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A GREYBEARD'S SONG.

What though my looks be grey, Jeanette,
What though my locks be grey,
My heart is just as young to-day
As when I leaped in joyous play
With love's first kiss, Jeanette.

It is better to laugh than weep, Jeanette,
It is better to laugh than weep,
We sowed in joy to joyful reap,
And now that age doth on us creep,
We'll meet him with a smile, Jeanette.

We have had a share of pain, Jeanette,
We have had a share of pain,
But as with each grief came also gain,
We will only recall our joys again.
The past is past regret.

With every year that flows, Jeanette,
With every year that flows,
Although your head still whiter grows,
Although your cheek has lost the rose,
To me its fairest yet.

Thy hand in mine to-night, Jeanette,
Thy hand in mine to-night,
Here where the heart's home is bright,
Upon our children's glances bright,
Thy hand in mine, Jeanette.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

I will tell you of an adventure I had one fall, when I and Seth heard were hunting upon the south branch of the Yellowstone—away up, where the prairies are so broad and long that they seem to be without end. It was up there boys, that I came the nearest of losing my scalp that I ever did in my life, and this was the way that it came about.

You see that I and Seth don't do a little business besides trading, up in these parts that is. Before we started, said Seth, says he—'Abel, we can get skins better than we can catch 'em, and a taral sight easier, by buying them of the redskins, we can get 'em for a song, so let us buy a lot of notions and go out on the prairie and set up a shop.'

'Agreed,' said I, 'only let us go beyond most people that trade with the varmints.'

Well, we bought a little of everything to tinkle the Indians with, and off we started and set up a shop on the prairie. This was in November, and for a time we did a smashing business among the heathens. We could buy a skin worth five dollars for a string of beads and a jack-knife, and others in proportion.

By and by the redskins began to get ugly. We could see it in their sullen looks, and though they traded nearly as much as ever, we began to think they meant mischief. So Seth and I talked the matter over and concluded, unless we wanted to lose our furs and horses, to say nothing of our scalps, ye had better leave sometime between two days. I always had great affection for my hair, and never could think of letting a red heathen have it to hang in his belt, and Seth also, kinder thought that way. We packed up our duds and prepared to be off just as soon as we were sure that we had the prowling redskins were abed, for we wasn't more than a half mile from one of their towns, and we didn't care about their knowing just when we went.

We wanted to start as soon as we could, for the moon rose about midnight, and then all would be as light as day, for there wasn't a cloud to be seen anywhere between prairie and prairie, and the stars shone like so many deer's eyes in the forest.

I guess that it must have been about eleven when we mounted our horses and moved slowly away from our camping ground. Our furs were packed in a huge bundle and fastened on behind us, and Seth as he moved away, looked like an Arab on a camel crossing the desert.

I don't think we had gone a mile when we heard the awfulest yell behind us that ever fell on mortal ears, it seemed almost loud enough to take the sky right up from the ground where it seemed to be settin' like a great bowl.

We knew in a minute what that yell meant, and it told us that we were not a minute too soon in our departure. The redskins had determined upon having our traps and hair and had pitched upon to night for the deed.

Giving our horses a smart blow with our sticks, we bounded off over the prairie as fast as they could carry us. We knew that every foot we gained now in our flight we should need, for the Indians would soon be upon our trail with fleet horses, and they would have no difficulty in pursuing us as soon as the moon came up, and even now the sky was growing brighter toward the east.

Thinks I what would I give if I had the power of our father Joshua, so that I could make the moon stand still for an hour or two. But I hadn't, and afore long it was lighting up everything as bright as day.

Another yell, further off, but full as sharp as the first. We stopped our horses and dismounting, threw ourselves flat on our faces, and placed our ears to the ground. A moment, and we were satisfied that the pursuit had begun; we could plainly hear their horses' hoofs striking the ground at a quick rate. Hastily springing to the back of our horses, we bounded away.

All that night the chase was kept up, and when the morning came and the sun had risen, we could see our

pursuers not above a mile away, apparently two score in number, upon our trail. Would they never turn back? was the question I asked Seth; but he shook his head and urged on his tired beast.

On we went, the dry grass crackling beneath our feet, our horses breathing hard and their strength well nigh gone.

'They are gaining upon us!' I exclaimed, looking around an hour later.

'Yes,' said Seth, 'we must throw away our furs, there is no help for it, and perhaps that will satisfy them.'

It was a hard case, but the straps were cut, and away rolled the reward of all our time and toil upon the prairie, and we kept on.

A little later we looked back. They came up to the packs, but still came on. Two remained behind to rescue the plunder, but the others came on thirsting for our blood. On, on—ours was a race for life.

Our horses were nearly worn out, but still they went on; how much longer they would hold out we knew not, but they must fall soon, but should those on which the Indians were mounted prove the strongest, our fate was decided.

Suddenly the sun grew dark and the smell of fire filled the air. We had not noticed this before, but as we rounded the edge of the forest that lined a small hollow, we paused in terror.

Before us was a line of fire, extending as far as the eye could reach, and coming towards us at a considerable speed, for the wind was in our faces.

For a moment we were dumb with horror at our situation. If we turned back, death would be sure at the hands of the redskins; if we kept on, we must perish in the flames. All hope of escape seemed gone.

A shout of triumph from the redskins; they thought our capture sure. 'The fire is more merciful than the red devils,' said Seth as he dismounted. I did the same. With a strip torn from our blankets we blindfolded our horses, and then mounting and wrapping the remainder of our blankets closely around us, urged them towards the crackling flames.

The poor creatures snorted with fear, but obeyed the reins and voices. For a minute the heat was terrible and the smoke suffocating, and the next I could breathe. We dismounted, and tore the bandage from the eyes of our poor steeds. Theirs had been the worst portion, you could not touch them without the flesh clinging to your fingers.

Above the roaring and the crackling of the flames we could hear triumphant shouts of the heathens, they imagined we had perished in the flames. The remainder of our journey was made on foot, our horses we put out of their misery on the spot.

Harvest is over.

The wheat is cut, stacked, and partly threshed—and the farmer is glad, his wife is glad, his children are glad. The hay has been cut, spread, raked and stacked or filled into the barn from bay-bottom to girder, the scythe, cradle, rake, and fork have been hung up or in away, for—

Harvest is over!

But wasn't it work all the summer? Early in the morning, when the bed did seem so enticing and the eyelids did hate to open! And the weary body and aching bones did plead for a little more rest! The boys and girls rolled the cows from their sleeping places, and stood with bare feet where the cows had lain all night, to warm their toes, then ran scampering home through the cold dew, to help milk, and feed the pigs, chickens, grind the scythes, split a little wood, and get ready for work in the field. What if they wanted to sleep?

John!

'Henry!'

'Mary!'

'Patrick!'

'Bridget!'

'Jacob!'

'Katharina!'

'Coming, sir!'

And long before sunrise the children and hired help are called up—and they worked till long after sunset. In the garden—the yard—the kitchen—the cellar—the field; anywhere and everywhere they worked, and sweat, and toiled, and rested, and suffered from heat, but now they are not so driven, for—

Harvest is over!

Are they not glad? And are we not glad? Now they can rest. The fall work is not so hard. The corn, potatoes, turnips, apples, and nuts are being gathered—the fences are to be fixed—the hogs to fat, beef to fat and kill, stables to fix, butter to sell, barn to be put in order ready for the winter work, which is to make ready for harvest time next year. But the hardest pull is done, for—

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Economy! Not so much for shoes, for dresses, for coats, for pants, for books, for pictures. Why not? Harvest is over! But what of it? The taxes must be paid!

All summer the bondholders have sported and spread—have wine and dined—have slept and snored—have danced and pranced—have sat in the shade or basked in the fountains at watering-places. And now they return to gather their harvest. The three hundred and forty millions of dollars the farmers have all summer been earning. And the taxes must be paid. So say the bondholders and their paid agents in and out of Congress.

The bondholder wants a new carriage—his wife wants new furniture—his harlot wants new diamonds and little dog carriages—his wine cellar wants filling for winter parties—his friends must be entertained, for—

Harvest is over!

And so the dairyman sells a firkin of butter—his wife sells a few chickens, eggs, turkeys, apples, feathers, and such produce, then skimps her wardrobe and works the harder all winter.

Harvest is over!

And the farmer sells a horse, a cow, some hogs, or sheep, or a few cords of wood, or an extra wagon, or a watch he has carried, to pay taxes.

Harvest is over!

He pays State taxes.

He pays county taxes.

He pays town taxes.

He pays road taxes.

He pays school taxes.

He pays poor taxes.

He pays income taxes.

He pays national taxes, to support revenue officers, collectors, appraisers, assessors, stamp-makers, &c.—then he pays a few cents a pound more for his tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, rice, medicines, cloth,—everything even to the matches he uses to strike a light to watch on his dying child—but the bondholder pays not one dollar of tax.

And now the farmer can vote—in a few days he can vote to increase his taxes—to still further maintain and strengthen the Republican party, that taxes the poor tenfold, that exempts the rich, that robs the farmer's wife to beautify the bondholder's whoré—that strips shoes from the feet of the poor to put silk stockings on the legs of the rich—that steals out of the farmer's cellar, barn, and granary his corn, his cattle, sheep, pen, and corn-crib, to support the favored Belmonts and Jay Cookes, and other leeches on labor, who are now dragging on industry, and robbers of those who produce.

Harvest is over!

But who reaps the benefit? The bondholder cuts his coupons and replies with a smile!—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

Safe Gunpowder—New Discovery in Science.

The College Curran says that a Captain in the Prussian army, named Schultz, has proposed a radical modification in the manufacture of explosive powders which has already attained some celebrity in England. Any of the common woods the charcoal of which has been found of use in making ordinary gunpowder, are sawed across the grain into thin plates by a veneer-saw. These thin slices of wood are brought into a press, and by means of a manifold punch are converted into grains of a uniform size and shape. The punched grains thus made are then freed from all earthly impurities by treatment with chemicals, which leaves almost pure woody fibre. Then, by digestion in a mixture of strong nitric acid, the grains are converted into a xyloidine, which, unlike ordinary gun-cotton, is not liable to spontaneous decomposition. After washing in weak solution or sodic carbonate, the granulated powder is dried. As thus prepared, these grains may be packed in bulk, there to remain without danger until wanted for use. The safety of this powder at this stage is shown by the fact that in July, 1868, Captain Schultz's factory, at Potsdam, near Berlin, took fire and burned quietly to the ground, without any explosion like an explosion. When needed for use, a very simple treatment converts these grains into a powder of extraordinary activity. This treatment consists only in steeping them in a solution of some nitrate—generally potassium nitrate (common saltpetre)—is used, but for some purposes Captain Schultz prefers baric nitrate. This new powder does not foul the gun; and, though much lighter than ordinary gunpowder, yet bulk for bulk, it exerts the same force.

The Great Earthquake—Forty Terrible Shocks Along the Pacific Coast.

Fab's Prediction Fulfilled—Anticipation of the Upheaving of the Coast—Description of the City of Iquique—The Earthquake at Sea.

The terrible calamity which swept away whole cities on the western South American coast about this time last year is still fresh in the minds of our readers. Then thousands of human beings were killed in an instant, and a large Inca graveyard burst its bounds and long rows of ghastly mummies of the ancient inhabitants of the country were found afterward in sitting posture on the tumbled earth above their forgotten tombs. Our country suffered the loss of one of its finest vessels, which was carried a mile inland by an enormous tidal wave, and deposited far beyond the hope of further use.

It may be remembered that shortly afterward the German astronomer, M. Fals, predicted that this was but the precursor of a far more frightful series of disasters—earthquakes and tidal waves—which should destroy the whole west coast of South America.

Shocks for the children, a few dollars for some comforts, but not enough.

ture of deep-heated molten strata in the interior, which generates gases, the accumulation of which overcomes the resistance of the earth's crust. This would naturally exhaust the supply, and it would be some years, especially as the cooling process is constantly going on, before another accumulation sufficient to cause trouble would be given off.

M. Fals, in consequence, was looked upon as a visionary, and the inhabitants of the west coast rested secure. Nevertheless, his predictions seem about to be fulfilled. South American advices received here yesterday report the occurrence of earthquakes in Peru and elsewhere. In Africa there were no less than forty shocks on the 18th inst., and the people dreading another convulsion, were deserting their homes and flying for safety to the high grounds of the interior, regardless of the exposure and privations to which they would be subjected.

This account is more than corroborated by a writer to the Standard.

He writes that on the 10th of August, and arrived at Caldera on the 12th. There he learned that severe shocks of earthquake had been felt in Copiapo within the few days preceding, causing great alarm. In Tocopilla on the 13th, at 10 o'clock at night, a shock of much force occurred, and most of the inhabitants had fled to the interior.

On our arrival at Iquique on the afternoon of Sunday, 15th, the same distressing story was told of the anticipated destruction of the coast.

Most of the people had left, and the city was quite deserted. On the 14th, at 11 o'clock a long, rolling sound was heard, which lasted for some seconds, but there was no apparent motion of the earth; but at 5 A. M. on the 15th a severe shock was felt. On the 16th at 4 o'clock A. M. a severe shock was experienced at Iquique, which caused those who were awake to imagine the vessel had struck. At Arica the shock had been terribly severe at 4 o'clock A. M.; at 5 A. M. a severe shock occurred, and at 9 A. M. a third, but both of the latter were much lighter than the preceding one at 4 A. M. During the days of the 11th, 12th, and 13th, the time at which the first great calamity took place, the people, being much frightened at the prophecies of the wise ones, left the place and went back upon the hills, but during these days no troubles were felt.

Whatever may be the internal cause of the quaking of our sphere, it seems now to have exhausted its strength in northern Europe and the United States.

Since the earthquakes in the valley of the Mississippi in 1810-11, our country has fortunately been exempt from any serious visitations of the kind. An earthquake, which destroyed the city of Lisbon on Nov. 1, 1755, was felt as far north as the shores of the Baltic and the mountains of Scotland. One in Messina, Sicily, in 1694, killed 60,000 persons, and another in the same place, in 1783, was scarcely less destructive.

In the earthquake of Rio Bamba, in the same district of coast of Peru, it is now threatened, the whole city, with 10,000 or 40,000 inhabitants, was destroyed in a few minutes by a sudden explosion like the blowing up of a mine. This terrible event was accompanied by no noise; but a great subterranean detonation was heard 20 minutes after the catastrophe at Quito Ibarra, one of the towns or cities destroyed last year in Peru. It was not, however, even heard at Iquique, although the place is destroyed, although the place is (or rather was) nearer to the great convulsion of 1797. In the celebrated earthquake of Lima and Callao (Oct. 28, 1740), a noise resembling a subterranean thunderclap was heard a quarter of an hour later at Truxillo, but unaccompanied by a movement. In like manner after the great earthquake at New Granada, (Nov. 16, 1827), subterranean detonations were heard with great regularity at intervals of 30 seconds throughout the whole Cauca valley, while at a distance of 632 miles to the northeast the crater of the volcano St. Vincent, one of the small islands of the West Indies, was pouring forth a prodigious stream of lava. During the violent earthquake in New Granada, in February 1826, the islands of Jamaica and Hayti, as well as the lake of Nicaragua.—*N. Y. Sun Sept. 23.*

Arctic Explorations—Success of Hall's Expedition.

NORWICH, Conn., Sept. 26.—The whaling schooner Cornelia, Capt. Baler, has arrived at New London, from Cumberland inlet. She brings, as passengers, three men belonging to Dr. C. S. Hall's expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. Dr. Hall is a passenger on board the ship Ansel Gibbs, for New Bedford. He has a number of articles belonging to Sir John Franklin, including some spoons and a chronometer-box. He was also successful in finding the skeletons of many of his men, and the remains of several of their boats. The skeletons and other relics were found at King William's Land. The Cordelia brought an anchor found at the extreme north, marked 'E. S. 1776,' which is supposed to have been used by the last explorers. Dr. Hall found a native who claims to know all about the party. He says the ship was stove, and the crew took to their boats, and went ashore, where their provisions were exhausted, and they died from starvation. Ice and snow prevented Dr. Hall from making full explorations. He will return next summer, and still further prosecute his search. The Ansel Gibbs will arrive at New Bedford in a day or two.

New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 26.—Dr. C. Hall, the distinguished Arctic

explorer, with Eberburg and Too Koohta, two Esquimaux, and three daughters, arrived in this port to-day, in the ship Ansel Gibbs, from Repulse Bay, Aug. 23.

Dr. Hall brings, as among the result of his five years' residence in the Arctic regions, most interesting intelligence in regard to the death of Sir John Franklin and his companions, and conclusive proof that some of them even reached Montreal island. He saw natives who were the last to look upon Cozier and his party. The doctor also brings with him the remains of a young man who belonged to that ill-fated band of explorers, and also various relics of his explorations. He has prepared a report, addressed to his friend Henry Grinnell, of New York, which will soon be given to the public through the press.

Dr. Hall is by no means tired of exploration, and proposes, next spring, to start anew, and push his journeyings to the north Pole. He regards his experience of the last ten years as invaluable to him as a preparation and aid in the future. In the report alluded to, he says: 'Whereas I found Sir John Franklin's companions had died, I erected monuments, fired salutes, and waved the star spangled banner over them, in memory of the discoveries of the north-west passage.'

VANDERBILT'S REVENGE.—Burlingame, an old Eastern correspondent, relates the following incidents in the life of Vanderbilt:

It is charged on the Commodore that he is very arbitrary and rides roughshod over smaller men; that he is imperious, autocratic, and deranges the market at his will. These men who complain, forget how they treated Vanderbilt when he first came to the surface as a financier. He was treated as an interloper. Men were rude to him, and snubbed him on every occasion. He wanted a favor, or a loan, or a railway route, and the President, then a railroad king, treated him very rudely, and when Vanderbilt left his office he told him he would see the day when he would be his master. The threat was fulfilled earlier than either party supposed. The Commodore walked into the office of the President and gave him his walking papers. Of Collins' ships was disabled. Vanderbilt wanted of his ship put on till the next steamer could be replaced. Collins was then in his glory, and refused Vanderbilt not very graciously, to which the Commodore replied that he would drive Collins' line off the ocean, and he did. When he came among railroad men they treated him with no consideration or fairness, and obliged him, before he could get a foothold to bring his stock to Wall street and have it looked up under charge of other parties. He took his position when the railroad men in the State conspired to slaughter him in connection with Harlem. He gained a decided victory, slaughtered his enemies by hundreds, became master of the situation and is not at all unwilling that men who sought his financial ruin should feel his power.

AN Express war is threatened, out of which probably some good may result to the general public. The Central Pacific Railroad Company, with a number of heavy capitalists, has organized the Continental Express Company. These two companies have secured the exclusive right to do business on the Pacific Railroad, and Wells, Fargo & Co., the pioneers of the Express business at the far West, and the other existing companies, were notified that they could not send over the Pacific Railroad after the 15th of this month. They propose to make a grand fight, however, and see if the railroad companies can not be legally compelled to do their business. It is said that the Pacific Railroads have entered into an agreement with Eastern connecting roads, whereby if Eastern Express Companies refuse to work with the new Express Companies, the Railroads will do the business themselves. When each Railway Company commences to do its own Express business then we may expect to see a like competition to that existing in General Freight and Fast Dispatch lines.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The Stowe Scandal.

There would be no end to the proof that the filthy scandal of Mrs. Stowe, in relation to Byron, is the combined effort of Lady Byron's