

A York State Farmer who Loves to Fish.

In Chili there is an elderly farmer who is passionately fond of sport—especially hunting and fishing—and he has a son who is a chip of the old block in that as well as in other respects.

One day last summer the old gentleman left home, but before going set his boy at a job he was anxious to have done. Returning sooner than he was expected, he found that the boy was missing.

"Where's Tom," he growled, as he entered the kitchen door.

"Gone fishing," said the girl.

"Fishing! the rascal, I'll fish him when I catch him!"

And away the angry old fellow to the brook. Coming within hearing distance of his hopeful son, who was bending eagerly over the stream, the father yelled:

"Tom, you scoundrel! Tom!"

There was a deprecating movement of one hand on the part of the boy, who did not, however, turn his head. Still more angry, the avenging parent came nearer and bawled out:

"I'll learn you to stay home and work when—"

"Sh! sh! sh! father, said young Isaac Walton; "I've got a bite."

The old fellow's passion perceptibly cooled at that announcement, and luckily for the boy, the latter then hauled up a handsome perch. This was too much for dad, who sprang forward and helped unhook the fish, and then:

"Tom, have you got another hook?"

Victory perched on the boy's fish-line.—Rochester Sunday Herald.

MISS KATE SANBORN is delivering a course of lectures on literature in Boston. Her latest is on "Bachelor Authors." We had not thought there was such a procession of them as Kate musters into her lecture. Tasso, Petrarch and Boccaccio—all victims of unrequited love—Ben. Jonson, Thomson, Collins and Cowley, the latter, although very amiable otherwise, not being able (scarcely) to endure the sight of a woman; Pope, Lamb, Cowper, Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Gay, Horace Walpole, Rogers, Crabbe, Robinson, Keats, Chorley, Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Watts, who made the longest visit on record, a forty years' visit; Frederick Grimm, Beranger, Rabelais, Boileau, St. Beuve, Erasmus, Burton, George Buchanan (tutor to James the Sixth), were all bachelors. In our own country we have Irving, Whittier, Theodore Winthrop and the poet Whitman. If the subject should include sculptors, painters and musicians, many more would be brought in; Raphael, Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, Chopin and Beethoven. Congreve, Keats, Hans Andersen and Turner came under the head of "lady-killers." (Hans was "awful ugly," but that seems not to have interfered with his attractiveness). Whittier was styled "the ideal bachelor," Thoreau "the hermit," Thomas Hollis, who would not marry lest it should interrupt his studies, "the literary bachelor," and Mark Akenside "the irritable, cross-grained bachelor." The "corpulent bachelors" make a long, long list, with Hume and Gibbon at the top. Macaulay, as a bachelor, was a mystery, because he liked women and was liked by them; and when he loved, it was with entire and exclusive devotion. The old maids in literature described in a recent lecture were Queen Bess, Miss Carter, Catharine Talbot, Hannah More, Anna Seward, Jane Austen, Jane Porter, Joanna Bailie, Maria Edgeworth, Jane Taylor, Miss Mitford, Harriet Martineau, Matilda Betham, Mary Berry, Caroline Herschell, Elizabeth Smith and Helen Maria Williams.

Jeff Davis' Alleged Disguise.

[Portland (Me.) Argus]

I am no admirer of Jeff Davis. I am a Yankee, born between Saccarappa and Gorham Corner, am full of Yankee prejudices; but I think it wicked to lie even about him, or, for that matter, about the devil.

I was with the party that captured Jeff Davis; saw the whole transaction from its beginning. I now say—and hope you will publish it—that Jeff Davis did not have on, at the time he was taken, any garment such as is worn by women. He did have over his head a water-proof article of clothing—something like a "Havelock." It was not in the least concealed. He wore a hat and did not carry a pail of water on his head, nor carry pail, bucket, or kettle in any way.

To the best of my recollection he carried nothing whatever in his hands. His wife did not tell any person that her husband might hurt somebody if he got exasperated. She behaved like a lady, and he was as a gentleman, though manifestly he was chagrined at being taken into custody. Our soldiers behaved like gentlemen, as they were, and our officers like honorable, brave men; and the foolish stories that went the round of the day, telling how wolfishly he reported himself, were all false. I know what I am writing about. I saw Jefferson Davis many times while he was staying in Portland, several years ago; and I think I was the first one who recognised him at the time of his arrest.

When it was known that he was certainly taken, some newspaper correspondent—I knew his name at the time—fabricated the story about the disguise in an old woman's dress. I heard the whole matter talked over as a good joke; and the officers, who knew better, never took the trouble to deny it. Perhaps they thought the Confederate President deserved all the contempt that could be put upon him. I think so too, only I would never perpetrate a falsehood that by any means would become history. And further, I would never slander a woman who has shown so much devotion as Mrs. Davis has to her husband, no matter how wicked he is or may have been.

I defy any person to find a single officer or soldier who was present at the capture of Jeff Davis, who will say, upon honor, that he was disguised in woman's clothes, or that his wife acted in any way, unladylike or undignified on that occasion. I go for trying him for his crimes, and, if he is found guilty, punishing him. But I would not lie about him, when the truth will certainly make it bad enough. JAS. H. PARKER, Ellburville, Pa.

"No Real Hard Sense."

[Exchange.]

"Who paid their fare in cents an' on'y put four on 'em inter the box?" called out a street-car driver as he pointed his sharp face through the open car door.

Three men and five women sat as motionless as if made of pasteboard.

"Was it you?" said he, pointing his finger, that stuck out through a hole in his glove, at a fat woman.

"No, sir, 'twant no sech thing."

"Was it you?" and he pointed at Dan Pelter.

"Nary, I'm a virtuous member of siety," answered Dan.

So they all denied it, and the driver proceeded to remark:

Well, I'm glad 'twant none of ye, for one of them cents is er two-dollar 'an-a-half gold piece, an' the comp'ny is gainer of two hundred and forty-nine cents by that speculation."

"My stars an' garters!" exclaimed Dan, "that's jes' like all my financial 'vestments. I was a-tryin' ter beat the comp'ny out of er cent. Git it back ter me. Here's yer cent," and Dan thrust both hands down in his pockets, while an aghast look spread all over his broad expanse of freckled face.

"Yer tu cute, mister feller. Git up, ole Jack," and he drove on.

JOHN G. SAXE, the witty poet, thus advises: "In going to parties, just mind what you're at, beware of your head, and take care of your hat, lest you find that a favorite son of your mother, has an ache in the one, and a brick in the other."

POETRY.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY WILLIAM WARD.

Each thin hand resting on a grave
Her lips apart in prayer,
A mother knelt and left her tears
Upon the violets there;
O'er many a rood of vale and lawn,
Of hill and forest gloom,
The reaper, Death, had reveled in
His fearful "harvest home."
The last unquiet summer shone
Upon a fruitless fray;
From yonder forest charged the Blue,
Down yonder slope the Gray.

"The hush of death was on the scene,
And sunset o'er the dead,
In that oppressive silence,
A pall of glory spread;
I know not, dare not question how
I met the ghastly glare
Of each upturned and stirless face
That shrunk and whitened there.
I knew my noble boys and stood
Through all that withering day—
I knew that Willie wore the Blue,
That Harry wore the Gray.

"I thought of Willie's clear blue eye,
His wavy hair of gold,
That clustered on a fearless brow
Of purest Saxon mould;
Of Harry with his raven locks
And eagle glance of pride;
Of how they clasped each other's hand,
And left their mother's side.
How, hand in hand, they bore my prayers
And blessing on the way—
A noble heart beneath the Blue,
Another 'neath the Gray.

"The dead, with white and folded hands,
That hushed our village homes,
I've seen laid calmly, tenderly,
Within their darkened rooms;
But here I saw distorted limbs,
And many an eye aglare
In the soft purple twilight of
The thunder-smitten air;
Along the slope and on the sward,
In ghastly ranks they lay,
And there was blood upon the Blue,
And blood upon the Gray.

"I looked and saw—his blood and his—
A swift and vivid dream
Of blended years flashed o'er me; then
Like some cold shadow, came
A blindness of the eye and brain;
The same that seizes one
When men are smitten, suddenly,
Who overstate the sun,
And while blurred with the sudden stroke
That swept my soul, I lay;
They buried Willie in his Blue
And Harry in his Gray.

"The shadows fall upon their graves,
They fall upon my heart,
And through the twilight of my soul,
Like dew, the tears will start;
The starlight comes so silently,
And lingers where they rest.
So Hope's revealing starlight falls
And sinks within my breast—
They will not ask in yonder Heaven,
Where smiles eternal day,
Why Willie wore the loyal Blue,
Why Harry wore the Gray."

In regard to the Correspondent's column was the author of the poem "Though Lost to Sight to Memory Dear." I find the following in my scrap-book: "TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEWS AND COURIER: One of your correspondents, in a recent issue, asks for the author of 'Though Lost to Sight to Memory Dear.' This familiar line appears in a poem by Ruthven Jenkyns, first published in the Greenwich Magazine, 170 years ago. Tennyson has something similar in his 'In Memoriam.' I copy Jenkyn's poem for you:

"Sweetheart, good-bye, the fluttering sail
Is spread to wait me far from thee,
And soon before the favoring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year,
But unforgotten ever charm,
Though lost to sight to mem'ry dear.

"Sweetheart, good-bye! One last embrace!
O, cruel Fate! true souls to sever!
Yet in this heart's most sacred place,
Thou, Thou alone, shalt dwell forever!
And still shall recollection trace,
In Fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that form, that face,
Though lost to sight to mem'ry dear.

"Sweetheart, good-bye! though nevermore
The wave may bear me back to thee,
Though thrown upon some distant shore
By angry wind and surging sea,
My constant heart would still recall,
The soft brown eyes and browner hair,
And know thy tones, thy touch, thy all,
Though lost to sight to mem'ry dear."

W. W. G.