LIGHT PRINT

DRESS PARADE.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

Sharp shifting lines of loyal light,
The pulsing pomp flash from the along,
O'er hearts whose patriot fires burn bright,
That warm into one a thousand strong,
With hands untrained to martial deed,
But quick to learn the soldier's trade;
Her champions when their country needs,
Stand: freemen stand at Dress Parade.

A shortened service, shrunken line,
On soil fraternal blood has drenched,
Flushed with the victor's gory wine,
With patriot ardor still unquenched;
Another dawn brings battle-storm!
Well knows each heart, all undismayed,
Thereafter many a ready form
No more shall stand at Dress Parade.

The final happy victory won,
Fresh garlanded with loyal thanks
Stand a broken handful in the sun,
Bitterly of three replenished ranks.
For songs of peace and home they change
Peculiar battle music, played
Where death well knew the gamut's range
And hurl, fled, peace-crowned Dress Parade.

A blest gift granted their release
Amidst hard marches, sharp alarms,
Amidst fields where perfect peace
Every in her arms,
Smith the soothing sound,
On Nature's cradle, triumphant trod,
Within the glorious Dress Parade!

JOHN S. ARCHESON.

THE LAST OF THE FAIRIES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JULES SANDEAU.

I was six years old when sweet peace came for the first time. I remember that it was a beautiful evening. I had gone out of the cottage. I was wandering aimlessly among the fields dreamy and restless without knowing why. I had been for some time of this humor, and constantly took refuge in solitude.

I saw the sun go down into a sea of purple and gold, the shadows ascend from the hills to the plains. The stars shone out by one in the sky. The trees were croaking gently by the pools, the trills of the nightingale rang out from intervals. I heard the lowing of the cattle in the night wind, and the long grass blowing before the breeze with a gentle and lovely sound. The moon, white and radiant, slept on the pearl of a cloud bank, whence she poured floods of silver through the night. The warm air was full of delightful colors, and along the blossoming hedges I could hear the murmurs of the birds caressing each other in their nests.

I was asleep, on my soul, asleep to all these sweet sounds and perfumes, all these sweet colors. The young girls holding each other's hands and singing together on their way to the city. They were singing in chorus of the spring and of love, their fresh voices vibrated through the silence of the sleeping fields like the distant sound of a cascade. I hid behind a thicket of hawthorn, and watched them pass like a group of those white, misty shadows that gathered at night on the lake, and slowly fade away and vanish before the rays of the dawn. I could distinguish by the starlight their brown or blonde heads; I could hear the rustling of their garments; I inhaled deeply the mysterious emanations they left in their passage, which came now sweet or than the balmy scents of the evening.

When they had disappeared I felt my soul a prey to a strange agitation, and sought myself on around on the edge of the plain, which spread itself before me like an ocean of verdure. I felt in my heart, and good God! I felt it in my body, deep, very, listening, trying to understand the confused sounds and flutterings that troubled my senses.

I know not how to express what I felt. My heart was oppressed and ready to burst. There was within me a concealed spring which poured out on my soul a stream which I could not restrain. I found I know not what cold weight in my tears.

How long I continued thus I cannot tell. When I opened my eyes before me a heavenly creature who looked at me with a smile. A time whiter than lilies bloom, graceful folds from her accompanied her as she trod on the grass which they scarcely touched. Two bare feet as white as the marble of Paros. Her blond hair floated freely about her shoulders. The delicate freshness of her brilliant color of the flowers that crown her head; in the rosy alabaster face, her eyes shone like two twinkles blooming in the same unclouded April's first kisses. Her arms were bare, one of her hands lay on her breast, while the other beckoned to me in friendly invitation.

I stood a moment mute and motionless, regarding her. Doubtless she came from heaven, for her beauty had nothing in it like that of earthly maidens, and I saw shining about her an aureole of glory which enwrapped her like a radiant mantle.

"Who are you?" I cried at length, holding out to her my eager arms.

"My friend," she answered in a voice sweeter than that of the night wind. I am the fairy whom the King of the Genii laid asleep in your bosom at the hour of your birth; this morning I was sleeping there still. I have just awakened in your heart's first tumult. My life is made of yours; I am your sister, and shall be your companion till the day when parted from you like the fading flower from its stalk. I shall leave you in the middle of the journey of which we shall have made the first half together. That day is not far distant, dear friend. The rose which blooms on morning is the image of my destiny. To love me do not wait till you have lost me, for neither your tears nor your regrets will bring me to life again when I am no more. Make haste! My hand is furnished neither with the magic wand or the enchanted ring, and I have no omnipotence but the flowers woven in my hair; but I will lead you with more treasures than ever a friendly and prodigal fairy showered on a young child. I will set a crown on your brow that many a king would count himself happy to be able to purchase with his own; I will gather for you a retinue such as never seen in palaces or courts. Invisible, yet present, I will follow you wherever you go; you shall feel in every place my faithful influence; I will embalm your couch at night; I will give my soul to all nature that she may smile on you and contribute to your happiness. Only, my child, learn to recognize all these blessings which I bring you; enjoy them before they escape; learn how to taste them, and, without hastening them, how to enjoy them without exhausting them; make provision out of the latter half of the journey which you must make without me. My friend, I have told you that I have little time to live, but it rests with you to prolong my frail and precious existence. I am like those tender plants which must be sheltered from the sun and the wind. My feet are under; do not weary them with pursuing you. The brightness of my cheeks is more delicate than the freshness of the vine that creeps among the hedges; if you would not see it tarnished in a day, do not expose me to the heat, lead me only in the shade. Watch, that no rumorous may embitter the repose, already too deep, that my loss will leave you; let my memory be a bright one, and let me still cheer your heart with sweet recollection, long after I shall have ceased to warm and light your life!"

Then, like a guardian angel hovering over a cradle, she bent her fair head over me, and I felt her lips on my forehead, fresher and sweeter than the wild rose that grows by the spring. I opened my arms to clasp her, but the white vision had silently vanished like a dream.

Was it not a dream, in truth? I went on across the country running like a madman, and then throwing myself on the grass and wet it with my burning tears. I had my dreams to the stars, and spoke my love to them. I talked to the flowers and trees; I felt within me a torrent of life which overflowed on all sides and peopled all nature. The dike was broken; the stream had pierced the rock. Breathless and wept. I was seized and gazed boundless vest of nature.

When the emotion to whiten I seemed to witness for the first time the rising of creation. Methought I inhaled the air with joy. I thought for a moment that my soul would leave the body to die, she pulsed through space. From the earth to the top to which I had climbed, I measured the horizon with a sigh, and the earth had been created for me. I was sure of it.

I was not yet thirty years old. It was October coming, I imagine, the grey season of melancholy. I was in the fields, gloomy and wandering without knowing why. I had been for some time of this humor, and constantly took refuge in solitude.

I saw the sun go down into a sea of purple and gold, the shadows ascend from the hills to the plains. The stars shone out by one in the sky. The trees were croaking gently by the pools, the trills of the nightingale rang out from intervals. I heard the lowing of the cattle in the night wind, and the long grass blowing before the breeze with a gentle and lovely sound. The moon, white and radiant, slept on the pearl of a cloud bank, whence she poured floods of silver through the night. The warm air was full of delightful colors, and along the blossoming hedges I could hear the murmurs of the birds caressing each other in their nests.

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The sky was lowering and cloudy. An icy wind was blowing, and the leaves from the trees. The melancholy howling of a dog from a distant farmhouse, a thread of black smoke rising through the branches, and the cries of the birds, gloomy and wandering without knowing why. I had been for some time of this humor, and constantly took refuge in solitude.

I walked on, chasing in my soul the recollection of a night of Paris, and the mornings of autumn. For my part, I had been a prey to that chilly sadness that creeps with the end of the bright days. Acting myself at the foot of a hedge, I saw for one moment the old woman, each bending under a bundle of sticks, provision for winter, when the women carrying home.

A crowd of images of Paris, connection of a day, the very spot. I was time sitting. I had seen pass long ages, the sun coming, a hand and voyager, hidden in the river's shands and singing. I was seen then, and the hedges.

I had seen the sun go down, the evening, the days which have passed between the end of the month and this October night. I fell into a deep and bitter gloom.

When, at length, I arose, I saw before me a pale countenance which looked sadly at me. It was a phantom of the I hardly dared to think it was the same. There was no longer about her that luminous atmosphere which enveloped her when she first appeared. Her ratteed tresses could not cover the bruises on her fair brow. Her feet were blood stained; her arms fell

Kentucky Politeness.

Gail Hamilton in New York Tribune.

A young woman had occasion to travel alone from Massachusetts, with her Tewksbury branded upon her brow, to Kentucky, whose civilization we knew, and admit, is sometimes too blue with gunpowder. In perfect repose of body and mind she reached the borders of Kentucky, where she was for some hours to await the arrival of a steamboat. The Kentuckian official invited her into his office, as being more quiet and restful than any other place open to her. Here she wrote several letters before she was ready to observe the men in a room below were talking what roughly and profanely, and the Kentuckian was [illegible] uneasy. In [illegible] apologetically quietly. Returning at the opposite door she passed that low and dominant voice but the [illegible] of all her senses, and convinced her on board another steamer, where she would be comfortable awaiting her boat. Her boat should arrive, three hours hence, at the appointed time he spoke, resumed the lady's seat, and changed her state [illegible] drunk on board, and [illegible] in the saloon, and [illegible] such profanation, without sneaking who she was or where she was going, and sodly became she [illegible] Returning at the appointed time she found that low and dominant voice but the [illegible] of all her senses, and convinced her on board another steamer, where she would be comfortable awaiting her boat. Her boat should arrive, three hours hence, at the appointed time he spoke, resumed the lady's seat, and changed her state [illegible] drunk on board, and [illegible] in the saloon, and [illegible] such profanation, without sneaking who she was or where she was going, and sodly became she [illegible] It is wonderful, however, how a woman with a great soul may grow warm under general behaviour. The lady took her [illegible] patient [illegible] Federal dangers. Paris on the [illegible] the [illegible] called in [illegible] Paris, published medical [illegible] and [illegible] in the Sunday [illegible] of New York, shortly put in an appearance. [illegible] examined the patient [illegible] Paris, where he was born, [illegible] were numbered, the sank death from that time forth until he died. [illegible] Paris [illegible] and preparations were made to treat them, but they did not appear and the patient passed away quietly.

Winfield Scott Hancock, had set after the battle of the Wilderness, so far as it was safe for the presidency, was a native of Montgomery county, Pa., where he was born in February, 1824. He had lived a few years longer he would have seen his years old. He was sent to West Point when he was a boy, and graduated high in his class in 1844. He was assigned to frontier duty at once, and in less as incumbent of infantry, was sent to the scene of the Mexican war.

He proved a brave fighter and or bravery at Contreras and Churubusco, was brevetted first lieutenant, and at Chapultepec was assigned to frontier duty, and steadily worked his upward way through the various ranks of the service. Two years before the war he was in the quartermaster of the western department, with headquarters in California. He could not stand long in a subordinate place, and he was soon called to the front, carrying of volunteers, he served in the army of the Potomac, and in the Mexican war, in which he was brevetted twice, and was in the battle of Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg, in 1863, he was sent to the Second corps which was a great old field and his [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and