THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. Terms: $2 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. IX. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1876. NO. 10.

THAT NEW WORLD.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

How gracious we are to grant to the dead
These wide, vague lands in the foreign sky,
Reserving the world for ourselves instead:
For we must live though others must die!

And what is the world that we keep, I pray?
True it has glimpses of dews and flowers;
Then youth and love are here and away,
Like mated birds—but nothing is ours.

Ah, nothing indeed, but we cling to it all,
It is nothing to hear one's own heart beat,
It is nothing to see one's own tears fall;
Yet surely the breath of our life is sweet.

Yes, the breath of our life is so sweet, I fear
We were loath to give it for all we know
Of that charmed country we hold so dear,
Far into whose beauty the breathless go.

Yet certain we are, when we see them fade
Out of the pleasant light of the sun,
Of the sands of gold in the palm-leaf's shade,
And the strange high jewels all these have won.

You dare not doubt it, O soul of mine!
And yet, if these vacant eyes could see
One, only one, from that voyage divine,
With something, anything, sure for me!

Ah, blow me the scent of one lily, to tell
That it grew outside of the world, at most;
Ah, show me a plume to touch, or a shell
That whispers of some unearthly coast!

Martha's Waiting.

BY ROBERT C. MEYERS.

She was Martha, Irish and red. She had been here in America a year, and had worked hard and steadily, had saved from her wages, and sent money over the water to her old home for the mo- and children.

But she used to think, at odd times, this Martha—odd times rather. Sometimes with her arms in the suds, a little remembrance of home would come to her, and a salt tear would fall down and mix with the soapy water; or she would be sweeping a room, and a thought of those far, far a way would steal softly into her heart, and she would stop the work for a few minutes, just unmindful of anything about her. Ah! this thinking is a wonderful sad feeling, and even cruel too, for it is very strong, and we are so weak that we never know when to expect it.

Now she had not much time to herself; but her heart was a great big world in which there was silently living the time, and nothing that was new. She made few friends here, because she felt that nobody quite understood her, when she spoke of the old place; and there was Pat, over there, and you know she had a wonderful feeling for him. Said he, when she was standing ready to leave for the new country, "Martha, it's little ye can take wid ye to remind ye o' me."

"No, Pat, it's much that I have," said she.

"Faith, and what's that?"

"Me heart, Pat, for you're in there sure enough."

Then he had laughed at her, and told her to cheer up, for in a little while he was coming over too, and be sure then everything would be all right.

Ah, well, here she was, working away her dear life, and waiting.

Sorrowful! Not at all. Kind to those around her; faithful and true.

"Martha, why don't you go out more?" asked her mistress.

"If it please ye ma'am I'd rather stay by mesel', and then I don't know many places to go to."

So she stayed at home. Often of pleasant evenings, when work was done she had a breathing spell, she used to sit down with her rough hands in her lap and think of Pat.

She wondered what he was doing then; if he was thinking of her; or maybe he was smoking his pipe at her mother's little cottage, and talking about her; maybe he was joking with the children (oh, he could joke finely, could Pat, as she well remembered.) she hoped he was well and cheerful, and bore up under the loss of her; well, no too well; she would rather that he'd be a little lonely at times, just for the sake of the love she bore him.

She could not write, you see, or maybe she would have sent him a letter, but then there would have been small use in that, too, seeing that he could not read.

She got to know the places where the emigrant ships came in, and one day she saw many poor homeless Irish lads, without friends on this side, and with little or no money, wandering about like lost, till the cars should come which would take them to the Eldorado of the world—the West.

Martha bought cakes and candies and went to them and gave the stuff to the poor forlorn children. Her broad, honest face did good to the sick-hearted woman, and they looked up with a little glad look in their eyes at the sight of one of their own country women.

"Are any of ye from Donegal?" asked she of one of the women.

"Bles ye, darlint, that I am," responded the woman.

"And do yez know the widdy McCoy?"

"Troth and I do, and all the family."

"I'm Martha McCoy."

"What, ye're Martha, as yer own mother talks so much about? May the blessed Virgin hould ye but yer mother loves ye."

"Yes I know," said Martha, a tear in her eye, "and do ye know Pat Cardegan?"

"Aye, and I do. He's a well doin' boy, wid broad shoulders, and he's comin over here next year."

"God bless ye for that same news," said Martha, as she helped the woman to the cars.

She stood watching the train as it went away, loath to leave any one who had seen him and all that was dear to her, later than she had.

One day, working in the kitchen. Martha heard a hand-organ in front of the house playing "Donnybrook Fair." She stopped, listened, ran to the street, gave money to the man. "Will yez play that over again?" asked she, for Pat used to sing it, you see.

She fell to thinking, to be sure, if he came he would have no home to go to; she must try to save money to give him so that he might not feel poor till he got something to do; but then he too would go West. Well, in that case, she would go also; she was strong and hearty, she could get work any where, and then with Pat she wouldn't mind how hard she had it.

Now she had sent money home by the priest of her church, and he said to her when next she saw him, "Martha McCoy, Father Campbell, over in Donegal, sends me word to you that Pat Cardegan is to sail for America next week. Your mother and all are well and send their duty to you,"

What, Pat coming? she could hardly thank the father for his welcome words. She flew home and worked fast and furious, so that the other girls should not see that there was anything the matter with her.

"Martha, how your eyes shine," said one of them, "aint you well?"

"Well," she cried, "I'm more than happy"—and laughed.

She went to her mistress: "Ye've been very kind to me, ma'am," she said; "but I may leave you in a week."

"Why, Martha, where are you going?"

"There's some one coming from the ould country, ma'am, as may wish me to go West wid him."

"Oh, your sweetheart, eh, Martha?"

She smiled: "My young man. yes ma'am."

"Well, Martha, I shall be very sorry to part with you, for you are a good girl, and you will make a good wife."

"Thank ye, ma'am, indeed," she said, glad of this praise, which seemed to say that Pat would be glad, too.

She counted her little savings, and went out and engaged two rooms in a poor neighborhood, fell on her knees and prayed, while the tears streamed from her eyes—prayed for Pat—only him—and thanked God for sending him to her.

The time dragged on, her week was out, and she left her mistress to go and wait for her lover.

In the poor little rooms she fixed and brightened up everything; she bought oat-meal, so that she could make cakes like those in Ireland, and so please Pat; she hunted the shipping office for news of the vessel. The men treated her kindly there, for she seemed so modest, and withal so wholesome and happy looking

At last they told her the vesssl would arrive in port next day. All night she sat in her home, waiting and glad. In the early morning she was down at the wharf, along with many others who were waiting like her—some out of curiosity to see an emigrant ship, others to meet those they loved. She spoke to all about her, A little woman was waiting for her husband. Martha stayed by her till all at once a cry went up that the ship was coming in.

Big and black, like a cloud it came slowly over the water, casting shadows on the stream, and at last was here.

Martha held the little woman up, for a man was looking above all the rest, to the shore, and the little woman suddenly threw her arms around Martha's neck "That's Ted," she cried, "that's me own darlint!" and the emigrants were coming forth bewildered and anxious.

Martha could not stir form the place she occupied. A something like a sob of joy held on to her heart, and she could not get free. The people jostled her; she did not mind them. Some cursed her for being in their way; she did not hear them.

All at once a man in the crowd was seen by Martha. It was Pat.

She crossed her arms upon her breast, glad and wild, and he saw her; came close to her; but a woman was with him.

Martha! he said, and in such a strange, altered voice that her very heart seemed to stop beating. The woman with him looked at her. Martha mechanically pointed to her.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"Why, Martha, that's Biddy, me wife! We were married just before we sailed. What's the matter wid ye? Are ye sick?" For her arms fell at her sides and her eyes closed; a something clutched her throat, and she could not breathe.

"Take me where there's air," she gasped, and he helped her away.

"Why, whaa alls ye, Martha?" asked Pat, while his wife looked astonished.

"Nothing, Pat, I'm well again. Ye have no place to go to have ye?"

No, he had not.

"Then Iv'e two rooms forninst here, which I took for ye when I heard yez was coming. Ye may have them and the rent's paid for a month. I shan't see yez again, for I'm going far from here, far from here,"

She took them to the place; their gratitude knew no bounds. She was going away, dazed and cold, when he called out, "Martha, ye have not asked after your mother." Then she listened to what he had to say. "Good-bye!" she said, and went out.

She wandered along, she knew not whither, and once the feeling came over her that she would drown herself, but oh the water that left these shores, flowed beside the cliffs of Ireland where she had lived, and where her old mother was.

She could not think now, and tears would not come. As night came on she sunk into a corner, and there on her knees, she repeated her simple "Hail Mary! Full of grace!" and rose up and went to the place where she had been employed.

"Will I take you back, did you say, Martha?" "Yes, indeed," said the lady, "but where is the sweetheart?"

"He did not come!" said Martha. "My sweetheart did not come," she mechanically repeated.

Her mistress saw the agony in her face, "oh Martha, I am so sorry for you. Is he dead?"

"Yes, ma'am, dead!" she said whisperingly; and the next day the work went on as usual, and her strong arms worked as powerful as ever, but the sorrow that lay down deep in her heart was only known between herself and God.

Scowling.

Don't scowl; it spoils faces. Before you know it your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your cowlick to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parellel lines running East and West. with curves arching your eyebrows; and oh! how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit—"Constitutional scowl," we say. The little toddler who likes sugar on his bread and butter tells his troubles in the same way when you leave the sugar off. "Cross," we say about the children, and "worried to death," about the grown folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy; for face answereth unto face in life as well as in water. It belies our religion. We should possess our souls in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid countenances. If your forehead is rigid with wrinkles before forty what will it be at seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel almost always erases them. Even the extremely aged in death often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows that our sonls need sweetening. For pity's sake, let us take a sad-iron or a glad-iron, or smoothing tool of some sort, and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraved upon our visage.—*Christian at Work.*

A Young Lady's Soliloquy.

Useless, aimless, drifting through life—what was I born for? For somebody's wife, my mother says. Well, that being true "somebody" keeps himself entirely from view. And if naught but marriage will settle my fate, I believe I shall lie in an unsettled state. For though I'm not ugly—pray what woman is?—you might easily find a more beautiful phiz; and those who seek for perfection will seek here in vain. Nay, in spite of these drawbacks, my heart is perverse, and I should not feel grateful for "better or worse," to take the first booby who graciously came, and offered me those treasures—his home and his name. I think, then, my chances of marriage are small, but why should I think of such chances at all? My brothers are all of them younger than I, yet they thrive in the world, why not let *me* try? I know that in business I am not an adept, because from such business I'm strikingly kept; but this is the question that troubles my mind—why am I not trained up to work of some kind? Uselessly, aimlessly, drifting through life, why should I wait to be somebody's wife.

A West India Hurricane.

In the year 1866, occurred the most terrible Hurricane experienced in the West India Islands, during the present century.

The ocean rolled completely over Hog Island into the harbor of Nassau, in surges so enormous, that the crest was even with the gallery of the lighthouse, sixty feet above the sea.

Houses and forests went down before the wind like reeds; many which withstood it force when it blew from northeast collapsed when it shifted to southwest. In twenty-four hours the city was like a town sacked and burned by the enemy, and a large part of the wealth accumulated during the war had disappeared into thin air. The islands have never entirely recovered from the blow.

Bric-a-Brac Hunters.

Running about over Europe at all times and seasons, in Madrid one day, in Stamboul another, with intervals of waiting here and there, affording exactly the kind of leisure to be thus employed, a man could certainly not do better than betake himself to bric-a-brac, which, like every other study, involves a great deal of learning, and enriches the mind with much quaint and unusual information of a very interesting kind. For your bric-a-brac hunter must know a good deal about history and, in a way, about art. He must have a head for dates, and be acquainted with the progress of those delicate manufactures in which he is specially interested, and even something of the processes, too, by which their special beauty is attained. If this knowledge is perhaps circumscribed within the few centuries which have given its highest development to art, it is a great matter. A very unusual amount of acquirement is needed to be able to trace any line of thought through two or three centuries; and the very fact that it is needed implies opportunities of culture which many more imposing pursuits neither demand nor acquire. Indeed, for our own part, we are free to admit that the science which traces the earth through a great many upheavings, and professes to find intense dramatic interest in the grinding together of wild rocks, the developing and drying up of pathless oceans, the bellowings of extinct beasts, unenlightened by one ray of human interest, is infinitely less attractive to ourselves, though so much grander in public estimation, than the milder enthusiasm which follows the career of an art, and thus learns a great deal about the human creature, through whom and by whom it threaded its way into life, as well as the designs and the colors, the material and form, the when and the how, of its production. To know anything thoroughly, whatever it may be, gives a man, a wonderful advantage over his fellows; and he who would know china must understand a great many things besides china on his way to that eminence, upon which he sits, instructing us by his gracious words and humbling us by his suave superiority. Imagine him strolling through the streets of a big town, which, after we have seen its sights, are probably nothing but weariness to our soul. Berlin, for instance, flattest and dreariest of cities. Soft! while we yawn under the Linden, he has dived into some dingy den in a back street, with all the eagerness of an explorer in his fine countenance and speaking eyes, from which, perhaps, he emerges sparkling and glowing with pleasure, while we are vaguely wondering whether it is possible to get to bed so early without compromising our reputation for ever. Bed! our hero has something in his hand which takes all thought of weariness from him. As he unfolds it, the very atmosphere around him palpitates with pleasure. He sees it already imaginatively placed on a new bracket in the place of honor among all those dainty riches which fill his home, and hears the rustling of the wings of all the connoisseurs who, hearing news of it in their distant nests, come sweeping from far and near to see it, half weeping over the good fortune of the lucky fellow whose very occupation is thus throwing him in the way of continual treasures. "It is only a bit of crockery," you say in your ignorance; or if you are a Scotsman you may, perhaps, indulge in a sharper tone of contempt and call the wonder a "pig." But if you listen to him while he tells you the history of his "pig," your contempt will probably, if you are an ingenuous mind, give way to admiration, and you will find perhaps, though you pride yourself on knowing something, that the picturesque distinctness of a *specialite* is ever so much more clear and exact than your blundering general information, and that your friend's scrap of crockery lights up an age to him with minute tapers of illumination fine and delicate and clear, which throw more real light upon history than the big blazes of war, and dim lamps of councils. After which discovery it is to be hoped that you will be modest, and look down upon the man of china and trinkets no more.

We confess that there are occasions in which the special devotion to bric-a-brac has a somewhat laughable effect. It is funny, for instance, to hear in a record of a visit to Dresden that a word about Raphael or even Correggio, but a very great deal about John Frederick Bottcher. Now, dear reader, perhaps you do not know, if you are not a china-maniac, who John Frederic Bottcher is? Neither did we—till Major Hall enlightened us. He was, so far as we can make quite sure, the inventor of that charming white porcelain which is one of the prettiest of all ceramic productions of Dresden, and the director of the great manufactory at Meissen. We are very much obliged to him for the white china, which is very captivating in its way; but we feel that it is somewhat droll to hear so much about it in the very presence, as it were, of that Virgin of the San Sisto, who hushes all common talk upon one's lips, when one comes near her. The bric-a-brac man, however, chirrups on undismayed. He has no eyes for that glory of supreme art. The little magnitude which he loves has confused his sense of space and distance, and destroyed sight, so that the small bulks seem bigger than the great in his eyes. The confusion seems almost moral as well as mental, and leaves us half indignant, half in laughter; but all the same Meissen and Bottcher, whose life is one of the many stirring stories of inventors, and a great deal of obscure but important national history, is all revealed to the chinamaniac, though he does not mind Raphael, by the white porcelain.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Why they are "Lucky."

When a vessel of the Cunard line is ready to sail, but before the passengers are received on board, a complete inspection is made by her commanding officer, and the marine superintendent. The crew are drawn up for inspection in two lines, on the starboard and port sides of the deck, each man wearing the badge of his boat, and ready to answer to his name. The muster-roll having been called, orders are given to prepare for boat service; and the men are told up into the necessary number of crews, each at his own station. When this is done the order "boats out" is given. When the boats are down, and proof has been given that everything connected with them is ready for service, the order to haul them in is given, and in a few more minutes they are restored to their customary resting places. The same organization of crews is applied to fire duty; and as soon as the boat inspection is completed a fire-drill takes its place. In this some men have charge of buckets, with ropes attached to them, so that they can be filled over the side and hauled in. Others have to fetch and join the hose, to connect it with pumps worked by the engines, or to take charge of the jets. Others are prepared with blankets to be wetted and thrown over the flames, but the essential matter is that every man has his place and his duty, and every man is acquainted with them both. The same division into crews, as for the boats, is also used for manning the pumps, and as soon as the fire-drill is over, the pumps receive the next attention. Each crew is expected to be in its place, each pump is tested and examined, and it is shown that there is no water in the bilge. This done, the crews are dismissed, but the inspecting party proceeds to make a complete tour of the vessel. The storerooms are visited, and the steward is cautioned with regard to his duties in respect of them, and is especially told that no other light than that of a closed and locked lamp must ever be taken to them. Every watertight door is shut and tested to see that it moves freely on its hinges, and that none of its lever fastenings are rusted or out of order. The supply of rockets and other signals is examined, the steering and signaling apparatus tried; and only after everything has been found to be in order is the word given for the ship to embark her passengers and to proceed upon her course. In addition to all this care, every officer is responsible for the condition of things in his own department, and the captain for all, so that the smallest imperfection would be reported as soon as it was discovered, and rectified as soon as rectification was possible. The Cunard company does insure, but yet takes its own risks to a certain extent, and no known risks are ever incurred. If the smallest defect is discovered in any part of a ship, no question is raised whether it will bear one voyage or two voyages more, but the order "out with it" is given at once.

A Mortgage.

In the whole range of sacred and profane literature, perhaps there is nothing recorded which has such staying properties as a good healthy mortgage.

A mortgage can be depended on to stick closer than a brother. It has a mission to perform which never lets up. Day after day it is right there nor does the slightest tendency to slumber impair its vigor in the least. Night and day, and at holiday times, without a moment's rest for sickness or recreation, the biting offspring of its existence goes on.

The seasons may change, days run into weeks, weeks into months, and months be swallowed up into the gray man of advancing years, but that mortgage stands up in sleepless vigilance, with the interest, a perennial stream, ceaselessly running on.

Like a huge nightmare eating out the sleep of some restless slumberer, the unpaid mortgage rears up its gaunt front in perpetual torment to the miserable wight who is held within its miserable clutch. It holds the poor victim with the relentless grasp of a giant; not one hour of recreation; not a moment's evasion of its hideous presence. A genial savage of mollifying aspect while the interest is paid; a very devil of hopless destruction when the payments fail.

Other liabilities may be evaded or smoothed aside; but a mortgage hangs on with the pertinacity of a bull dog or the grip of a blacksmith's vice. If the interest is paid it is added to swell its grim parent, the principal, and holds up its horrible front with a harder seeming than before. It will have the pound of flesh which is nominated in the bond; and more terrible than the fearful witches in Macbeth, the threatening fiend, Foreclosure, rears up its dreaded menace with the crushing weight of hopeless despair.

Pity for the poor man who has the grim fiend in his household. Every story of his life is fraught with one intact endurance of misery and dread, embittered with a grievous load he is powerless to shake away.—*Industrial Age.*

Women at Michigan University.

Having been in happy operation for twenty-nine years as a university exclusively for men, in the year 1870 it opened its doors in all departments for the admission of women. According to the most recent returns, one hundred and seventeen of that sex are now availing themselves of the right to university instruction thus recognized. In the distribution which they have made of themselves among the several departments, there is no little sfinificance—four of them have chosen the law, forty-seven medicine, and one-hundred-six literature and science. Before 1870 there were several colleges in America which had adopted the system of co education; but all of these had adopted that system from the beginning. Michigan is the first university which, having begun its life and attained eminent success upon the old exclusive system, then deliberately inorporated upon itself the new and more comprehensive plan. The resolution to do so was by no means a hasty one, or taken with much cheerfulness. It had been under consideration for twenty years, and when adopted at last, it was adopted with no little anxiety. Our experience of five years has, I think, convinced everybody here that this anxiety was not well founded. Neither good order nor the scholarship of the University has suffered any harm from the presence of ladies in its classrooms; while the physical disasters to the women themselves, which an eminent medical authority has of late clearly demonstrated to be the penal consequences of feminine toil at the dry and arduous tasks of university study, have thus far strangely failed to make their appearance in this neighborhood. Indeed, the ladies here seem to thrive ludicrously well under the rugged regimen to which they have been put; and their omission to verify the predictions of an *a priori* alarm is something bordering upon the cruel. A benevolent mind observing these things can hardly do less than utter a word of kindly caution to all persons who still desire to take unalloyed comfort in the doctrine that women are not fit for universities, or that universities are not fit for women; such persons should abjure the neighborhood of institutions like the University of Michigan, and faithfully limit themselves to speculative data.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Haste and Health.

It is not wholesome to be in a hurry. Locomotives have been reported to have moved a mile a minute for short distances. But locomotives have often come to grief by such great rapidity. Multitudes in their haste to get rich are ruined every year. The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, ar the men who oftenest succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry generally have to do things twice over The tortoise beat the hare at last Slow men seldom knock their brains out against a post. Foot-races are injurious to health, as are all forms of competitive exercise. Steady labor in the field is the best gymnasium in the world. Either labor or exercise, carried to exhaustion or prostration, or even to great tiredness, expressed by "fagged out," always does more harm than the previous exercise has done good. All running up-stairs, or to catch up with a vehicle or a ferry-boat, is extremely injurious to every age, sex, and condition of life. It ought to be the most pressing necessity which should induce a person over fifty to run over twelve or fifteen yards. Those live longest who are deliberate, whose actions are measured, who never embark in any enterprise without "sleeping over it," and who perform all every-day acts with calmness. Quakers are proverbially calm, quiet people; and they are a thrifty folk the world over.

Bouquet.

A writer in the *Gardner's Chronicle*, an English horticultural journal, says: Hearing a very good linguist pronounce this word one day, as if it had been spelled "bo-kay," I was induced to ask him his reasons for doing so, when he gave me the following information, which may interest some of your readers. The word, as we are accustomed to seeing it spelled, is a French perversion of two Tartar-Arabic words, bo, beautiful, and ka, perfume; hence, the original meaning of the word bouquet is anything which possesses a beautiful perfume. In like manner, the luscious Tokay wine (of which the Austrian Emperor is reputed to be as fond as the King of Prussia was of champagne) is indebted for its name to the two Arabic words, To, royal or imperial, and ka, perfume. When, therefore, connoisseurs speak of their wine having "beautiful bouquet" they are correctly using the word in its original sense, but they are incorrectly and unwittingly using the adjective twice—first in English, and then in Arabic.

The Smallest Capital in Europe.

It must certainly be allowed that the capital of Montenegro has no claim to rank among the great cities of the earth. Its general look, consisting mainly, as it does, of one wide street, rather reminded me of some of those small towns or large villages which lie on the old road from Oxford to London. Not expecting to find a new Babylon or Palmyra in one of the oases of the Black Mountain, I saw nothing that looked specially mean or squalid or tumble-down. I certainly know of municipal and parliamentary boroughs in more parts than one of the British Islands, which certainly would have to hold down their heads in a comparison with the Montenegrin capital. I was struck with the good sense of the Prince who, reigning over a simple people of his own blood, is satisfied with a palace which does not even pretend to the privacy of a squire's mansion, but simply stands as the great house of an open village. This is the new palace; the old palace, in which strangers are lodged, the work of the last Vladika, is a different building. The Vladika, at once Bishop and General, built a house which would serve better either for a monastery or for a barrack than for anything which, in the West, would be understood by a palace, or even a private house. But there is nothing to be said against the quarters in it. Cettage supplies everything but the tub, and a wise traveler carries that with him. Not far from the old palace, on the slope of a high peaked hill, stands the monastery, with its small church, containing the body of the sainted Peter. The arrangements of the monastery are puzzling to one familiar only with the monasteries of the West; but two ranges of arches, one over the other, stand out conspicuously. It might be dangerous to guess at their date; to judge from a new church on the other side of the town, architectural style would seem to have hardly changed in these parts for seven or eight hundred years. Above the monastery stands the tower where Turks' heads are no longer to be seen. But the signs of the growing civilization of Montenegro are chiefly gathered in another part of the town, at the end of the one main street. There is the future hotel; there is the Post Office—Montenegro was a member of the Postal Union some months before France—and there is one institution to which the Prince sends his visitors with a special pride. This is the model girls' school, where those who are curious in "time-tables," and take a mysterious pleasure in drawing them up, may have the pleasure of studying them in the Slavonic tongue.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

English Clergymen.

The following pictures of English clergymen are extracted from the *Pall Mall Gazette*: Here is the first which is an illustration of the way some of them dress, and carries out minutely some of the pictures Mr. Anthony Trollope has drawn: The toilet of clergymen of the present day must give them almost as much, if not more, trouble than that of young ladies who have just plunged into a vortex of gayety, to judge by the advertisement of "clerical tailors" which appear in ecclesiastical periodicals. From one of these some interesting information may be gleaned respecting surplices. Of "the pocket surplice" we learn that its use has now beccome universal, but whether it is simply carried in the pocket or worn on the shoulders is not stated. "The plain-fitting surplice" is "made to be worn with or without a cassock, is of the pocket surplice shape, and fits smooth round the neck, the slit with the button allowing the head to pass easily through. There is also another "plain-fitting surplice," it is "open down the front, fits perfectly smooth round the neck and shoulders like the pocket surplice, and is so made that it will not fall away in front to show the trousers." "Short Cotta surplices are quite plain, and fall low on the shoulders." There are also "slightly gathered surplices," "and round neck gathered surplices." The former, it is stated, "have less fulness at the neck than the cathedral shape," while the latter, which are worn with cassock, "put on over the head, have a very nice appearance." Any clergyman drawing a "round neck gathered surplice" over his feet—in fact, getting into it the wrong way—will, in the present muddy condition of the streets, present, on the other hand, a very nasty appearance, and prevent the vestment from exciting those feelings of veneration which, if plunged into head foremost it is calculated to produce.

Here is the other, which is very different: Clergymen, in the opinion of some persons, are a body of well-clothed, well-fed, well paid men, who have little else to do but to grow fat on the revenues of the church. The evidence given at an inquest held at Leamington on the remains of a clergymen who died in that town, discloses a less highly colored picture of clerical life. The deceased, it was stated had never obtained preferment, and latterly had derived no emolument from the church. He was a widower, aged seventy-three, and lodged alone. He had a small annuity, but this was forestalled; and he would frequently have been without food but for the kindness of those with whom he lodged. "I have lived," he said in a letter produced at the inquest, "for several years upon 8d. per day. I subsist upon bread and milk, bread and cheese, and cocoa, and have no meat, ale, or spirits. I have nothing," he added, "to subsist upon, and I do not know how to supply my necessities." This letter was written in answer to an application to pay the debts of his only son, who is a hopeless mental invalid. This unfortunate old clergyman was found lifeless in his room, having died, according to the verdict of jury, "from natural causes."

How to Make the Bad Times Worse.

There is no fact more generally or more thoroughly appreciated than that the times are hard, and there is need of prudence and economy, but there could be nothing more mischievous than the disposition to exaggerate the condition of things or to destroy confidence in our powers of recuperation. There is danger that the public mind will become morbid on the subject of the hard times and suspicious of the stability of all business. Let there be a general feeling of hopelessness or distrust, and the chief source of recuperative energy will be dried up. There have been many failures and one of the natural effects is to shake the confidence of business men and of the community at large but this result is aggravated beyond all rational limits by the stress that is laid on each failure, and the rumors and suspicions that are set on foot regarding others that may follow. We all know the propensity of rumor and gossip to become magnified as they travel, until their proportions are alarming. Many a house that might have weathered the storm if leniently dealt with, has been forced to suspend by the demands precipitated upon it by an idle rumor that it was in a straight condition. The practice of parading, weekly, a long list of failures, great and small, so as to make the most impressive show of business distress produces an impression that is essentially false, and altogether mischievous. Still worse is the propensity to spread rumors and unauthenticated reports regarding the unpromising condition of special times of business, and the instability of certain concerns. The effect is to unsettle confidence and produce despondency to a degree wholly unjustified by the actual state of affairs. * * * What we need most is confidence and hope, and we have ground enough for them, but there are busybodies whose occupation is to foresee distrust and dismay. By giving them countenance, we only make the bad times worse and the process of recovery more difficult. By prudent and careful management and pushing with the spirit of legitimate enterprise wherever an opportunity presents, we will steadily rebuild the fabric of our shattered prosperity. The lessons of adversity will be of priceless value to us in the future, and we must not fold our hands and moan or listen to the forebodings of croakers, but stand up manfully, put confidence in your fellowmen—except those whom we have some sufficient reason to distrust—and work on with a will, "Heart within and God o'erhead."—*Boston Globe.*

How Animals Live in Winter.

Our readers know that there are two kinds of respiratory apparatus—lungs, which inhale air, abstract oxygen from it, and give in return chiefly carbonic acid; and gills, which absorb the oxygen dissolved in water, and also give off chiefly carbonic acid, which is more readily dissolved in water than the oxygen. The former apparatus is possessed by mammals, birds, &c.; the latter by fishes; and as lungs are incapable of taking oxygen out of water, and gills cannot take it from the air, or in other words, as lungs cannot breathe water and gills cannot breathe air, animals with lungs are drowned in water, while fish are drowned in the air. A small number of amphibious animals, however, possess both lungs and gills, and can therefore breath either air or water, and thus live in both. It has been, however, observed that muskrats, and other swimming mammals with lungs, could travel considerable distances under ice without reaching any breathing hole on the surface, and it was for a long time a problem how they succeded in living so long and traveling so far without access to the atmosphere. The problem has been answered by S. Newhouse, in a work called the "Trapper's Guide," from which we extract the following:

"Muskrats have a curious method of traveling long distances under ice. In their winter excursions to their feeding grounds, which are frequently at great distances from their abodes, they take in breath at starting, and remain under water as long as they can. They rise to the ice and breathe out the air in their lungs, which remains in bubbles against the lower surface of the ice. They wait till this air recovers oxygen from the water and ice and then take it in again, and go on till the operation has to be repeated. In this way they can travel almost any distance, and live any length of time under the ice.

"The hunter sometimes takes advantage of this habit of the muskrat in the following manner:

"When the marshes and ponds where the muskrats abound are first frozen over, and the ice is thin and clear, on striking into their houses with his hatchet, for the purpose of setting his traps, he frequently sees a whole family plunge into the water and swim away from the ice. Following on for some distance, he sees him come up to renew his breath in the manner above described.

"After the animal has breathed through the ice and before he has time to take it in again, the hunter strikes with his hatchet directly over him, and drives away his breath. In this case he drowns in swimming a few rods; and the hunter, cutting a hole in the ice, takes him out. Mink, otter and beaver travel under the ice in the same way; and hunters have frequently told me of taking otters in the manner I have described, when these animals visit the houses of the muskrat for prey."—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

Japanese Mythology.

M. Burnout has published an interesting brochure on the mythology of the Japanese, based upon a more popular historical work than that previously translated by Titsingh and Klaproth. The mythological system is a little confusing. The names of the gods are so long though they had been invented by a modern chemist. Naturally things commence in chaos, but soon three unbegotten deities emerge to view. From these descend eight coupled deities, the last being I-zana-gino-mikoto (he who granted too much), and I-zana-mino-mikoto (she who asked too much), who were the parents of mountains, rivers, plants, gods and men. Their eldest daughter was Ten-syan-dai-zin, *i. e.*, the great goddess who shines in the heavens. Her younger brother was a rough fellow, a "regular pickle," and frightened his sister to such an extent that she retired into a grotto. The result was that night and day could no longer be distinguished from each other. The gods, in great consternation, assembled and commenced a serenade before the cave. Dai zin hearing their noisy demonstrations, was moved by feminine curiosity to have a peep. She was seized by the hand and brought forth, her persecutor being exiled to another province. There he saw an old man and woman weeping over a young girl. In answer to his inquiries he learned that a monstrous serpent with eight heads and eight tails had already devoured seven daughters, and was about to gobble up the only one remaining. The god says if they will give him their daughter to wife he will settle accounts with the dragon. He constructs a sort of scaffold having eight entrances, and each opening display a vase filled with *saki* (rice wine). The dragon shows itself capable of intoxication and is easily slain. The verse of five lines in which the god celebrates the building of a house for his bride is the oldest relic of the lyrical poetry of Japan. It is not a little curious to find in the native mythology of Nippon a prototype of St. George.

Passing over various demi-gods rejoicing in such names as Masa-ya-a-katu-haya-hi-ama-no-osi-ho-mi-no-mikoto, we come to a time when the earth was under the rule of two brothers, one of them hunting on the hills and the other fishing in the sea. They agreed to change their vocations, but the fisher caught no game, and the hunter lost the fish hook in the sea. As his brother imperiously demanded its return, he descended in a sort of a cage to the palace of the sea-god. There he espoused the daughter of that potentate, obtained the hook, also two precious stones of flux and reflux, and, with all his treasures, returned to the earth. His happiness was destroyed by a stealthy observation of his wife at a time when he had promised not to look upon her. It is in effect the story of Melusina over again, like the fair mother of the house of Lusignan, the daughter of the sea god disappeared into the waves, and her husband no more beheld either wife or child.

The chronology of the mythological age of Japan is easily summed up. There were five generations of terrestrial deities. The dominion of the gods from the time when they came down to govern the earth lasted 1,992,470 years, but as to the epoch of chaos its duration has not been estimated.

It is easy to see that these legends are nature myths. Daizin is the personification of the sun, the emblem of fire and light. The mikados are said to be descended from her, pretty much, it may be supposed, on the same grounds that the Emperor of China is said to be the brother of the sun and moon.

A Man's Friends.

It is very certain that a man's intimate friends are often the last to suspect his possession of unusual abilities. This is a trite observation, but one is constantly being surprised at some new proof of its truth. It was not long ago that a gentleman told us that he did not belive a certain celebrated poet had any real genius, because he once lived in the same town with him, and knew that his family were no better than they should be. He had never read any of his books however. It was the old story over again. "He a great man! Nonsense! I knew him when he was only *that* high!"—*Scribner.*

The Penguin Family.

The penguins are a family of web-footed birds, with very imperfectly developed wings; they are found in immense numbers around the rocky coasts of the Southern Pacific Ocean, and on the shores of the Cape of Good Hope. The king penguin is one of the best known of the species; it belongs to the genus *aptenodytes*, being particularized by zoologists as *aptenodytes Pennantis*. The bill is slender and curved at the points, which are acute; and the wings are very small, resembling fins in appearance, and having no quill feathers or plumes; they are therefore unfit for purposes of flight. Indeed, it would appear that this singular tribe is entirely unfitted for travelling through the air, as the bones have no air chambers, are filled with marrow, and are very heavy. The feet are very far back, and the posterior surface touches the ground as the bird walks.

Great numbers of these birds were found in Kerguelen's Island, a rocky island in the Indian Ocean, by the expedition which travelled thither to observe the transit of Venus, which took place on December 9, 1874. At a distance they appear as white stationary bodies; but on approaching, they are seen to be waddling along with an indescribably ludicrous gait, which is made still more absurd by the turned heads, as the birds look back distrustfully at their pursuers, As the body sways from side to side, the bird looks like an animated coat with empty, swinging sleeves. When attacked at close quarters, the penguins will use their beaks with considerable effect; and their sense of helplessness is strong but they soon take to running away. Being clumsy and slow in walking, they frequently fall on their breasts, and move their wings (as if they were in the water) like fins. When congregated in numbers, they will unite to resist an attack, and will form a close phalanx. They are frequently killed for the sake of their skins, which are covered on the breast with fine, close feathers of remarkable softness, and are used, in place of furs, for wearing apparel. They are generally slaughtered by being knocked on the head with a club; but sometimes they are taken alive with a lasso thrown over the head. If they reach the water, they can usually elude the pursuer, as they swim and dive with astonishing rapidity, remaining under water for some time and reappearing at a considerable distance from the place of first immersion.

The king penguin, the largest of the species, has an orange tinted breast, which becomes white near the bodies of men. The back is grayish black, and the front and back are separated by a sharply definitive line of a steel gray color. They stand about 2 feet 9 inches high, and their plumpness gives them considerable weight. Their diet causes the flesh to be rank and fishy, but it is eaten by the natives of some countries.

Mothers should be Educated.

The care of children's health during the school period devolves mainly upon the mother, and it makes an immense difference in the success of their efforts whether the children come in the morning bright and fresh from the long night's sleep, the morning bath and the simple breakfast, eaten leisurely and with the enjoyment that secures good digestion; or whether the child is always allowed to sit up late for exciting pleasure, dresses and eats its breakfast in a hurry or fear, lest it should be late for school, and arrives there with jaded body and mind to undertake tasks which are trifles for its healthier comrade, while he or she breaks down under them, to add another to the long list of invalids accredited to the public school system. To accomplish even this simple home duty towards the great national work of public education, a woman needs more than merely motherly love and good intention. She needs educated intelligence herself and a careful preparation for the work. She must have an aquaintance with school life, as well as home life, and a knowledge of their mutual relations.

It is often lamented that the female teachers in our public schools change so often because they leave school to be married. We believe that this is far from being an unmixed evil, but that on the contrary this fresh young element has its value in the schools, if it works under competent direction and supervision, and whatever evil arises is more than compensated by the knowledge of the schools which is thus gained by the future mothers of the community, who can exercise so powerful an influence upon education. Even the physical inheritance of children is improved by the education of the mother, and her three years of teaching are often the most valuable preparatory years of her life