

first a little grieved and sensitive about Mrs. Hartland coming as she did between him and the dearest love and fondest care of the Captain, but Laura's affectionate nature soon won the boy to herself, and in the end he came back to his own little room in the cottage, and was quite as much at home there as at his grandfather's. Philomena Nelson, or "Mina," as she was called, had been his playmate, but she was now gone back to her brother; much to the regret of Laura, who, though older (now her heart was at rest), was no graver than the sedate little girl, and they had become the fondest of friends.

Dear, patient reader, you who have kindly travelled through so many years with me, shall I impair the romance of this story, founded on unquestionable fact, by bringing down my living heroes and heroines to this gracious year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five? or shall I leave the remainder of their lives to your fertile imagination? Preferring the latter, you can here close the book, leaving these few last pages for the prosaic eyes of your Uncles and Aunts.

Dear Hawth' orndean! lovely, unsurpassed as ever, with thy verdant hill-tops crowned with the rich and varied hues of autumn tide! Time, the great innovator, has wonderfully spared the beauties of this lovely region.

The village has not developed into a country town, the same undisturbed quiet lanes open their stores of beauty to the eye and to the heart of the seeker. The mighty steam-power has not dared to invade these hills, but ah, in the distant valley, ay, in the very shadow of "Paradise" and "Purgatory," the fire-horse darts through the embowered beauties of "Sunny Nook;" friendly hands sought to save from desecration this well-beloved spot, but railroad corporations have no souls.

Hawthornean boasts now an hotel, all the business of the region crowding toward the valleys, consequently the multitudes of summer strangers from the cities, who import into our plain country homes their artificial town customs, and laugh at our rural habits, are just beginning to find out our snug quarters. But our early friends from the city, linked by ties of blood and friendship with the Hawthorne estate, have never forsaken lovely Hawthornean. In the old mansion, Philip Benton and his wife, in "gentle life's descent," wait hand in hand their summons; full of peace and calm joy, their last days their happiest. Our kind-hearted Colonel, on the retired list of his country's servants, passes his time between his two homes, equally at head-quarters in town or country.

In the year of our Lord above named, on such a morning in "yellow clad autumn," our Rosine stood where she stood one well-remembered June day long ago, when she pointed out to Mr. Greenwood, for the first time, the beauties of that spot. Harry is by her side; they are many years older, but the fresh, kindly look that never grows old, shines from both their faces; his bearing expresses always that same deferential admiration of his wife, which says so plainly, "The heart of her husband trusteth in her." They are prolonging the vacation from their busy town life for their children's sake; they are now watching a party on the lawn, earnestly engaged in a game of croquet. I speak advisedly when I say "earnestly," for persons never in earnest elsewhere are aroused to energy here. Beyond the band of players, two ladies of mature age are also watching intently the nearly completed game. Down go the mallets at length, the winning party running to the veranda. A blooming young girl was the first to reach the destination, and bring the news. "There, mamma," exclaims the little Hebe, addressing Rosine, "Uncle Ned and I beat Uncle Aleck and Cousin Lily."

"Yes, Isa, we did it handsomely. Come, sit on my knee; chairs seem to be a scarce article in these quarters."

At once we are carried back to the voice and manner of our old friend, Dr. Hartland, now considerably past middle age, but as erect in his carriage, and curt in his speech as erst.

"I won't come if you call me Isa—sy," replied the pouting young damsel, drawing out the name.

"Well, Dora then; Isadora, my beloved, will you condescend to rest yourself in these arms?"

Then began a tussle, and the bird was at length captured by the all-conquering Doctor; evidently very glad was the Miss of her seat on his knee.

"Has anybody told you the news, Harry?" he said, when the little lady had fixed herself to her mind; turning to the father and mother who watched with delight the fond friendship ripening each day between dear old Ned and their first-born darling. "I saw by the 'Times' last week (I don't suppose you read newspapers in this hermitage) that Leighton's brigade, which includes Harold's regiment, were all ordered to report in New York to be mustered out; a very sensible arrangement in the Department, as most of the soldiers belong west of the Mississippi. Father is as pleased with the uncommon praise they shower on this brigade as if his own son were the commanding officer."

The memory of Andrew Johnson still survives in Tennessee. A gentleman writing from Greenville, the former home of the ex-President, says:—"The veritable tailor's shop is standing, and may be seen by any visitor. Mine host worked with Andy on the bench. Mr. Johnson's old home, a plain and simple structure bearing the impress of time, is on a retired street. The house in which Mr. Johnson lived when he first came to Tennessee is a small one-story frame, twelve by fourteen feet, two doors and one window. His tailor's shop was much the same kind of a structure, with a plain board sign, without border, two and a-half feet long and eighteen inches wide, blackish base, with yellowish-red letters, 'A. Johnson, Tailor.' The house in which he last lived is a very plain but neat two-story, with a two-story wing running from one end. His son now occupies the home. Crape hangs on the door-knob yet."

Noels' Noquey.

GOD PITY THE POOR.

The wild rushing wings of the tempest are sweeping
The frost fettered land like a spirit of wrath;
The fierce, icy breath with keen arrows is piercing
The breasts of the wand'ers who stand in his path;
The earth in a trance lies enshrouded in silence,
The storm king knocks loudly at window and door;
The prayer of the pitiful fervently rises—
God shelter the homeless and pity the poor!

God pity the poor who are wearily sitting
By desolate hearth-stones, cold, cheerless, and bare,
From which the last ember's pale flicker has faded,
Like Hope dying out in the midst of despair;
Who look on the wide world and see it a desert,
Where ripple no waters, no green branches wave,
Who see in a future as dark as the present
No rest but the death-bed, no home but the grave.

God pity the poor when the eddying snow-drifts
Are whirled by the wrath of the winter winds by,
Like showers of leaves from the pale-eyed star-lilies
That float in the depths of the blue lake on high;
For though they are draping the broad earth in beauty,
And veiling some flaw in each gossamer fold,
That beauty is naught to the mother whose children
Are crouching around her in hunger and cold.

God pity the poor, for the wealthy are often
As hard as the winter, and cold as its snow;
While fortune makes sunshine and summer around them,
They care not for others, nor think of their woe;
Or if from their plenty a trifle be given,
So doubtfully, grudgingly, often 'tis doled,
That to the receiver their "charity" seemeth
More painful than hunger, more bitter than cold.

God pity the poor! for though all men are brothers,
Though all say "Our Father," not mine, when they pray,
The proud ones of earth turn aside from the lowly,
As if they were fashioned of different clay;
They see not in those who in meekness and patience
Toil, poverty, pain, without murmur endure,
The image of Him whose first couch was a manger,
Who chose for our sakes to be homeless and poor.

—'Young Crusader.'

THE NAPOLEONIC FAMILY.

A WEEKLY journal, speaking of the recent article in the 'Globe' on Lord Beaconsfield, commits itself to the strange assertion that the late Emperor Napoleon "by all evidence sived nothing." At the time of his overthrow various reports were in circulation as to the amount of personal property held by the Emperor, and to the circumstantial statements as to its investment Messrs Baring were instructed to give a public contradiction, the actual meaning of which puzzled most readers. Within the past day or two, however, still further light has been thrown upon the resources of the exiled Imperial family, and the means it possesses of keeping up its social dignity as well as the often necessary political agitation. The document, which purports to give only the real estate actually held in France by or in trust for the ex-Empress and her son, is stated to be an officially-prepared document—of which, however, only a few copies have been allowed to pass into unofficial hands. The list, as far as regards Paris, comprises three houses or hotels in the Rue de l'Élysée, one let at a rental of £2,000 per annum, and the others, occupied by M. Rouher, are valued by the Credit Foncier at £36,000; an hotel in the Rue de Courcelles, valued at £53,000; a house in the Rue d'Albe, valued at £36,000, but mortgaged in the Credit Foncier for £14,000; two houses in the Rue François Ier, valued at £44,000, and mortgaged for £30,000; three houses in the Rue Desgennes, partially destroyed by an explosion, and sold subsequently for £4,000, on which, however, there is a mortgage of £14,000, whilst another house in the same street has been assigned to the use of General Ferray d'Isly. The total gross value of the Paris property, therefore, may be reckoned at least £213,000 on which there are mortgages to the extent of £43,000. But in the provinces also the late Emperor, with a desire to give an impetus to fashionable watering places and experimental farming, acquired houses and estates elsewhere in France. To the former belong his houses at Vichy, Marseilles, Biarritz, and Bayonne, to the latter the land at Boukhadard (Algiers), and the Solferino property in the Landes, where much profitable result has been obtained from the bold idea of cultivating these wastes; to these must be added the domain of La Jonchère, not far from Paris—valuable both as a future building speculation and a present country abode. The whole of these estates are valued at not less than £320,000. One only of them, that in the Landes, is mortgaged, and only for the small sum of £10,000. In addition to this avowed property—and it is asserted that the Empress holds under numerous *prête-noms* a large amount of landed and house property in different parts of France—the Bonaparte family possess large estates in Spain, Italy, in Civita Nova, and Rome, in Switzerland, Corsica, and England. As for the personal property, no just idea can be arrived at of its amount, some estimates reaching nearly three millions sterling, and some falling as low as one million. In any case, there is enough to prove that the late Emperor Napoleon, however free-handed he may have shown himself in distributing money, was not altogether forgetful of the possible force of destiny, and took occasion to insure to himself as light a fall as possible by providing a beautiful supply of well-stuffed cushions.—Exchange.