

FALLING STARS.

BY GEORGE A. COVILLIET.

I stood in the Garden City
When the evening sun set,
And the stars were sweet with
And the breath of the minuet,
And watched in the arch of heaven,
In the east, the south, and north,
The hands of the sundial
The glowing night-lamp forth.

Behind me lay the city,
With its endless rows and rows;
And I heard at my feet the murmur
Of the waters upon the shore.

Far out upon the water
The steamer's search light shone,
And the broad sails of the schooner
Flapped like a giant bird.

Then a meteor swept above me
With a train of fire and light,
Like the gleam from a mighty furnace
And the glow of the aurora borealis.

I called to mind the legend,
How that each was a firebrand
Hurled by the celestial hand,
That on heaven's ramparts stand.

And out of the darkness heaven
Another meteor fell,
And deeper into my pulses
The word, and the deed, and the dream.

Till a spell came over my fancy,
Fell a silence upon my lips,
And the air seemed to grow still
And the stars to grow dim.

Above the city,
Above the waves on the shore,
I heard the aerial music
The rustle, the rush, the roar.

I saw the glittering squadron
Wheel into the sky,
And the clouds of smoke blazoned
With the brightness of the day;

And I watched their fiery missiles
As they blazed across the sky,
Till the shining meteorites
Fell upon car and eye;

Till the moon low in the heavens
Shook like a golden ball,
And a breeze from the east came laden
With the message of the morn.

WOODSTOCK, N.Y.

A TOURIST FROM INJANNY.

We first saw him from the deck of the
Unser Fritz, as that gallant steamer
Preparatory to leaving the harbor, really
Plymouth, Havre, and Hamburg.
For though it was that all objects at that
moment became indelibly impressed on
the memory of the departing voyager—
perhaps it was the sight of the great
travellers always assume undue mag-
nitude to us when we are waiting for some
thing really important—but I retain a
vivid impression of him as he appeared
on the gangway in apparently hopeless
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But the public man hastily deprecated
any interference with the speaker's func-
tion, as it afterwards appeared, really tri-
umphant, alteration with the German-
speaking deck-lads and stewards. He
was not an heroic figure. Clad in a
worn linen dress, his arms filled with
bags and parcels, he might have been
taken for a lackman carrying the luggage
of his fare. But it was noticeable that,
although he calmly persisted in
speaking English and ignoring the volun-
tary German of his antagonists, he
nevertheless accomplished his object
without losing his temper or in-
creasing his temperature, while his for-
eign accent was crimson with rage and
perspiring with heat. He was, in fact,
by having violated a dozen of the ship's
regulations, he took his place by the
side of a very pretty girl, apparently his
superior in station, who addressed him
as "father." As the great ship swung
round into the stream, he took a central
figure on our deck, getting into every-
body's way, addressing all with equal
familiarity, imperturbable to affront or
snub, but always doggedly and consis-
tently adhering to his purpose. He was
trivial or inadequate to the means em-
ployed. "You're sittin' on suthin' o' mine,
Miss," he began, for the third or
fourth time, to the elegant Miss Mont-
morris, who was seated next to him, in
high social condescension. "Just rise up
like I get it—'twon't take a minute."
Not only was that lady forced to rise,
but to make necessary the rising and
discomposing of the whole Montmorris
party who were crowded around her.
The missing "suthin'" was discovered
to be a very old and battered newspaper.
"It's the Cincinnati Times," he ex-
plained, as he quietly took it up, obli-
vious to the indignant glances of the
other passengers. "It's a little squashed by your
sittin' on it, but it'll do to refer to. It's
got a letter from Payris, shovin' the
prices o' them that hotels and restaurants,
and I allowed to be starved, and I
want it on the other side. That's one
or two French names that that rather
gets me—'mebbe your eyes is stronger';
but here the entire Montmorris party
rushed away, leaving him with the paper
in one hand and the other pointing to
paragraph. Not at all discomfited, he
glanced at the vacant bench, took pos-
session of it with his hat, dusted and
unobtrusively disappeared, apparently
appeared again with his daughter,
a lank-looking young man, and an angular
elderly female, and—so replaced the
Montmorrises.

When we were fairly at sea he was
misled. A pleasing belief had been
fallen upon him, and he had been
kind, was dissipated by his appearance
one morning, with his daughter on one
arm, and the elderly female before al-
luded to on the other. The Unser
Fritz was rolling heavily at the time,
but, with his usual awkward pertinacity,
he insisted upon attempting to walk to
the best part of the deck, as he al-
ways did, as if it were a right and
a duty. A hunch brought him to a
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