome recompense. Once a tall, gawky young farmer from Rockcastle County handed me a twenty-five-cent piece, with the remark: 'I guess that's as much as you'll want. It's more'n I kin make in five hours, and you made it in five minutes.' I did not raise an objection, but pocketed the coin, and have kept it since as a luck piece. Occasionally a stalwart young countryman, in the fullness of his heart, will tender me a five dollar bill or even raise to a ten dollar. It sometimes occurs that it has taken the groom's last dollar to buy railroad tickets, and he hasn't a cent to bless himself with. Of course, when this happens I am frozen out, unless the happy husband is sufficiently grateful to send my fee after he has returned to his home. Once a young fellow from a point on the Ohio River, in Western Kentucky, was married by me. At the conclusion of the necessary questions and answers, he informed me, with much embarrassment, that he had no more money than enough to pay the way of himself and bride back home. I could do nothing else than tell him to go and think no more of the fee. A few days after there were shipped to me two large sacks of wheat, and I received a note from the grower, stating that he had not yet been able to raise any cash, but he sent me something he had raised before he married. He hoped I would like it, as he picked the best he had. It made good flour, and I consider that my trouble did not go unrewarded.

"It is, however, much oftener the case that I never again hear from these parties. I have known two or three instances in which they have sent money, but the obligation usually slips from their memory. Exposition season is my most profitable time. Then I reap my harvest. A couple who have long felt a yearning for each other seize the occasion and combine getting married and a trip to the exposition. Neither attraction singly would be sufficient to induce the step, but the two together are irresistible. What girl could overcome the temptation of getting married, accompanied by a trip to the city? The circumstances combine escapness, romance and a bridal trip. Thus, during the days of which I speak, I did a flourishing business. My purse grew heavier and my heart grew lighter. I diffused happiness throughout the many portions of the State, and began to grow young again on beholding the smiles on the faces surrounding me—smiles which I invariably congratulated myself on having caused. Alas! I fear those jovial days shall return no more," concluded the portly gentleman, a mournful shadow creeping over his rubicund and usually genial countenance.—*Louisville Post.*

AN AFRICAN CUSTOM.

How the Abyssinians Eat Beef at a Wedding Feast.

A wedding feast is like all banquets in this country, more or less composed of the Abyssinian piece de resistance—raw flesh. If you should happen to be seated near the open door on these occasions you may see this course prepared. An ox is brought into the compound, and his throat is skillfully cut. Before the animal has fairly breathed his last, skinning is commenced, the stomach is taken out, and the flesh cut into long strips, and brought in with the animal's heat still in it to the hungry and impatient guests, who devour it, not like wild beasts, but use knives of all kinds, from daggers or swords to pocket-knives. The consumer of this delicacy takes one end of the strip or string of meat into his mouth, placing it between his teeth. In his left hand he holds the meat bodily, and with his right gives a drawing cut with his saber from left to right through the meat, severing it close up to his lips, and so hunks his meal away. This mode of feeding requires some practice, and has its inconveniences, especially to people with long noses and a thirst for strong drink, for it is generally a sign when noses begin to suffer cutaneous losses from a too close proximity to dagger or saber that the host's tedge (native drink) has been both plentiful and strong. To flavor the otherwise insipid taste of raw flesh large quantities of red pepper are consumed, ground up with fat into a paste, and larded over the viand. Abyssinians are quaint in their food, if not nasty; for some pure ox-gall from the freshly-killed animal serves as a *piquante* to a curry made out of its intestines. Milk is never used fresh from the cow, but is always taken sour, made so by never washing the utensil in which it is kept.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

And That, Too.

A Boston man got hold of a Westerner the other day in hopes of getting some consolation out of the look of affairs toward sundown, but the man promptly replied:

"I tell you, things have just squatted out our way."

"Won't wheat look up a little, eh?"

"Not a look."

"Any new enterprises?"

"Not so much as building a woodshed."

"But do the merchants complain?"

"I should smile! They even hire folks to help 'em growl."

"Isn't the railroad business a little more favorable?"

"Yes, they manage to run trains, but that's about all."

"Well, there must be some business in the West which holds its own," persisted the Bostonian. "How's matrimony?"

"Deader'n Joseph's old boots," was the confidential answer. "A year ago you could have married anything and anybody and counted on six per cent. dividends, but the general depression has flattened matrimony until a widow worth $20,000 has got to hunt a man down with a gun!"—*Wall Street News.*

—The oldest editor in this State is said to be Mr. Beman Brockway, of the Watertown *Times*. He began his editorial career on the Mayville *Sentinel* half a century ago, and is still in his chair.—*N. Y. Post.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

A NIGHT IN A BAR-ROOM.

Characteristic Scenes Witnessed by a Reporter in a "Respectable" New York Dram-Shop.

The New York *Herald* recently detailed a reporter to spend one night in a well-appointed, so-called respectable dram-shop. The one chosen was situated in a block of five houses, three of which were occupied by saloons. It was in a neighborhood of fifty houses, twenty-two of which were given up to the sale of intoxicating drinks.

It was ten o'clock in the evening. The saloon was in full activity. All the billiard and pool tables were in use; there were few vacant seats at the side tables. At the table nearest to the bar two young men were playing pool. One of them, a sallow, scorbutic youth, bore the unmistakable stamp of the bar-tender, the other was apparently a young workingman imbued with an ambition to become a "sporting character." They were playing for a small sum of money on the game and for the drinks. The bar-tender, an expert with the cue, was just playing badly enough to lose one game out of four and to encourage his companion to get out. While the game was an even one, a man, with curly gray hair, a reddish mustache and goatee, and a withered skin. He wore a dark suit of clothes, old, threadbare and not very clean. He was making comments on the game as it proceeded, his remarks having always a favorable bearing toward the young workman. A sodden-eyed stranger, who had substituted up took a chair close at hand.

"By Moses, but that was touch luck, wasn't it, Colonel?" exclaimed the bar-keeper, as he missed, with much precision, a tolerably easy shot.

The elderly man addressed winked at the speaker behind the other player's back, as he responed with a drawl:

"Wa-a-al, it was pretty good, young man."

The young workman drew back his cue and aimed to put the cue ball in a position of a good pocket. He did miserably, but the twelve ball struck with force down around the table, and, rebounding, sent another ball lodged in the right hand side pocket.

"Brave!" was the exclamation with which the Colonel hailed this most palpable fluke. "That's one of the best shots I have seen for a month. Don't you think he's the best you ever saw, Tony?"

"Well, I don't care if I do," replied the sallow-faced man, who was addressed, as he turned to the bar-keeper and called for a glass of ale.

"Tony" was the name by which the young man addressed was known among his associates, and he responded to it readily.

"Now, Tony, it's your game," said the Colonel, as the young man finished his ale.

"Yes, I'm ready," said Tony.

"But, when I'm ready to shoot, I am so long," said the Colonel.

"Now, Tony, you must be careful," said the bar-keeper, as he racked the balls.

"Yes, I'm ready," said Tony.

"Well, when you are out of break," said the Colonel, as he racked the balls.

"Tony, I'm ready," said Tony.

"Well, when you are out of break," said the Colonel, as he racked the balls.

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