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Poetry.

DAWN.

BY HAYWARD TAYLOR.

The star of dawn is whitest,
The bosom of dawn is brightest;
The dew is brown,
And the blossom blent,
Whereon thou, my dear, dearest,
Hark! I have risen before thee,
That spell of the day be o'er thee—
That the flush of my love
May fall from above,
And, mixed with the dawn, above thee,
Dark dreams must now forsake thee,
And the bliss of thy being take thee,
Let the beauty of dawn
In thine eyes be born,
And the thought of me awake thee,
Come forth to hear thy praise,
Which the awakening world upraises:
Let thy hair be spun
With the gold of the sun,
And thy feet be kissed by the daisies.
—Harpur for November.

Selected Story.

WITH A GHOST.

The situation is this: An unimaginative man of thirty, whose days are spent in business; a new suburban villa; a bright, sunny country; neighbors all round one, and a new cemetery a hundred yards distant from the house.

To this city and to this man a ghost came.

And in August, I was sitting, after dinner, trying to get sentimental over my approaching marriage, and picturing to myself Eleanor in the easy chair opposite me. The light was fading, but as my eyes followed the lines mechanically, and my thoughts were elsewhere, that mattered little. Outside the house there was a sinister extraordinary—no stirring of the leaves; no breath in the air; no voices from my own kitchen; no sounds from the houses either side, which were locked up, their tenants being at the seaside; not even the distant bark of a dog or the distant roll of a carriage to show that there was another living person in the world beside myself. Then a curious feeling came over me: I suddenly realized that life can go on in invisible, intangible forms; I looked around me with a shudder; I expected something. The room became without warning, distinctly darker; the air grew chill; I felt cold down upon my forehead. Remember that up to this moment there was no reason at all—none whatever—for alarm. Yet I became unaccountably afraid. I turned to the window for relief, and there—there I saw it for the first time.

It was standing outside the window, a dark shadow, clearly outlined against the sky; colorless, and yet its draperies were like white graveclothes; shapeless, and yet somehow human in appearance. And it had a face, deep-unkn and lustrous eyes bright with phosphoric splendor, showed me hollow cheeks, lips that trembled as if with passion, and a frowning forehead. When I turned he raised his hand and shook it at me beneath his linen folds, and with that singular movement remarked by all who have conversed and are familiar with ghosts—a movement, in which the shape neither glides nor walks, but changes place—the spectre stood within the room, facing me. I am ashamed to say that I was frightened.

"So," he said, with an angry glance, "I have found you at last."

I made no reply. What was there to say?

"I have found you at last, have I? Now I have you, what shall I do to you?"

I could only look hopelessly. He pushed one arm outside the curtains which covered it—a long, lean arm, marked with a tattoo, representing a ship in full sail, surmounted by a skull and cross-bones. He shook his fist excitedly in my face. I noticed that the air was not stirred by his movements. It was odd, too, that I recovered my courage as soon as he began to threaten.

His gestures became more threatening. He repeated twenty times running the question with which he first accosted me: "Now I have found you, what shall I do with you?" It seemed indeed, as if he could say nothing more.

"Come!" I cried at last, "this is foolish. What do you mean by coming to my house like a madman? Leave off asking what you will do with me. If you are a ghost out of his senses, say so; if not, vary the monotony by saying something else. Can't you swear, man? Can't you relieve nature in the usual manner?"

He groaned and wrung his hands.

"I can't," he said. "It isn't allowed."

I wish I could. What shall I do with you? what shall I do with you?"

"You have asked me that a hundred times already. Bah; you are a ghost. Ghosts can do nothing. I used to believe that they did not exist. Now I see that they do. But look here."

I took the poker from the fire-place and passed it through him. Then I cut him down like a guardsman at Waterloo. Then I sliced him in two like a soldier under an assault of arms. At each pass of the weapon he ducked, recoiled, and cried aloud.

"See, you cannot resist. I do what I like with you. What can you do in return?"

He raised his hand and struck at my face. It was as if a cold wind blew upon my cheek. I could not repress a shudder. The old shiver came across me. He saw it at once, and sprang at my throat. To my surprise, what was before me a breath of cold air became tangible. I felt his cold grasp with his long, bony fingers at my throat. His face, close to mine, was filled with an eager longing for revenge. His lurid eyes glared in mine. His teeth glistened in the twilight. It was but for a moment that I was afraid. Then I rallied my courage, sprang upright, and looked my spectral enemy in the face. As I looked the tranquillity of his fingers weakened, the tightness of his grasp relaxed, and his look changed from one of triumph to that of baffled rage. Then he fell back suddenly and threw himself into an easy chair, glaring round the room.

"I never allow any one but myself," I said, "to occupy that chair. It is mine. Please take another."

"He changed chairs immediately."

"Will this do?"

It was next to mine. I begged him to take one on the other side of the fireplace, which he did at once. Then I sat down and surveyed the situation.

I was alone, save an old woman, my temporary factotum, in the kitchen. The people in the houses round were now all away for their holidays. I had a ghost, presumably a lunatic of a dangerous kind, under my roof. It was impossible to get rid of him, unless he chose to go. You cannot push, kick or throw a ghost out of a window or door; you cannot lock him in one room while you go to sleep in another; you cannot shut yourself up in your bedroom and deny him; above all, you never know what tricks he may be at. Thinking of these things, I became conscious of another access of terror, slighter this time. My guest, however, perceived it and in a twinkling was on me again, with his skeleton fingers round my throat. I shook him off; that is, I regained my presence of mind, and he cowered back to his seat, where he sat, his long, white clothes clinging to his limbs, a sight never to be forgotten.

"Pray tell me what it means," I said. "It means that if you were afraid of me, I would throttle you like a dog. It means that I am sitting here waiting for the moment when you will realize what aid what I am; the injuries you have done me the wickedness of your life, the loneliness of your position, and your presence with another world. Ha! ha! I see it coming! Your nerves won't stand me another quarter of an hour, and then I shall seize you by the windpipe, and squeeze, squeeze, the life-blood out of you!"

Presently he went on again:

"You will have to go to bed soon. You cannot sit up all night."

"How long can you stay here?"

"As long as I please. Ho! ho! ho! I can be with you, now I have found you, morning, noon and night. When you are quietly in your bed, I shall be sitting by the bedside, waiting for a moment's weakness, when you are at your office in the city, I shall be at your elbow, waiting to find you off your guard. At dinner I shall be behind you. You cannot escape me. Sooner or later you will be afraid. The time will come. I shall wait. I shall wait."

"Pray explain," I said blandly. "You will wait until I am afraid?"

"Precisely. We ghosts cannot hurt people who are not afraid of us. Our power is only over cowardly and superstitious—that is, over nearly all mankind. Once a man has the pluck to stand up to us, we are powerless."

"My good friend," I replied, "let us enjoy each other's society without mutual confessions. I grant all you have said. It is very curious and interesting. Not, perhaps, quite so horrible as I might have expected, had I known you were coming, but still—by the way, you hail from the cemetery close by?"

"I do. Ah! villain and traitor! who put me there? I do; and as I was taking an evening invisible stroll, I happened to look in at your window, and saw the man I had expected and most hoped to see. Ha! ha! I shall make it hot for that man. So I will, too," he added, weakly, after a pause.

I made no reply, but went on smoking as if he had been an ordinary visitor.

"When I was in that country ship, trading between Rangoon and Calcutta—there what's the use of raking up the old story?"

"None," I replied, "none at all, unless you like."

"No use talking. What's the good of that! Come to that, I remind you what went on, you know, at Yokohama. Eh? What do you say to that?"

"I had nothing to say to that."

"Lord! Lord! Some men will brazen out anything! And what about the Hong Kong business? Who promised what—tell me that—if some one walked the plank, and something was thimble-bobbed—eh?"

"Here was a very serious question I only shook my head."

"Thimble-bobbed," he repeated. "Scot-lad, you villain! and the cooies sent to kingdom-come? And after that to round upon a man! Why did he take to drink? Why did I go off in '36, with rum and water enough to float King Solomon's fleet? Why? why? why?"

"Don't say, I am sure. Shall we say good-night?"

"If you are going to bed I will go with you. Man! now I've caught you, do you think I shall leave you?"

This was pleasant.

I shut the window and went up stairs. He followed me. I undressed and got into bed. Once there I shut my eyes resolutely and tried to go to sleep. This was impossible every ten minutes or so I felt obliged to open them. He was always standing by the bedside, grave, stern, and resolute to do me a mischief if he could—if I grew afraid.

"You are still here?" I asked when the clock struck two.

"I shall stay here," he added, "so long as you stay here. I shall be with you day and night. You shall never cease to feel me with you. I will make sleep impossible, and I will trouble your business hours."

There was little rest for me that night. When the day broke I dropped for half an hour into a heavy unconsciousness, awaking suddenly and with a horror upon me that at first I did not understand.

I rose and dressed. It followed my movements. I saw the spectre now only when it came into the sunlight. Then it was dimly visible, but only, I think, to myself. I breakfasted and went into the city. It came with me. I sat beside me in the train it followed me through the streets; it was with me in my office; it came after me up the steps to my club.

"The thing grew maddening. If I forgot it for a moment, I heard a whisper in my ear—'I am here.' If I managed to fix my attention on the subject in hand, that accursed voice began to remind me that I was neither to sleep nor to work, nor to have any peace for the rest of my natural life."

"What you have done, I shall do—and worse. I shall dog you—I shall haunt you—I shall make remorse and despair do for you what you did to her and to me. I will revenge myself—and her."

What had I done to him? How was I to get rid of this accursed living ghost? With what spell and charm could I lay him forever in the Red Sea?

The full misery of the thing was yet to come.

The spectre, in the afternoon, seemed to have left me. I even forgot its existence, and dined comfortably. At 8 I met my Eleanor, and persuaded her, not thinking of what might happen, to look at some new furniture in what was going to be our joint house. She came. Nothing happened until we went into the garden. As I led her up and down the walk, her hand in mine, she suddenly stopped with a cry.

"Alfred, who has been walking along the sand?"—there was an edging of red sand to the gravel—"with bare feet?"

I looked. There were footprints—great gaunt footprints—parallel with my own. I knew at once what was going to happen, and I trembled.

"Nothing, Nellie; nobody. Who should walk in bare feet except a carpenter? Let us go."

"Alfred!" she cried, "see, they are talking still, the footprints,—as we walk. Take me in,—take me away!"

It was pleasant! The accursed ghost was settling his long feet beside mine, keeping step, so that at every footfall of mine there was a new footprint of his. I bore my girl half fainting into the house.

"What was it Alfred? What was it? I am afraid. And see—see! Oh! Alfred—Alfred!"

With a cry of fright she fell fainting into my arms. Between us and the window stood revealed that awful figure, in its long grave-clothes, pointing its long bony fingers at me, but saying no word.

I took Eleanor home. I implored her to keep silence as to what she had seen. I soothed and pacified her. I assured her that it was fancy—that it was a trick of the imagination—that it was some school-boy devilry—anything to keep her quiet. And thus I left her, and returned, miserable and maddened, to battle with this demon who had fastened himself upon me.

He was sitting in my chair, with his abominable head, as usual, in his hand.

"I allowed you to go away with the girl," he said, "because I do not wish to do her any harm. But she shall never marry you—remember that. Wretch!"—he rose from the chair and approached me with threatening gestures—"wretch! Was it not enough to interfere between me and her? You try to murder the happiness of another innocent girl! Can you ruthlessly—"

"Good heavens!" I cried, almost beside myself with rage. "What have I done to you, devil or lunatic, that you should persecute me in this way?"

"He asks me what he has done! Think of Madagascar, villain of the deepest dye, think of San Fran, pirate and scoundrel. Think of Liverpool docks and Polly. Joe Kirby—Joe Kirby, you were always as brazen a liar as ever stepped, but I did not think you would brazen it out to me."

A thought struck me.

"You call me Joe Kirby. I am not Joe Kirby at all. I never heard of any Joe Kirby."

He laughed.

"If you are not Joe Kirby," he said, "I will eat my hat—I mean, of course—"

"Come, this is trifling. I see that you mistake me for some one else. What makes you think me Joe Kirby?"

"Because you are."

"Nonsense. How long since you saw Joe Kirby?"

"Ten years."

"What was he like when you left him?"

"Much the same as you,—sanctimonious look, reddish hair, stumpy figure, fat cheeks just like yourself."

"Had this devil of a Joe Kirby any marks?"

"Tattoo marks like mine on the right arm. I did him—I mean Joe. He did me."

I drew up my shirt and showed him my arms, white and free from any tattoo mark at all.

He was stupefied.

"Well—I'm—no, I'm dashed. And you ain't Joe Kirby at all? Lord! Lord! what a fool you must have taken me for."

"I did."

"And me to go and let out all the little secrets. Mate, you hold your tongue about the Yokohama business."

"I never thought much of ghosts," I said. "Now I shall think less of them."

"Go on," he said, "go on, let me have it."

"Why couldn't you ask, before you came blundering into a house with your infernal long white sheet? Why couldn't you put the question before you began?"

"Why, indeed?" he echoed. "Look here, mate, I'm very sorry for this little mistake—I am, indeed. And frightening the young lady and all. What shall I do now to make things square again?"

"Do! What can you do but go right away?"

He began to disappear. I seemed to breathe more freely. Then the shape, which had almost disappeared, started into sight again with a suddenness which brought back the horror which first seized me.

"One word sir," he said, "I'm afraid I haven't come well out of this affair. Now please—I only say please—I can put you on to a good thing. It may be a buried treasure; it may be only a pot of money; it may be coins or it may be statues; but if I should hear of it, and was to come and tell you, it might go some way to getting into your good opinion again."

"No," I replied. "I want nothing, except the assurance that I shall never see you again."

He sighed.

"Well, sir, I feel that I can't go against your wishes. I promise. No malice, eh? When we meet again, which meet we may, there will be no malice, I hope."

Then he disappeared finally, and I have seen no more of him.

I have often wondered who Mr. Joseph Kirby is, where he lives, what he has done and how he managed to offend my ghost. Perhaps, if he reads this, he will throw some light on that Yokohama business. And I should like to get at the bottom of the affair with Polly and the Liverpool dock.—All the Year Round.

Miscellany.

A Clever Swindler.

As a certain learned Judge in Mexico, some time since, walked one morning into court, he thought he would examine whether he was in time for business; and, feeling for his repeater, it was not in his pocket.

"As usual," said he to a friend who accompanied him, as he passed through the crowd near the door, "as usual, I have again left my watch at home under the pillow."

He took his seat on the bench, and thought no more of it. The court adjourned, and he returned home. As soon as he was quietly seated in his parlor, he bethought himself of his time-piece, and turning to his wife, requested her to send it to their chamber.

"But, my dear Judge," said she, "I sent it to you three hours ago!"

"Sent it to me, my dear? Certainly not."

"Unquestionably!" replied the lady; "and by the person you sent for it."

"The person I sent for it!" echoed the Judge.

"Precisely, my dear, the very person you sent for it! You had not left home more than an hour, when a well-dressed man knocked at the door and asked to see me."

He brought one of the finest turkeys I ever saw, and said that on your way to court you met an Indian with a number of fowls. Having bought this one at a bargain, you had given him a couple of cents to bring it home, with the request that I would have it killed, pickled, and put to cool, as you intended to invite your brother Judge to a dish of malle tomorrow. And, Oh! by the way, senorita," said he, "this Excellency, the Judge, requested me to ask you to give yourself the trouble to go to your chamber, and take his watch from under the pillow, where he says he left it as usual this morning, and send it to him by me. And, of course, me querido, did so."

"You did!" said the Judge.

"Certainly!" said the lady.

"Well," replied his Honor, "all I can say to you, my dear, is that you are as great a goose as the bird is a turkey. You've been robbed madame, the man was a thief; I never sent for my watch; you've been imposed upon, and as a necessary consequence, the watch is lost forever."

The trick was a cunning one; and after a laugh, and the restoration of the Judge's good humor by a good dinner, it was resolved actually to have the turkey for to-morrow's dinner, and his Honor's brothers of the bench to enjoy so dear a morsel.

Accordingly after the adjournment of the court next day they all repaired to his dwelling, with appetites sharpened by the expectation of a rare repast. Scarcely had they entered the saloon and exchanged ordinary salutations, when the lady broke forth with congratulations on his recovery of his stolen watch.

"How happy am I," exclaimed she, "that the villain was apprehended!"

"Apprehended?" said the Judge, with surprise.

"You are always talking riddles," replied he; "explain yourself, my dear. I know nothing of thief, watch or conviction."

"It can't be possible that I have been again deceived," quoth the lady; "but this is the story: About one o'clock today, a pale and rather interesting young gentleman, dressed in a seely suit of black, came to the house in great haste—almost out of breath, he said he was just from court; that he was one of the clerks; that the great villain who had the audacity to steal your Honor's watch had just been arrested, that the evidence was nearly perfect to convict him, and all that was required to complete it was the turkey which must be brought into court, and for that he had been sent with a porter by your express order."

"And you gave it to him?"

"Of course I did! who would have doubted him, or resisted the orders of a Judge?"

FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

An Allegorical Fable.

Methought I traveled on a road
Which led—I knew not where;
But stretched afar and barren plains
Where naught was green and where the sultry air
Seemed like a heavy weight, to clog my limbs;
And the thick dust which rose at every step,
To weight my spirits as I did my hair.

Methought I traveled on this road
By solitary will
Of Power too strong to be defied.
And so I learned to quail, and moved on still
With head erect, through dust and sultry heat,
Over the dreary, sad and lonely plain,
That stretched so far it seemed the world to fill.

Methought, when almost spent with pain,
So weary, that my need
Of rest for eyes and tired limbs
Had grown so great my very heart did bleed
With longing for some bright and cheerful spot,
I found a path, which led through fertile fields,
Where roamed the deer and antelope to feed.

And, as I trod the springy turf,
And listened to the birds,
And gazed upon the grassy swells
Where fed the deer and antelope in herds,
And laid me down by crystal streams, my heart
Swarmed with a happiness so full, so strong,
As may be felt, but not expressed in words.

Awhile I tarried in this spot;
But was compelled to go
Full soon, upon the dusty road,
Whither the path led back. Where still I journey,
slow;

But nevermore with bitter hopelessness,
For the sweet peace that filled my heart within
that glade, remains.
And I shall there return, to rest, I know.

—LANCER.

FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

Among the Mountains.

Goodrich Falls—Through Pinkham Notch
Glen Ellis Falls—The Glen House.

No. 1.

A recent lovely morning saw your correspondent seated in the Oxford House coach, in company with the junior proprietor of the house, one of Fryeburg's venerable merchants, a young clergyman from the "Wooden Nutmeg State," (we would imply that there was anything wooden about him, though all were free to admit his "spicy" qualities) and another minister, (these ministers are a hilarious set of fellows when they get into the exhilarating mountain air) with his family, and sundry members of his parish from the "Spindle city;" all drawn by four dashing steeds, en route for the Glen House, and possibly the summit of Mount Washington. There is a delicious nonchalance and independence in riding through the mountains in your private coach, that is not to be found in the cars, or public stage. In this mode of travel we can stop at every babbling brook, slake our thirst at the babbling streams, worship at the shrine of every mountain nymph, listen to the ceaseless melody of waterfalls, and behold the work of their "cunning fingers" in chiselling the thousand forms of beauty in bed-rock, boulder and cliff.

The day was one of those "perfect days" of which the poet speaks. The sky was blue, not a cloud flecked its fair face; there was a tonic in the air; the mountains reared themselves in more than their wonted grandeur, and the clear air took our eyes to their very summit, so near did they seem, and so sharp-cut were their outlines against the blue sky. "Like huge ruminants, their broad backs seemed safe to handle." On our way, we passed through North Conway, the popular summer resort, this season, like most other mountain retreats, languishing for visitors; thence through Bartlett, past the Intervale House, from whose verandah is gained one of the rarest landscape views of mountain, vale and river, to be found in the country. Indeed it has been called the "Yo Semite of the East;" and did the mountain slope up more nearly on a perpendicular line, with solid granite walls, instead of being "with verdure clad," it would present a strong likeness to that wonderful valley.

On we go, spinning our way over excellent roads, past numerous boarding houses, hotels, more or less pretentious, till we come into the very heart of the mountains, and soon we reach Goodrich's Falls. Here we alight, and pick our way through bushes and over dilapidated bridges (meeting Gen. Chamberlain and family on their way to the mountains) till we reach a little bank directly opposite the fall. Here we obtain a good view of the half-dozen pearly ribbons of spray which make their way over the sharp cliffs and plunge into the dark pool below. We reach Jackson, and dine at the new Glen Ellis Hotel, opened to the public for the first time this season, after which we start for the Glen House. One of the ministers, anxious to show his horsemanship, persuades the driver (much against his better judgment) to let him handle the ribbons. We were not upset by Charlie's driving, though we were terribly "shaken up," and congratulated ourselves on our arrival that our necks were whole. The new driver seemed greatly elated as he drove along his four-in-hand, cracking his whip, with his foot on the break, "feeling as big as Coffee," as his wife stated it. The ride through the Pinkham Notch was an inspiration, enlivened as it was by wit, anecdote and story, and occasional bold views that broke through the leafy arch which overhung this wooded road. Many a mountain flower, and the wild clematis in great profusion met our eyes on the banks of the streams and by the highway.

The beautiful Glen Ellis Falls are on this route but a few rods from the highway, where, after descending a rural path, over many a cliff and dilapidated stairway, we reach the base of the fall, and look up and behold this white foamy torrent leaping as it were from the very heavens above, broadening and growing more ethereal as it descends and spreading out into a grand blossom of silver spray etc it reaches the bottom of its eighty-foot plunge, in the dark-green waters below. The full swelling waters of the Ellis river produce this water-fall, and unlike many of the cascades about the mountains that are made by the melting snows, and dwindle in the late summer, this is always full and white as a snow-bank. We did not visit the Crystal Cascade but reserved that delight for another day. A cool and shady stroll some half or three fourths of a mile in length, leads to this beautiful cascade, which fairly contests for the first honors among all the White Mountain waterfalls. Our driver, the minister, who is booked as the preacher at the Glen the ensuing Sabbath draws up his reins, cracks his whip and brings up his four dashing steeds, nervous and panting on their pins, to the Glen piazza.

We dismount and receive a cordial welcome from mine host Milliken, who is a host in himself and furthermore "knows how to keep a hotel." For evidence of this, note the fact that this house (which was supposed to have been left out in the cold by the railroads) has been full all summer while all the other mountain hotels have been comparatively empty. We have never been able to see the attractions of this place setting aside the first-class hotel located here, for "tis mountains, mountains, piled on every side, with a speck of blue above. True the little green plateau

