

THANATOPSIS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

To him who in the love of nature, holds
Companions with his wild, free spirit, she speaks.
A virgin, honest, and her lover honored, she glides
In with a smile, and with a look that is kind,
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, are he who avails not to be won.
"They are but men, and seem like a light
Over thy spirits, and the sad images
Of the stern agony, and the narrow pall,
And the deep, deep silence, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
To feel the tempest, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depth of air—
Comes the all-shuddering sound we see no more.
In all his courses, not yet in the cold ground,
We see him, and his spirit, like a spirit, tear,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
The Image, Earth, that nourished thee, shall

Die, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost such human, such a spirit, to the pall,
To mix forever with the insatiable rock.

To be brother to the insatiable rock.

He is dead, and with the ride swain
Turns with his share and treads upon the oak.

She was going then, just as John ex-

claimed: "Confound Walt!"

"Who is Walt?" I naturally inquired.

"Walter Bruce, the son of one of our

neighbors. He has been like a brother to

Nannie all her life, but went off to

Europe two years ago, when he came of

age. They wanted to correspond, but I

forfeited that. So he has turned up again."

It was evident that John was terribly vexed, and I very soon shared his annoyance.

Walt, a tall, handsome young fellow, improved, not spoiled, by travel,

and to their sterner resting place.

Shall then retire alone—nor could that with

the patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,

The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,

And all in mighty sepulchre. The hills,

Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the suns they

see. The venerable woods; r ver that move

In majesty, and the complaining brooks,

That wind the meadows green; and, poured round

all, the great gray and the great waste—

Are but the shadows of desolation!

The golden sun, the red and the green,

Are shining on the sad souls of death,

Through the still lapses of ages. All that tread

That slender in its bones. Take the wings

Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sand,

Or climb the hills of Spain, or cross the streams

That share the Oregon, and hear no sound

Save his own dashings, yet the dears are there!

And make their bed with these. As the long train

of ages glides away, the sons of men are gone,

And with them, and with them, who goes

To the sun, the stars—sweat, and man, and maid,

And the sweet, and the gray and the green,

By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy minnows comes to join

The innumerable caravan that moves

From the silent hills of death,

Then go not like the quarry-slave at night,

Despairing, and hopeless, and condemned,

And by an evening's trust, approach thy grave.

Like one who wraps the drapery of his

Abode him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

NANNIE.

I cannot set down in so many words just when or how it came to be understood between us poor John and I, the man, and myself that I was to marry his daughter, Nannie, when she was old enough. I have a vague impression that she was in long clothes at the time we first talked of it.

Her mother died when she was a little girl, and old Mrs. Stillman took her home to the family home at Owl's Corner, the prettiest little village I ever had the good fortune to see. But Nannie was 18 when I first met her as a woman, and this was the scene of our meeting.

John had sent for me to come to Owl's Corner on a certain July day, promising to drive over to the station and meet me, as my elderly legs covered the ground but slowly. We had been riding home, rich and bold, some five years before, and courted regularly. But I had been abroad, and this was my first visit to Owl's Corner in ten years. I remembered Nannie as a romping child, fond of swinging on the gates, climbing up grape-arbors, and impertinently her neck fifty times a day, John always saying on each occasion: "She's a little wild, but she'll get over it."

I waited at the station for half an hour; then, seeing no sign of John, I started to walk home. It was midday and fearfully hot, and when I accomplished half the distance I turned off the road and started through a grove that gave me a longer walk, but thick shade, I was resting there on a broad stone, completely hidden by the bushes on either side, when I heard John's voice:

"Where have you been?"

There was such dismay and astonishment in the voice that I looked up in surprise, to find that he was not greatest, but a tall, slender girl coming toward him. Such a sight! She was dark and beautiful, dressed in a thin dress of rose-pink, faultless from the face and throat, but from the waist down clung the deepest, thickest mass of the greenest, blackest, thickest mass of hair.

"In the duck pond," she answered with a voice as clear and musical as a chime of bells. "Don't come near me."

"You are enough to wear a man into his grave!"

"There, don't scold," was the coaxing reply; "little Bob Ryan fell in face down, and made a material difference in his looks, but I am afraid he would smother, so I waited in after him. The water is not over two feet deep, but the mud goes clear through to China, I imagine. It is rather a pity about my new dress, isn't it?"

"A pity!" roared John; "you'll come to an untimely end some day with your fears!" As if there was nobody to pick a little brat out of duck pond but you!"

"There actually was nobody else about there, now, don't be angry. I'll go up to the house and put on that bewitching white affair that came from New York last week, and be all ready to drive over to the station with you, at seven time?"

"About 3, Lawrence is coming on the 20 train."

And I had come on the 12:10. This was the first failure to meet him. I kept singing in my heart, until John and Nannie were well on their way home and ward, wondering a little how many young ladies in my circle of friends would have so recklessly sacrificed a new dress to pick up a beggar's brat out of the mud.

When I, in my turn, reached the house, John was on the porch, waiting for Nannie's reappearance. He gave me a most cordial welcome, or rather a lunch—called Nannie, his mother, and a man to go for my trunk, all in one breath, and seemed really rejoiced to have him.

Presently a slender girl, with a truly "bewitching" white dress, trimming with dashes of scarlet ribbon, and smoothly-braided black hair, tied with scarlet bows, came demurely down the room and was introduced. But the half-shy, half-dignified company manner soon made Nannie and I were fast friends before dinner. Nannie and I were fast friends before dinner.

John looked. His face softened, his eyes grew misty, and presently he said: "How happy she is! Lawrence."

"And we will not cloud her happiness," I answered. "This is right and fitting. Nannie is too bright a May flower to be wilting by being tied up to an old December log like me."

So when half fearful, the lovers came in, they met only words of affection, and Nannie's face lost nothing of its sun-shine.

Patrons of WHITEWASHED WALLS. An old soldier at Omaha prints this in action: "Col. Ingerson fought manfully until overpowered and compelled to surrender, but not until one of his men had him covered with a gun, he laid it on his head and, ingersoll, sang out—'Hold your fire, what do you want to shoot me for? I am a poor man, and have done nothing but recognize your old Confederacy for the last two minutes!'" When Ingerson was exchanged his horse was returned to him by the rebel General, with the remark that he was the man that saved his life with a joke."

We rode together every morning; we walked in the cool evening hours; we spent much time at the piano, and discussed our favorite authors and one day, when I asked Nannie to be my wife, she said, coolly:

"Why, of course; I thought that was all understood long ago."

I was rather surprised at such a result. How could I expect any soft, blushing speech? I suppose I ranked just where John and Nannie's grandmother did in her affection.

But one morning, when Mrs. Stillman was skipping her geraniums in the sitting-room and John was reading the morning's newspapers, Nannie burst in, her beautiful face all aglow, her eyes bright with delight, crying:

"Oh, grandpa! Walt has come home! I saw him from my window riding up the road."

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AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Around the Farm.

In breaking a colt, never lie to him. That is, make no false motions or wrong words, or you will confuse him.

The man who pays no interest is always in clover. It is interest which eats the profits up, and few farms are profitable enough to stand heavy mortgages.

When man is only 8 cents per yard no one is excusable in letting his patient and faithful horses be annoyed and eaten by flies. Covers give comfort to the horse and patience to the driver.

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