DON'T LET THEM BURY ME DEEP.

By Will Carleton.

[It will interest readers to know that this touching poem is founded upon an actual occurrence, which has lately obtained some publicity through the newspapers.]

Lift me a bit in my bed, father;
  Press your warm lips to my cheek;
Put your arm under my head, father—
  I am so tired and so weak.
I can not stay long awake now—
  Many a night I shall sleep.
Promise one thing for my sake now—
  Don't let them bury me deep!

Cover my head with sweet flowers, father,
  Those I so well loved to see,
So, in the long, lonely hours, father,
  They'll be companions for me.
If I should wake in the night, then,
  Their lips my sad face would sweep.
Make my grave cheerful and bright! then—
  Don't let them bury me deep.

When to the church you all go, father,
  At the sweet Sabbath bell's tone,
I shall be dreary, you know, father,
  Lying out there all alone.
Hang my bird near a tree! then,
  Watch over me he will keep;
He will sing sweet hymns to me, then—
  Don't let them bury me deep.

Call on me where'er you pass, father,
  Where by your side I oft ran;
Put your face down on the grass, father,
  Near to my own as you can.
If I could look up and hear you,
  Into your arms I would creep;
Let me sometimes nestle near you—
  Don't let them bury me deep!

Look! who has come for me now, father,
  Standing so near to my bed?
Someone is kissing my brow, father—
  Mamma, I thought you were dead!
See, she is smiling so bright to you,
  Beckons for you not to weep;
'Tis not *good-by*, but *good-night*, to you—
  They can not bury me deep!

STORM-LIGHTS OF ANZASCA.

An Italian Legendary Tale.

(CONCLUDED.)

The confusion that ensued was indescribable. Lelia was carried senseless into the house; and it required the efforts of half the party to hold back her father, who would have grappled with the mineralo upon the spot. Francesco stood for some time with folded arms, in mornful and moody silence: but when at length the voice of cursing which Niccoli continued to pour forth against him had sunk into exhaustion he advanced and confronted him. "I can bear those names," said he, "from you. Some of them, you know well, are undeserved; and if others fit, it is more my misfortune than my fault. If to chastise insults, and render back scorn for scorn, is to be a ruffian, I am one; but no man can be called a vagabond who resides in the habitation and follows the trade of his ancestors. These things, however, are trifles; at best they are only words. Your real objection to me is that I am poor. It is a strong one. If I choose to take your daughter without a dowry, I would take her in spite of you all; but I will leave her—even to that thing without a soul—rather than subject so gentle and fragile a being to the privations and vicissitudes of a life like mine. I demand, therefore, not simply your daughter, but a dowry, if only a small one; and you have the right to require that on my part I shall not be empty-handed. She is young, and there can be, and ought to be, no hurry with her marriage; but give me only a year—a single year; name a reasonable sum: and if by the appointed time I can not tell the money into your hand, I hereby engage to relinquish every claim, which her generous preference has given me upon your daughter's hand." "It is well put," replied the cold and cautious voice in the assembly. "A year, at any rate, would have elapsed between the present betrothing and the damsel's marriage. If the young man before the bells of twelve, on this night twelvemonth, layeth down upon the table, either in the coined money, or in gold, or golden ore, the same sum which we were here ready to guarantee on the part of my grandson, why I, for one, shall not object to the maiden's whim—provided it continues so long—being consulted, in the disposal of her hand, in preference to her father's judgment and desires. The sum is only three thousand livras!" A laugh of scorn and derision arose among the relations. "Yes, yes," said they, "it is but just. Let the mineralo produce three thousand livras, and he shall have his bride. Neighbor Niccoli, it is a fair proposal; allow us to intercede for Francesco, and beg your assent!" "Sirs," said Francesco, in perplexity mingled with anger, "the sum of three thousand livras." He was interrupted by another forced laugh of derision. "It is a fair proposal," repeated the relations; "agree, neighbor Niccoli, agree!" "I agree," said Niccoli disdainfully. "It is agreed!" replied Francesco, in a burst of haughty indignation; and with a swelling heart he withdrew.

A very remarkable change appeared to take place from that moment in the character and habits of the mineralo. He not only deserted the company of his riotous associates, but even that of the few respectable persons to whose houses he had obtained admission, either by his talents for singing, or the comparative propriety of his conduct. Day after day he labored in his precarious avocation. The changes of the seasons were not now admitted as excuses. The storm did not drive him to the wine shed, and the rain did not confine him to his hut. Day after day, and often night after night, he was to be found in the field—on the mountains—by the side of the rain-courses—on the shores of the torrent.

He rarely indulged himself even in the recreation of meeting his mistress, for whom all this labor was submitted to. Gold, not as a means but as an end, seemed to be his thought by day and his dream by night, the object and end of his existence. When they did meet in darkness, and loneliness, and mystery, it was but to exchange a few hurried sentences of hope and comfort, and affected reliance upon fortune. On these occasions tears, and tremblings, and hysterical sobbings, sometimes told, on her part, at once the hollowness of her words and the weakness of her constitution: but on his all was, or seemed to be, enthusiasm and steadfast expectation.

Days and weeks, however, passed by—moons rolled away—the year was drawing to its wane, and a great part of the enormous sum was still in the womb ot the mountains. Day by day, week by week, and month by month, the hopes of the mineralo became fainter. He could no longer bestow the comfort which did not cheer even his dreams. Gloomy and sad, he could only strain his mistress in his arms, without uttering a word when she ventured an inquiry respecting his progress, and then hurry away to resume, mechanically, his hopeless task.

It is a strange, sometimes an awful thing, to look into the mystery of the female mind. Lelia's health had received a shock from the circumstances we have recorded, which left her cheek pale, and her limbs weak, for many months; and to this physical infirmity was now added the effect of those dumb, but too eloquent, interviews with her lover. The lower he sunk in despondency, however, and the more desperate grew their affairs, the higher her spirits rose, as if to quell and control her fortune. Her hopes seemed to grow in proportion with his fears, and the strength which deserted him went over as an ally and supporter to her weakness. Even her bodily health received its direction from her mind. Her nerves seemed to recover their tones, her cheek its hue, and her eye its brilliancy. The cold and sluggish imagination of man is unacquainted with half the resources of a woman in such circumstances. Disappointed in her dependence on fortune and casualty, Lelia betook herself to the altars and gods of her people. Saints and martyrs were by turns invoked: vows were offered up: and pilgrimages and religious watchings performed. Then came dreams and prodigies into play, and omens and auguries. Sortes were wrested from the pages of Dante, and warnings and commands translated from the mystic writings of the sky—

"The stars which are the poetry of Heaven."

The year touched upon its close; and the sum which the gold-seeker had amassed, although great almost to a miracle, was still far—very far, from sufficient. The last day of the year arrived, ushered in by storm, and thunderings and lightnings; and the evening fell cold and dark upon the despairing labors of Francesco. He was on the side of the mountain opposite Niccoli's house; and, as daylight died in the valley, he saw, with inexpressible bitterness of soul, by the number of lights in the windows, that the fete was not forgotten. Some trifling success, however, induced him, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, to continue his search. He was on the spot indicated by a dream of his enthusiastic mistress; and she had conjured him not to abandon the attempt till the bell of the distant church should silence their hopes for ever.

His success continued. He was working with the pickaxe, and had discovered a very small perpendicular vein; and it was just possible that this, although altogether inadequate in itself, might be crossed at a greater depth by a horizontal one, and thus form one of the *gruppi*, or nests, in which the ore is plentiful and easily extracted. To work, however, was difficult, and to work long impossible. His strength was almost exhausted, the storm beat fiercely in his face; and the darkness increased every moment. His heart wholly failed him, his limbs trembled, a cold perspiration bedewed his brow, and as the last rays of daylight departed from the mountain-side he fell senseless upon the ground.

How long he remained in this state he did not know; but he was recalled to life by a sound resembling, as he imagined, a human cry. The storm howled more wildly than ever along the side of the mountain, and it was now pitch dark; but on turning round his head he saw, at a little distance above where he lay, a small, steady light. Francesco's heart began to quake. The light advanced towards him, and he perceived that it was borne by a figure arrayed in white from head to foot. "Lelia!" cried he in amazement, mingled with superstitious terror, as he recognized the features of his fair young mistress. "Waste not time in words," said she, "much may yet be done, and I have the most perfect assurance that now at least I am not deceived. Up, and be of good heart! Work, for here is light. I will sit down in the shelter, bleak though it be, of the cliff, and aid you with my prayers, since I cannot with my hands." Francesco seized the axe, and stirred, half with shame, half with admiration, by the courage of the generous girl, resumed his labor with new vigor. "Be of good heart," continued Lelia, "and all will yet be well. Bravely, bravely done!—be sure the saints have heard us!" Only once she uttered anything resembling a complaint—"It is cold!" said she, "make haste, dearest, for I cannot find my way home, if I would, without the light." By and by she repeated more frequently the injunction "to make haste." Francesco's heart bled while he thought of the sufferings of the sick and delicate girl on such a night, in such a place; and his blows fell desperately on the stubborn rock. He was now at a little distance from the spot where she sat, and was just about to beg her to bring the light nearer, when she spoke again. "Make haste—make haste!" she said, "the time is almost come—I shall be wanted—I *am* wanted—I can stay no longer—farewell!" Francesco looked up, but the light was already gone.

It was so strange, this sudden desertion! If determined to go, why did she go alone?—aware, as she must have been, that *his* remaining in the dark could be of no use. Could it be that her heart had changed, the moment her hopes had vanished? It was a bitter and ungenerous thought, nevertheless it served to bridle the speed with which Francesco at first sprung forward to overtake his mistress. He had not gone far, however, when a sudden thrill arrested his progress. His heart ceased to beat, he grew faint, and would have fallen to the ground, but for the support of a rock against which he staggered. When he recovered he retraced his steps as accurately as it was possible to do it in utter darkness. He knew not whether he found the exact spot on which Lelia had sat, but he was sure of the surrounding localities; and, if she was still there, her white dress would no doubt gleam even through the thick night which surrounded her.

With a lightened heart—for compared with the phantom of the mind which had presented itself, all things seemed endurable—he began to descend the mountain. In a place so singularly wild, where the rocks were piled around in combinations at once fantastic and sumblime, it was not wonderful that the light carried by his mistress should be wholly invisible to him, even had it been much nearer than was by this time probable. Far less was it surprising than the shouts which ever and anon he uttered should not reach her ear; for he was on the lee-side of the storm, which raved among the cliffs with a fury that might have drowned the thunder.

Even to the practised feet of Francesco the route, without the smallest light to guide his steps, was dangerous in the extreme; and to the occupation thus afforded to his thoughts it was perhaps owing that he reached Niccoli's house in a state of mind to enable him to acquit himself in a manner not derogatory to the dignity of manhood. "Niccoli," said he on, entering the room, "I have come to return you thanks for the trial you have allowed me. I have failed, and, in terms of the engagement between us, I relinquish my claims to your daughter's hand." He would then have retired as suddenly as he entered; but old Niccoli caught hold of his arm: "Bid us farewell," said he, in a tremulous voice; "go not in anger. Forgive me for the harsh words I used when we last met. I have watched you, Francesco, from that day—and—" He wiped away a tear as he looked upon the soiled and neglected apparel, and the haggard and ghastly face, of the young man—"No matter—my word is plighted—farewell. Now call my daughter," added he, "and I pray God that the business of this night end in no ill!"

Francesco lingered at the door. He would fain have seen but the skirt of Lelia's mantle before departing! "She is not in her room!" cried a voice of alarm. Francesco's heart quaked. Presently the whole house was astir. The sound of feet running here and there was heard, and agitated voices called out her name. The next moment the old man rushed out of the room, and, laying both his hands on Francesco's shoulders, looked wildly in his face. "Know you aught of my daughter?" said he: "Speak!—will you not speak? A single word! Where is my daughter? Where is my Lelia?—my life—my light—my hope—my child—my child!" The mineralo started as if from a dream, and looked round, apparently without comprehending what had passed. A strong shudder then shook his frame for an instant. "Lights!" said he, "torches!—every one of you! Follow me!" and he rushed out into the night. He was speedily overtaken by the whole company, amounting to more than twelve men, with lighted torches, that flared like meteors in the storm. As for the leader himself, he seemed scarcely able to drag one limb after the other, and he staggered to and fro, like one who is drunken with wine. They at length reached the place he sought; and, by the light of the torches, something white was seen at the base of the cliff. It was Lelia. She leaned her back against the rock; one hand was pressed against her heart, like a person who shrinks with cold; and in the other she held the lamp, the flame of which had expired to the socket. Francesco threw himself on his knees at one side, and the old man at the other, while a light, as strong as day, was shed by the torches upon the spot. She was dead—dead—stone dead!

After a time the childless old man went to seek out the object of his daughter's love; but Francesco was never seen from that fatal night. A wailing sound is sometimes heard to this day upon the hills, and the peasants say that it is the voice of the mineralo seeking his mistress among the rocks; and every dark and stormy night the lamp of Lelia is still seen upon the mountain, as she lights her phantom lover in his search for gold.

Such is the story of the storm-lights of Anzasca, and the only part of it which is mine is the translation into the language of civilized men of the sentiments of a rude and ignorant people.

Shipwrecks.

Few people have any idea of the immensity of the loss by shipwreck every year. Not that the wrecks as they occur are not brought before us; the trouble seems to be that we are told of so many day after day, that we have come to read of them as a matter of course and without appreciating the meaning of such accounts. Every day has its tale of losses, sometimes smaller and sometimes larger, but the smallest all too large. We are startled at the immensity of the loss when it is presented to us in the shape of statistics, but they are so great that we cannot grasp their meaning. Take Lloyd's figures as they are published weekly in the *Times*. For the week ending October 29th last, sixty-seven vessels were wrecked, the approximate aggregate loss being thirty millions dollars. For one week that is not bad, or rather, that is very bad, and then it was not an extraordinary week for this season of the year. During the preceding week but one the estimated loss was forty millions dollars, or greater by ten millions. One week in April the aggregate loss was placed at forty-seven millions five hundred thousand dollars; one week in February fifty millions; and, to tap the climax, during the week ending January 22nd a hundred and thirty-three vessels were wrecked, the aggregate loss amounting to sixty million dollars. The record for twenty-six weeks during the first nine months of the year shows a list of eight hundred and eighty-three wrecked vessels, the aggregate loss being $675 000,000, of which $457,900,000 was British alone. The entire number of wrecks from the beginning of January to the end of October was 1,587, the aggregate loss upon which, calculating by the average loss of the 888 vessels wrecked during the twenty-six weeks, the full records of which we have, would be $1,209,465,000. Still the losses this year have far exceeded those of any other year, and at the lowest have been simply incomprehensible in their immensity. The loss of life is not given—it cannot be very well estimated.

When he earned a miserable living in Rosita, Colorado, by doing errands for a stableman, he was called Old Man Bassick, and his wife and daughter worked at the washtub. One day he found ore in a mountain near by, and within a year he has become a half millionaire. Now he is respectfully mentioned as Mr. Bassick. There are those, however, who sneer at the family's ignorance, as the following anecdote shows: Mrs. Bassick was at Canon. It was noticed that she frequently walked out upon the hotel porch as if looking for some one. "Do you expect friends?' asked the obsequious Boniface. "No, indeedy," she replied, "I'm expecting my phantom." Her pretty phaeton, for which she had paid $3,000, afterward rolled around the corner.

HOUSES MADE OF GLASS.

The Brittle Substance Better for Building Purposes than Stone.

Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Perhaps not one builder or contractor in ten, if told that the common grades of glass made at the glass factories in this city have a crushing strength nearly four times as great as that credited by experienced engineers to the strongest quality of granite, would accept the statement as true. Yet it is fact, and being so, the query as to why glass has not received more attention from architects as a structural material naturally suggests itself. A reporter had a talk with several prominent glass manufacturers on the subject, and in answer to an interrogatory as to whether blocks of glass could be made in suitable lengths and size and so annealed as to be utilized in the construction of a building in place of stone, they said that it could be done. Said one of these gentlemen: "This question has been considered by myself a number of times, and, although I do not want to advocate the absolute abolition of brick and stone, yet in the erection of art galleries, memorial buildings, &c., a structure composed of blocks of glass in prismatic colors would be a unique, beautiful, and lasting structure. With the numerous inventions which have come into use of late years, the cost has been gradually going down, while the quality of the fabric is steadily becoming better.

"One objection which should be raised to the durability of a glass house, in the literal sense of the words, might be that the blocks would not take a bind, or adhere together with common mortar. This objection can be readily set aside by the use of a good cement, and when completed the structure will stand for ages, barring extraordinary accidents. As to the cost of a glass house, it can be kept down to but a small percentage above the price of cut granite. In building with stone you have to pay the stone masons, and when it comes to elaborate examples of carving, in Corinthian pillars, collars and capitals, &c., why, the work is rather costly as compared with glass, when the latter can be moulded into any shape or form, and the work accomplished in much less time. I am convinced that the time will come when we will see such a building erected. Scarcely a day passes but what the sphere of glass as an article of use becomes widened. In parts of Germany and on one line in England glass ties are being used on railroads, and thus far have given satisfaction, combining all the requisites of wooden ties with the virtue of being susceptible to usage at least 75 per cent. longer than wood. Then by the Bastia process glass articles are now being made for common use which can be thrown on the floor and will rebound like a rubber ball. Progress is also being made toward rendering glass, which has ever been characterized as 'the brittle fabric,' ductile, and to-day threads of glass can be made that can be tied in knots and woven into cloth. Were one disposed to give play to fancy and fuse it into fact, a house entirely composed of glass could be built with walls and roof and floors fashioned from melted sand. Carpets of glass could cover the floors. The most ultra æsthete, sitting on glass chairs or reclining on glass couches, arrayed in glass garments, eating and drinking from glass dishes, such a one could realize that the age of glass had come. Yet nearly all of this fifty years ago would have been classed with the then impossible telephone and electric light, and this statement would have likely found its place in the catalogue expurgatores."

AFTER EIGHTEEN YEARS.

The Romantic Matrimonial Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Walraven.

When Mr. Elijah Walraven enlisted in the Confederate army in 1863, he left behind him a beautiful young wife and three children. When he returned home at the close of the war, his wife and three children were not to be found. He learned that she had been persuaded, when the Federals occupied this country, that her safety was in going North. For years no tidings came of her whereabouts, and, not knowing whether she was alive or dead, he instituted proceedings for divorce, which was granted. Mr. Walraven married a worthy lady in this country, who bore him one child, and she died. In the mean time his first wife, learning of the divorce and marriage of her husband in Georgia, married a Northern man, who after a brief married life died. She married a third husband, a Mr. Beckner. He sickened and died. One child as the result of this union, was left her. Her three children by her first husband grew up and married well off, and they opened correspondence with their father. Last February their father paid them a visit to their home in Indiana. While there he met the wife of his first love. The meeting was a joyous one, and old times were talked over and mutual explanations made. The result was they became re-engaged. Mr. Walraven returned to his home at Kennesaw in this country, and according to agreement, Mrs. Walraven arrived at Kennesaw last Thursday. There she was met by Mr. Walraven, who had the license ready, and forthwith the happy couple were reunited after a seperation of eighteen years.

A Monkey's Revenge.

Monkeys have long memories, and some of them can inflict cruel punishment. A monkey whose place of exile was in the West Indies, and who was kept tied to a stake, was often robbed of his food by the crows. This was how he revenged himself. He lay quite still on the ground and pretended to be dead. By degrees the birds approached and repeated their thefts. The artful little fellow never stirred, but let the crows steal to their hearts' content until he was sure of them. When he was certain that one was within reach of his fingers, he made a grab at it and caught it. When he had got hold of the luckless bird, he sat down and deliberately plucked the feathers out of it, and then flung it towards its screaming comrades, who immediately surrounded it and picked it to death. "The expression of joy on the animal's countenance," says the witness of the affair, "was altogether indescribable."

General verdict on the organization of Mr. Parnell and his friends—Ill-league-all.

ON AN IRISH FARM.

A Visit to the Bogs of Unhappy Hibernia.

A special correspondent of the London *Standard*, writing from Ballina, Ireland, says:—About noon, in a drizzling rain, I mounted a car drawn by a fleet and handsome mare, and directed by trusty old Michael, a well-known local charioteer. Opposite me sat an English gentleman who is making a journey of investigation, to last, I understand, about three weeks, in order to study the causes of Irish disaffection and suffering, and the necessary remedies, with particular regard to the essential features of Irish life and character. He was courteous and well-informed, and he had in my eyes the excellent recommendation of being a land agent in England for an estate of some thousand acres, and of possessing a practical knowledge of farming. I was therefore only too pleased to accede to his proposal to accompany me over the holdings I desired to examine. It was a day of dreadful weather. The wind blew in gusts all the way. The rain beat steadily down, and grew into a storm toward evening, but in spite of these drawbacks we made a most thorough examination of everything. The effect of the survey upon our minds was the most thorough conviction that no more than justice had been done by judgments delivered by the Sub-Commission. The whole of the neighborhood is simply

ONE VAST BOG,

black and hopeless. The country for miles round has been levelled by glacial action, and the surface further lowered by some other natural agency, perhaps volcanic. Through the bog, where it had been cleared down, protruded in some places the ghastly stumps of antique massive oaks, standing in clusters, as they once stood and waved their arms in stately life and leafy beauty. Here and there over the bog were dotted the low whitewashed stone huts of the miserable tenants whose fathers had squatted some half-century before upon it, and reclaimed it inch by inch from the stagnant waters. Round each cottage were two or three little enclosures, carefully fenced round with high mud walls, and by the necessary drains. The crops, of course, were taken up, but it was clear that, except in one instance where a poor man had grown a little rye, the only productions of the soil were oats, potatoes, and a short wiry grass, upon the so-called meadow, which was eaten up with weeds, rushes, and other vegetable pests, in incredible quantities. The first farm we inspected was Toohills. The poor man, in his

UNUTTERABLY RAGGED

and loathsome attire would certainly have drawn a crowd in Drury-lane. From the battered crown of his hat to the heel of his broken brogues, he was all tatters and strips, and dirt. His wretched, anxious-looking wife trudged after us a little way, barefooted, bearing a curly-headed boy on her back, swathed in the only shawl she possessed, but she soon went home and awaited our return. The first field reclaimed from the bog had been used for potatoes. It had about six or seven inches of black soil on a rocky subsoil, and might, with proper manuring and sufficient labor, have been made profitable. The oat field had about four inches of similar soil, but poorer, on a hard sandy clay subsoil, almost of a rocky character. The grazing land was the poorest and worst I have seen in Ireland. It is true that it was not properly drained. Thorough draining is almost unknown in this district, and any resort to it would infallibly, in past times, have brought down the agent with a demand for more rent. But the tenant had made some rude attempts at surface draining, and every one of his shallow trenches were quite full of water, while it was evident that every yard of the tillage land must have been broken with the spade, for no plough could possibly have been worked upon it. Of the pasture, at least five-sixths were covered with weeds, and such grass as grew would hardly have amused a few geese.

THE HOUSE

was a kind of barn, warmed with a peat fire, the smoke of which was partly diffused in the room, and partly sent up an opening over the place of combustion. The furniture was of about the Drudical period and standard of comfort, though a few well-washed plates on a roughly-made dresser looked strangely modern. By the fire was a baby's cradle, and a little room adjoining held the boys by night. All the other buildings and houses, except Cafferky's, were merely reproductions of that which I have described. In all, the land had been saved and reclaimed from the bog, with a patience and persistence which would even be admired in the submarine workers that build up coral islands in mid ocean. In all cases, however, the rent had been raised to an unendurable height—a poor reward for the industry displayed by the tillers—and arrears were the unfailing consequence. Cafferky's holding was drained with far greater skill and success than has neighbors'. He had the advantage over them of a deep fall, into which he might at once carry his drainage. He had also remained unmarried; he had four strapping brothers and sisters; but he had another farm also, and by that he chiefly subsists. His father and he built the houses and outbuildings, raised the fences, and dug the drains, and still they have a miserably poor return for their labor.

Story With a Moral—Read Your Bible.

Syracuse Herald.

Since 1874 the County Treasurer has yearly reported that $4,000 of county bonds then due and on which interest had ceased, were still unpaid. At first no attention was paid to it, but as the years rolled on the opinion began to prevail among those who took notice of the matter that some miserly fellow who owned them had probably hid them away, and died without disclosing their lurking place to any one. Of course every one was surprised when they were presented last July, and it was then discovered that they were in the possession of one of the best-known business men in the county, Mr. Payn Bigelow of Baldwinsville. Mr. Bigelow found them laid safely away in the leaves of his Bible.

The moral is obvious. There is no telling how much a man loses either in this world or in the next by not reading his Bible.