

### FALLING STARS.

BY GEORGE A. COUGLIETTE.  
I stood in the glister'd city,  
When the evening sun was set,  
And the air was sweet with roses,  
And the breath of the mignonette,  
And watched in the arch of heaven,  
In the east, the south, and north,  
The glowing night-lamps forth.

Behind me lay the city,  
With its endless rush and roar;  
And I heard at my feet the murmur  
Of the water, and the shore.

Far out upon the water,  
The steamer's shriek I heard,  
And the broad sail of the schooner  
Plays like a giant bird.

Then a meteor swept above me  
With a train of light,  
Like the fiery meteor of a glorious furnace  
Athwart the gloom of night.

And I called to mind the legend,  
How that each was a fire-brand  
Held by the hand of Heaven,  
The hand of Heaven's rampart stand.

And of the bended heavens  
Another meteor flew,  
And deeper into my pulses  
The weird, wild legend drew,

Then a meteor over my fancy,  
A fire a-silence over the sea,  
And the air seemed filled with armes  
And feet of battle-ships.

Above the din of the city,  
And above the waves on the shore,  
I heard the roar, the roar,  
The roar, the rush, the roar.

I saw the glittering squadrons  
Wheel into close array,  
Neath their cloudy crimsoned plazons  
With the brightness of the day;

And I called to mind the legend,  
As they glowed over the sky;

Till an aching sense of languor  
Fall upon me.

Till the moon low in the heavens  
Hung like a golden horn,

And the breeze from the east came laden

With the message of the morn.

WOODSTOCK, Vt.

"A TOURIST FROM INJANNY."

We first saw him from the deck of the Unser Fritz, as that gallant steamer was preparing to leave the port of New York for Plymouth, Havre and Hamburg. Perhaps it was the thought that made him look so indifferently upon the memory of the departing voyager—perhaps it was that more interrupting trivialities always assume undue magnitude to us when we are waiting for something really important—but I retain a vivid impression of him as he appeared on the gangway in apparently hopeless, yet, as it afterward appeared, really triumphant, alteration with the German-speaking deck-hands and stewards. He was not an heroic figure. Clad in a worn liner duster, his arms filled with bags and parcels he might have been taken from a pack-mule, he gave his hand to the public man. But it was not his hand that he gave. It was not his hand that, although he calmly persisted in speaking English and ignoring the volatile German of his antagonists, he in some rude fashion accomplished his object without losing his temper or incurring his enemy was crimson with rage and perspiring with heat; and that present, having violated a dozen of the ship's regulations, he took his place by the side of a pretty girl, apparently his superior in station, who addressed him as "father." As the gay ship went out into the storm he still went on his way, addressing all with equal familiarity, imperturbable to affront or insult, but always doggedly and consistently adhering to one purpose, however trivial or inadequate to the means employed. "You're sittin' on suthin' o' mine, Miss," he said, for the third or fourth time, to the elegant Miss Montmorris, who was revisiting Europe under high social conditions. "Jist rise up while I get it—twon't take a mint." Not only was this lady forced to rise but she was overcome by the vision and discomfiting of the whole Montmorris party who were congregated around her. The missing "suthin'" was discovered to be a very old and battered newspaper, "The Cincinnati Times," he explained, as he quietly took it up, oblivious to the indignant glances of the party. "It's a little squashed by your sittin' on it, but it'll do to refer to. It's got a letter from Payson, showin' the prices o' them that hotels and restaurants, and I allowed to my darter we might was in the old hotel same as Mr. T. and Co. in Frenchy's. You see that—there that—gets me—mebbe your eyes is stronger—but here the entire Montmorris party rustled away, leaving him with the paper in one hand—the other pointing at the paragraph. Not at all disturbed, he glanced at the vacant bench, took possession of it with his hat, duster and umbrella, disappeared, and presently appeared again with his daughter, a lank-looking young man, and an angular elderly female, and—so replaced the Montmorris.

When we were fairly at sea he was missed. A pleasing belief that he had fallen overboard, or had been left behind, was dispelled by his return on one occasion with his daughter on our arm, and the elderly female before all buted to the other. The Unser Fritz was rolling heavily at the time, but, with his usual awkward pertinacity, he insisted upon attempting to walk toward the best part of the deck, the he always did, as it were a right and a duty. A lurch brought him and his uncertain freight in contact with the Montmorris, there was a moment of wild confusion, two or three scuds were emitted, and he was led away by the steward, an obviously and obtrusively sick man. It was noticed that he had pealed before, it was noticed that he had acquired two excellent seats for his female companions. Nobody dared to distract the elder; nobody dared to distract the younger—who, it may be here recorded, had a certain shy reserve which checked aught but the simplest civilities from the male passengers.

A few days later it was discovered that he was not an inmate of the first, but of the second cabin; that the elderly female was a very popularly supposed, but the room-mate of his daughter in the first cabin. These facts made his various intrusions on the saloon deck the more exasperating to the Montmorris, yet the more difficult to deal with. Eventually, however, he had as usual, his own way; no place was sacred, or debarred his slothed hat and duster. They were turned out of the engine-room to reappear upon the bridge, they were forbidden the fore castle to a ghostly presence beside the officer in his solemn supervision of the steers. They would have been lashed to the rigging on their way to the maintop—but for the silent protest of his daughter's presence on deck. Most of his interrupting family conversation was addressed to the interdicted "man at the wheel."

Heitherto I had contented myself with the fascination of his presence from afar—wisely, perhaps, deeming it dangerous to a true picturesque perspective to alter my distance, and perhaps, like the best of us, I fear, preferring to keep my own idea of him than to run the risk of altering it by a closer acquaintance. One day when I was lounging by the starboard, idly, looking for a dogged ostentation of the sexes, that had been steadily intimating, after the fashion of scroves, that it was the only thing in the ship with a persistent purpose, the ominous shadow of the slouched hat and the trailing duster fell upon me. There was nothing to do but accept it weekly. Indeed, my theory of the man made me helpless.

"I didn't know until yesterday who you be," he began deliberately, "or I shouldn't he've been so onocial. But I've allers told my darter that in permis-

kiss travlin' a man ought to be keepful of who he meets. I've read some of your writin's—read 'em in a paper in Injanny—but I never reckoned I'd meet ye. This is queer, and travlin' brings all sorter people together. My darter Loozee suspected ye from the first, and she worried over it, and kinder put me up to this."

"The darter's flattery could not have done more. To have been in the thought of this reserved, genteel girl, who scarcely seemed to notice even those who had paid her attention was

"She put me up to it," he continued calmly, "though she, herself, hez a kind o' pre-judice again you and your writin's—thinkin' them sort o' low down, and the folks talked about not to her style—and ye know that o' her's woman's nater, and she and Miss Montmorris agree on that point. But that's a few friends with me round yez would like to see ye. He stepped in, and, with a smile, said:

"She is ez clean ez a fresh milk-pun and ez bright. Nothin' sticks to 'em. Eh! Eh!"

"You are right."

"Well, she looks up at me this way," here he achieved a wily imitation of his daughter's modest glance, not at all like her, "and, looking at me, she sez quietly. 'That's what I'm goin' for and to improve my mind.' I say to her, 'It's a fact.' She is a nobleman and impudent in Indian file from behind the round-house, and, with a solemnity known only to the Anglo-Saxon nature, shook my hand deliberately, and then dispersed themselves in various attitudes against the railings. They were honest, well-meaning countrymen of mine, but I could not recall a single face.

There was a dead silence; the screw, however, ostentatiously went on. "You see what I told you," it said. "This is all vapidity and trifling. I'm the only fellow here with a purpose. Whiz, thuz, chug, chug, chug."

I was about to make some remark of the sort, when he had discharged himself of the man, although I may add, I was also doubtful of the accuracy of my own estimate. But one quality was always dominant—his restless, dogged pertinacity and calm imperturbability! "He asked Miss Montmorris if she "mindin' singin' a little in the second cabin to liven it up, and added, as an inducement that they didn't know good music from bad," said Jack Walter to me. "And, when he mended the broken lock in my trunk, he abhorably propped the trunk, and the finished fruit looks white and clean enough to eat—which is more than can be said of that dried bin Laden and dust-bearin' wind, and visited by sun and dust-bearin' wind, and visited by egg-laying insects innumerable.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Practical Farmer* says that in the spring of 1877 he planted thirty-five forest trees in his door-yard; nineteen of them standing in ground cultivated for flowers have grown, up to this time, from six to six feet; the remainder, in grass, have scarcely started at all; and it looks as though it would take them ten years to make such growth as the others have in two."

But the public man hastily deprecated any interference with the speaker's functions, and, to change the conversation, remarked that he had heard that there were a party of Cook's tourists on board, and—were not the preceding gentlemen the sort of the number? But the question caused the speaker to lay aside his hat, and, looking at the other, he was silent in some obscure way in or upon the top of the cabin to liven it up, and added, as an inducement that they didn't know good music from bad," said Jack Walter to me. "And, when he mended the broken lock in my trunk, he abhorably propped the trunk, and the finished fruit looks white and clean enough to eat—which is more than can be said of that dried bin Laden and dust-bearin' wind, and visited by sun and dust-bearin' wind, and visited by egg-laying insects innumerable.

Mr. GEO. T. POWELL, Ghent, N. Y., agricultural editor of the *Chatham Courier*, dries ten bushels of apples daily in a small building with a round roof, by a cylinder stove placed horizontally, and the finished fruit looks white and clean enough to eat—which is more than can be said of that dried bin Laden and dust-bearin' wind, and visited by sun and dust-bearin' wind, and visited by egg-laying insects innumerable.

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