

LOVE ME.

Love me, love; but breathe it low,
Soft as summer weather;
If you love me, tell me so,
As we sit together.

THE LONG PACK.

BY JAMES HOGG THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.
In the year 1723 Colonel Riddig returned from India with what was considered in those days an immense fortune, and retired to a country seat on the banks of the North Tyne in Northumberland.

One afternoon, as Alice was spinning some yarn for a pair of stockings, a pedler entered the hall with a conical pack on his back. Alice had seen as long a pack and as broad a pack; but a pack equally long, thick and broad she declared she had never seen.

He listened on the subject, saying he believed she was in the right, for it would scarcely be safe to trust him under the same roof with such a sweet and beautiful creature. Alice was an old maid, and anything but beautiful, but it would not do, consent she would not to his staying there.

"But, are you really going to turn me away to-night?"
"Indeed, my dear girl, you are unreasonable; I am come straight from New Castle, where I have been purchasing a fresh stock of goods, which are so heavy that I cannot travel far with them, and as the people around here are of the poorer class, I will rather make you a present of the finest shawl in the pack than go further."

At the mention of the shawl deliberation was portrayed in lively colors on Alice's face, but prudence overcame. "No, she was but a servant, and had orders to harbor no person about the house, but such as came on business, nor these either unless she was well acquainted with them."

"What the worse can you or your master be of suffering me to tarry until the morning?" urged the pedler.

The conversation went on thus, Alice proving unyielding, and at length the pedler agreed to go elsewhere and seek for lodgings, if she would let him leave the pack where it was for the night, since, fatigued as he was, he could not possibly carry it away. To this Alice consented, although with much reluctance, as she wanted nothing to do with his goods. "The pack will be better out of your way," said he, "and safer if you will be so kind as to lock it by in some room or closet."

She then led him into a low parlor, where he placed it carefully on two chairs, and went away wishing Alice a good-night. When old Alice and the pack were left in the large house by themselves, she felt a kind of indefinite terror come over her mind about it. "What can be in it that makes it so heavy? Surely where the man carries it so far he might have carried it farther. It's a confoundedly queer pack. I'll go look at it once again. Suppose I should handle it all around? I may then have a good guess what is in it."

Alice went cautiously and fearfully into the parlor, and opened a wall press. She wanted nothing in the press, indeed she never looked into it, for her eyes were fixed on the pack, and the longer she looked at it the worse she liked it, as to handling it, she would never have touched it for all it contained. She came again into the kitchen and reasoned with herself. She thought of the man's earnestness to leave it—of its monstrous shape, and every circumstance connected with it; they were all mysterious, and she was convinced that there was something uncanny, if not unearthly, in the pack. She lifted a moulded candle and went again into the parlor, closed the window-shutters and barred them; but before she came out she set herself upright, held in her breath, and took another steady and scrutinizing look at the pack. God of mercy! She saw it moving, as visibly as she ever saw anything in her life. Every hair on her head stood straight;

every inch of flesh on her body crept. She hastened into the kitchen as fast as she could, but her knees bent under the terror that overwhelmed her heart. She blew out the candle, lighted it again, and not being able to find a candlestick, though a dozen stood on the shelf, she set it in a water jug, and ran to the barn for old Richard. When she had told her story, ending with the information that the pack was a living pack, Richard dropped his flail upon the floor and stared at Alice with all his eyes.

"A living pack," he cried, "why the woman's mad with doubt! Of all the foolish ideas this is the worst. How can a pack made up of napkins and muslins and corduroy breeches ever become alive?" However, he followed her into the house, and lifted the candle out of the jug, never stopping till he laid his hand on the pack. He felt the boards that surrounded its edges to prevent the goods from being crumpled, the cords that bound it, and the canvas in which it was wrapped. "The pack is well enough," he said finally. "It is just like other packs. I see nought that ails it, and a good large pack it is. It will have cost the honest man three hundred pounds if the goods are fine. But he will make it up, Alice, by cheating fools like you with gewgaws."

Alice felt some disappointment at seeing Richard unconvinced, and persisted that all was not right about the pack. She believed there were stolen goods in it, at any rate, and she had no wish to sleep in the house with it. Next came in Edward, the lad of sixteen, who aided Richard in his work about the place. He was at this time often engaged in shooting crows and other birds, and had bought a huge old military gun with which he thundered away at them, and this very moment he had seen a flock of birds feeding at his corn-rick and had come in to get his gun. When Edward heard the talk about the pack he pricked up his ears attentively. "Fink, Alice," said he, laughing, "if it's a live pack perhaps I'd better shoot it." "Hold your tongue, you fool," said Richard. But Edward, taking the candle in his turn, declared he'd have a look at the pack, at any rate. Gliding down the passage he edged up to the parlor door and gazed within. Presently he came back with a very different look from which he took away.

"As sure as death I saw it stirring," he whispered, "and whatever he is there I'll shoot it." In vain the others attempted to dissuade him. Carrying his gun in one hand and the candle in the other he hastened down the hall. Without hesitating a moment he fired. Great heavens! The blood gushed out upon the floor like a torrent, and a hideous roar, followed by a groan of death, issued from the pack. Dropping the gun, Edward ran into the kitchen like one distracted, and out at the open door, talking to the hills like a wild roe in his flight. Alice followed as fast as she could; and old Richard, after standing for a time in a state of petrification, went into the parlor. The pack had thrown itself to the floor, which flowed with blood. The cries and groans had ceased, and only a kind of guttural noise was heard within. The old man, getting down upon his knees, unloosed the cords and discovered the body of a stalwart man, from which he had forever fled.

"Alas! Alas!" said old Richard, tears running down his cheeks. "I wish he had lived to repent of the bad cause that brought him here."

By this time Edward and Alice, who had gone off with the wild idea of summoning some one to their aid, returned in sad distress. Having found no one near, they could no longer leave Richard to his melancholy fate. Together they took the corpse from its confinement. The way in which it was packed was curious and artful. His knees were brought up toward his breast, and his feet and legs were stuffed in a wooden box, another wooden box, a size larger, but without a bottom, made up the vacancy betwixt his face and his knees, and there being only one fold of canvas around this, he breathed with perfect ease. It was the heaving of his breast which had alarmed the servants. His right arm was within the box, and to his hand was tied a cutlass, with which he could rip himself out of his confinement at once. On his person were four loaded pistols and a silver whistle. In an hour's time they had the house well equipped with armed men, and when the robbers, who had thought to establish their confederate within in safety, arrived about midnight, they were repulsed with unexpected fury, several of their number being killed or wounded and their bodies carried away in the retreat of the others. The body of the robber in the pack was buried, and it was said that his grave was opened and the corpse taken secretly away. No clue to the perpetrators of this base and bold attempt at burglary was ever found.

Old Mrs. Grant showed the other day that she has lost none of the strong common sense which used to mark her speeches. When her daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, complained of the crowds that are always lingering about the cottage at Mount MacGregor eager to get a glimpse of the famous General, and said she felt as though she were standing for a photograph, her mother replied with more truth than compliment: they don't come to see you, Nellie; you need't mind

AT THE YARD-ARM.

Recollections of a Witness of the Exemplary Execution on the Brig Somers in 1842.

From the Philadelphia Times.
"I was a boy in the United States navy on the brig Somers, in '42, when those three men were hung that were referred to in the 'Lookout' column of the Times some time ago," said John W. Davis, on Chestnut street, the other day. "The sight of those three men hanging at the yard-arm, and their burial in the sea at night, has haunted me all my life. It often comes up before me when I'm walking along the street. I can never forget it. I knew Spencer, the midshipman, well. He was a wild, dare-devil sort of a fellow, about 19 years old; but good natured, and not maliciously inclined. I think the execution of all the men was a grave mistake; and in looking back at it now I believe that it was a foul murder."

We sailed from New York on the 13th of September, '42, for the coast of Africa, but first began cruising in the West Indies. In the latter part of November, before we reached St. Thomas, Midshipman Spencer, who was the son of the Secretary of War, was suddenly seized one day, put in double irons, and kept a prisoner in close confinement. Two other men, the boat-swain's mate, who was acting as boat-swain, and whose name was Cromwell, and a seaman, named Small, were arrested a day or two afterward, followed by the arrest of four others. All were put in double irons. We had no man-of-war guard on board. The officers appeared to be frightened to death about something and the men of the ship's company were afraid to be seen talking to each other. After Spencer's arrest it was noised around decks that he had formed a plot to seize the ship, along with a few of the ship's crew, and turn it into a piratical craft. Among others he communicated his plan to the purser's steward, who got a list of the conspirators and told the whole story to Lieut. McIntosh, the executive officer.

Two or three days after the arrests a number of officers met in the ward-room and called in a number of the ship's crew and examined them. The statements and even the opinions of each witness was taken down, but the accused men were not allowed to face their accusers, were not told what the charges were in detail and were not granted any opportunity for explanation or defense. On the 1st of December, four days after Spencer's arrest, he, along with Cromwell and Small, were told to get ready to die; that they were going to swing at the yard-arm at once. Spencer and the captain of the top acknowledged their guilt and were willing to die, but the acting boat-swain protested his innocence to the last, and Spencer declared, also, that he, Cromwell, had nothing to do with the plot. "Call all hands to witness execution," said the first lieutenant. The ship's company sullenly ranged themselves on the quarter-deck and at other points, while the officers of the ship stood around with drawn and sharpened swords to cut down any one who faltered in inflicting the awful penalty. When everything was ready Spencer and his two companions were allowed to bid their friends good-bye, then Capt. Mackenzie gave the signal, a gun was fired, the colors were hoisted and at the same time the three men, with caps over their faces, were swung out on the main yard-arm. It was a horrible sight to look at. All of the men died game. Commander Mackenzie then made a speech to us about the necessity of discipline and the awful crime of mutiny. At night funeral services were read by the light of the battle-lanterns and the bodies were put on the tilting board and dropped overboard into the sea. It was a solemn scene, I assure you, and it made an impression on my youthful mind that can never be eradicated. In a day or two we ran into St. Thomas and then set sail for New York, arriving there on the 14th of December.

There was a good deal of excitement when the news of the mutiny and the hanging got noised around and hundreds of people came down to the ship to see us. All of the others arrested were dismissed from custody. Commander Mackenzie was court-martialed about a month afterwards and the court sat for forty days, but acquitted him. It was composed of his brother officers. Mackenzie was not lied by the men. He was a brutal martinet, anyhow. Flogging was allowed in the navy in those days and he was very fond of administering the cut for trivial offenses. The friends of the executed men tried to have Mackenzie indicted in New York for murder, but the Judge decided that the civil law was not applicable to his case."

Goldsmith Maid, at the height of her glory, for a joke was taken from her quarters through a back street, led to a public place and put up at auction, the spectators bidding in good faith until the price was run up to \$34, when some one connected with the stable bid \$35, the hammer fell and she was led away.

President McCosh of Princeton is credited with the statement that the age of nine or ten years is the best at which to attempt to acquire a knowledge of languages. He maintains that a child of that age can learn more easily than a man of 25.

"Man's work's from sun to sun;
Woman's work is never done."
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A Black List.
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The Grant memorial services in Boston will be held Sept. 23. Henry Ward Beecher will deliver the oration.

Hay-Fever.
Ely's Cream Balm was recommended to me by my druggist as a preventive to Hay Fever. Have been using it as directed since the 9th of August and have found it a specific for that much dreaded and loathsome disease. For ten years or more I have been a great sufferer each year, from August 9th till frost, and have tried many alleged remedies for its cure, but Ely's Cream Balm is the only preventive I have ever found. Hay Fever sufferers ought to know of its efficacy.

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