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Tithonus.*

[From the Cornhill Magazine.]
It's night and the world decks and fall,
The waters weep their burden to the ground,
Man comes and tills the earth and lies the swan,
And after many a summer lies the swan.
Consumes I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world.
A swan, a swan, a swan, a swan,
The ever silent spaces of the east.
Fea-toed mist, and gleaning halls of dream.

Alas! for this gray shadow once a man—
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who made not thy heart thine own?—he seen'd
To me, as I was passing, and he said,
I asked thee, "Give me immortality."
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Thee, and thy swan, and all thy swans, were
But by thy hours indignant work'd their wills,
And beat me down and marred all wasted man'd
To dwell in presence of immortal youth.
Immortal age before immortal youth.
Immortal youth before immortal age.
Thee, and thy swan, and all thy swans,
The beauty, make amends, the even now.
Close over us, the silver wave, thy gulf,
Thee, and thy swan, and all thy swans,
To hear me? Let me go; take back thy gift;
Why should a man desire in any way
To pass beyond the goal of ordinance,
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud-tost; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born,
One of the last, the mystic, the half-real,
When thy gulf bows over from thy shoulder pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thee, and thy swan, and all thy swans,
Thee, and thy swan, and all thy swans,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and that wild team
Which love these, yearning for thy joys, arise.
All the world is thine, and all thy swans,
And beat the twilight into lakes of fire.

Lo! even thus thou groanest death,
In silence, then before thine answer given,
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Will thou ever come with me, thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
In days far off, on that dark earth, may drive
Thee, and thy swan, and all thy swans,

Brother, and mother, and all thy swans,
To me, as I was passing, and he said,
I asked thee, "Give me immortality."
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Thee, and thy swan, and all thy swans, were
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Which love these, yearning for thy joys, arise.
All the world is thine, and all thy swans,
And beat the twilight into lakes of fire.

Yet hold me not forever in the East;
I go to the West, where I was born,
Gold by the way shadows at the me; cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet.
Open thy glistening threads, wide, wide, screen
Chang'd with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that only thy joys give.
All the world is thine, and all thy swans,
Thee, and thy swan, and all thy swans,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids growing dewy, warm
With kiss balmier than high ope'd lips,
Of all thy swans, and all thy swans,
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I hear Apollo sing
While Iion like a mist rise into flowers.

Alfred TENNYSON.

*Tithonus was a son of Laomedon, King of Troy. He was so beautiful that Aurora became enamored of him, and carried him away. He begged of Aurora to grant him immortality, and the Goddess granted it; but, forgetting to ask the youth he then enjoyed, he soon grew old and decrepit; he then prayed Aurora to remove him from the world.

AN ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

We make the following eloquent extract from a late speech of Senator Hunter, of Virginia. In speaking of the possibility of the efforts of the Republicans to overthrow the Government proving unsuccessful, he said:

Sir, in that event, the accusing voice of human history will ring through all the ages to impeach them at the bar of posterity for having destroyed the noblest scheme the man ever devised; and upon that fearful issue each of the succeeding generations of men will record its verdict of guilty against them. Their own descendants will heap reproaches upon the names of those who disappoint them of the destiny which would have been the richest inheritance that one generation could bequeath another. But when it is asked upon what view of the Constitution, upon what consideration of religion or philanthropy; upon what calculation of interest, general or sectional, the fatal deed was done, who shall arise in that day to defend their name from the foul reproach?

"Mr. President, when I think of what it may be destroyed by this narrow spirit of sectional hate and bigotry, I turn away from the contemplation with a feeling of almost indignant despair, but I will not, as yet, despair of my country. I will yet hope that the great army of Northern Democrats and conservatives will arise in the might of a noble cause, and expel the intruders from the seat of power. I will trust in the influence of truth, whose empire is felt in every human heart when once it has touched it. I will put my faith higher yet in Providence, for it can not be that God will permit such a scheme of government as this, freighted, as it might have been, with the highest hopes of humanity, to be wrecked in the wild orgies of madmen and fanatics."

A man who is writing an interesting series of papers about "Boarding House Life," says:

If the attire of New York would disgrace their inhabitants to-day, a greater variety of remarkable people would be seen than all the soirees, receptions and aesthetic clubs of the season can produce. To the attic comes fallen greatness, disappointed hopes, aspiring genius, the refugee from other lands, the seedy philosopher and the penniless poet. Too light of gold to gravitate to a lower level, they ascend the attic by the force of a natural law. Here life is direful, seldom in comedy, but often in direful tragedy. How often I have lifted my eyes to the top of a stately mansion, to the narrow, prison-like windows which crowd its summit, and said, "I wonder who rooms in the attic?"

BILLIARDS PRACTICALLY CONSIDERED.—The Bucyrus (Ohio) Journal thus speaks of the game of billiards:

Yes, sir, we can tell you all about billiards. It is a game consisting of two men in their shirt sleeves, punching balls about on a table, and presenting the keeper with twenty cents, or as is most commonly the case in this country, telling him to just mark it down. This last-mentioned custom has given them the title of blackball-markers. If you have a decided genius for the game, you will make a superior player at an expense of about \$5,000. "Blackamites, carpenters, &c., play it for exercise." It was invented by a shrewd saloon-keeper who was not satisfied with the profits on whisky, and was too much opposed to temperance to water it.

A returned Californian has a right to rest upon his ore.

[From Robert Dale Owen's "Portals on the Boundary of Another World."]

THE OLD KENT MANOR-HOUSE.

In October, 1857, and for several months afterwards, Mrs. R.— wife of a field-officer of high rank in the British army, was residing in Ramhurst Manor-house, near Leigh, in Kent, England. From the time of her first occupying this ancient residence, every inmate of the house had been more or less disturbed at night—not usually during the day—by knockings and sounds as of footsteps, but more especially by voices which could not be accounted for. These last were usually heard in some unoccupied adjoining room; sometimes as reading aloud, occasionally as screaming. The servants were much alarmed. They never saw anything; but the cook told Mrs. R.— that, on one occasion, in broad daylight, hearing the sound of a silk dress close behind her, she turned suddenly round, supposing it to be her mistress, but to her great surprise and terror, could see nobody. Mrs. R.—'s brother, a bold, light-headed young officer, fond of field-sports, and without the slightest faith in the reality of visitations from another world, was much disturbed and annoyed by these voices, which he declared must be those of his sister and a lady friend of hers sitting up together to chat all night.

On two occasions, when a voice which he thought to resemble his sister's rose to a scream, as if imploring aid, he rushed from his room, at two or three o'clock in the morning, gun in hand, into his sister's bedroom, there to find her quietly asleep.

On the second Saturday in the above month of October, Mrs. R.— drove over to the railway station at Tunbridge to meet her friend Miss S.— whom she had invited to spend some weeks with her. This young lady had been in the habit of seeing apparitions, at times, from early childhood.

When, on their return, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, they drove up to the entrance of the manor-house, Miss S.— perceived on the threshold the appearance of two figures, apparently an elderly couple, habited in the costume of a former age. They appeared as if standing on the ground. She did not hear any voice, and, not wishing to render her friend uneasy, she made at the time no remark to her in connection with this apparition.

She saw the appearance of the same figures in the same dress, several times within the next ten days, sometimes in one of the passages—always by daylight. They appeared to her surrounded by an atmosphere nearly of the color usually called neutral tint. On the third occasion they spoke to her, and stated that they had been husband and wife, that in former days they had possessed and occupied that manor-house, and that their name was Children. They appeared sad and downcast; and when Miss S.— inquired the cause of their melancholy, they replied that they had idolized this property of theirs; that their pride and pleasure had centered in its possession; that its improvements engrossed their thoughts and it troubled them to know that it had passed away from their family, and to see it now in the hands of careless strangers.

I asked Miss S.— how they spoke. She replied that the voice was audible to her as that of a human being, and that she believed it was heard also by others in an adjoining room. This she inferred from the fact that she was afterward asked with whom she had been conversing.

After a week or two, Mrs. R.— began inquiring to suspect something unusual connected with the constant disturbances in the house, had occurred to her friend, questioned her closely on the subject; and then Miss S.— related to her what she had seen and heard, describing the appearance and relating the conversation of the figures calling themselves Mr. and Mrs. Children.

Up to that time Mrs. R.— though her rest had been frequently broken by the noise in the house, and though she, too, had the occasional perception of apparitions, had seen nothing, nor did any thing appear to her for a month afterward. Once, when she had ceased to expect any apparition to herself, she was hurriedly dressing for a late dinner, her brother, who had just returned from a day's shooting, having called to her in impatient tones that dinner was served, and that he was quite finished. At the moment of completing her toilet, and as she hastily turned to leave her bedchamber, not dreaming of any thing spiritual, there, in the doorway, stood the same female figure. Miss S.— had described, identical in appearance and in costume, even to the old pony, laze on her brocade silk dress, while beside her was the figure of her husband.

They uttered no sound, but above the figure of the lady, as if written in phosphoric light in the dusk atmosphere that surrounded her, where the words "Dame Children," together with some other words, intimating that, having never aspired beyond the joys and sorrows of this world, she had remained "earth-bound." These last, however, for a renewed appeal from her brother, as to whether they were to have any dinner that day, urged her forward. The figure, filling up the doorway, remained stationary. There was no time for hesitation; she closed her eyes, rushed through the apparition and into the dining-room, throwing up her hands and exclaiming to Miss S.— "Oh, my dear, I've walked through Mrs. Children."

This was the only time during her residence in the old manor-house that Mrs. R.— witnessed the apparition of these figures.

And it is to be remarked that her bed-chamber at the time was lighted not only by candles, but by a cheerful fire, and that was a lighted lamp in the corridor which communicated thence to the dining-room. This repetition of the word "Children" caused the ladies to make inquiries among the servants and in the neighborhood whether any family bearing that name had ever occupied the manor-house. Among those whom they thought likely to know something about it was Mrs. Sophy O.— a nurse in the family, who had spent her

life in that vicinity. But all inquiries were fruitless; every one to whom they put the question, the nurse included, declaring that they had never heard of such a name. So they gave up all hopes of being able to unravel the mystery.

It so happened, however, that about four months afterwards, this nurse, going home for a holiday to her family at Riverhead, about a mile from Seven Oakes, and recollecting that one of her sisters-in-laws, who lived near her, an old woman of seventy, had fifty years before been housemaid in a family then residing at Ramhurst, inquired of her if she had ever heard of a family named Children. The sister-in-law, containing the very details of which I was in search of, told her that such family occupied the manor-house when she was there; but she recollects to have seen an old man who told her that in his boyhood he had assisted to keep the hounds of the Children family, who were then residing at Ramhurst. This information the nurse communicated to Mrs. R.— on her return; and thus it was that lady first informed that family named Children had once occupied the manor-house.

All these particulars I received in December, 1858, directly from the ladies themselves, both being together at the time.

Even up to this point the case, as it presented itself, was certainly a very remarkable one. But I resolved, if possible, to obtain further confirmation in the matter.

I inquired of Miss S.— whether the apparitions had communicated to her any additional particulars connected with the family. She replied that she recollects from whom she had them received from them, namely, that her husband's name was Richard.

At a subsequent period, like-wise, she had obtained the date of Richard Children's death, which, as communicated to her, was 1753. She remembered, also, that on one occasion a third spirit appeared with them, which they stated was their son; but she did not get his name. To my further inquiries as to the costume in which the (alleged) spirit appeared, Miss S.— replied, "That they were of the period of Queen Anne or one of the early Georges, she could not be sure which, as the fashions in both were similar."

These were the exact words. Neither she nor Mrs. R.— however, had obtained any information tending either to verify or to refute these particulars.

Having an invitation from some friends residing near Seven Oaks, in Kent, to spend with them the Christmas week of 1858, I had a good opportunity of prosecuting my inquiries in the way of verification. I called with a friend, Mr. F.— on the nurse, Mrs. Sophy O.— With out alluding to the disturbances, I simply asked her if she knew any thing of an old family of the name of Children. She said she knew very little except what she had heard from her sister-in-law, namely, that they used in former days to live at a manor-house called Ramhurst. I asked her if she had ever been there.

"Yes," she said, "about a year ago, as nurse to Mrs. R.—"

"Did Mrs. R.—" I asked her, "know any thing about the Children family?" She replied that her mistress had once made inquiries of her about them, wishing to know if they had ever occupied the manor-house, but at that time she (Mrs. Sophy) had never heard of such a family; so she could give the lady no satisfaction.

"How did it happen?" I asked, "that Mrs. R.— supposed such a family might once have occupied the house?"

"Well, sir," she replied, "that is more than I can tell you, unless, indeed, (and here she hesitated and lowered her voice) it was a young lady that was staying with them; that they had idled this property of theirs; that its improvements engrossed their thoughts and it troubled them to know that it had passed away from their family, and to see it now in the hands of careless strangers."

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