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THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.

The following appropriate and beautiful verses, on the "Power of the Press," by J. Augustine Signaigo, Esq., President of the Mississippi Press Association, were read by him at the recent convention of that body at Holly Springs:

When Thought the throne of Reason sought
Upon her path toward Fame,
She shed a spark, and it was caught
A pure, undying flame;
It lights the land, it shakes the sea,
And whelms the tyrant's stress,
It beams the boast of all the free—
The influence of the Press.

It rose when Ignorance seemed to cast
Truth in its yawning tomb;
It saved the Present in the Past,
A light along the gloom;
It burst amid the darkest night
When all was drear dismay;
It shines the star that gives the light,
Which makes earth bright as day.

It proudly stands upon the throne
Of Freedom and of Right,
A power which has with Reason grown
To crush the tyrant's might;
And though it speaks in thunder tone,
It sheds not blood of foes.
'Tis Ignorance and Vice alone
Fall 'neath its sturdy blows.

It burst to view when all was dark
To shed its light on Fame's,
And that immortal little spark
Has set the world in flames;
It glides along the argent skies,
The brightest beam of all;
Beside it Truth and Justice rise,
And Wrong and Envy fall.

It stands to-day with mighty arms
Encircling every shore,
And wields the talismanic charms
Through which opinions pour;
And thus it made of Thought the power
The shrine for all to bless,
Until it blazed a meteor shower—
The influence of the Press.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

His Harem—Concubines—Scenes Among the Houris—Incidents.

From the Boston Journal.]

The prophet, Brigham Young, in imitation of the Lord Jesus Christ, has ordained twelve apostles to assist him in his ministry. In this Church of the Latter Day Saints, he who will be greatest in the kingdom of Heaven is he who has the most concubines in this life. The apostles, therefore, imitating their prophet, add to the number of their concubines as they feel able, that their glory may be great in the eternal world. Do you ask whether the idea uppermost in the mind of the Oriental—the gratification of passion—may not also be an inducement with an apostle to take a concubine—a half dozen? Those sober-minded men of Salt Lake will assure you that they seek only to do the will of God. Each added concubine will be a jewel in the immortal crown, and over each new born child there is joy in Heaven, for it is a soul released from its prison-house, and started on its way to glory.

All of the apostles are married, and all have two or more concubines in addition to their one lawful wife. They rank as follows:

1st. Apostle Orson Hyde has three concubines.

2d. Apostle Orson Pratt has three concubines.

3d. Apostle John Taylor has six concubines.

4th. Apostle Wilford Woodruff has two concubines.

5th. Apostle G. A. Smith has four concubines.

6th. Apostle Amasa Lyman has four concubines.

7th. Apostle Ezra Benson has three concubines.

8th. Apostle Charles Rich has six concubines.

9th. Apostle Lorenzo Snow has three concubines.

10th. Apostle Erastus Snow has two concubines.

11th. Apostle Franklin Richards has three concubines.

12th. Apostle G. Q. Cannon has two concubines.

Daniel Wells, who is associated with Brigham in the Presidency of the Church, has a large number of concubines. Heber Kimball, who was also a member of the Presidency, but who died last summer, had a large harem. He was not much liked by the Saints, was coarse, brutal, and used obscene language in the pulpit, abused his concubines, worked them hard, gave them little to eat, pulled their hair, and let them understand that he was master of the situation. I am informed that some of them are not inconsolable now that he has gone, and that they hope for a period of rest before rejoining him in glory. It is not stated as a fact, but only as a current report.

THE PROPHET'S HAREM.

A few steps up Main street from our hotel, a turn to the right, and we see the Prophet's harem. The grounds occupied by Brigham are enclosed by a high wall, laid in cement. An eagle with spreading wings, clutching a bee hive in his talons, is mounted over the gateway—emblematical of Brigham and the Church. The main entrance faces south. The grounds are well laid out, and there is an abundance of apple, pear and peach trees. Grape vines climb the walls and hang on trellises.

At the southwest corner of the grounds is the tithing office, where the tenth part of all that is produced in the territory passes into Brigham's hands. A few steps east of the tithing office is a three-story building, standing end to the road, large enough and long enough for a factory boarding house. It has a steep-shingled roof, with ten gabled windows on each side. On the balcony over the door is a crouching lion.

This is the harem. A covered passage leads from the ground floor to another building east, in which is the general business office of Brigham Young, and from which telegraph wires run from every hamlet in the territory. Another passage leads to the private office of Brigham, back of which is his private bedroom, where his concubines wait upon him—Amelia to-day, Emeline to-morrow, Lucy the day after.

Brigham's lawfully wedded wife was Mary Angell, a native of New York, the mother of five children—Joseph or "Joe," as he is called at Salt Lake, Brigham A., John Alice, and Luna. She married the Prophet while he was a young man, before he was a Prophet, and with him accepted the revelations of Joseph Smith. She lives in a large stone building in the rear of the harem. Brigham does not often visit her now.

BRIGHAM'S CONCUBINES.

The number of concubines in the harem is not known to the Gentile world. One report makes the number seventy; another gives only thirty. It is probable that the larger number includes those who are sealed to Brigham for eternity and not for time.

His first concubine is Lucy Decker. She is the lawful wife of Isaac Seely, mother of two children; but Brigham could make her a queen in Heaven; and so, bidding good-bye to Isaac, she became first concubine, and has added eight children to the Prophet's household.

Her young sister, Clara Decker, also aspired to be a heavenly queen, and became second concubine, and is the mother of four children.

The third is Harriet Cook, the mother of one turbulent boy, who does pretty much as he pleases, as so does the mother. When in her tantrums she does not hesitate to send Brigham to the realm of evil spirits.

Lucy Bigelow is said to be one of the most lady-like of all the concubines. She is of middling stature, dark brown hair, blue eyes, aquiline nose, and a pretty mouth; pleasant and affable.

Miss Twiss has sandy hair, round features, blue eyes, low forehead, freckled face; but as she has no children, is not of much account in the eyes of the Prophet. She looks after his clothes, sews buttons on his shirts, and acts the part of a housewife.

Martha Bowker is another of the same sort, quiet, neat in dress, childless, and therefore of little account.

Harriet Barney, like Lucy Decker, left her husband and three children to become a concubine that she might have exaltation in Heaven, but has not been honored in the harem, not having added any children to the household.

Eliza Burgess is the only English-women in the harem, small of stature, black eyes, quick tempered, but mother of several children.

Ellen Rockwood, daughter of the jail-keeper, is another of the unfortunate women—not having had children.

Mrs. Hampton, whose first husband died at Nauvoo, afterward married a man by the name of Cole, who left her at Nauvoo and went to California. Brigham hearing of his departure, sent for the wife, who obeyed the summons and became a concubine, lived in the harem eight years, then was cast out by Brigham. She now lives at Ogden City with her son, Nephi Hampton.

Mary Bigelow is another cast-away. She lived in the harem several years; but Brigham became tired of her and sent her away.

Margaret Pierce is another who, not having added to the glory of the Prophet by being a mother, is of little account, though still in the harem.

Emeline Free is the "light of the harem," tall, graceful, mild, violet eyes, fair hair, inclined to curl. She was a lively young lady, and Brigham fell in love with her. Her father and mother were opposed to polygamy, but Emeline had ambitious projects, accepted his proposal, and became the favorite of the harem. The favor shown her brought on a row. The other concubines carried this jealousy to such a pitch that the Prophet had a private passage constructed from his bedroom to Emiline's room, so that his visit to her and hers to him could be made without observation. She has contributed greatly to his glory in the future world by presenting him with eight children in this.

The poetess of the Church is Eliza Snow, said to be quite intellectual.

Zina Huntington also writes poetry and acts as a sort of governess to the numerous children of the Prophet. Zina came to Salt Lake with her lawfully wedded husband, Dr. Jacobs. Brighamlike, they sent the Doctor on a missionary tour to England, took his wife into the harem, and became the spiritual father of his children—made her his temporal concubine that he might also exalt her to be a queen of Heaven! The Doctor returned from his mission, apostized, and went to California, where he now resides.

Amelia Partridge has added four children to the Prophet's household. She is said to be of a sweet disposition, and is not jealous when the Prophet turns his attentions to the other concubines.

Mrs. Augusta Cobb was formerly a Bostonian, became converted to Mormonism eighteen years ago, left her home, and accepted a position in the harem.

Mrs. Smith, a devout Mormon, wished to be sealed to Brigham for eternity, and to himself for time.

One "poor unfortunate," Clara Chase, became a maniac, and has gone to where the wicked cease from troubling.

Amelia Folsom, a native of Portsmouth, N. H., is the mistress of the harem. She entered it on the 29th of January, 1863. She is about nineteen, and the Prophet sixty-three. She has things pretty much her own way—private box at the theater, carriage of her own, silks, satins, a piano, parlor elegantly furnished. If the Prophet slights her she pays him back in his own coin.

Such is an outline in this saintly household—thirty women or more, and seventy or eighty children.

BRIGHAM AND HIS THEATER.

He owns a theater which cost, it is said, $200,000, and which has yielded a large revenue. It is a well-built edifice, nearly as large as the Boston theater, with parquet and circle, dress circle, family circle, and gallery. Gentiles are consigned to the dress circle, though Saints also sit there.

Climbing a narrow stairway we find ourselves in the dress circle occupying a front seat, giving us a good position to study the audience. We are not there to see the play, but the people. The curtain is still down, and the people are taking their seats. The parquet is arranged with slips like a church. At the right hand side of the parquet circle is Brigham's family pew—distinguished from all other seats by its red plush or damask upholstery. In the right hand isle of the parquet is a rocking chair, which Brigham sometimes occupies when he wishes to be on a familiar footing with the Saints.

The light in the building is rather dim, gas not having been introduced to Salt Lake, coal oil being used instead, but there is light enough for us to study the countenances of those around us. On seats adjoining ours are two young girls, fresh, fair, rosy-cheeked, accompanied by a young man well dressed—Gentiles, I judge, from a remark dropped now and then. At our right hand is a woman, with a baby in her arms, three other children by her side. Beyond her another woman and a great strapping fellow with red whiskers by her side. Behind us are three roystering fellows from the mines of Montana, ogling the girls in the parquet. They are Gentile wolves. Elder Williams cautioned the girls last Sunday to beware of those who come in sheep's clothing to lead them away from the Church and go down to perdition. These wolves do sometimes carry of the fairest of the flock. Some of the girls prefer the undivided love of a hardy, good-looking young Gentile to the fortieth or fiftieth part of a withered old apostle.

Two seats distant is another baby. The mother is wrinkled and careworn. We can see lines of care and suffering across the forehead and in her sunken cheeks, as if time had been turning deep furrows, and his plowshare had gone down into the subsoil and had cut the heart strings. Not hers alone. We see the same joyless cast of countenance on every female face. Artists, who with pen and pencil paint character—who can read the joys and sorrows of life in the lines of the human face—should come to Salt Lake City. They would find it one vast studio—every woman a subject. "Dead Affections" would be an appropriate title to their pictures. Stifled, rather. These women have never known what it is to love or to be loved. They know only sacrifice. They are slaves—in bondage to the Church and and to the devil at the same time. They are ground to powder between two mighty millstones—the upper one a religious idea, the lower one the lewdness and lust of hard-hearted men. Heaven and hell together are brought into action, crushing out human affections and the highest and holiest instincts of the soul.

The priests of Buddah, in China, in one of their delineations of the damned, have accurately portrayed the condition of these women of Salt Lake.

But there is the man who runs the mill—the head of the Church—President and Revelator—in the private box by the side of the stage. He is portly, his hair is nicely brushed. He wears a white vest, black broadcloth coat, kid gloves, puts an opera-glass to his eyes, and looks over the gallery containing us Gentiles to see who is there. He has a broad forehead, large nose, and whiskers turning white. Ability, decision, duplicity, shrewdness, cunning—the good and bad elements of character—are plainly marked in his countenance. Apostle Wells, a tall, thin, spare man, nearly as old as Brigham, is by his side.

In Brigham's family circle we see two of his concubines and twenty-two of his children—all but three of them girls. One of the women is past the prime of life—plain countenance, plainly dressed. She is sad—sad when others laugh. The play is "The Somnambulist," but the comic scenes which set the crowd a laughing brings no smile to her face.

At the end of the seat is one of the favorite concubines—a woman of thirty, pale, thoughtful, with an intellectual cast of countenance, with a book in hand, which she reads between the scenes. She has large, lustrous eyes, dark brown hair, jewels on her fingers, and a mother-of-pearl opera glass in her hand. She is elegantly dressed—wears a costly fine cape. Did I not know that they were Brigham's concubines, I should set them down as teachers of a girls' boarding-school, who had come with their classes to enjoy the evening.

It is a motly audience—Saints, sinners and Indians. Far up in the gallery I see three of the Ute Tribe, in moccasins and a blanket, gazing with imperturbable gravity upon the scene.

Brigham looks upon the audience most of the time, turning his attention to the stage only when something especially attractive or laughable occurs. He talks with Brother Wells, takes a knife from his pocket, pares an apple, which he slowly munches. He has the appearance of a man not well acquainted with the usages of good society, but who is well off in the world, independent of everybody, and who for the remainder of his life is going to take things easy and have everything his own way.

Etiquette of the Table.

Harper's Bazar enlightens an "Inexperienced housekeeper" as follows:

The etiquette of the table depends greatly upon the style of life of the host and hostess. A formal dinner of the fashionable world is now mostly served *a la Russe*. The table is adorned solely with fruits and flowers, and the dishes are all cut up at a side table, and served by the servants to each guest, who of course is not expected to take every thing offered to him. On more familiar occasions, where the various meats and vegetables are placed upon the table, it is customary for the host and hostess to consult the wishes of a guest before serving him, in regard to the main dishes; but the vegetables are all handed round by the servants. The bread should be placed within the napkin at the side of each person. It would not be proper to make all the others wait until one is served with everything he may require. A brisk waiter will manage to supply the et ceteras to those who may require them in the intervals of the carving. The salt, pepper, etc., are generally placed in easy reach; and as for butter, that, if used at all, should be kept at a side table, or only placed at dinner with the cheese. A servant should pass a glass, a knife and fork, a spoon or a plate always on a salver, but this is not necessary when handling the side-dishes, etc., to the guests. It is not customary to solicit a person to take together two such articles as "pie and pudding" and "milk toast and muffins." Both may be passed at different times by a servant, or the choice between the two offered by the hostess. If so unfortunate a coutretemps happen that the hostess be obliged to leave her guests, she must do it quietly as possible, whispering her excuses to her nearest friend at the table, who if necessary, can soften the awkward incident by some graceful explanation.

—At a fashionable church, where pews are eagerly snapped up at about a thousand dollars each, a young man and his newly married wife recently attended worship, and were so well pleased with the preaching that they resolved to attend regularly. Accordingly as they passed out one Sunday, the gentleman, calling the sexton aside, said patronizingly: "See here, I think, on the whole, I'll come to this church. Now I want to hire two seats—good seats, mind you—on the lower floor, and now let me see all that you have to let." "To let, did I understand you?" inquired the sexton. "Yes; I don't mind paying four or five dollars extra for two choice broad aisle seats," replied the applicant. "Young man," said the somewhat practical custodian, "we have no seats 'to let;' we do not do a retail business at this house."

—Those can most easily dispense with society who are the most calculated to adorn it; they only are dependent on it who possess no mental resources; for though they bring nothing to the general mart, like beggars, they are too poor to stay at home.

"ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR."

From Once a Week.]

After Swift's death there was found in his writing-desk a tress of Stella's hair. On the paper enclosing it there was written, "Only a Woman's Hair."

"Only a woman's hair?"
A seal, a sign,
Nerving the knightly arm
In Palestine.

"Only a woman's hair?"
Beside their lore
Pale students lay the pledge,
And strive the more.

"Only a woman's hair?"
Old men depart,
Fumbling one little tress
Held to the heart.

"Only a woman's hair?"
Gage of fond trust,
Buried with stalwart forms,
Crumbling to dust.

"Only a woman's hair?"
Was this a gibe—
A bitter sneer? If so,
Shame on the scribe!

"Only a woman's hair?"
Was this a sigh
Borne on the midnight surge
Of memory?

"Only a woman's hair?"
Lo! there be times
When wailing music clings
To mocking rhymes.

"Only a woman's hair?"
Strange it appears
That he should nurse a jest,
So many years.

"Only a woman's hair?"
Dead Stella's hair;
If he had meant a jest,
Why all that care?

"Only a woman's hair?"
True—naught beside;
And yet 'twas something more
When Stella died.

"Only a woman's hair?"
A woman's hair;
A moan from out the Past—
A woman's hair!

AN ICELANDIC SAGA.

From Once A Week.]

Once upon a time a king and his queen had an only child, a daughter, of whom they were dotingly fond. But it happened that she was lost, and though the king ordered the whole country to be searched, no one could find her. Thereupon he made a vow that whoever should find her, and bring her home, should get her hand in marriage.

Now close by the king's palace lived an old man who had three sons. He was very fond of the two eldest ones; but the youngest one was treated very unkindly by his parents, and by his brothers.

"Father," said the eldest son one day, "I wish to go out into the world to gain wealth and honor." So his father let him go.

Next morning he set off on his journey, and after he had walked a long distance, sat down on a hillock, to rest himself. Presently he espied a little dwarf coming towards him.

"Pray give me something to eat," said the dwarf. But the young man refused. When he had rested himself he set out again, and toward evening, feeling very hungry, he sat down under a tree to eat his supper.

"Oh! pray give me a piece of bread," said a little tiny woman, with a red cloak, coming up to him—"I am so very hungry." But the young man got very angry, and drove the little old woman away.

It soon got dark, so the young man crept into a hole in a rock which he saw, and laid himself down to sleep. Presently the enchantress who lived there came in, and the young man earnestly begged her to allow him to sleep there.

"Oh! yes; on condition that you perform whatever I tell you to-morrow."

So the next morning she set him to sweep out the cave; "and if it is not done by evening, I shall kill you;" and so saying she went away.

The young man now took the broom which she had given him, and began to sweep; but no sooner did it touch the floor than it stuck so fast to it that he could not move it. So when the enchantress returned home in the evening she found the cave unswept, and immediately killed the young man and hung him up.

Meanwhile the old peasant's second son set out from home, to try and make his way in the world. But as he acted like his elder brother, and was killed and hung up by the enchantress, it is needless to speak of him further.

The old people now had only their youngest son left to them. But as they hated him even more than ever, they readily gave him leave to go and seek his fortune.

"I dare say my brothers rested here," he said, coming to the first hillock; and he seated himself down and began to eat a little piece of bread.

"Oh, pray give me a little piece, I am so hungry," said the same little dwarf. And the young man spoke kindly to him, and invited him to come and sit down beside him, and eat as much as he wished.

When he had eaten as much as he required, the little dwarf said, "My name is Tritill; whenever you want me, call me;" and he tripped away.

And the young man walked on and on, till he came to another hillock. "Yes! my brothers surely rested here; I will sit down and eat my supper." But no sooner had he began to eat, than a tiny, little woman in a red cloak came up and asked for some food; and the young man spoke kindly to her, and gave her all she wanted. When they had both eaten as much as they wished, his companion said: "My name is Litil; if ever you want help call me!" and she tripped a way. The young man walked on till it began to get dark. "Yes! my brothers have rested here;" and he sat down under a large tree, and began to eat his last bit of bread. But a large flock of birds flew up to where he was sitting; and they looked so very hungry, that he threw them a good handful of crumbs. To his great surprise, when they had eaten them, one of them said: "Mind and call for us if you want anything;" and they flew away.

Close by he espied a hole in a rock, and, as he was very tired, he crept in and lay down to sleep; but presently he espied the dead bodies of his two brothers hanging up. He was very much frightened, and he was going to run away, but at that instant the enchantress came in, and told him he should stop there that night.

Next morning she bade him sweep out the cave for her. "And mind and have it done by night, or I will kill you." When she had gone, he took the broom, but no sooner did it touch the floor, than it stuck so fast to it that, do what he would, he could not move it. So he began to be frightened, but presently he thought of what had happened to him yesterday.

"Tritill," he cried, "oh! come to me!" and at the same instant the little dwarf entered the cave, and asked him what he wanted. So he told him. Then Tritill bade the broom to sweep the floor, and in less than five minutes the whole floor was so clear that not a speck of dirt could be seen anywhere. When at night the enchantress came home, and no sooner did she see that the cave was nicely swept out, then she said, "Yes, lad, thou'rt not alone in this; however, we'll wait till morning."

Next day she ordered him to air the bed clothes; and to take all of the feathers out of the feather beds and lay them in the sun; "But if one feather is missing when I come home I will kill you," and she went away.

It was a beautiful morning and not a breath of wind stirred; so the young man spread out the feathers to dry in the sun. But no sooner had he done this than a violent whirlwind came, and carried them all up into the air out of sight. "Oh! what shall I do?" he cried: "come Litill, and all my little birds; come and help me." And in a moment they all come and the birds flew after the feathers and brought them to him; and Litill put them all into the bed again, with the exception of three, one from each bed, which she gave to the young man; "And if the enchantress misses them, run and stick them up her nose," she said. When the enchantress came home she smoothed her hand down each of the feather beds. "Now I will kill you," she said in a voice of thunder, "for there is one feather missing from each bed." Whereupon the young man did as Litill had told him, till the enchantress cried out from the pain the feathers being put up her nose caused her.

Next Morning she told him she had fifty oxen, one of which he was to kill, flay, and boil the flesh. "And mind you choose the right one, and do as I bid you, or you will die. But if you do right, to-morrow you shall set out on your journey, and I will give you three things, whatever you may ask."

When she was gone he called to Tritill and Litill, who came and picked one ox out of the herd; and they flayed it in a trice, and set the meat on in a large caldron, so that it was all ready against the enchantress returned home at night.

So the next morning the enchantress, who was very much astonished, but at the same time felt that she could not break her word, asked him what were the three things he would like to have.

"First, I will have that which is inside the door," pointing to a cupboard; "next the large chest, and thirdly, your arm-chair."

So she opened the door, and there the young man saw the king's long-lost daughter, looking so beautiful; the chest was full of jewels and costly diamonds. So the young man placed the princess on the chair, underneath which he placed the chest, while he himself stood behind it. That moment they felt themselves lifted up; for the chair was an enchanted one, and would go wherever it is bid.

"Oh, I do so wish to go home," sighed the princess.

And in an incredibly short space of time, the young man and the princess alighted at the palace door; but the chair had become a beautiful chariot, drawn by eight milk white horses.

Wondering who it could be, the king and the queen rushed to the door of the palace, just in time to hand their daughter down from the carriage, dressed in the most beautiful dress that ever was seen. Then the young man told his history; and the king in his great joy broached an immense cask of ale which had been brewed when his daughter was born, and which it was only intended to tap when she should be betrothed in marriage.

And so they were married, and lived very happily for many a long year.

TURKEY AND THE TURKS.

Rev. Ireneus Prime, who enjoys the reputation of being not only as the most literal and comprehensive, but the most agreeable writer upon Eastern social life and scenery, is this winter giving an interesting lecture on Turkey and the Turks, of which we copy a sketch from the Brooklyn *Eagle*:

Turkey is already, the speaker remarked, engaging the attention of the whole civilized world, and her present misunderstanding with Greece brings together at the present moment in Paris a congress of the representatives of the Great Powers of Europe; but it is not in Turkey itself they are so much interested; that small island of Crete causes the excitement. What does France, England, Prussia or the others care about Turkey? The question is will Greece and Turkey go to war? for if they do, it is well known that Russia with her immense armies will come down on the Turks, take Constantinople and have full command of the Black Sea. That is now what brings the powers together in Paris, for they are afraid of Russia and are anxious to prevent any extension of her territory or increase of power.

Mr. Prime then went on to picture Constantinople, and gave a most vivid description of his visit to the seraglio of the Sultan. His attention was especially directed to one doorway in particular, which was a richly ornamented one, and very pleasant for visitors to look at. It opened on the banks of Bosphorus, and through it were not unfrequently brought offending wives of His Majesty, who were tied up in sacks, and in this ignominious manner thrown into the Bosphorous and drowned. The streets of Constantinople are narrow, and the houses low. Dogs are in abundance, and to be met with at every point; for that animal is a very important individual in Turkey, being held almost sacred by the Turks.

Dr. Prime went on to give his experiences of a Turkish bath, which is a peculiar institution of the country, and not to have suffered one was not to be there, for when in Rome you must do as the Romans do; so in Turkey one must also do as the Turks do. The Turks although always washing, are scarcely ever clean; washing is more a form with them, and they go through it most regularly without any benefit or improvement to their appearance. No matter how often they wash, they are still greasy, and the odor from them is anything but agreeable. There are a great many bathing houses; and these establishments are as plenty in Constantinople as hotels are here. There are two kinds, one for women and another for men. The floors are of marble, and around the sides of the rooms are placed most luxurious divans, which with the soft air of the place is sufficient to induce the languid to repose.

Entering the bath, the first room is agreeably warm, and here one unmakes their toilet and is supplied with a turban—a twisted towel and a pair of wooden shoes; then you go into the next room where the atmosphere is warmer; into another still warmer, and so on, until the almost extreme heat is arrived at, and then the body begins to perspire very freely. In this room you see many others in the same costume as yourself. Near by, a naked Turk is lying on a kind of table on his back and a strong stout fellow is engaged kneading him all over as if he were dough.

Around the walls were niches in which were placed fountains of hot and cold water under which the victim was placed to receive his ablutions. Dr. Prime was obliged to submit, but after a short time the kneading became so frightful that he really thought he was going to be skinned alive. He groaned occasionally, but the Turk never minded him, and he did not understand the language sufficient to implore of his persecutor to let him off. After awhile, however, his sufferings came to an end, he was dried by being padded with pieces of wool, which the doctor considered preferable to a sponge. He was then led into a luxurious room and seated in a most comfortable position, with his head again bandaged with an impromptu turban, and laying back on his seat experienced the most delightful sensation, and then began to conceive some idea of the luxury of the East. A waiter brought to his side a large pipe, the bowl of which lay on the ground, and accurately measuring the distance between his mouth and the bowl arranged it so that the amber stem would reach his mouth, without any inconvenience to himself. Coffee was next brought in a china cup; it was strong and black and very bitter, and had neither milk nor sugar in it. The sensation after the bath is delightful, and leaving the establishment one finds himself a new man.

Woman in Turkey is treated as a being far inferior to man. With us the world would be a desert without women. There she is enslaved; here she holds her sway, and even somtimes governs, and men are proud to protect and please her. There is, however, a set of women now springing up who say woman have not got their rights. Well, all I can say is, that I would like to see the woman who would not have her rights. In Turkey a woman's face can never be seen. Writers have spoken of Eastern beauties; but these beauties are so carefully guarded that it is hard to find them out. The windows of their houses are guarded with blinds, or else the shutters are completely closed—with the exception of a small round hole in them through which the fair ones can see and yet not be seen themselves. When they go out their faces are covered by a long veil. They may be seen driving in their carriages on the floor of which they sit, and are drawn slowly over streets nearly as bad as those of Brooklyn and New York. Many of these are nothing more than children both in age and ideas. The lady of one of the missionaries asked one of them a very simple and a very sensible question: "How do you like your husband?" but the other seemed scarcely to understand her and gave no answer. How many of our women could keep silent at such a question being put to them.

The Sultan's palace well repays a visit; a pass costs about forty dollars, but then as many as desire can go in the party on the pass. The palace is really beautiful, and its situation and surrounding scenery magnificent. The different apartments are each of especial interest. The room where the Sultan receives the ladies of the Harem is gorgeous; the ottomans and everything in it being decorated in true Eastern fashion. It is in this room that the wives display their grace and do their utmost to please and fascinate the Sultan. She is counted the happiest at whose feet he drops his handkerchief as the sign that she has been the most successful, and has become the favorite—for a time. The kitchen was visited, and here the party found cooking a dinner fit to satisfy a whole army. The armory, where the swords and other arms of all the Sultans are preserved, was next inspected, and next, after taking off their shoes, they entered the Sacred Court, which the doctor considered one of the largest structures in Europe.

Dr. Prime next described the services in a Turkish mosque, which are the most impressive on Friday—the great day in Turkey, when the people turn out to see the Sultan, who visits the mosque preceded by cavalry and military bands and surrounded by the members of his court in the most glittering costumes. The Sultan generally dresses in plain black, with cloak buttoned at the neck, and a sword hangs at his side and his feet rest in golden stirrups.

After casting a cursory glance at the howling Dervishes and the dancing or whirling Dervishes—their peculiar manners and customs—Dr. Prime gave an interesting sketch of his visit to the palace of the Viceroy of Egypt, and went on to say in regard to Turkey that the policy of many of the Christian governments of Europe in reference to the Eastern question was to be censured. Russia long ago said, Turkey is sick, let her die, and when dead we will cut her up in pieces among us. England and France were to be blamed for supporting the sick man. The population of Turkey is one-third Mohammedan and two-thirds Christians of the Greek Church, and yet this one-third governs and tramples on the two-thirds. When Russia made her attack on Turkey at the Crimean war; when Christianity and religious liberty might have been introduced into that benighted country, England and France were found opposed to the Czar; and to-day again they are allied against the progress of liberal opinion or government by the people. In China, India, Turkey, Greece, Italy or Crete, there are those two powers to be found endeavoring and using their power, to put down all feelings of liberty and all efforts of the people to have a voice in their own goverment. We ourselves have just emerged from a sea of blood and all for the cause of liberty, but in Europe to-day these Christian powers are allied to support the tottering thrones of the infidel, and the government of a country where liberty is unknown. Time however, settles all things; the sick man is dying and before very long he will most assuredly die.

—Men speak too much about the world. Each one of us here, let the world go how it will, and be victorious or not victorious, has he not a life of his own to lead? The world's being saved, will not save us; nor the world's being lost, destroy us. We should look to ourselves; there is great merit here in the "duty of staying at home."

DUMAS AND ROSSINI.

A Letter From the Former About the Latter.

Alexanderder Dumas has written a characteristic letter to the editor of the *Paris Petite Press*. After a few words of introduction, he proceeds:

My letter is going to be all about Rossini and a dish of macaroni, for which I am supposed to have fallen out with him.

In the first place one cannot fall out with those one is not bound to by some tie or other; consequently, not with those one has no sympathy for; and my situation with Rossini was such through life that I never spoke to him more than three times in forty years.

Our position in the literary and scientific world was such, however, that we could not be absolute strangers to each other; so that some of my "Monte Cristo" subscribers having asked me to give them a good recipe for macaroni—a thing I do not like, and do not know much of—I wrote to Rossini, having thus reasoned with myself: There is an illustrious man in this world who is a reputed gastronomist, and he is an Italian. I will get a firstrate recipe from him for this macaroni, and my subscribers will think a good deal of it. The letter I wrote to the composer of "Moses" and "The Barber" was as follows:

"*Dear Great Man*: You have, it appears, a splendid recipe for macaroni. You who have done so much for the ears of your cotemporaries should do something for their stomachs, and after having been blessed you will be adored."

"Yours, &c., A. DUMAS."

The following was Rossini's reply:

"I have, indeed, a marvelous recipe for macaroni, but I keep it for myself and friends. Come and eat some next Tuesday, and you will comprehend that when a man has such a treasure he does not give it up to dilapidation.

"Yours, ROSSINI.

I answered immediately:

"*Dear Rossini*: I shall dine with you Tuesday, but not on your macaroni. It is a sense I have less, but I shall come to enjoy you and your wit, and to see Olympe (Rossini's wife) again. I have still a vivid remembrance of her and her beauty. DUMAS."

The following day I went to Rossini's. We were about four or five together. He was as delightful as ever, and the macaroni came on instead of soup. It had a splendid success, though I ate none, and I was privileged not to do so on the faith of my second note. As to the rest of the dinner, it was, frankly, very inferior, indeed. On Rossini's refusal to give me the recipe. I thought I would go and try to get it from his brother, who was cook to the Prince of Thourtfort; for I knew that even if he refused it, I should get it from the Prince, who is a friend of mine. Meanwhile, however, I met Madame Ristori who also assumed that her macaroni recipe is the best. She offered to give me it. I accepted, and I submitted it to my readers with the above details. As soon as people knew I had dined with Rossini, I was assailed with questions. I could not say anything against a man whose bread and salt I had shared, so I only replied, "Rossini is not a real gourmond." Some time after, I met him at the opera; he had heard my opinion of him, and felt hurt, saying: "I gave you a family dinner, not thinking that I ought to stand on ceremonies with you."

"True," I answered, "but I thought that when Rossini dined alone, he dined like a Rossini."

This reply caused a wider breach between us. Rossini was selfish, stingy and malicious—three faults I cannot endure in my enemies, but which I cannot bear in my friends. He was, moreover, at least he used to say so, very lazy. I do not believe in laziness. I think it is only an excuse for incapacity; and, strange to say, Rossini was never lazy before Meyerbeer had so great a success in "Robert le Diable." From that time his struggle began—not a struggle, though, but a duel in which Rossini kept back. His friends say that, like Achilles, he kept under his tent; but it is not true. Achilles got under his tent to reapper stronger than before, more vigorous and more valiant; he reappeared to rout the Trojans, kill Hector, and to drag him, bound to his chariot, round the walls of the city.

If Rossini did withdraw under his tent, it was never to come forth again, to there make macaroni, far from all, to write a will in which he gives to and then takes away from a poor valet the small stipend of fifty francs a month, and some old clothes, finally sold by him to a peddler; and lastly, he daily uses an ivory syringe in order to increase its value on the day of its public sale.

You see, dear sir, that when a person has such an opinion of a man, one connot fall out with him, because he has never been attached to him.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Women and Children.

Pythagoras said that only good things were to be predicted of women, since they were the mothers of ornaments, of conversation and of confidence, and that he who invented names, perceiving that women were adapted to piety and friendship, gave to each of their ages the name of some deity—to a maiden, Core or Prosperine, to a bride, Nymphe, to a mother, Mater, to a grandmother, according to the Dorian dialect, Maia, and in accordance with the like persuasion, the oracles were always unfolded unto light by women. Tacitus tells us that the northern nations also held women in high esteem, "believing ladies had something divine about them," and this faith has destended to men of the Saxon names, the best regarding her as endowed with magical properties, the type of the highest culture the advanced nations have attained. Endowed with magnetic gifts; by necessity of sex a realist and diviner, she lives nearest the cardinal facts of existence, instinct with the mysteries of love and fate; a romance ever attaching itself to her name and destiny. Entering the school of sensibility with life, she seizes personal qualities by a subtlety of logic overleaping all deductions of the slower reason; her divinations touching the quick of things as if herself were personally part of the chemistry of life itself. We cannot conceive her as distinct, distant, unrelated, she seems so personal, concrete, so near; yet we can never come quite up to her discernments, nor gainsay her delicacy and truthfulness. The constancy, fidelity and fortitude, kindness, gratitude, grace, courtesy, discretion, taste, conversation, the adornments of life, were bare names without the splendor of illustration of which the history of the sex affords so many brilliant examples. It seems that if in moulding His world, the Creator reserved his choicest work till the last, and consummated His arts in her endowments. Shall our sex confess to some slight in not having been mingled more freely of her essence, so that we, too, might have access to the crypts into which she is privileged by birthright to enter? Here is the way of persuasion of service, forbearance.

"If thou dost anything confer that's sweet,
In me a grateful relish it shall meet,
But if thy bounties thou dost take away
The last repining world I will not say."

As there was only solitude until she brought company, conversation, civility, so stooping still to conquer, she is fast gaining ascendancy over passions and prejudices that have held her subservient and their victim. Can we doubt the better rule will be furthered indefinitely by a partnership in power thus intimate and acknowledged by States? What ideal republics have fabled, ours is to be. Nor need we fear the boldest experiments which the moral sense of the women conceive and advocate. Certainly liberty is in danger of running into license while woman is excluded from exercising political as well as social restraint upon its excesses. Nor is the state planted securely till she possesses equal privileges with man of forming its laws and taking a becoming part in their administration. No jury of men, however honorable or wise, are equal to pronounce upon questions involving considerations that concern the whole structure, not only of society, but of humanity itself.

Our notion of the perfect society embraces the family as its center and ornament. Nor is there a paradise planted till the children appear in the foreground to animate and complete the picture. Without these the world were a solitude, houses desolate, hearts homeless; there was neither perspective nor prospects; ourselves were not ourselves, nor were there a future for us:

"In their good gifts we hoped to see
The fairer selves we vain would be."

Socrates comprised objects of his own search in

"Whate'er of good or ill man can befall
In his own house."

Rightly conceived, this is to be the seminary of virtues and foundation of States. There it stands, the ornament of the landscape, and for the human hospitalities, we cannot render it too attractive. Let it be the home of beauty, the haunt of affection, of ideas. Let its chambers open eastward, admitting the sunshine for our own and children's sake. Do not covet the clear sky, delighting in the blue they left so lately, nay, cannot wholly leave in coming into nature, whereof they are ever asking news. These gay enthusiasts must run eagerly, and never have enough of it. How sufficient they are to the day, and the joy it brings them! Their poise and plenitude rebuke.—*Alcott.*

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

—First deserve, and than desire.

—Remember that you are but dust.

—Time is the rider that breaks youth.

—Dead men open the eyes of the living.

—At a dangerous passage give the precedency.

—Do what you ought, and let what will come of it.

—Gratitude is the *memory* of the *heart*.

—Six feet of earth makes all men the same size.

—The useful and the beautiful are never far asunder.

—A miser surrounded with his gold, suggests the idea of a thirsty fish.

—No evil action can be well done, but a good action may be ill done.

—He that scoffs at the crooked, had need go very upright himself.

—Misery is useful only, for the purpose of concealing ignorance.

—Many adorn the tombs of those whom, living, they persecuted most.

—A clear conscience is the best law, and temperance the best physic.

—A man never losses by doing good offices to others.

—Ridicule is a weak weapon, when leveled at a strong mind.

—A civil answer to a rude speech, costs not much, and it is worth a great deal.

—All is hollow where the heart bears no part, and all is peril where principle is not the guide.

—There are some mortals whose bodies are as the ornamented sepulchres of their dead heart.

—There never was a hypocrite so disguised, but he had some mark or other to be known by.

—The lessons of life are lost, if they do not impress us with the necessity of making ample allowance for the immature conclusions of others.

—No one can love what is not lovely. A sense of duty may prompt impartial justice, but affection will be the reward of desert alone.

—The grander art, whether of poet or painter, ever seeking for the *true*, abhors the *real*; you must seize nature as her master, not lackey her as her slave.

—Ignorance, so far as learning is concerned, is no disgrace to those who have never possessed the means of improvement, it is otherwise, however, when opportunity has been neglected.

—As bees can breed no poison though they suck the deadliest juices, so the noble mind, though forced to drain the cup of misery, can yield but generous thoughts and noble deeds.

—Nothing is more dissimilar than natural and acquired politeness. The first consists in a willing abnegation of self; the second in a compelled recollection of others.

—Beware of confiding in distant prospects of happiness, lest they be suddenly intercepted by the most trivial present vexation. A leaf in the foreground is large enough to conceal a forest in the far horizon.

—The bright spots of a man's life are few enough, without blotting any out; and since, for a moment of mirth we have an hour of sadness, it were a sorry policy to diminish the few rays that illumine our chequered existence. Life is an April day,—sunshine and showers. The heart, like the earth, would cease to yield good fruit, were it not sometimes watered with the tears of sensibility; and the fruit would be worthless, but for the sunshine of smiles!