MEMPHIS APPEAL

SUNDAY MORNING, AUG 3, 1873.

"INFIDELITY" AGAIN.

The theory of religious belief is like the sensitive plant, it recoils even when approached by friendly hands. Still the power of truth goes home to the human heart, and men who have families whom they love, and upon whom the truths of holy writ are to fall as blessings when they have been gathered to their fathers, cling to that truth as the only hope and surest fortune for their children. Hence our article on "Infidelity," published last week, commended itself to every man bound to society by the golden links of family association. It is all very well for young men in the morning of a lofty, and, as they will assuredly find, a vain ambition, to apply triumphantly the test of measuring an infinite by a finite rule, and to attempt to sneer away the rules of action and of faith, under whose benign influence the world has moved for eighteen centuries, each year approaching nearer the type of a perfect manhood and the formation of a nobler and freer form of government; but men of riper experience and of responsibilities reaching beyond themselves—to those who are to inherit their name—will look with alarm upon every attempt which threatens to demoralize society. It is cheering to remember that there has never been an age in which the skeptic did not live and flourish, and yet the church prospered and the faith was kept pure. The vanity of literary madness stalks before the student of history from the patriarchal age to the age of telegraphs. In profane history it attacks the State, running into the vagaries of aggrarianism, the crime of regicide, the villainies of *sans culottism*, the anarchy of the commune or the horrors of mob law, with Judge Lynch to the fore. In sacred history it attacks the church, and having, as it fancies, demolished that, it boldly turns and attacks God. This it calls "philosophy," and to catch the unthinking, supplements this humbugging term with the word "progress." In our day literary madness, particularly touching sacred things, has attained the proportions of an epidemic. Without in the remotest degree desiring to plunge into the Serbonian bog of theistic controversy, we called our readers' attention to the dangers surrounding the church of the living God, that the army of sophists thundering at its doors might be met and conquered by the men who bear the banner of the cross. We repeat the call to-day, in full confidence in the final triumph of truth over error, if the warfare be made boldly. We fear, however, that the church has been asleep, and wakes up to find the wheat choked with tares, and a numerous army of skeptics guarding the unprofitable crop. Are churchmen blameless in this? We think not. The easy elegance of professional Sunday christianity is not the religion taught by Christ. He mingled with the poor and worked for the reformation of the every-day life of the people. He went about doing good. Then, we ask, does not the church need a moral anodyne within herself? Is she not rent with dissensions, full of the spirit of exclusiveness, rank with the odor of the Pharisee? Is there a brotherly, christian feeling existing between the several religious denominations? Or have we not in each church the only right royal road to heaven? How much of the spirit of charity, as defined by Paul, sheds its divine fragrance through the different churches in Memphis? Is there any church among us that arrogates to itself the exclusive "divine right" of sending souls to heaven or of condemning them to hell? And, extending our view over the continent and over the continents beyond the sea, might we not ask the same question and anticipate the answer? Do we not find the christian world split up into jarring sects, hot in their zeal for their own, cold in their admiration of other "churches." But who would say that there was not a living and abiding faith within these church organizations, despite the bitterness of their petty wrangling, their church formulas, their absurd assumption of guarding within the sacred ark of *their* church covenant the only true shechinah whereby man can be saved? "I never knew," says Milton, that time in England when men of truest religion were not counted sectaries." There have been divisions and dissensions in the church from the time Paul exhorted the Corinthians "that ye all speak the same things, and that there be no division among you." But from the days of Paul until now the virtue of christian faith and christian practice is attested by the history of the civilized world. By its power and through its influence the splendors of our present civilization have been eliminated from the sophism and semi-barbarism of the ancient creeds and philosophies, until our age stands up as a monument to the truth of the system founded by Almighty God. Have not civil and religious liberty followed in the path of the itinerant preacher? and where does the State stand firmer in the affections of the people, or the family retain all its tender and holy influences and obligations, so essential to the stability of the State, than in that land where the lessons of holy writ have been preached and practiced, albeit there were schisms in the church, and dissensions among its people? Much as we condemn the wrangling and multiplicity of creeds, it would be idle to attribute to these the cause of the wide-spread infidelity, whose blight is upon our republic. The church, it is true, must awake, must shake off the garb of fashionable ease, and return to the working day life of the primitive christians, if she would save the people from the moral euthanasia of the cosmic philosophy. But the republic of letters and the influential classes must come to her assistance, instead of regarding her effort with a cynical sneer. The press of the country, especially, should espouse the cause of the church, instead of gilding down the smooth and profitable stream of general disbelief. If the literary mind of the United States is at sea, without compass or rudder, it can find both in the church of the bible. If it *will* despise the church and the bible its doom is sealed, for outside of these there is moral and, we may add, civic death. The philosophy which makes us wisely wretched is the wisdom of the fool. That learned scientist, Professor Fiske, of Harvard, tells us in one of his recent lectures that "from a purely scientific point of view the hypothesis of the christian God appears not only unphilosophical, but also irreligious." And then this great philosopher, ignoring the God of Jew and Christian, substitutes a "Power," and asks: "Shall we call it gravitation, or heat, or light, or life, or thought, or, summing up all in one comprehensive epithet, call it Force?" And these dreary platitudes, which were old in the days of Plato, which are covered with the film of doubt and despair, are what the new school of cosmic philosophy offers us for the sweet consolations of inspired scripture! There are fashions in literature as well as in lace, and when such men as Professors Tyndall, Fiske, Darwin, Huxley, Renan, Herbert Spencer, and others deep in the arcana of cosmic lore, stand up for infidelity and skepticism, the church will be fortunate if the rank and file of the whole sciolistic school do not echo the tenets of the fashionable philosophy. The taint of this iconoclastic faith is rapidly infecting the whole body politic, while the church and the educated classes are placidly reposing. We have spoken heretofore of the danger of losing that great bulwark of right, trial by jury, if the doctrines of infidelity prevail. It was only a specimen danger. The whole beautiful fabric of civil and religious liberty will be swept away, if these pernicious doctrines take the place of the sound and safe faith inculcated by the church of God. The destruction of systems of belief is nothing in the abstract, but if the angry flood that bears away the church carries with it the peace of society and the homes and liberties of the people, the wise man will pause ere he opens the moral sluice-gates which give it admission. The germs of anarchy, of mob-law, of aggrarianism, are latent in the new philosophy. Let the men of property make a note! Let the church awake; let her meet and conquer the enemy, and prove that she teaches TRUTH; and let the people turn to the teachings of holy writ, and cling to the church as the shipwrecked mariner clings to the last plank—

"When night and the tempest are closing round him."

Under the banner of a sublime faith the republic will be safe. The influences that guided it from the infancy of a colony to the glory of an empire will continue to shield and save it until—

"The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

THE GRAPHIC AND THE DOGS.

THE *Daily Graphic*, which everybody reads because of its admirable taste in letters, is not wanting excellence in the fine arts. The number of the thirtieth illustrates all of Caleb Cushing's troubles with the howling dog of his next-door neighbor. The history of the affair between the great, noisy lawyer and more noisy denizen of the kennel is pictured in all its phases. Caleb is first seen asleep. A jolly tasseled "nightcap" encases the great head of the great special pleader, and materials for another appear in a decanter hard by, while the lawyer sleepeth off the first dose. Then the dog howls, and Caleb straightens himself up in bed, and is supposed to swear vigorously, and then he goes to the window and one of the villainous, ugly night-caps is protruded into the back yard and Caleb gesticulates vehemently out into the darkness as when at the bar of the supreme court, but now he addresses himself to the howling cur over-the-way. Then we have a picture of the blessed dog, of which there are twenty thousand mangy, howling, hideous prototypes and antetypes, minion and agate, roaring, fizzing, snarling, standing on end and sitting down, and cracking the ears of Memphis christendom through all these hot weary, sweltering summer nights. Caleb's dog is chained. Its hair, all turned the wrong way, forces its short tail forward at an angle of twenty-five degrees with its spinal chord. Two sleeping policemen, aroused by the partnership in the howling business entered into between the lawyer and the infernal dog, appear in front of the kennel, and then we see the dog wilt. His His feathers drop and the stumpy tail flops. He chucks down his head when he recognises brass buttons and five-shooters and "pizen." The dog is haltered and dragged by one and kicked along by the other watchman, and then poor Cushing takes another "night-cap," and crawls at day-dawn between the sheets. He is a representative man. His woes are the woes of his race. The howling, yelping cur is the great living intolerable curse of civilized men, and savages are most addicted to the production of the growing, progressive calamity. Read the *Graphic*, and kill the dogs.

THE PERSECUTED WRETCHES.

The decision of the supreme court of this State, published in another place, gives a breathing-spell to many grievously burdened and distressed tax-payers. We fear, too, that our excellent friend, Colonel Anderson, the State collector of back taxes, is very effectually knocked off his pins, and that his office is practically vacated. Such is the alleged effect of this decision. To what extent this decree of the court is to be deplored remains to be seen. Very many owe taxes who would pay if they could. They would sell property at any price. We have seen lots once sold at sixty thousand dollars, offered at twenty thousand, and all that the owner might comply with the ravenous exactions of multiplied governments piled upon top of one another till their dead weight is insupportable. The whole cost of sustaining all these good institutions, with all their non-producing adjuncts, has been estimated at seven per cent. annually of the city's whole wealth. We do not propose, until the decree of the court has been carefully read, to define its results. Still less would any one commend, without careful inquiry and investigation, any act of the late legislature, and therefore the whole matter is turned over for the consideration of lawyers, and we only propose to fill with ecstatic felicity, this blessed Sunday morning, the grateful bosoms of the accursed back-taxpayers of this unfortunate city. The State must pay all costs, if we are not mistaken, of all suits instituted against these old delinquents, and the process of compelling payment must be begun *de novo*, and we are not sure that there is any officer authorized to institute proceedings.

THE ORPHANS.

There are forty-three orphans, penniless, helpless, and without food, in the midst of a civilized christian city. Those who would be practical christians, or those who deny Christ, can hardly fail to aid Rev. Mr. Carmichael, 176 Hernando street, in caring for those helpess waifs at the Canfield asylum. If these orphans were in China there might be thousands of dollars collected for their relief and christianization, but they are at our very doors, and well may starve. It was this peculiarity of charity that delights in exhausting itself in behalf of the remotest possible objects, that waked the echoes of Exeter hall, that rang through New England and devastated all these States and left us these and myriads of orphans. Such charity is and has ever been an unmixed curse. Relieve the helpless and suffering of our own city, and you will be nearer heaven than when bowed at the foot of the richest altar within the costliest temple whose spire cleaves the clouds and points to the Throne of Charity.

PERTINENT to the joint movement by the New York *Graphic* and Professors Wise and McDonald to prove the feasibility of aerial navigation, we publish on this page, to-day, many interesting incidents attending efforts at balloon ascension in this country and in Europe.

For the Sunday Appeal.]

LOTOS-LAND.

BY LIDE MERIWETHER.

Here let us rest! in the cool shadows lying
Beneath the whispering pine,
Whose low sweet voices overhead are sighing,
Whose wreathing arms entwine
With murmured sounds like loving, lingering kisses
On sleeping eyelids pressed,
While the soft south wind woos us with caresses
And whispers—"let us rest."

The forest sleeps—its late glad voice of singing
A dreaming echo seems,
The babbling mountain stream with rythmic ringing
Goes murmuring in soft dreams;
Sweet slumber spreads her wings, with softest whispers
Wooing us to her breast,
And Nature with closed eyelids chants her vespers
And whispers—"let us rest."

The heron dips his beak where brightly gleaming
The waves flow clear and cool,
The water fowl with drooping crest is dreaming
Beside the darkling pool
Where white pond lilies nod their dark leaves lying
By crystal waves caressed,
And tangled river-weeds are softly sighing
Their whisper—"let us rest."

Long yellow lines through forest aisles are gleaming,
With shadows deep and wide
In mute embrace, like night and noonday seeming
To slumber side by side;
On his dark breast her golden head reposes
In silent rapture blest,
His shadow arm her glowing form encloses
And murmurs—"let us rest."

The summer sun on whitening fields is glowing
In floods of amber light
The summer wind o'er bending vinyards blowing
With purpling clusters bright;
Through grassy lanes and gleaming hedgerows singing,
In sweet contentment blest,
The "Harvest Home" o'er hill and vale goes ringing,
And echoes—"let us rest."

Yes—let us rest—ah! why should we remember
That summer suns will set,
And with the hoar frosts of the grey November
The crumbling leaves be wet?
Why note the storm-cloud brooding, moaning, sailing
Up from the darkling west?
Why see the serpent through the blossom trailing?
Ah! leave us—let us rest.

What boots it, that in shine and shadow blending,
We've mingled good with sin?
Our harvest time is past, our summer ending,
Our vintage gathered in;
Why mock us now, with visions false and fleeting,
And shadows of unrest?
Why set our hearts to lying legends beating?
Ah! leave us—let us rest.

The past, however golden while 'twas ours,
Is dark with vain desire,
And ghostly, with the maddening, mocking powers
That vainly beckon'd higher;
Like shores on which the summer's sun is setting
In clouds and shadows dressed,
Then with the Present—all the Past forgetting,
Leave us—and let us rest.

FOREST HOME, July 30, 1873.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM.

From the University (British) Magazine.]

Mr. F. B. Carpenter the well-known painter of *The Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet*, has written a note in reference to a poem much admired by Mr. Lincoln. He says the circumstances under which this copy was written are these: "I was with the President alone one evening in his room, during the time I was painting my large picture at the White House, last year. He presently threw aside his pen and papers, and began to talk to me of Shakespeare. He sent little 'Tad,' his son, to the library to bring a copy of the plays, and then read to me several of his favorite passages, showing genuine appreciation of the great poet. Relapsing into a sadder strain, he laid the book aside, and, leaning back in his chair, said: 'There is a poem which has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown to me when a young man, by a friend, and which I afterward saw and cut from a newspaper and learned by heart. I would,' he continued, 'give a great deal to know who wrote it, but I have never been able to ascertain.' Then, half closing his eyes, he repeated to me the lines which I inclose to you."

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant and mother attended and loved;
The mother and infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes like the flower on the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ah! they died; we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yes! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Shall follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From that blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Brigham Young is doing the domestic lecturing himself just now. Here is an extract from one of his little family talks: "I wish my women to understand that what I am going to say is for them as well as others, and I want those who are here to tell their sisters; yes, all the women in the community. I am going to give you from this time to the sixth of October next for reflection, that you may determine whether you wish to stay with your husbands or not, and then I am going to set every woman at liberty, and say to them now go your way. And my wives have got to do one of two things: either round up their shoulders to endure the afflictions of this world and live their religion—that is, polygamy—or they must leave, for I will not have them about me. I will go into heaven alone rather than to have scratching and fighting about me. I will set all at liberty. What, first wife, too? Yes, I liberate you all. I want to go somewhere or do something to get rid of the whiners."

Professor Paine, of the Palestine exploration expedition, has already completed a voluminous report on the identification of Nebo and Pisgah, which may be expected by the next mail from Syria. The Palestine exploring expedition reports that the triangulation now extends over nearly four hundred square miles, and the details have been almost completed for the same, together with the hill shading. The elevation above the level of the Dead sea, and hence above the Mediterranean, has been well obtained. The hights of all important points within the present triangulation have been determined by mercurial observations, and those of intermediate ones by the aneroid. Meteorological observations have been taken regularly. The amount of work done already, though insignificant in comparison with what still remains to be accomplished, is an invaluable acquisition to geographical knowledge. They find that maps of this region of country are very untrustworthy.

We hope that the proposed school for waiters will soon become an accomplished fact. Then, when there shall have been established schools for cooks, as in Austria, we may have some prospect of calm and pleasant homes.

BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

The Montgolfiers lanched their first fire-balloon at Annonay, France, June 5, 1783, and M. Pilatre de Rozier was the first man to ascend in one of the Montgolfier machines. M. de Rozier's ascent was made from Paris, October 15th, of the same year. The first fire-balloon was sent up in England, November 25, 1783. The first assension with a gas balloon was made from Paris, December 1st, of the same year, by the brothers Robert and M. Charles. Experiments were made in America as to the adoption of gas for balloons almost simultaneously with its adoption in France, and Messrs. Rittenhouse and Hopkins, members of the Philosophical Academy, of Philadelphia, constructed a machine with forty-seven small hydrogen balloons attached December 28, 1783.

GREATEST HIGHTS ATTAINED BY BALLOONS.

Mr. Coxwell, the English aeronaut, and Mr. Glaisher, the eminent meteorologist, have made a number of high ascensions together. The most remarkable of these took place September 5, 1852, when they attained the greatest altitude ever reached by man. Mr. Glaisher estimates this to have been between thirty-six thousand and thirty-seven thousand feet, or about seven miles. His last observation, made before the greatest elevation was reached, showed an altitude of twenty-nine thousand feet. He then became insensible, and so remained for the space of about seven minutes, the balloon meanwhile ascending until it was checked by Mr. Coxwell, who seized the valve-rope by his teeth, as his hands were helpless. September 15, 1804, M. Gay Lussac reached a hight of twenty-two thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven feet, his ascension having been made for scientific purposes. Blanchad claimed to have ascended to a hight of thirty-two thousand feet, and Margat, Garnerin, Robertson, and others have claimed to outdo this, but in most cases their balloons were too small to have been able to carry them so high. Messrs. Rush and Green ascended to an altitude of over twenty-five thousand feet.

THE LONGEST BALLOON VOYAGES.

November 7, 1836, the celebrated English aeronaut, Charles Green, accompanied by Monck Mason and Robert Hollond, left London in a balloon, and, after passing over a considerable part of five kingdoms, landed the next morning near Weilburg, in the duchy of Nassau. The time occupied in the journey was eighteen hours, and the distance traveled upward of five hundred British miles. The greatest hight attained in the voyage was twelve thousand feet. In 1849, Arban, a French balloonist, made the passage of the Alps, going from Marseilles to Turin, four hundred miles, in eight hours. "Le Geant," M. Nadar's great balloon, ascended from Paris, October 18, 1863, with nine passengers, and decended the next morning in a gale of wind, near Nienburg, Hanover, having traversed seven hundred and fifty miles in seventeen hours. The descent was of a perilous character, and several persons were injured by jumping from the car. The balloon arose to an altitude of fifteen thousand feet. The thirtieth balloon to leave Paris during the siege was the "Ville d'Orleans," which contained Paul Roller and M. Deschamps. It ascended November 24, 1870, at eleven forty-five at night, and at one o'clock next day, descended in Norway, having traversed land and sea for a distance of eight hundred miles. September 21, 1807, Garnerin made a night ascent form Paris, and was carried to Mout Tonnerre in a storm, a distance of three hundred miles. July 2, 1859, Professer John Wise made a balloon voyage from St. Louis to the upper part of Jefferson county New York, taveling a distance of eleven hundred and fifty-six miles in nineteen hours and twenty minutes. This was the longest balloon voyage ever made.

NAPOLEON'S CORONATION BALLOON.

At eleven o'clock at night on the sixteenth of December, Garnerin allowed his colossal balloon to rise from the square in fornt of Notre Dame, Paris. "One sees it rise slowly and majestically," says a chronicler of the times. "Not less than three thousand lights add to its beauty. It is, indeed, a fine sight, but who could then guess the direction it would take, or the sensation it would cause?" However, on the following morn, at break of day, some of the inhabitants of Rome see at the horizon a brilliant globe coming toward their city. It is soon over St. Peter's and the Vatican; descends, rises again somewhat torn, keeps near the ground, and falls into Lake Braciano. Here its pursuers first learn from whence it had come, for, on drawing it from the water, they read in gilt letters on its vast circumference, *Paris, twenty-five Frimaire, An XIII., Couronnement de Empereur Napoleon par S. S. Pie VII.* For distance and rapidity this flight would always have been remarkable; but, considering the day on which it took place, it appears almost miraculous. A circumstance in addition, very trifling in itself, became of great importance in the eyes of Napoleon. A political turn was given to the voyage of the *balloon perdu*. The balloon, on its course near the ground, left part of its crown on the angle of the tumb of Nero. The Italian papers, not being under such rigorous censure as those of France, innocently related the coincidence; some, however, added malicious remarks, injurious to the emperor. This came at length to the ear of the master, some one even speaking of it at one of his levees. Napoleon showed his displeasure, and ordered that no further remarks should be made about Garnerin's balloon. The balloon was preserved in a corridor of the Vatican until 1814, with an inscription and date, but all reference to its contact with Nero's tomb was omitted.

BALLOONING DURING THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

Balloons were put to practical use during the time Paris was besieged by the Prussians. The enemy was enabled to close all avenues of escape and communicaton except those which led through heaven's free air. The *Ballon Monts* afforded almost daily means of sending letters and despatches from the beleaguered city. There were sent up in all from September 23, 1870, to the time of the capitulation, sixty-two balloons, and their remained unused, at the end of January, 1871, five balloons. The total number sent out by the post-office was fifty-four, and they carried two million five hundred thousand letters, representing a total weight of nearly ten tons. For a time the ascents were made in the day time, but Prussian bullets flew too thick about the balloons—for it was not always convenient to send the aerial craft beyond their reach before the suburbs of the city were reached—and on and after November 21st, all voyages began at night. As no balloon could be used a second time, the manufacture of the aerostats and the training of sailors to accompany them (for of experienced aeronauts there were few) became an important branch of business. September 30th, a paper balloon was sent up with dispatches only, but in all other cases except one, when the balloon broke away while in the process of inflation, pessengers were carried, as many as six going on one occasion. Two of the balloons fell into the sea, six landed in Belgium, one far 'away in Norway, one in Nassau, one in Munch, and in several cases decents were made within the enemy's lines on the soil of France. In some cases where the balloons were captured and the aeronauts made prisoners, important dispatches were saved and forwarded to their destination. In one instance (October 29th, by Gilles in "Le Colonel Charras") no less than one hundred and twelve pounds of dispatches were taken and landed in Belgium, and it was frequently the case that from six hundred to upward of nine hundred pounds of dispatches were taken. Carrier-pigeons were almost invariably carried up, and on one occasion four sheep-dogs were also carried, these being intended to cross the Prussian lines and return to Paris with dispatches concealed in their collars. One balloon, "Le Volta," was given M. Janssen, the astronomer, by the minister of public instruction in order that he might be enabled to observe the eclipse of the sun, on December 22d, and accompanied by Chapelain, a seaman, he proceeded by the air-line to St. Nazaire, carrying his instruments in safety, and reaching the outside world in time to proceed on his way to the place of observation. The last balloon sent, "Le Cambrone," which ascended from the Easton railway station, January 28, 1871, carried orders for the ships to proceed to Dieppe, for the revictualling of Paris. "Le Gallilee" (November 4, 1870,) descended near Orleans on the day when that town was reoccupied by the Prussians. Its two occupants were made prisoners and sent to Germany, from whence one of them succeeded in escaping and returned to Tours.

AERONAUTC ANECDOTES.

One of the most successful aeronauts ever known in this country was Louis A. Lauriat. He was a Frenchmen by birth, a resident of Boston. He was a gold-beater by trade, and his first balloon was made of gold-beater's skin. He attempted to ascend with this and failed. On the fourth of July, 1835, however, he made magnificent ascension from Boston. After this he ascended from Providence, East Boston, Nashua, Concord, Portland, New York, Troy, Rochester, etc. He went up twice in the British Provinces, and made two ascensions from the City of Mexico. He made in all fifty-two assensions. Mr. Lauriat went up once from Charlestown, Massachusetts and the westlerly wind carried him over Point Shirley and out to sea. For an hour and a quarter he was dragged through the water with great rapidity, and when picked up by a vessel from Westfield at the end of that time, was insensible. The balloon went futher out to sea and was lost. His ascension from Concord, New Hampshire, was made at the time of the excitement regarding the great comet, which many prophesied would butt itself headforemost at *terra firma* and, going clean through, would split us into bits, or, at least, would give us such a brushing with that beautiful long tail of his, that when the operation was completed all the outside materials of this earth of ours would be turned into polishing powder. A Yankee among the Green mountains of Vermont, discovered a way of escaping the general devastation; he dug a hole, commencing in the cellar of his house, and extending under the ground; a regular tunnel, in fact. When this was ready he watched and waited. As Lauriat ascended the wind carried him direct for the Green mountains, and having gone far enough, as he passed over the brow of one of the mountains, he opened the valve and began to descend into the valley beyond. Seeing a man at work in a field ahead, he called to him. The man stopped work, but seeing no one, went at it again. A second time he called, to him and the poor fellow looked everywhere but upward. A third time he called, and at the same moment threw over one end of a long heavy rope. The man was our over-credulous Yankee. His back was toward the balloon just at the moment when the rope caught on the top of a board fence behind him, giving a terrible r-r-r-r-ip that made his heart nearly jump from his body; that was enough to frighten the poor fellow to death, but when he looked up in his distracted state and saw the great comet tail and all, he gave a yell and a bound, and with but one thought, save that of saving himself, his wife and child, like a locomotive under full speed, flew to his house, screaming, "Mercy! Mercy! (that was his wife's name) the comet's acoming! the comet's acoming! Get into the hole! get into the hole! quick! quick!" The aeronaut saw no more of him after that: he was wise in not seeing hospitality in that house; there were others that came to the balloon, however, who were able to explain the mystery concerning the poor, deluded Yankee. A good story is told of Elliot, the Baltimore aeronaut. Some years before the war he ascended from Charleston, South Carolina. It was a very calm day, and after remaining in the air two or three hours, just as it was getting dark, he decended on one of the islands in the bay. The white folks had all gone to the city. In a cabin lay a dead negro, Dick, and around the cabin door sat half a dozen superstitious negroes. Elliot and his balloon descended noiselessly in front of them. Just before he reached the ground the darkies caught sight of him. They stood not upon the order of their going but went at once. The anchor had reached the ground, and one of the darkies in his haste to get away, stumbled over it just as it commenced to drag. He knew at once who got hold of him, and his piercing shrieks were truly heart-rending as he cried: "Oh! oh! I'se not de niggar! Oh! massa debble! good massa debole! I'se not de niggar! Dick's in dah! Dick's in dah!" By this time he got loose and made for the swamp.

FAMILY TRIP IN THE AIR.

A very pleasant and interesting aerial voyage was made by Mr. John Shearer, an amateur aeronaut, at Reading, Pennsylvania, on the fourth. He has already made five or six ascents alone; but on this occasion he was accompanied by his wife. The lady had serious misgivings about the journey; but her curiosity overcame her fears, and when the balloon reached a hight of two miles and a half, she forgot all her terror, and declared herself delighted with the magnificent prospect spread out beneath her. They remained in the air about thirty minutes, and then made a safe descent seven miles, east by a little south, from the place whence they started.

ÆROSTATION NOT DANGEROUS.

The accident by which Professor Lafontaine, the aeronaut, lost his life at Brooklyn, Michigan, on the fourth does not necessarily imply that any particular danger attaches to balloon navigation; it simply shows that before making the ascent the unfortunate man was guilty of gross carelessness, in that he neglected to fix the ropes about the car in a proper manner. Thus, the ropes slipped from under the basket, and Professor Lafontaine was thrown to the earth from a hight of five or six hundred feet, and, of course, dashed to pieces. With due attention to details, of course an accident of this kind could not occur. The fact is that, as Professor Wise remarks, a balloon is about the safest mode of transport that a person can adopt—far safer than a ship, which is at the mercy of two elements mostly in tremendous conflict. In a balloon that is borne along at a rate of speed perfectly bewildering to think of, the persons in the car perceive no motion whatever. And it is only by looking out of the car at the earth below that any idea can be gained of the rate of progress. It is the same with rising and falling. It is only by throwing out shreds of fine tissue paper, or observing the movements of a light ribbon suspended by the side of a car, that the aeronaut is enabled to ascertain how the balloon is moving in this respect. There is absolutely no danger in aerial navigation *per se*. The only moment of danger is in the descent, and this with a proper use of anchors and grappling-irons, can always be safely managed.

A FEMALE ÆRONAUT.

Says the Utica *Observer* of July 5th: At five o'clock in the afternoon, precisely, the balloon was filled, and within five minutes Professor Squire had the basket attached and ballasted, and everything in readiness for the *entree* of "that sweet little lady," Miss Nellie Thurston. Our reporter believes that he would die happy in the air or under the ground if he could be assured of receiving half the sympathy, or being favored with the smallest portion of the good wishes which Miss Thuston had expressed in her behalf yesterday. Accompanied by a lady friend from West Winfield, the sweet little lady, dressed in a neat street costume, stepped in the circle and took her place in the basket with as much ease and grace as if she were about to take a ride about town in her phaeton. She was the very center of attraction. Every eye in the vast multitude surrounding Bagg square was turned upon the occupant of the basket, and the silence was not broken until Committeman Chapman gave one of the bands the signal to play. A few words were spoken to the fair balloonist by Professor Squire, Miss Nellie promised to send a special telegram if anything remarkable happened in the vicinity of Dr. Peter's asteroids, and at seven minutes past five the air-ship, with its precious freight, rose almost directly upward for a distance of about five hundred feet. Professor Squire was satisfied and exceedingly well pleased. He has made nearly two hundred ascensions and directed many others, but this was one of the most successful in his experience. He well deserved the numerous congratulations which were showered upon him for his own success and that of his fair *protege*. After the beautiful direct ascent the City of Utica moved gracefully southward until it gained the hight of about two and a half miles. After a little while it was met by a current from the west and sent to the eastward, in which direction it remained in plain sight of the thousands who were watching it for about twenty minutes. About twenty-seven minutes after two o'clock in the afternoon the balloon came down, six miles from Utica, in the direction of Mohawk. A reporter had a pleasant interview with Miss Thurston and Professor Squire last evening. The little lady returned to Bagg's hotel with her balloon in good order, neatly packed, at eight o'clock in the evening. She describes her trip as one of the most interesting and agreeable she has ever taken. The prospect of being annoyed by thunder-storms made her avoid a ride into the upper clouds, which appeared to be charged with electricity. The basket touched the ground quite suddenly at first, and the balloon bounded up a little, but returned to the earth again, and she alighted with perfect ease and comfort. An accommodating teamster assisted her in packing the balloon, and brought her to Utica. Everybody in Utica felt a deep interest in Miss Thurston's success, and all will be pleased to know that she was as comfortable and happy during her stay among the clouds as any young lady can be who is separated from *terra firma* and man.

INDEPENDENCE HALL.

That time-honored structure which covers the entire block front on the south side of Chestnut street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, is now and has ever been known in Philadelphia as the statehouse, because of the fact that it was originally erected for the State capitol or meeting-hall for the general assembly of the colony. Throughout the country it is euphoniously and patriotically called Independence hall, although but one room of the edifice is entitled to that appellation. The statehouse still preserves its dignity as a building of some pretensions in an architectural point of view, albeit it is composed mainly of red bricks, most of which, it is believed, were made in this country. The stone dressings are of bluish stone, mostly with lines, ledges, and copestones of white stone. The front portal is of brown stone, of the Corinthian style of architecture. There is a central building and east and west wings, the latter having undergone frequent and radical mutations since they were originally erected, but the main building stands externally nearly as it did in the olden time. The steeple is comparatively a modern appendage to the structure, and did not hold the bell which "proclaimed liberty" in 1876, as is generally supposed. The roof is of iron, and the building has been made as nearly fireproof as possible. It has been on fire several times, but was never very seriously damaged, and seems to have been providentially preserved to us through many long years. The first description of the statehouse of which we have any account was given by Professor Kalm, the Swedish traveler who visited our city in 1748. He says the greatest public ornament he saw here then was the "Town hall, having a tower, with a bell, and greater than Christ church, which is not yet built up." The building was commenced in 1729 (under the direction of Thomas Lawrence and Andrew Hamilton, commissioners), finished in 1734, and the offices adjoining were completed in 1735. The total cost was five thousand six hundred pounds. Edward Woolley did the carpenter work, Thomas Bonde the brickwork, and William Holland the marble and stone dressings. The ground was formerly higher on Chestnut and lower on Walnut street than it is now, and was graded expressly for the structure. In 1783 the ground in the rear of the statehouse, and now known as Independence square, was laid out and planted with shade and ornamental trees. The design of the statehouse was prepared by John Kearsley, M.D., an amateur architect of the time. Soon after it was completed the colonial legislature met here—the senate up-stairs and the house of representatives in the room now called Independence hall. Andrew Morris was then president of the senate, and George Latimer was speaker of the house. The up-stairs rooms were the largest, and were frequently used as a banqueting-hall for the city and colonial feasts. In September, 1736, William Allen, mayor, gave a banquet at his own expense here to his friends. In 1756, on the arrival of the new governor, Denny, a banquet was given in his honor by the colonial authorities. In 1757, Lord Loudon, commander of the king's troops in the colonies, arrived, and was given a banquet at the statehouse. In 1774, the inhabitants of Philadelphia, being intensely "rebel," tendered to the members of the first congress a banquet at the statehouse, to which five hundred guests sat down. A year later, without leave or license, the continental congress took actual possession of the statehouse and occupied its rooms free of charge, and so determined were the people in favor of independence, that it is believed the public feeling of the period had a great deal to do with forcing some shaking members to sign Jefferson's immortal charter of our liberties. Philadelphia was then a unit for a free republic, which she did more to create than any other city, and she was foremost in sending forth her sons to serve the Union she had originated when the war against slavery was inaugurated. Throughout every trial during the last century she has always been found true and trusty to the very core, and to the last extremity. In that hall the congress met day after day, and perfected their work. It was their citadel as well as their meeting-place, for in the cellars and buried in the yard were arms, ammunition and accoutrements, ready for use when needed, even if the effort cost them "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors." The declaration of Independence was read and finally adopted in Independence hall on the fourth of July, 1876, and on the eighth of July it was read to the people assembled in Independence square by William Nixon, and was received with shouts of approval. Then it was that the "old bell" (still preserved) in the old steeple (now destroyed) rang out in joyous tones in honor of the event. But afterward the British captured the city, and the people, still "intensely rebel," and true to the cause of liberty, took down the old bell and buried it, so that the redcoats could not capture it and take it to England as a trophy. It was preserved and placed in the old hall, and is there to this day. It is cracked badly, but can be rung on the fourth of July, 1876, with good effect, if necessary. For many years the upper part of the statehouse was occupied by Peale's museum, and the lower part was used for courtrooms. On the occasion of the retiring of General Washington from the Presidency of the United States, he delivered his farewell address in the statehouse—some say in the room opposite to Independence hall, and others maintain that it was the room now occupied by district court No. 2. In 1799 the grand lodge of Pennsylvania met in the statehouse, and had proceedings touching the death of Washington, and then proceeded from that hall to take part in the obsequies. When Lafayette came here in 1823, Independence hall was all torn out and refitted and carpeted for his reception, and the room has been used ever since as a sort of reception hall for the mayors of the city, and for the governor of Pennsylvania and the President of the United States. Upon the consolidation of the city in 1851, councils took possession of the upper part of the edifice, and had chambers for their meetings fitted up. As is well known, Independence hall is now being arranged as nearly as it was in 1776 as possible, and around the walls will be placed portraits of the signers of the declaration of independence.—*Philadelphia Press.*

In his second paper in the *Christian Union*, on Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma*, "N. P." probably President Porter, of Yale college, accuses the English critic of ignorance as to his subject, and of want of conscientiousness in the treatment of it. The paper is summed up in the following paragraph: "To one who is moderately familiar with what is called the higher criticism of the new testament, it is most obvious that Mr. Arnold is not even moderately acquainted with it. A critic who refers to the conversation with the woman taken in adultery as decisive of a mixture of afterthought of the actual sayings of our Lord, in entire innocence of the notorious fact that the whole record is rejected as not genuine by many textual critics, can hardly deserve confidence as having attained to that criticism which results from reading the best books on a subject. A writer who makes so much of the spuriousness of the text, or the heavenly witnesses, deserves no very advanced degree among new testament interpreters. A writer who disposes of the prophetic Messiah of the old testament and the interpreted Messiah of the new, after a hasty and unreflective reading of Antony Collins, is not, in the best sense of the word, an accomplished critic, and can scarcely deserve to be called a conscientious critic."

The work of the Wesleyan Methodists in Port Mahon and Barcelona, Spain, has made such steady progress that Rev. R. B. Lyth, who, at the request of the English Wesleyan missionary committee, has visited these two points, heartily recommends that a missionary be at once sent to each of these places. Although it is but a few months since the Wesleyans began operations in Minorca, Mr. Lyth found four schools well started for boys, and for girls one each in both Mahon and Villa Carlos. Day and night schools are held for young people and for adults of both sexes. The weekly evening service at Villa Carlos was well attended.

THE POUND STERLING.

It will be remembered that, according to the recent act of congress, the legal standard—in money of the United States—for the pound sterling will be $4 86.65 after January 1, 1874. Notwithstanding that the intention of this act was to avoid the old fictitious and nominal valuation of the pound sterling at $4——, the new standard is itself to a slight extent fictitious. The exact value of the pound sterling, in coin of the United States, as measured by the amount of pure gold in the sovereign and in the gold dollar, is $4 86.66. But either of these valuations will make the calculations in the purchase and sale of sterling so complicated, on account of the fractions, that much trouble is anticipated. The New York *Journal of Commerce* claims that the best way out of the difficulty is "to quote just what the proposed exchange shall be in dollars and cents. The buyer of £100 is asked $4 87½; he then knows that this calls for his check for $487 62, and on this system the youngest arithmetician can give the solution of the problem. The quotation, whatever the fraction may be, fixes the exact price for £1, and this is easily comprehended." This would be similar to the quotations of franc exchange, the market rates for which are given at so many francs to the dollar, only that, in sterling exchange, it would be so many cents to the pound. This is, in fact, the simplest way, the only objection to it being that, as in franc exchange, the par would be lost sight of. A quotation of the price of sterling might show its market value, but it would not state whether it was above or below par, and the reader of such a quotation would have to keep the real par of $4.86.66 in his mind. Then, again, there is the additional fact that congress has fixed an arbitrary par of $4.86.65, which would inevitably become confused in the minds of many persons with the real value. We do not see that there is any satisfactory way out of the difficulty but for congress to amend the act, and make its legal standard agree with the real par of $4.86.66, and then let dealers in exchange quote the market value of the pound, as suggested by the *Journal of Commerce*.

SOMNAMBULISM.

On Friday last a resident of Division street named Birch received three hundred and ninety dollars in money, and it being too late to deposit it in the bank, he placed it in a small tin box, and deposited the box in the drawer of a bureau. He has a daughter about fifteen years old who has a morbid terror of burglars, and the girl was very anxious for the safety of the money, fearing that some one would enter the house. So great was her anxiety that she could not go to sleep until after midnight. When the family arose Saturday morning, Birch went to the drawer and found both box and money gone. He examined the doors and windows, but found them secured as he had left them on the previous night, and of course it was a great mystery how the money had left the house. There were no callers the evening previous, the key of the drawer had been left lying on the stand in the bedroom and was there when he got up, and the drawer was locked as he locked it. What might have been a vexatious case for the detectives was solved after breakfast without very much trouble. The daughter, on getting up, found that a woollen rag and a piece of salt-pork, which she had bound around her throat the previous evening, had fallen off and disappeared as mysteriously as the cashbox. The father heard her speaking about it, and as he passed through a grape arbor in the rear of the house he saw the cloth and the meat on the ground. Bending over to pick them up, his foot sank down into soft ground, and he heard a rattling, which resulted in his pulling up the box safe and sound. While the girl could not, of course, remember anything about it, it is quite certain that her anxiety for the money led her to rise in her sleep, secure the box, unlock the door and go out and bury it in the arbor. A post had been pulled up in one corner of the arbor, loosening the soil, and she had selected this spot. Her fingers were found to be soiled with dirt, and there were dirt-marks on the pillow-slip where she had placed her hand. Then the woollen rag which had dropped from her neck was still further proof of her somnambulism. She was as much surprised as any one, and but for the accident, as it may be termed, which led Birch into the arbor, he might have been bewailing the loss of his money a year hence. He claims to be a light sleeper, and yet the daughter had taken the key from the stand near his head, unlocked the drawer, unlocked the back door, drawn the bolt of the woodshed door, passed out, returned and locked everything and replaced the bureau key, and neither the man nor the wife was awakened, and the sleeper had encountered nothing to break the midnight dream which led her to leave her bed.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MODERN DRESS.

The *Cornhill Magazine* asks if we are more civilized in our dress than in our dwellings. It answers that even here our guide and ruler is that irresponsible tyrant we call "fashion," and neither comfort nor beauty has a word to say. To be sure, men have discarded many absurdities, though they have retained more. They hold to their stiff shirt-collars, which rasp their necks; their wild expanse of shirt front, which the very act of fastening rumples; their meaningless swallow-tails, their hideous hats, their tight-fitting military uniform, and all the mysteries of seam, and gusset, and band, which are the mere symbols of the art of cutting out, and not necessary to comfort or shape. But even with the follies they retain, they can move about with ease and unhampered. Women, on the contrary, torture themselves in the name of fashion, with touching fidelity. They would as soon forego their nationality as their stays, and the thirty-nine articles are less sacred to them than the multiplicity of garments all hanging from the waist. It is to keep these up and lessen their weight that they put themselves into steel cages, which destroy all grace of line, and all comfort of moving save in walking. The beauty of simplicity is a thing dead and done with in their code. Heads are loaded with false hair stuck about with lace, feathers, flowers and colored glass; ears are pierced that bits of crystalized earth, or imitations thereof, may be hung in the holes; health is destroyed, and the tender, vital organs which nature has so sedulously protected by the outer-casing of ribs are compressed and crushed so that the waistband may be reduced to seventeen inches; the highest efforts of millinery genius are directed to the most elaborate method of sewing one bit of stuff on to another bit of stuff, to the confusion of anything like a leading line or an intelligible idea. We laugh at the Chinese "golden water-lilies," the Papuan head-dress, the Hindoo nose-ring, the African lip-distender. We laugh while we look in the glass and complacently brush out our frills, and congratulate ourselves on looking "stylish" and "well got up." But our highest efforts culminate in partial nakedness in the middle of winter, if we are women; in black broad-cloth in the dog-days if we are men—in absurd lengths of silk trailing after us as we walk in the one case, in a ridiculous pennion meandering at our backs in the other; they culminate in fashion, not in use or beauty or simplicity; but while we do thus dress without personal convenience of artistic meaning, we have true civilization in the matter of our clothes. Modern millinery is neither art nor nature. It is our translation of the primitive man's delight in rags and gaudy colors, and there is no essential difference between the two. What difference there is consists simply in conventional acceptance, but the æsthetic base of each is the same.

Rev. Dr. Morley Punshon, who has just been voted a testimonial by the Canadian Wesleyan conference, has written a letter saying that he accepts the testimonial of the Canadian brethren reluctantly, but will invest the amount given in Canada, use the interest during his lifetime, and at his death the principal shall be handed over to the conference for the superannuated ministers' fund.

The proposal of the earl of Shaftesbury, whose name is just now familiar in connection with the great anti-confessional meeting at Exeter hall, to unite the many voluntary missionaries at work among the masses of London in brotherly fellowship and co-operation, without interference with the individual action or each, has been so far carried out that a committee has been formed of brethren representing some of the most important of such missions.

SUB SILENTIO.

BY MARY L. RITTER.

From the Galaxy, for August.]

Hush! the night is calm and quiet,
And the crescent moon hangs low;
Silence deep and wide hath power,
And the south wind wanders slow
Through a casement where the curtain
Faintly rustles to and fro.

Like a spirit softly sighing
Flits it all the chamber round,
Where the dim lamp fading, dying,
Just dispels the gloom profound;
Hangs above two happy dreamers,
By love's perfect promise crowned.

Even through the gates of slumber
To the shadowy land of rest,
He still clasps his long-sought treasure
Closely, closely to his breast,
With the ardor of a passion
Long denied and long repressed.

With his lips still warm with kisses
Close and clinging as his own,
Sighing still in happy dreaming
For the joy his heart hath known—
Sweetly, peacefully, he slumbers
In the arms about him thrown.

And she gazes at him thinking—
Not of all her dreary years—
Only of this isle of glory,
Reached with many doubts and fears,
Over love's frail bridge of rainbows
Fading in a mist of tears.

Then she nestles still more closely
To the heart so kind and dear,
Whispering, "Love me, love me, darling,
All my hope and rest is here,
And without thee earth is nothing,
But a desert cold and drear.

"Oh, that every night my slumbers
Might be so supremely blest,
Bounded by thy dear embraces,
Kissed from passion into rest;
I would ask no better haven,
Sheltered thus and thus caressed."

Fan them gently, odorous south wind,
And begone on pinions fleet,
Nothing in thy nightly journey
Shall thy wandering vision greet,
Half as perfect in fulfilment,
Satisfying and complete.

THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

From Harper's Magazine.]

The bells of the churches are ringing—
Papa and mamma have both gone—
And three little children sit singing
Together this still Sunday morn.

While the bells toll away in the steeple,
Though too small to sit still in a pew,
These busy religious small people
Determined to have their church, too.

So, as free as the birds, or the breezes,
By which their fair ringlets are fanned,
Each rogue sings away as he pleases,
With book upside down in his hand.

Their hymn has no sense in its letter,
Their music no rhythm nor tune;
Our worship, perhaps, may be better—
But *theirs* reaches God quite as soon.

Their angels stand close to the Father;
His heaven is made bright by these flowers;
And the dear God above us would rather
Hear praise from their lips than from ours.

Sing on, little children—your voices
Fill the air with contentment and love;
All nature around you rejoices,
And the birds warble sweetly above.

Sing on—for the proudest orations,
The liturgies sacred and long,
The anthems and worship of nations,
Are poor to your innocent song.

Sing on—our devotion is colder,
Though wiser our prayers may be planned,
For often we, too, who are older,
Hold our book the wrong way in our hand.

Sing on—our harmonic inventions
We study with labor and pain;
Yet often our angry contentions
Take the harmony out of our strain.

Sing on—all our struggle and battle,
Our cry, when most deep and sincere—
What are they? A child's simple prattle,
A breath in the Infinite ear.

TELLE EST LA VIE.

Have you forgotten, ma belle Marie,
That spring-time down at the Hall? Ah, well,
Though I thought I was strong on the wing, you see,
You single me out, and of course I fell;
A touch of the hand when our eyes first met,
A soft "aside" on a rustic seat,
I was proof against snares, as I thought, and yet
I was writhing soon at your feet.
You had no pity at all for me,
Or you would have killed me, belle Marie.

A glow at my heart and a night of dreams;
Your hair had the ripple my eyes loved best;
"Pray God," I said, "she be all she seems,
For I am weary, and long to rest."
Wounded and sick at your feet I lay—
Pleading for peace, to your knees I crept.
I hear your voice as 'twas yesterday—
They were crocodile tears you wept.
My eyes were blinded with dust, you see,
And I paid the penalty, belle Marie!

I'll own I wept—for the tears would flow,
Though I'd found the worth of your worthless heart;
I cursed myself for a fool—you know
They are terrible tears, when men's eyes smart.
And you—well! there possibly was one sigh,
The sigh you might give if your dog was hurt;
And your comfort, I think, was the stale old lie,
"Men's hearts are as cheap as dirt."
Well! now you are married, and I am free,
And that's the difference, belle Marie!

Married! Yes, I suppose that's the term
For men and women who've sold their lives;
Who rear up loves to be nipped in the germ,
And live good fellows and honest wives.
He's deep in love with mammon, his god,
And away with mammon he wins your bread.
But over your novels you sit and nod,
And doze at his table's head.
And you sigh—the days pass wearily—
They are slightly monotonous, belle Marie!

You should'nt forget, though, belle Marie—
Though women, we know, have wayward ways—
The choice was yours, 'twixt a life with me
And an old man's carriage and prancing bays.
A poor man's wife and a rich man's queen—
The choice for a woman was scarcely fair;
You were wise, to forget what I might have been
You were right to be safe and sure.
Telle est la vie! telle est la vie!
You are like the rest of them, belle Marie!

AARON BURR'S DAUGHTER.

It was Theodocia, his daughter, so lovely, so pure, so intellectual, so haughty, and yet so soft and gentle, that opened to Aaron Burr the brightest page in the blotted volume of his life. "She was nearly a complete realization of his ideal of a woman." Upon her he lavished the wealth of a soul that overflowed with secret tenderness. Long after his fall from power, she was the solitary star, shining in beautiful lustre over the darkened and rough pathway of his life. During his trial for high treason at Richmond, in 1806, Theodocia, then the brilliant leader of society in the most aristocratic city of the south—the wife of Joseph Alston, a distinguished citizen of South Carolina—by her devotion, sagacity, and influence, powerfully aided her father's defense. In the darkest hour of that memorable legal drama, she evinced her deep affliction in language as heroic as it was beautiful. "My vanity," she said, "would be greater if I had not been placed so near you; and yet, my pride is our relationship. I had rather not live than not to be the daughter of such a man." A few years after the Richmond trial, which resulted in a victory for Burr, Theodocia met a fate which is still enveloped in gloom and mystery. At the close of the war of 1812 she sailed from Charleston in a vessel bound for New York, for the purpose of visiting her father. Her husband was then governor of South Carolina. Though he provided everything conducive to her safety and comfort which wealth and influence could command, the vessel never reached its destination; it was never heard from after leaving Charleston harbor. At last all hope ended; the certainty that Theodocia was dead came home to them, and Aaron Burr was bereaved as few men have ever been bereaved—left to "a life all winter, war within himself to wage."

THE NEW ERUPTION OF MANUA LOA.

The *Hawaiian Gazette* has the following: "Mr. William L. Green has just returned from a visit to the summit crater of Manua Loa, which he found in full action, the fountain varying from one hundred to two hundred and fifty feet in hight. The appearance of the interior of Mokuaweowoo, according to Mr. Green's description, has changed very mech from what it was in September of last year. Now the cone-hills have disappeared, except one (probably lately thrown up), which is directly against the high wall on the west side. The fountain is located about where it was in September, but it is now in the center of a circular lake of molten lava, covered over with a dark surface, and perhaps five hundred feet across. From the centre of this lake a constant lava jet is thrown up. Early in January (the seventh and eighth) this summit crater was in terrific action, and the lava was thrown so high as to be distinctly seen from Hilo. At this time the cones were probably thrown down, and the floor of the crater much changed. As the walls of the crater are eight hundred feet high, the lava jet in January must have been at least from twelve to fifteen hundred feet high, to have been seen at Hilo. The residents of the bay are very positive about its having been clearly visible at that point.

The bishop of New Orleans (Catholic) has written a pastoral letter calling for a triduum of prayers for the deliverance of the pope from captivity in Rome—that is to say, for the restoration of the temporal power. Seven years' indulgence is granted to all who participate for one day in the triduum.

ABOUT TOYS.

From the Hearth and Home.]

Who knows where the toys are made? Charles Dickens didn't; and though he strove very hard to be correct in details, he was further astray in telling us that Caleb Plummer made Noah's arks than dear Mrs. Perrybingle was in fancying that the cricket, and not the kettle, began the carol on the Christmas hearth. No doubt worthy old Caleb made suburban tenements, as Mr. Dickens states, for dolls of moderate means, kitchens for dolls of the lower classes, and capital town residences for dolls of high estate; but all Noah's arks come into England and America from Germany. Not for all the world would we set our opinions against his unless we were quite sure, but we are. Noah's arks, farms, and menageries are called in the trade "box-toys," and they are exported to all parts of the world from Germany. Until within two or three years, the greater portion of toys of every kind came from that country; and while American toys are fast superseding the expensive kinds, five million dollars' worth of cheap toys are yet annually imported into New York city alone. Parents who lecture their boys and girls on frugality have a text here, but if they venture to use it, a clever youngster may turn it against their own hearts. In Broadway, recently, we saw a man—stooping, haggard, and hopeless—pass from his office, near Wall street, into the twilight. He was ruined, and going to his home with a few greenbacks as the remains of a fortune. The first toy-shop he came to he entered, and for each of his children—there were seven or eight of them—he bought some cheap plaything, so that their smiles might support him upon the black waters into which he had drifted. In the worst financial panics the dealers state that they do the most business. The articles purchased are not of a high price, but every parent is determined to have his home made cheery by his children's laughter. This is humanity's honor. The debt of the children to Germany is inestimable. What boy can ever hope to repay the inventors of marbles and humming tops? The former are made in Saxony, where the roads are paved with those that are not perfectly round, and the latter—most ancient and harmless toys—are more popular to-day than they were with our great-grandfathers, to whom they were first introduced. A million dollars' worth of drums; trumpets, from the primitive tin pipe with an unpleasant red mouthpiece, producing a monotonous squeak, to the pretty little brass instrument, upon which any tune can be played; magnetic toys—fish, boats, and swans; nine-pins, rocking-horses, and dolls come from the same land. Some are made from the waste of factories. Bits of worthless china from the potteries, and scraps of fancy wood from the cabinet-maker's are nimbly handled by the cotter's family, and, in time, reappear at the Leipsic fair as really inviting tea-sets and elegant drawing-room suits for millionaire dolls. The dolls themselves emigrate in large numbers from the Black Forest, but they are homely, and not as magnificent nor as frivolous as their Parisian relations, of whom we shall say something presently. They are made of papier-mache or wood, and have painted hair; but how many poor homes they have brightened! Those old-fashioned wooden dolls with no graces, but great strength—with round heads and stolid faces, unshapely limbs and oscillating joints—are imported side by side with ninepins, which they closely resemble, from Nuremburg. Even they have charms to stir the emotions of baby-mother's breasts; and how lovingly have I not seen some young friend of mine fold the awkward little dummies in their own comparatively large, but actually fairy-like tippets! Much more splendid and accomplished are the dolls made in France. They have real hair and can sit down or stand with consummate elegance. Schooled in the English language, they will cry very pathetically for "papa" and "mamma." And as becomes creatures of such fine attainments, they have wardrobes as extensive as Miss Flora McFlimsey's. France produces many other expensive toys. The chamellion top with its variegated effects, was invented by a Parisian, and some of the most ingenius clock-work toys are made there. One of the latest is the swimming man. A small figure is floated on a pond, and it will swim two hundred yards. Another queer contrivance consists of a dog which climbs three feet up a ladder. Masks of paper, wire, and linen, and fancy articles, such as glove and handkerchief boxes, caskets of perfumery, which are included under the head of toys, are also exported from France. England supplies large numbers of costly dolls, and in Switzerland music-boxes are made. Formerly no one bought American toys, but the trade is gaining fast, and the productions are of more varied design and better make than the importations. Several ingenius men give all their time to the invention of mechanical toys, in which America does over three-fourths of the entire trade. One young man professes to have earned one hundred thousand dollars from royalty on his toys, and several others have reaped small fortunes. A year or two ago a baby-doll appeared in the toy-shop windows which would creep gently across the floor, turning its head from side to side as though seeking approval. About ten thousand of these little things were sold in one year, although their price was five dollars each. The heads, legs, and arms are made to order in Germany, and the rest of the doll is made in New York. Upon this one toy fifty thousand dollars were expended in one year, and its sale is increasing. In this class of diversions Yankee ingenuity and humor seem to find abundant and healthy exercise; for the later productions are marvels of these qualities. Here is a bear, a shaggy, ferocious creature, with a very red mouth and rows of terrible teeth. Wind it up, and it will rise upon its haunches, open its jaw, snap its eyes, and turn upon you in true grizzly fashion. The native in his piny depths is put to shame. Perhaps young America cannot row prettily, feathering his oars and spurring at the proper moment. If he will study the movements of an automaton which has appeared in the toy-shops, he may become proficient. A vigorous little chap seated in a boat will pull across a sheet of water in a jiffy, with no other incentive than Connecticut clock-work. The same native makes a model horse canter, with the rider, across a table. There is no end, indeed, to the variety of mechanical toys. The movements are mostly made in Bridgeport and New Haven, and the rest of the toy is supplied in New York city, where several large manufactories are working. A base-ball is simply a national game and is not played in other countries, all the implements are of home-make. Many schooners arrive in New York from Maine during the season laden with bats alone, the trade in which amounts to about three hundred thousand dollars annually. The balls come from Natick, Massachusetts, where a large number of men and women are engaged in their manufacture. The core is made of cork, around which several strips of india-rubber and yarn are wound. After this operation the ball is covered with the bleached hide of horses and sewed with silk or linen thread. The business of one firm in Natick is said to amount to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. Great numbers of rocking-horses are made in Vermont. A brief allusion to jews-harps will bring this disjointed little sketch to a close. These instruments have a charm, beyond the comprehension of old people, for all boys. I believe melody may be twanged from them, but it is of the doubtful kind, like that made by that instrument of torture, the penny-whistle. They were exclusively manufactured for many years by two competing Irishmen in Dublin. The trade was brisk, and both had as much work as they could do; but finally the tide of emigration to America swallowed one, who established himself in New York. His old-time rival followed, and the two are now in the metropolis making this toy and exporting it to all parts of the world.

The Dusseldorf correspondent of the London *Guardian* has had an interview with Dr. Reinkens, the bishop elect of the Old Catholics in Germany, in which the latter is represented as saying that the Old Catholic movement is making great progress in Baden and in upper Bavaria, but that its fuller development is retarded by the want of clergy.

It is now confirmed that the French government has made proposals to that of Great Britain for a new commercial treaty, which is to be discussed on the basis of the treaty of 1860, and which is intended to introduce the principles of free trade to the fullest extent. It is expected that the negotiations on this subject will take place before the adjournment of parliament—that is, if the present French administration should last that long.