

ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

BY HORACE SMITH.
And then had walked about—how strange a story! In Thelus's streets, three thousand years ago, When the Memnonium was in all its glory, And the world had begun to move, The temples, palaces, and piles stupendous, Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak I for them long enough hast acted dummy; I'll have a tongue, come, let us hear its tune! Those remaining on the earth, the ground, Mummify.

Reviewing the glories of the moon, Not of the sun, or of dismasted creatures, But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs, and feet—

Of which the very relays are tremendous.

Speak I for them long enough hast acted dummy;

With Curses or Cuphene's archet.

Or either pyramid that bears his name?

Is Pompey's still a reality a thousand years?

The world is a hundred times as young, as song by Homer's.

Perchance that very hand, now pinched fist,

Has hub-scobbed with Pharaoh glass to glass,

Or rippled a half-penny in Homer's hat,

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,

A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask then if that hand, when armed,

Has any Roman soldier marked and claimed;

And Rome and Remus had been suckled;

Antiquity appears to have begun.

Long, long ago the world was run.

The world could develop, if that withered tongue

Might tell us what those eighties orbe have seen,

How the world looked when it was fresh and young,

Or when the great and goodly host it greeves;

What then, when, what strange adventures numbed?

Still silent, incommodious of the dead!

Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;

But prithee, tell us, what the prison-hous;

Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,

What then, when, what strange adventures numbed?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,

We have all around seen some strange mutes,

The world's empire has begun and ended.

New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,

And countries Kings have into dust resolved,

What then, when, what strange adventures numbed?

Didst hear not hear the polar o'er thy head

When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,

Marched armies over the land with thundering tread,

Or when the Persians, Greeks, Apes, etc.,

When the gigantic Memnon fell saunter?

If the tomb's record may not be confessed,

The nature of thy life unfold?

A hand that held a cub in its bosom,

And when about that cub have rolled?

Have children clutched those knees and kissed that

What was thy name, and station, age and race?

State of flesh—immortal of the dead!

Incommodious of the evanescent!

Emphatic man, who quaff'd thy morn's bed;

And when the sun had shone upon thy presence!

Then will thou hear nothing till the judgment morning,

When the great trump shall thrill them with its woe.

A CIVILIZED BEAR.

Why was he called Ben? Because that was his name. You wonder why that name was given to him? Well, that may have been for various reasons. The name Ben is a very common name. A very small cub he had a man's name; nothing but an old she-bear mother and a little cub brother like himself—no more.

There was a party of hunters or trap-pers camped upon the bank of a Western river, and among them a half-grown boy, who, having finished his breakfast one morning before the others, like a boy-like wandered off of his restlessness to see what he could find. And what he did find was a bear cub, a little cub.

He was too young for him to be afraid of any fear of them, and so, without a thought of any other bear in the world, he picked them up by the napes of the necks, one in each hand, and started back for the camp. Though the little cub were unable to defend themselves, or resent this liberty with their persons, they could still make help, which they did, screaming piteously, and aroused the sleeping mother not a bit.

Rendered desperate by the danger of losing her cub, she gave chase right into the enemy's camp with a set of great white teeth fully exposed in the open mouth, ears laid back and eyes glaring with rage. She was a formidable looking object, and the boy lost his presence of mind altogether. With desperation clutching at his heart, as he lay dependent upon his retainings, his hold upon them. As he approached the camp of flying speed he made himself the subject of much future misery by bawling out to the party, still seated at their breakfast, right in his path, "C—l—e—a— the track! H—e—re we come! Me and the b—s!"

Just at this critical moment—for the old bear was right at his heels—he stumbled and dropped one of the cubs, and the other, still more frightened, fled.

The bear, glad to recover one of her lost darlings, stopped for a moment to caress him, while the boy regained his feet and escaped to the camp with the other.

As soon as the men could snatch their rifles they hurried off in search of the old bear and the remaining cub, but the bereaved mother, who had run to the rock, lay a mere shadow, could not be found. In telling his adventures afterward at the camp the boy remarked: "If I hadn't dropped that cub I would have been—would have been!" He didn't quite know what he would have been, so he didn't tell; but one of the hunters interrupted him by saying: "You would be Ben, and so you hung on to him. I reckon that the cub's name's Ben." That is probably the reason he was so called.

At all events his name was Ben, and by that name I introduce him to you.

Ben soon forgot his poor old mother, as well as his little brother, adapted himself to his new surroundings and was metamorphosed into a "tame bear," that is, knew no associations but human, and could be tamed as a rule.

More's the pity, for this fearless intimacy with man was the ultimate ruin of poor little Ben.

When the camp broke up, little Ben was placed in a wicker cage impressed by the boy, and thrown rather roughly into the wagon, with the skins, traps, and venison, etc., and carried off to the settlement, where he was peisted through the fall, and slept through the greater part of the winter, as is the nature of his family.

In the spring, when the journey had to be made to the trading post for ammunition and other supplies, Ben was furnished with a more substantial and necessary cage, and was carried for him to the wagon with which his master was to make the tedious journey of three or four days' duration. It ended just at night of the fourth day, and Ben saw by the fading light an old block house formerly built for safety against the Indians, and a tavern which seemed almost bar-room, with the skins, traps, and venison, etc., and the load, as yet. He only saw one large room, more brilliantly lighted than the rest, full of boisterous men, and a large log building used as a store, and containing everything needed in a new country. This was also brightly lighted, and a considerable number of men were lounging about the door or seated upon the broad porch.

The bear did not altogether like this enforced companionship, not from any sense of degradation at the association with such a company, but when he awoke from his darkness he found that he also wanted a little more whisky to quiet his throbbing nerves, and as this last desire of solace was always gone when the man was around he naturally concluded that he was the thief, and resolved to rid himself of the nuisance. Bears are cunning, and Ben, in pursuance of a plan, one night stopped a little short, rolled over before he had time to be detected, and feigned sleep until the third day, again appeared on the scene. There was more in the bottle than usual this night, which made the wary politician a little suspicious of the bear; so procuring a long stick, he tried to poke the bottle out of reach, but in doing so, it tipped and spilled some whisky. Ben seemed so perfectly stupefied, he ventured boldly. As he stooped to pick up the bottle, he struck him a powerful blow on the head, which settled the poor inebriate forever. Then, swallowing the whisky he had, Ben fell over, this time in a real stupor.

The murderer and his victim were found, an hour or so after, side by side. The news spread rapidly, and the horrified citizens flocked to the scene. When Ben opened his eyes, all unconscious of the magnitude of his crime, he was astounded at the multitude, and, greatly pleased, began playing with the body of his victim. A number of his brothers, which awed the bewildered brute, and the body of the murdered man was dragged, without further notice, from his destroyer. Ben's doom was fixed from the first; no trial was required, no more evidence was necessary. There was no friend to offer a plea of insanity, to prove an alibi, or offer by way of extenuation the fact that he was stupefied by drink, that he had been led

on the ground. His master wanted to dispose of him, and would be obliged to remain at the post several days at any rate, and it was proposed to the landlord, and he agreed to, that Ben, being perfectly tame and harmless, should have a chain and collar, and be given greater liberty in one corner of the yard, where a post was planted, to which he was fastened.

The landlord was soon to speak to a famous hunter present, dressed in a suit of buckskin with fringed seams. The hunter nodded assent, and immediately left the yard. He made his way direct to the river, stepped into a canoe, and taking up the paddle with the air of one accustomed to it, silent as the stream, ascended the opposite bank, and disappeared in his cabin at the edge of the wood.

Meanwhile the crowd remained silent and expectant in the yard, conversing in an undertone. Ben stood snuffing the air in stupid wonder at the unwonted quiet of his audience. Soon the hunter returned with his trusty rifle. Every eye watched him as he approached the bear. Every ear caught a click of the hammer as he raised it and brought the gun to his cheek. A sharp report broke the stillness; there was a murmur from the throng; a last groan. The multitude slowly dispersed, and the curtain of night hid the lifeless form of poor dissolute Ben.—W. H. Beard, in *Harper's Weekly*.

THE SAGE OF CONCORD.

Ralph Waldo Emerson Passes to the Dism Future, Full of Years and Honors.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, poet and philosopher, died at his home in Concord, Mass., on the 27th ult., aged 79 years. The deceased, who was affectionately known as "The Sage of Concord," was born in Boston May 26, 1803.

He came of a family of great worth, being an ancestor of eight generations of ministers, whose lives and works are interestingly entwined in the early history of New England.

At 9 years old Ralph entered the public grammar school, and at 14 the Latin school. He made a name for himself in the school, and was promoted to the box—

and in 1820 he was ordained minister of the Second Church in Boston. In 1832 he resigned his place and gradually withdrew from the ministry, having lost faith in the dogmas of his church.

In 1833 Emerson made a voyage to Europe for the benefit of his health. In England he formed the acquaintance of many men of science, literature, and art.

He returned to Concord in 1836, and delivered a series of biographical lectures in Boston.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He died in his 79th year.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and

had a great influence on the world.

He was a man of great worth, and