mouth. His erect, vigorous figure became bowed, and his long beard became yet more deeply flecked with white. He was seldom seen away from his own farm, where he worked early and late. Once more he sought out the comrades of his youth, the birds and flowers, and found them again full of life and beauty. But to one so long accustomed to human intercourse there was a painful lack of sympathy in his gay companions. The birds sang of joy, not of sorrow; of love, not of hatred.

At last came that eventful winter, and then the tragedy of Concord Bridge. The men from Exton were among the first to seize their firelocks at the call of alarm. George Weymouth sadly watched the little bands of men hurrying by his house, on that warm spring morning, fated to become so famous in after years. All through the long day he walked slowly after his plough, listening anxiously to the dull reports of musketry. At evening the story of the day's fight became known, and some men who had left their homes so bravely in the morning, were brought back wounded and in pain.

From this time onward the isolation of Weymouth was complete. Men avoided him as they would a criminal. Once, indeed, during that terrible winter at Valley Forge, Weymouth, moved by the tales of hardship and privation, sent to the village committee a generous gift to alleviate the sufferings of the soldiers. But when an old acquaintance ventured to ask Weymouth if he had at last changed his strange notions, the old man straightened himself up and answered, firmly, that Right and King George were sure to triumph in the end. To the close of his life Weymouth was left utterly alone.

There is an old graveyard in the quietest corner of a quiet New England village. The path leading to it from the main road is overgrown with weeds and briers, and the gate which once gave entrance, is now rotted on its hinges. Soft gray lichens cling closely to every roughened point of the stones, mutely pledging themselves to share forever the destiny of their home. There is one large slab to which they seem to have become attached with a peculiar friendship. Upon it their various hues of black, brown, and purple commingle in subdued, yet beautiful shades. The last warm, rich beams of the spring sunshine fall upon the stone, and soften the angles of the rough lettering. The sun sets behind the great western hills and leaves the stone once more alone. But the eternal stars look down in unchanging silence, and watch the stone crumbling into dust, under the tread of the advancing years. All is quiet. Everlasting peace shadows over the tomb, and leaves it alone no more forever.

Noticeable Articles.

We have just finished reading a loud a book published by the Harpers, entitled "From the Forecastle to the Cabin," and we quite agree with the Saturday Review that it is worthy to stand on the shelf by the side of that nautical classic, Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." Captain Samuels, its author, is one of the survivors of the race of clipper-ship captains belonging to those times when Yankee clipper-ships were famous in every port on the globe, and when the United States had a mercantile navy. He ran away from school to sea, and was a captain when he was twenty-one; and in after years his good ship, the Dreadnought, was as well known on the Atlantic as the Etruria and the City of Rome are now; and for these latter and all their like, he has the hearty contempt of a true old "salt." The Saturday Review thinks he has drawn on his imagination for one or two of his stories, but we believe even in the rescue of the beautiful lady from the Turkish harem. There is a similar story, though with not so fortunate a result, in the recently published autobiography of the dare-devil, Hobart Pacha, confederate blockade-runner and admiral of the Turkish navy, which book is also a good bit of vacation reading. Hobart Pacha was a younger son of the English Duke of Buckinghamshire.

There is not a dull page in Captain Samuels' book, nor, we believe, an untruthful one. Whether it will have the effect he desires, of deterring boys from running away to sea, we rather doubt. Its author, by the way, commanded the Dauntless in the recent ocean yacht-race across the Atlantic.

From rough life on the sea the reader may turn to the equally rough life of a cowboy on a Texan cattle-