

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

Editor Telegraph:

I cannot resist opening the door of a pleasant home in Upper Alton, and giving your readers a glimpse within, this 9th of March, 1867.

The privilege of friendship gave me the pleasure of congratulating Major and Mrs. Steingrardt, on this, their golden wedding-day. A genuine, German golden wedding day.

Oh! cynical maiden and stolid bachelor! Ye who look sceptically on the hoped for happiness of every Jay weddings, coming in the May-time of life, I defy you to have witnessed unmoved, this wedding scene of the beautiful 'Indian summer, where the faces of bride and bridegroom are radiant, and yet young with the experienced happiness of fifty years of companionship—fifty years of love. Thank Heaven! for the hearts, time cannot chill; for the companionships, time perfects; for the love, time strengthens.

Indications of the glad occasion reached the ear in sound of festal mirth, long before we reached the home from whence they issued. A grand-daughter welcomed us at the door, and calling "Grand-pa!" the groom came forward with a cordial, courteous greeting for all. His form still erect and martial, as when, under Wellington, he stood victor at the battle of Waterloo. Eight medals, testifying to his gallantry in some of the many hard fought battles in which he participated, were gracefully fastened with a bunch of gilded leaves, to his side. As we enter, he whispers, that "the bride looks very beautiful to-day." We find her surrounded by children, and children's children, a wreath of autumn leaves—burnished with gold surmounting her cap. A daughter told us of an absent brother in California; and a sister in Germany whom they had expected to meet to-day after twenty years of separation; but she added cheerfully, "she is thinking of us all the time." Ah, yes! to-day her heart is more at home under these stranger skies than in the Fatherland.

For me to attempt giving an account of the day, or the wedding supper, would be preposterous—but long, long will it linger in the sunniest room of memory, and a gleam from the radiance of this golden wedding will often illumine after years. If there was a "Good Templar" there, was he not made better by drinking to the health of this bride and groom in pure "Catawba." In the evening Major and Mrs. Steingrardt were delightfully serenaded by the "Sigma Phi" Glee Club, of whose renown your readers have heard, if they have not listened to their strains. The following words, written for the occasion, by an absent friend, were sung by the Club.

To Mrs. and Major Steingrardt, March 9th, 1867:

Fifty years, long mellow years,
Golden, every one;
Years of laughter, years of tears,
Years of shadow and of sun.

Love has turned them all to gold,
Let a rainbow in each hair,
Bringing warmth for winter's cold,
Adding joy to summer's cheer.

Fifty years of wedded life,
Seasons come and seasons go,
Dear the husband, dear the wife,
Not, as fifty years ago.

Fifty years, with clasping hands,
Side by side you've traveled on,
Time still turns his diamond sands,
Gently fall they one by one.

Hearts that love can ne'er grow old,
Theirs for aye the spring-time daisies;
Hearts that love can ne'er grow cold,
Though they lie beneath the daisies.

In a home beyond the sun,
"Fifty years," they never say,
For the ages ne'er are done,
Endless is the wedding day.

There, dear friends, the angels wait,
And the loved ones gone before,
Watching by the golden gate,
Listening for the opened door.

There, where years no more are known,
There, on Life's eternal shore,
May you dwell before God's throne,
Husband—wife—forevermore.