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 AS PUBLISHED  
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VOL. III. "Pro Bono Publico." No. 157

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**Poetry.**  
**TWO DREAMS.**

Wearied the king took off his crown;  
 In either hand he poised its weight.  
 "Tis strange how heavy it has grown,"  
 He said, and with an impatient frown  
 He eyed it with a kind of hate;  
 Then on his bed he laid him down,  
 And slept, and in a twinkling dreamed.  
 Oh! dream of ecstasy and bliss!  
 Delight through all his senses streamed;  
 A ragged vagabond he seemed;  
 Free winds of heaven his hair did kiss—  
 On his bare skin the free sun beamed.

At morn he waked, bewildered first,  
 Or where he was, or who he might be;  
 Then saw the crown, and with a burst  
 Of sudden rage he swore and cursed;  
 "No beggar would change lives with me!  
 Of all hard fates, the king's the worst!"  
 Outside of the palace, on the ground,  
 Starved half to death and freezing cold,  
 Less sheltered than the meanest hound,  
 A beggar slumbered safe and sound,  
 And dreams to him came swift and bold,  
 As if a palace walled him round.

He dreamed he was a king indeed;  
 Oh! dream of ecstasy and bliss!  
 Of food he had his utmost greed;  
 Of gold beyond his utmost need;  
 All men knelt low his hand to kiss  
 And gave his word obedient heed.  
 At morn he waked, bewildered first,  
 Or who he was, or where he might be,  
 Then quick, by hunger and by thirst,  
 He knew himself and groaned and cursed;  
 "No creature pity takes on me!  
 A beggar's fate of all is worst!"  
 —Independent.

Paragaphers all remind us  
 We may make our jokes sublime,  
 And by stealing keep beside us  
 Cards of copy all the time.  
 —Cincinnati Star.  
 Copy that perhaps another  
 tracking his poor head in vain,  
 May appropriate, sans credit,  
 And, forthwith, take heart again.  
 —Boston Journal of Commerce.  
 But some have this consolation,  
 That, so brilliant is their wit,  
 Every clipper in the nation  
 Willingly would father it.  
 —New York Telegram.  
 Consolation! Out upon it!  
 Every man who long would live,  
 Must with pencil nicely sharpened  
 Every item credit give.  
 —Detroit Free Press.  
 Then let the truth be spoken,  
 By ye ink slingers every one;  
 When'er your columns need a joke in,  
 You seize your scissors—yum-yum.  
 Port Hope Guide.  
 Pen and scissors; ye who use them,  
 And rake your brains from morn till  
 night;  
 If in this world you don't get credit,  
 You'll get it in the next alright.

**CISSY.**  
 A CHRISTMAS STORY.

In the little village of Mytton, Lancashire,  
 is one of the prettiest old churches, where  
 the old Sherburnes sleep, side by side, on  
 their venerable stone couches. Good Squire  
 Leadbetter, the most regular attendant at  
 church, often thought that these recumbent  
 warriors and their noted dames, picturesque  
 as their attitudes were, took up somewhat  
 too much room, and would have exchanged  
 some, at least, for a few extra pews.  
 He was a vehement man, this squire—  
 smooth of aspect and courteous in manner,  
 but with a boisterous soul, quick to resent.  
 Some dated this irritability from the death  
 of his wife, the charming, trusting wor-  
 shipping Eva Leadbetter, who believed him  
 to be the noblest, cleverest being in the  
 world—which he was not—and that envy,  
 malice, hatred, and ill-will were exerted to  
 prevent his being Prime Minister of Eng-  
 land.  
 There was left him, however, a second  
 Eva, a pretty, little child, her mother's  
 replica, a most engaging little prattler with  
 a sort of child's wisdom and good sense that  
 was rather uncommon.  
 Cissy was her name; and Cissy Leadbet-  
 ter used to advise gravely with her father  
 on all the village difficulties and troubles,  
 and sometimes caused him to turn and gaze  
 on her with wonder as she indicated, rather  
 than suggested, a solution of the difficulty.  
 A very serious little personage too. The  
 fact was, "mamma's death" had overshad-  
 owed the mansion, and hid all in it; and,  
 roomy as it was, with a fine, old stair and  
 some great rooms rambling away, dark,  
 echoing, they lived below, on the ground  
 floor, which was, indeed, ample enough for  
 all concerned. Thus the regions above be-  
 came associated in her mind with mystery;  
 it seemed akin to dark clouds on gloomy  
 days, and was, in short, sacred to mamma.  
 Mamma was gone, and the misty realms

overhead were, as it were, gone from them  
 too. She had never been upstairs "in my  
 life" she would say with an air of experi-  
 ence, as though she were forty or fifty years  
 old.

There was another wise personage residing  
 in that rather gloomy mansion—the dog,  
 Neptune by name. A huge bloodhound,  
 solemn and sagacious, walking like a philoso-  
 pher, and with a deep bay or growl, that  
 recalled the low pipe of the organ in Myt-  
 ton church.

He was Cissy's friend and companion;  
 both were fast friends, walking out together  
 and communicating in a way that was suf-  
 ficiently intelligible.  
 They went out to walk together, and the  
 pair were as well known as the Preston  
 Coach, she tripping it very fast, and Nep-  
 tune stalking along very slowly, to accom-  
 modate his pace to hers. But there was  
 another shadow over that young existence.

About a quarter of a mile off lived one  
 Squire Hornby, the owner of Hornby Chase,  
 their nearest neighbor and relative, too,  
 whose inviting old house could be seen from  
 the windows of Leadbetter Hall, and more  
 especially that wet lawn on to which the  
 Hornby's used to troop out for bowls or oth-  
 er pastime—a gay, handsome family of  
 merry girls and boys. Nay, even the ring  
 of their cheerful voices would often be borne  
 to the ears of little Cissy, looking out wist-  
 fully from her own gloomy tenement. How  
 she longed to be with them, she and Nep-  
 tune, as she saw them fly round and round,  
 chasing each other, the bright colors glint-  
 ing in the sun. But there was a barrier in-  
 surmountable. Between the two squires  
 raged a feud, which dated from the marriage  
 of Mr. Leadbetter. His late wife being a  
 mere girl, and many years younger than he  
 was, was not acceptable to this family; and  
 Squire Hornby had uttered some rough  
 speeches, saying that his friend had been  
 taken in by a little adventuress, a speech  
 which the other had resented, and since  
 his wife's death had turned into a cause for  
 eternal hate. The offence became of a sud-  
 den rank, and cried for vengeance. It was  
 an insult to the dead.

Then had come a dispute about a bit of  
 land, or a path, which was fought with  
 fury; indeed, they would have been glad to  
 contend about a scrap of ribbon or paper—  
 anything for an excuse. And one day the  
 pair had met on the high road, and, dealing  
 out hot words, it had all but come to a blow  
 after which they never interchanged a word.  
 This was held by all around to be a disas-  
 trous thing for the parish; efforts were  
 made to mend matters and set the fracture;  
 and Parson Fenton, under whose guardian-  
 ship the stone Sherburnes sleep "in icy hoods  
 and mails," venturing once to reconstitute  
 with Squire Hornby, received so rude  
 a reception that a third party became drawn  
 into the quarrel, and it was known by the  
 rustics that "Parson and Squire beant  
 speakin', loike.

All this was miserable and very sad for  
 the poor, little mistress of the mansion, for  
 that intimacy, trifling as the occasion might  
 be, would have clearly changed the whole  
 course and color of her existence. It was  
 hard on Neptune, for here was society for  
 him, and acquaintances he would have liked  
 to make. There it was, however, and there  
 it was to be, the little grave, solemn girl and  
 her dog, and the brooding father, she being  
 brought up in this ascetic way, a perfect lit-  
 tle nun.

It was, indeed, a sore trial for her; these  
 were such gay brilliant children, their  
 clothes so fine, their carriages and attend-  
 ants so brilliant and numerous, and they  
 seemed so happy. On their side, the favor-  
 ed children often took note of the little,  
 monastic child, and wondered what a dreary  
 life she must be living. Sometimes they met  
 her on the road, and mamma, an amiable,  
 gentle lady, gave her a smile. But the pa-  
 pas had stercorally forbidden all intercourse.

Now, there are some who may recall the  
 Christmas of 183—, which was one of the  
 "hardest"—expressive term!—that old peo-  
 ple can remember. All things were snowed  
 up, high roads and private paths; coaches  
 stopped, gangs of men having to be employed  
 to cut them out of drifts, working like sol-  
 diers in the trenches. The branches of old  
 trees, burdened with a weight they were not  
 accustomed to, gave way, and many, enjoy-  
 ing an honored old age, lost their limbs, and  
 were ignobly crippled. It was a serious  
 business for Mytton, which was not on the  
 beaten track, and in danger of being alto-  
 gether cut off from the outer world. Some  
 visitors, too, had been invited for the first  
 time since mamma's death—a period for  
 which all things had been dimly reckoned  
 —so Cissy would have company. But two  
 days before Christmas the snow began; and

the visitors—friendly cousins—they, too,  
 may have been on the road, and, perhaps,  
 were "snowed up" at some wretched, coun-  
 try inn—made no sign. So instead of its  
 being the cheerful Christmas to which the  
 little nun was looking, it was actually to be  
 more dismal than usual, owing to disap-  
 pointment.  
 It was unfortunate, too, that at Hornby  
 Chase there was to be no lively Christmas.  
 Squire Hornby's family had all set off a  
 week before to a gay country house, and pa-  
 pa was to follow; but here was the pitiless  
 snow which had shut him up. Being an  
 affectionate man, his situation, removed  
 from children and wife, was pitiable enough.

It was late on Christmas Eve. The snow  
 had ceased falling. Lights were twinkling  
 among the trees, and Cissy was sitting in  
 the window looking out, while her father  
 was gazing vacantly into the glowing logs in  
 the grate. Suddenly there was a sound of  
 trampling in the hall, and of cheerful voices,  
 and the stout cook came running up in per-  
 son to announce the joyful news.

"Please, sir, here's a hamper's come!"  
 Down went father and daughter to wel-  
 come it, and there was a rough carrier, who  
 had come across from Whalley.  
 "They got the coach through this morn-  
 ing," he said, "with fifty men working all  
 night; and I thout, as you'd sent over for  
 the hamper, that this must be she."

"Why, it can't be for me," said Mr. Lead-  
 better; "we expected no hamper. No one  
 ever dreams of sending me anything."  
 "Well, you see, sir, what with the snow  
 and slush, there be no directions, or it be  
 fallen off. But it be for you, in course."

There was no card or direction, but there  
 was the moral certainty from the contents,  
 the carter unpacking it himself, and drawing  
 forth an enormous goose of Leadenhall, so  
 stupendous that Cissy exclaimed, with con-  
 viction—  
 "There, papa! That proves it—the  
 goose!"

There was wine below, and there were  
 Strasburg pies, and all sorts of good things.  
 He went away to his room, and the carrier  
 departed. Cissy left, and carefully  
 making investigations of the treasures of the  
 hamper, began to grow grave and yet  
 graver.  
 "No," she said; "I begin to think this  
 cannot be for us."

It was too splendid; and when she came  
 to a box containing a pretty, little, gold  
 cross, with a pair of ear-rings, the most  
 lovely piece of work in the world, for which  
 she would have given her eyes, she shook  
 her head sadly. On the top of this box was  
 a little scrap of paper, hastily written over—  
 "Dearest, I send the things as you de-  
 sired, with the ornament for little Ciss.  
 We expect your dear self on Christmas  
 Eve."

So it was for them, after all! Oh, what  
 ecstasy—what delight! And the little cross  
 and ear-rings—they were for her! She put  
 both on, of course, and looked in the glass;  
 then she was about to rush up to papa, when  
 the little face grew grave and sad.

"Oh, it can't be—it can't be!" she said.  
 "Papa will take nothing from the Hornby's;  
 but he must, for my sake!"  
 She rushed to her father, who had retired  
 to his gloomy cave.

"Look! look!" she cried. "It's for me.  
 I found it out. And these trinkets, they're  
 for me?"  
 "I am glad," said he, kissing her, "that  
 somebody has thought of you this Christmas  
 and sent you a Christmas-box."  
 "But who do you think it is?" she said,  
 roguishly, and with her wise air.  
 "I am sure I could not guess," he said,  
 wearily.

"No, I am sure you could not," she an-  
 swered, "because it's from a person you  
 could never—Oh," she added, impulsively,  
 "isn't it truly generous to forget all the  
 quarrel, and make the first advance? For  
 it is one, you know, and—"  
 She faltered, for there was gathering in  
 his face a look of wonder, anger, and even  
 rage.

"You dared—I mean, they dared! As if  
 we were paupers, to whom they could send  
 their alms at Christmas! Take their gim-  
 cracks off—at once—without an instant's  
 delay! My poor Cis! But it's not your  
 fault."  
 And, turning from her, he seized his pen,  
 and she knew he was writing a furious let-  
 ter, for she heard him mutter—  
 "This must come to an end at once—at  
 once!"

Then he called to the servant, and bade  
 him pack up all the things and carry them  
 over to Hornby, "with the letter."  
 "And don't exchange a word with their  
 servants—not a word, mind—but throw it  
 down in their hall, at their door, and be-  
 gone."

The hamper was packed, the stupendous  
 goose re-introduced to his straw, and little  
 Ciss sadly took off the cross and ear-rings  
 and put them where they were before. It  
 was then carried away.  
 It began to grow dark, and in that little,  
 wide head a plan was being formed. She  
 stole up-stairs softly, and paused a moment  
 at the door of her father's study.

He was still at the fire, in his high-backed  
 chair, but his face was turned to "mamma's  
 picture" over the chimney-piece. And she  
 heard him say—  
 CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.