COLUMBIA HERALD.

BY HORSLEY BROS. & FIGUERS. | COLUMBIA, TENN., FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1873. | VOL. XVIII. NO. 40.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

FROM AN ENGLISH POEM.

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop! when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down the stream his way he took,
His pale hand clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there,
I shall want my book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked him, in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to "the Church" or not.

Then down the river a Quaker strayed,
His dress of a sober hue was made
"My coat and hat must all be gray,
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in;
And his broad brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that
And then, as he gazed on the farther shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven, his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing—away—away,
And none of the angels questioned him
About the breadth of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of Psalms,
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven "all 'round" might sing.

But I thought he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as, one by one,
The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through!"

And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide,
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"Thus, with a few drops off thy brow,"
"But I have been dipped, as you'll see me now,

And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm close communion, to cross with you;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might
Away to the left, his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The Old or the New way, which could it be,
Nor ever for a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring long and loud
Came ever up from the moving crowd,
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
That is the false, and this is the true,"—
Or, "I'm in the old and you're in the new
That is the false, and this is the true."

But the brethren only seem to speak,
Modest, the sisters walked, and meek,
And if any of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then:
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men;'
For have you heard the words of Paul,
Oh, let the woman keep silence all?"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on, till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And all who in Christ the Savior died,
Came out alike on the other side,
No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of gray,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

ONE OF MY "BY-GONES."

After striving all day with the total depravity of chairs and tables and bedsteads, which refused on any terms to look home-like in a new house, it was comfort untold to rush out into the avenue, in the dusk, and take sweet counsel with myself, or, as quaint old Herbert expresses it,

—To tumble up and down my chest
And see what my soul doth wear.

It was the avenue which made me take the house; nobody's avenue in particular, yet it seemed to belong to each one of the small group of cottages to which it lead from the high road. It had existed as a sort of lane before the cottages were thought of, and great trees had had time to grow up in a leisurely way and meet overhead. A long gate closed it in at night from the snares of the outer world, and gave greater sense of security to the lonely spinsters and timid widows who lived in the cottages.

On this night a thick mist enfolded the trees and me as with a sombre garment, and the remark of one of our old neighbors when she heard our destination came back to me like a bird of ill-omen: "Going to Dovecotes! Then you will live and die an old maid. No one ever goes there but the doctor to make them sick and the lawyer to write their wills. It is too far from the village to walk, and too near to make it worth while to ride."

She evidently spake not without knowledge, and I keenly felt the little fine point that was wrapped up in it. It had a fearful sound to be an old maid all my days, for old maids do live immensely long lives, having neither great joys nor great sorrows to wear out their bodies. It almost seems that with a little more effort they might live forever. I was 22 years old, and no love passages had ever been mine. If one must be an old maid it would be some consolation to have a few old letters and a bunch of dried flowers to turn over in winter evenings. It was an old familiar track in my mind; my thoughts traveled it often. The hour was not very late, but the fog made a darkness that might be felt. Suddenly I heard voices near me, but whether in front or following it was impossible to tell, as I distinguished no foot-steps.

"I fear we have made a mistake," said a woman's voice, trembling in spite of a hard tone in it. "If you cannot bear with me while we are lovers, what will become of me by and by?"

"It is only when we are alone that I should ever suspect that we were lovers," rejoined a masculine voice.

"You were willing that our engagement should be a secret."

"Yes, because you besought me so anxiously; but your manner to other men is so utterly—utterly—"

"Don't hesitate for a word. I assure you I can endure it. My manner is so—?"

"Unengaged, I would say, to put it very mildly."

"Perhaps it is better that my condition should fit my manner."

"Perhaps—unless you can change that manner."

"I could no more do that than the leopard could change his spots. I have loved you well, but that is no reason why we should marry, I suppose."

"Oh! none whatever. I hear some one coming. Here is the ring that you meant for a fetter. Good-night and good-by!"

A woman ran by me so closely that her skirts brushed mine, and the fog lifting a little at the same moment I saw the outline of a man take his elbows from the long gate, on which he had been leaning, and stooping down seem to look for something on the ground. Then he hurried away toward the village, and as Bunyan says of his pilgrims, "I saw him no more."

I felt like a person blind-folded, who has been tormented with other people's secrets against his will. I leaned my own arms on the gate until the fog cleared away, and a soft, wavering moonlight fell on the trees, which seemed to whisper together about the very secrets that I shared with them. In a crack between post and bar something gleamed in the moonlight. I picked out a ring, the ring which one had thrown away in her angry haste, and which the other had looked for on the ground in vain. It was a violet formed of small sapphires, with a diamond in the centre. I carried it home and tucked it into the furthest corner of my upper drawer, and for a month I pondered it in my heart. I looked eagerly for all notices under the head of "Lost and Found." Vast hordes of dogs seemed to have gone upon their travels about that time; muffs and bonds and other small matters were entreated to return, and no questions asked; but no one had lost a ring. I composed with infinite pains at least a dozen advertisements which should delicately convey to the outline of a man that his ring might be recovered if he desired it. I said no word to my aunt (with whom I shared the cottage and all other worldly goods) of my little adventure in the avenue. If she had ever had any nonsense about her it had entirely worn off before my time. She would have sought for the owner of the ring in the same straightforward and exhaustive way as if it had been a stray hoe found in our garden. Those two lovers would have been forced to stand and deliver their names and their secret within a week.

Aunt Esther had brought me up in the same way that she did everything else; she never forgot to wind her clock on every seventh day, and she never failed to give me good measure of home comfort, but it was not pressed down nor running over. I gave her honest liking and respect without any love, and she never missed it. Nevertheless, it gave me a terrible shock when her vigorous life was suddenly arrested by a stroke of paralysis. Our only servant in her fright was helpless as her mistress, but Miss Purdy, who lived next door, came in to stay with my patient while I ran through midnight darkness down the avenue and the long village street for the doctor. Dr. Gillmore was the name on the first door that had a light behind it. At the first pull of the bell the handle came off in my hand, but I opened the door and found myself in the office. The doctor lay on a lounge sleeping heavily, as if he had just thrown himself down after a hard day's work. I called to him in vain, and finally laid violent hands on him. He must have been dreaming some fearful thing, for he seized my wrists in a vise and roared, "Now I have you!" before he opened his eyes.

"You are mistaken, doctor; It is I who have you," I said, laughing. He released my wrists and sat up with his eyes very wide open.

"And what are you going to do with me?"

"Oh, you must come to my aunt at Dovecotes, this very moment," and I began to cry more heartily than I had laughed.

He took me up as easily as if I had been a baby, and laid me on the lounge. "Now lie there perfectly still until my carriage is ready," he said, as one having authority. In a few minutes he brought me some innocent-looking stuff in a glass, which I drank without a word, and my nerves grew steady again. I climbed into the little old-fashioned sulky, in which there was but spare room for its owner, a carriage that must have been invented by some misanthropic doctor who did not mean to drive his own patients. I contracted myself into about the substance of a paper of pins, and held my breath, but that sulky was a tight fit indeed! I wore a thin summer dress, with only a straw hat on my head, and, as my excitement lessened, the cool, sharp air of the September night pierced me like a knife.

"You are shivering," said the doctor, wrapping one side of his round cloak about me and holding me close to his breast with one arm, while he drove his horse at furious speed with the other.

"I give you a great deal of trouble," I whispered into his beard.

"Not at all. It is all in my day's work," he said gruffly. This was not very gallant, but it made me more comfortable in mind, as it possibly was meant to do.

He did all a doctor could for my aunt, which was little enough. Time and patience were all the prescriptions that he gave to her or to me, but he came every day, sometimes twice, as he perceived that time was growing short and patience would soon have its perfect work.

The old story—old as when Cain went courting into the land of Nod—is coming, as my reader can see with half an eye. I did not fall in love with Mr. Gillmore nor he with me—all at once; but there grew to be an inexpressible comfort in his rough sincerity, and the warm hand clasp with which at every visit he met and stilled my shrinking nerves.

In the first week of our acquaintance I confided to him my unwilling listening in the avenue to the love-quarrel of strangers. With his advice and assistance I sent a carefully-worded advertisement to the village paper. To judge by the pile of answers which I received describing every kind of ring that ever was worn, one would think the earth should have been sown as thick with them as was the field of Canue after the great slaughter of Carthaginian knights. But not one of the answers so much as hinted at a violet of sapphires with a diamond centre.

In these lonely days I saw a great deal of my neighbor, Miss Purdy; she was one of those rare and blessed souls who interpret literally the command to love one's neighbor as one's self. She and her niece, Kate Purdy, lived together, as I lived with Aunt Esther, and a sort of fellow-feeling, from our similar conditions, made us wondrous kind from the first. Kate was a sparkling brunette, who made love to everybody, "male or female, Jew or Gentile, bond or free,"—it was all one to her. I am a very meek-looking person myself, light-haired, blue-eyed, faded out—you almost need a dark background to see me at all.

Kate and I looked well together, and stayed together chiefly for that reason at first, afterward for a strong and earnest liking that lasted our life-time. I told her all about the ring, and showed her the answers to my advertisements; and when our talk reached low water on other matters, we always fell back on speculation about those two lovers and the sapphire ring. Kate was disposed to treat it more lightly than I could find it in my heart to do. She thought it far too pretty to hide its light in a bureau drawer, and after a time I wore it, thinking that in that way it might be possibly seen and claimed by its owner.

We had become very intimate in girl's fashion before I introduced Kate to "my doctor," as I called him in my heart. They "took kindly" to each other, but she did not at once begin to wile the heart out of him, as I had seen her do with other men.

"Why don't you make love to Dr. Gilmore?" I asked her at last. "You are naturally a fisher of men, and the prey is very scarce at Dovecotes."

"Firstly," said Kate, "because you already have him in your own net, and unless all signs fail, you will soon land him. Secondly, he is too fearfully old and grave. I don't mean that he has lived any great number of years, but he is one of those who are born forty years old, and that would make him at this present time three-score-and-ten."

My world was well-nigh empty of kith and kin when Aunt Esther died, but I was not near so doleful as I ought to have been. I had very little money, but I had youth and hope, and there was—the doctor. Kate Purdy had been helping me to set the house in order after the dreadful bustle that follows the vanquishing of a familiar face.

At night-fall she left me alone for an hour or two; it was then, as Kate and I had tacitly supposed, reading it in one another's eyes, that "my doctor" came to see me.

"I am afraid you are going to be very lonely here," he said, after the first greetings were over.

"But I shall not be here; I am going to live with the Purdys."

"Are you quite sure they want you?"

"They say so."

"Doubtless they feel in that way now, but their hearts are warmed by the sight of your affliction. You had far better come home to me."

He held out his arms, with a gesture that belied the calmness of his words, but I would not see it.

"How can I be sure that you want me?"

"Do I not say it?"

"Yes, and so did the Purdys. It may be that your heart is warmed by my loneliness."

"What is the use of fencing, when I love you and you love me?"

"How do you know that?"

"Because you have been so careful not to show even a decent regard for me. If you had not loved me, you would have been more cordial."

"O wiser than Solomon!" I said; but I saw his arms put out to me at that moment, and I quite forgot what o'clock it was until Kate's opening the hall door made me draw away from "my doctor."

Kate made lively talk for a few minutes, but had little response from her audience.

"My dear turtle-doves," she said at last, laying one hand on mine and looking hard at my friend, "I see how it is with you. You have reached the point where 'two is company and three is a crowd.'"

"No, we have passed it," said the doctor.

"And Esther is going to marry you?"

"You have said it."

"Then I wish you joy with all my heart. By the way, did you bring the engagement ring with you?"

"Of course not."

"You need not look so irate. Some men are so certain of their happiness that they buy the ring beforehand. Why don't you use this one that came to Ester out of the gate-post?" said Kate, drawing from her finger the sapphire ring, which she often wore.

"It would be a bad omen," I said, shrinking away from it; "and suppose some one should claim it after all?"

"I did not think of that, but you could have another made like it. Nothing could be prettier for an engagement ring."

"If Dr. Gilmore likes it, I am sure I have no objection," I said at last, for there was a tinge of romance in giving the ring a happy ending after being spurned by its first owner.

Dr. Gilmore did like it, and put it on my finger before Kate went off, with some good advice about not sitting up late, which met the fate of most good advice. I crept into her bed in the "wee smal' hours ayont the twal," and she woke instantly.

"This is a good example to set before a young and innocent maiden," she remarked.

"Oh, Kate," I said in the usual gushing fashion, "I am so happy, I can't believe it."

"Oh, well, I can. Nobody comes to bed at this time o' night unless something awful has happened."

"I wonder he did not fall in love with you, Kate."

"So do I, but some men have no taste, you know. They are to be pitied, not to be blamed. Besides, as I have said before, he is too aged for me. He'll be a 'centurion' when you're in your prime."

Kate refused to talk all night, as I would gladly have had her, and I did catch an hour or two of sleep, full of happy dreams.

I was nearly alone in the world, and there was no earthly reason for delaying the marriage except for the wedding garments.

Dovecotes was wonderfully healthy just at this time, but the doctor's carriage (he had discarded the old narrow sulky, and replaced it with a buggy) might be seen going at full speed along the avenue often enough for a patient at the point of death

We were married and went into the village, to live in the very house in which I had first taken possession of its owner.

That former neighbor, who had seen me an old maid in her prophetic soul, said, "So you took the doctor, after all."

If this were an ordinary and well-conducted story, it ought to end here; but being a true history, my life did not at once come to an end, like that of most heroines, with marriage.

I had been Mrs. Gilmore nearly ten years, and had led a very downy life of it. My love, which had run so smooth from the beginning, kept up the same habit.

I mentally carried an umbrella all those years, but it never rained anything but good fortune.

Three little Gilmores made my life a happy burden, and my old friend, Kate Purdy, came constantly to the house to help bring them up. Kate was nearly 30 years old, when her fate was carried into her aunt's house with a sprained ankle, and came out of it her accepted lover.

Many men had fallen in love with Kate in these years, but they had been without form or comeliness in her eyes. The mild, colorless man whom she loved at last with all her tender heart carried her away from Dovecotes, and I did not see her again till she brought with her the transcendent first baby, which was to cast far into the shade all Gilmore babies, past, present and to come.

One foggy twilight, when our tyrants were "laid" for the night, we walked toward Dovecotes. The long gate opening on the avenue was shut, and we leaned upon it, to rest a moment before turning homeward.

"By the way," said I, "it is just like the night when I found this ring. I wonder if those lovers ever made up their quarrel and married after all."

"I am quite sure they never married," said Kate's husband, gravely.

"What do you mean?" I gasped.

"Tell her all about it," said Kate to Dr. Gilmore. "We are happy now." She kissed me twice, with a long look into my frightened face, and walked away with her husband.

"What is it?" I said with great effort, so dry was my throat.

"It was Kate Purdy and I who quarreled at the gate and lost the ring. That is all."

"All!" I repeated.

"Little wife, have we not been happy together?"

"I have supposed so."

"And I have known it."

"But the long deceit——"

"On my word, there has been none. After you introduced me to Kate, I nev-spoke a word to her that you did not hear, nor looked a look that you did not see. She fascinated me once, but I never really loved her."

I believe men often make this sort of remark to their wives touching their youthful follies, but it comforted many another wife. I had always worn the sapphire ring, the sign of our betrothal, and as we talked I had been slipping it up and down around my finger.

As we turned to leave the gate, I saw a deep crack in the ground where frost had loosened the post; in an instant I had dropped the ring into the crack and went on, with one bruise less on my spirit.

On the way home we talked of the universal preference for moonlight over fog, and found Kate waiting alone on the door-step. "I will not darken your doors again," she said, "till you say that you forgive me."

"Yes," said the doctor, "she will let by-gones be by-gones," and Kate took that for her answer.

"You will find your ring where you left it," I whispered to Kate as I left her for the night.

When I was taking out hair-pins under the gas-light, I saw the doctor look curiously at my forefinger.

"Yes," I said, "it is gone; I found the owner, you know."

He made me no reply, but he drew from under the dressing-table the little leather-colored box that held all his private papers, the only thing in the house of which I did not possess the key. He took out a little case and uncovered a pearl ring, an exquisite solitaire.

"I bought this ring for you," he said, "on the day after you accepted me," feeling sure that you would some day throw away the other."

I put on the ring, and christened it with kisses and tears. I could not long be angry with "my doctor;" I loved him too well.

As to Kate, I can forgive, but I can never quite forget.—*English Magazine.*

Visiting a "Baboo."

The "baboo," called by Burke, in his invective against Warren Hastings, the "banyan," is a native trained to trade, and speaks English. Like the *comprador* in China and Japan, he attaches himself to a mercantile house, to an official contractor, to some other business concern (either native or foreign,) and negotiates commercial matters, receiving commissions from one party or the other, according to circumstances. He often rises to wealth and influence. One of this class solicited a visit from Mr. Seward, adding that, while the baboo and his sons would receive him, the ladies would be welcomed by the *zenana.* Such a courtesy is rarely, if ever, extended to foreigners.

The foundation of this baboo's fortune was laid by his father long ago, in connection with an American house; and the present incumbent, who is seventy years old, has added to his wealth and importance. He has now his fifth wife. We visited him to-day. The house, though more cheaply built than those of the wealthy class which we saw at Canton, is of the same model. It is three stories high, and covers the sides of a square as large as one of the blocks of Philadelphia. The area within is used for fountains and baths. A group, consisting of the baboo's three sons and their sons, received us at the gate, very obsequiously. They showed us the way to a grand hall, having a vaulted roof and double colonnade. A few elegant chairs, with yellow-satin cushions, placed on a scarlet-velvet rug in the centre of the room, constituted the furniture. Here the eldest son welcomed Mr. Seward in a eulogistic English oration, and then presented his several brothers and each of the lads in attendance. Brightly-dressed servants meanwhile stirred the air with large peacock-fans, mounted on massive silver handles five feet long; others, to the great prejudice of the ladies' dresses, sprinkled us from head to foot with rose-water from silver vases; others, again, covered us with garlands and boquets; and yet others held before us silver vases containing the attar of roses for perfuming the hands. These ceremonies over, we ascended to the baboo's room, in the third story. Quite infirm, he was dressed as a valetudinarian, though richly. He welcomed Mr. Seward as the "great father of the greatest of nations." The baboo conducted us then to an adjacent drawing-room, and ordered that all the children of the house, not excepting the youngest, girls as well as boys, should be brought in by their *ayahs* (nurses). Twenty infants were brought in, gaudily dressed. The little ones acted their proper parts with entire truth to Nature; some shrank backward; many screamed; one or two shrieked; while others extended their small hands, and bashfully performed *salaams.* After this came an order, from the baboo, as unexpected as it was unprecedented in that family. It was that all the women of the family, except the widows, should now enter the apartment. Receiving this command, in their different rooms, the women inquired of a messenger whether they were to be seen by the ladies only. The baboo imperiously replied: "They must all be presented to Mr. Seward, and receive him as a friend. He is a friend of mankind; he shall see us just as we are, and see all that we do—we will have no secrets from him."

There was a sound of pattering feet, and a gentle rustling was heard. It was followed by the entrance of eight little women all over dressed in gauzee of gold and various colors—only gleaming jewels could be seen turough their veils—they trembled like so many aspens as they approached gracefully, lifted their slender arms—almost covered with gold—and extended to us their little nervous hands. The baboo was not yet content. He requested us to raise their veils. We did so gently, and looked upon gazelle eyes and pretty features, but the wearers were so abashed that, in tenderness for them, we soon let the veils drop. In answer to our compliments, they spoke not one word. The gentlemen now withdrew.

Mr. Seward was then shown through seventy-five rooms, including a family chapel—the furniture of all very meagre and plain, the stairs steep and narrow, and the corriders dark and perplexing.

The women, being left alone with their visitors, now voluntarily communicated, through a lady interpreter, all the family secrets; the number of wives each of the baboo's sons had married and lost; the number of children of each wife; and the number and value of the jewels each possessed. The wife of the eldest son presented her daughter—a bright and laughing maiden bedecked with jewels—who, having attained the advanced age of eighteen months, has already been married to a little gentleman who also was present, and who claims the experience of ten years. He has been elected to the honor of this marriage because he is the presumptive head of the caste to which this family belongs. According to the custom of the country, he has been brought into the family of his bride to be educated. There are eight pairs of such prematurely-married people in this family, which consists of seventy-five persons.

The windows of all the chambers of the zenana, or harem, are darkened and made secure with iron bars, as in a prison. The widows, even more secluded than the wives, inhabit the meanest and dingiest of the chambers. The women showed, with perfect freedom, their sleeping-rooms, baths, and the contents of their wardrobes. Each woman has three garments. These being woven in the shape required, there is no need of mantau-maker or milliner; the only care bestowed on this property is to hang them up and take them down. The care of the children is devolved on the ayahs. As the wife neither sews, nor reads, nor writes, she has absolutely no occupation but to talk with her companions of the zenana; and, as might perhaps be expected, domestic discords are frequent. The guests (in the zenana) were then served with cakes, comfits, and betel-nuts, the latter broken in small bits and folded in silver-foil. The interview closed with the same ceremonies with which we had been received, newly fanning the guests with peacock's plumes, sprinkling them with rose-water, and perfuming the hands with the attar.

—A sportsman was seated with his servant on a bank, consoling himself under the fatigue and disappointment of unsuccessful pursuit. "Well, Pat," said he, "this is expensive work. I've been calculating that every one of these birds has cost me above fifty pounds." "Faith, your honor," said Pat, throwing a dash of humor into the sympathizing simplicity of his reply, "I'm sorry for that; but it's lucky there's no more of them."

—A sullen silence is both a sin and a punishment; no devil frets and vexes, wears and wastes the spiriis of a man like this dumb devil, like this suller silence.

A Buddhist Legend.

In the village of Sarvathi there lived a young wife named Keesah, who, at the age of 14, gave birth to a son; and she loved him with all the love and joy of the possessor of a newly-found treasure, for his face was like a golden cloud, his eyes fair and tender as a blue lotus, and his smile bright and beaming like the morning light upon the dewy flowers. But when the boy was able to walk, and could run about the house, there came a day when he suddenly fell sick and died. And Keesah, not understanding what had happened to her fair, lotus-eyed boy, clasped him to her bosom, and went about the village from house to house, praying and weeping, and beseeching the good people to give her some medicine to cure her baby. But the villagers and neighbors, on seeing her, said:—

"Is the girl mad, that she still bears about on her breast the dead body of her child?"

At length a holy man, pitying the girl's sorrow, said to himself: "Alas! this Keesah does not understand the law of death; I will try to comfort her." And he answered her, and said, "My good girl, I cannot myself give you any medicine to cure your boy, but I know a holy and wise physician who can."

"Oh!" said the young mother, "do tell me who it is, that I may go at once to him!"

And the holy man replied, "He is called the Buddha; he alone can cure thy child."

Then Keesah, on hearing this, was comforted, and set out to find the Buddha, still clasping to her heart the lifeless body of her child. And when she found him, she bowed down before him, and said:—

"O my lord and master! do you know of any medicine that will cure my baby!"

And the Buddha replied and said: "Yes, I know of one, but you must get it for me."

And she asked: "What medicine do you want? Tell me that I may hasten in search of it."

And the Buddha said: "I want only a few grains of mustard-seed. Leave here the boy, and go you and bring them to me."

The girl refused to part with her baby, but promised to get the seed for him. As she was about to set out, the pitiful Buddha, recalling her, said:—

"My sister, the mustard-seed that I require must be taken from a house where no child, parent, husband, wife, relative, or slave has ever died."

The young mother replied, "Very good, my lord;" and went her way, taking her boy with her, and setting him astride on her him, with his lifeless head resting on her bosom. Thus she went from house to house, from palace to hut, begging for some grains of mustard-seed. The people said to her: "Here are the seeds; take them, and go thy way." But she first asked:—

"In this, my friend's house, has there ever died a child, a husband, a parent, or a slave?"

And they one and all replied: "Lady, what is this that thou hast said? Knowest thou not that the living are few, but that the dead are many? There is no such house as thou seekest."

Then she went to other houses and begged the grains of mustard-seed, which they gladly gave her, but to her questionings one said, "I have lost a son;" another, "I have lost a parent;" and yet another, "I have lost a slave;" and every one and all of them made some such reply. At last, not being able to discover a single house free from the dead, whence she could obtain the mustard-seed, and feeling utterly faint and weary, she sat herself down upon a stone with, her baby in her lap, and thinking sadly, said to herself, "Alas! this is a heavy task I have undertakenr I am not the only one who has lost her baby. Everywhere children are dying, parents are dying, loved ones are dying, and everywhere they tell me the dead are more numerous than the living. Shall I then think only of my own sorrow?"

Thinking thus she suddenly summond courage to put away her sorrow for her dead baby, and she carried him to the forest and laid him down to rest under a tree; and having covered him over with tender leaves, and taken her last look of his loved face, she betook herself once more to the Buddha, and bowed before him.

And he said to her: "Sister, hast thou found the mustard-seed?"

"I have not, my lord," she replied; "for the people in the village tell me there is no house in which some one has not died; for the living are few, but the dead are many."

"And where is your baby?"

"I have laid him under a tree in the forest, my lord," said Keesah gently.

Then said the Buddha to her: "You have found the grains of mustard-seed; you thought that you alone had lost a son, but now you have learned that the law of death and of suffering is among all living creatures, and that here there is no permanence."

On hearing this, Keesah was comforted, and established in the path of virtue, and was thenceforth called Keesah Godami the disciple of the Buddha.

Japanese Civilization.

It would be manifestly unfair to judge the Japanese by the standard of Western civilization. Measured by the Oriental one, it cannot be denied that it excels the Asiatic states to whose system it belongs. The affections of family and kindred seem as strong here as elsewhere. There is no neglect of children; there is no want of connubial care, no lack of parental love and devotion.

The painstaking culture which extends from the water's edge to the mountain-verge; the tedious manipulation practiced in mechanism; and the patient drudgery of the coolies in the cities, in labor elsewhere performed by domestic animals—show that the Japanese are industrious. Though the empire has, from its earliest period, been isolated from the civilized world, yet the silks of that country were found among the richest freights of Venice. A Japanese bazaar is seen in every modern European city; and there is no drawing-room, museum, or palace in the world, which is completely furnished with Japanese fabrics.

They have no legislature, yet they have uniform laws, and these laws are legibly inscribed on tablets at every cross-road and market-place. Although science and literature in the West have borrowed little or nothing from these islands, the Japanese are nevertheless a reading and writing people. We hardly know whether Boston, Philadelphia, or New York shop-windows display greater number or variety of maps, books, charts, and pictures, than the stalls of Yeddo, Osaka, or Miako.

Japan is populous, whether we allow it twenty millions, as some of our missionaries do, or fifty millions, as the prime-minister claimed in his conversation with Mr. Seward. Nevertheless, mendicity, though unrestrained by law, is less offensive than in Naples, or even in New York.

It would be a curious study to inquire how and when the severe feudal model of the middle ages of Europe obtained a place in Japan, or how it has continued so long among a people so mercurial, and yet so thoughtful. While in theory the mikado is sovereign proprietor, the whole domain practically belongs to the daimios, who are rich. The revenues of many of them are not less than the public revenues of some of the States of our Federal Union. Though the peasantry are poor, we nowhere heard a complaint against rents or taxes, or the price of labor. Moreover, the Japanese, while they encourage emigration, never emigrate. We infer from these facts that, if not a happy people, they are at least a contented one.

They were a religious people when they accepted the mikado, and gave him their reverence. They must have been a religious people, when they accepted from the mikado the teachings of the Sintu sect; they must have been a religious people, when the doctrines of Buddha supplanted so generally the dreamy mysticisms of the earlier faith. Xavier found them a religious people, willing to accept the teachings of Christianity. But the religious age in Japan has passed. Confucian philosophy has undermined all mythological creeds, and left the Japanese a nation of doubters. Government now makes no provision for the support of religious orders. Their revenues, derived from ancient foundations, are diminishing. The priesthood is as inoffensive as it is poor. It may be expected that under this toleration the Christian faith will now, for the first time, come into public consideration in Japan in the way it ought to come—that is to say, in contion with the science, literature, and art, and the political, moral, and social institutions of the Western nations.

The Japanese are less an imitative people than an inquiring one. They are not, however, excitable concerning the events of the day, but rather diligent in studying what is useful. All their dramatic representations are didactic; and, though they have a fondness for legerdemain, they enjoy it not because it is amusing, but because it makes them think from power to product, from cause to effect.

The most unpropitious feature of Japanese society is the grossness of the popular sense in regard to woman. Among the common people neither sex maintains decency in dress, and they use the public bathing-houses promiscuously. In Japan, as elsewhere throughout the East, there indeed is marriage, but it is marriage without the rights and responsibilities of that relation. This debasement of woman has tainted and corrupted the whole state. We are obliged to conclude that domestic virtue has not a prominent place in the morals of Japan, although some glimpses which we have had of life in the upper classes have inclined us to believe that among them vice is not altogether free from restraint.—*Seward's Travels.*

Medical Men as Producers.

It will probably surprise the reader that M. About ranks medical men among producers, and on grounds at least plausible. He says: Do you grant that among the things useful to man, the most useful is man himself? Do you accept the calculations of the economists who say that, commencing at his 27th year, the individual reimburses the advances made by society? Do you think, like J. B. Say all who reason, that the problem is not how to beget children, but how to rear them to man's estate? You ought then to acknowledge that the medical art, by organizing a struggle against the destructive causes which threaten us from our birth, produces an incalculable amount of utility on earth. Our life, according to Bischat's definition, is the aggregate of the forces contending in us against death. Every hour, nature claims the elements of which our body is composed; our existence is but a militant loan, incessantly continued and renewed; it would be impossible to rate too highly the fine medical industry which protects the human being against a universal conspiring host. Among the men of your acquaintance, are there many whom science has not once rescued from death? Starting from that point, say whether the doctor of medicine is a more paltry producer than the cabinet-maker or the stone-cutter.

The Physical Before the Mental.

Man is a progressive being only on condition that he begin at the beginning. He can afford to wait centuries for a brain, but he cannot subsist a second without a body. If civilization sacrifices the physical hopelessly to the mental, and barbarism merely sacrifice the mental to the physical, then barbarism is unquestionably the better thing so far as it goes, because it provides the essential preliminary conditions. Barbarism is a one-story log-tent, a poor thing, but better than nothing; while such a civilization would be simply a second story, with a first story too weak to sustain it, a magnificent sky-parlor, with all heaven in view from the upper windows, but with the whole family coming down in a crash, presently, through a fatal neglect of the basement. In such a view, an American Indian or a Kaffir warrior may be a wholesome subject, good for something already, and for much more when he gets a brain built on. But when one sees a book-worm in his library, an anxious merchant-prince in his counting-room, tottering feebly about, his thin underpinning scarcely able to support what he has already crammed into that heavy brain of his, and he still piling in more, one feels disposed to cry out, "Unsafe passing here! Stand from under!"

Goethe and Lessing.

Goethe's poetic sense was the minotaur to which he sacrificed everything. To make a study, he would soil the maiden petals of a woman's soul; to get the delicious sensation of a reflex sorrow, he would wring a heart. All that saves his egotism from being hateful is, that, with its immense reaches, it cheats the sense into a feeling of something like sublimity. A patch of sand is unpleasing; a desert has all the awe of the ocean. Lessing also felt the duty of self culture; but it was not so much for the sake of feeding at this or that faculty, as of strengthening character, the only soil in which real mental power can root itself and find sustenance. His advice to his brother Karl, who was beginning to write for the stage, is two parts moral to one literary. "Study ethics diligently, learn to express yourself well and correctly, and cultivate your own character; without that I cannot conceive a good dramatic author." Marvelous counsel this will seem to those who think that wisdom is only to be found in the fool's paradise of Bohemia!—*Lowell.*

Parantage of John Wesley.

In 1701 a clergyman of the Established church of England, the first man who wrote in favor of William of Orange as successor to James II., observed that his wife, a very beautiful and accomplished woman, to whom he was tenderly attached, and with whom he had lived in delightful harmony for 11 years, did not respond when he prayed for the king. "Why do you not say Amen, when I pray for his majesty?" he inquired. "Because," she calmly replied, "I do not believe the prince of Orange to be king!" "In that case," returned the unbending Orangeman, "we must part." It does not appear that the wife, a conscientious, far-minded woman, who was willing to give the liberty she exacted, made any effort to turn him from his purpose; she seems to have had as strong belief in the sincerity of his convictions of duty as she had in her own. Accordingly the reverend gentleman went up to London and remained a year, leaving several children and the care of the parish and parsonage to his wife. At the end of that time William of Orange died, and as the lady could respond with a hearty "Amen" to prayers for Queen Anne, the husband and wife were reunited. Among the 19 children of the beautiful, strong-minded loyalist, and the inflexible, scholarly revolutionist, were John and Charles Wesley.

HOW STRANGE.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

How strange it will be, love—how strange, when we two
Shall be what all lovers become,
You, frigid and faithless, I cold and untrue,
You thoughtless of me, and I careless of you,
Our pet names grown rusty with nothing to do,
Love's bright web unraveled, and rent, and worn through,
And life's loom left empty—ah, hum!
Ah, me,
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be when the witchery goes,
Which makes me seem lovely to-day;
When your thought of me loses its *couleur de rose,*
When every day serves some new fault to disclose,
When you find I've cold eyes and an every day nose,
And wonder you could for a moment suppose
I was out of the common place way;
Ah, me,
How strange it will be.

How strange it will be, love—how strange, when we meet
With just a chill touch of the hand!
When my pulses no longer delightedly beat
At the thought of your coming, the sound of your feet,
When I watch not your going, far down the long street,
When your dear, loving voice, now so thrillingly sweet,
Grows harsh in reproach or command;
Ah, me,
How strange it will be.

How strange it will be when we willingly stay
Divided the weary day through!
Or, getting remotely apart as we may,
Sit chilly and silent with nothing to say,
Or coolly converse on the news of the day,
In a wearisome, old married folks sort of way!
I shrink from the picture, don't you?
Ah, me,
How strange it will be.

Dear love, if our hearts do grow torpid and old,
As many others have done;
If we let our love perish with hunger and cold,
If we dim all life's diamonds and tarnish its gold,
If we choose to live wretched and die unconsoled,
'Twill be strangest of all things that ever were told
As happening under the sun!
Ah, me,
How strange it will be!

HUMOR.

—Cheeky "swells"—Mumps.

—The fish most certain to be paid for—C-o-d.

—Some of our Congressmen need *back*bone more than back pay.

—Strange, when money is so "hard," that hard money should be so scarce.

—Mr. Gunn, our Darwinian friend, thinks he descended from a Parrot. He is a smooth bore.

—What is the difference between the duties of a valet and the duties of a nurse? The first brushes one's hat, the other brushes one's brat.

—The gentleman so often spoken of in novels, who riveted people with his gaze, has obtained employment in a boiler manufactory, with extra pay, on account of his peculiar faculty.

—A Mrs. Day, of Springfield, Ill., lately gave birth to quadruplets. The broken hearted father says Solomon was quite right when he said we do not know "what a day may bring forth."

—"You seem to be a little hoarse, my love," remarked Simpkins to his spouse, when she had a cold. "A little hoarse, indeed!" she replied, misliking the personal allusion. "Better be that than a big mule."

—Worthy Pastor—"My boy, learn to be contented; mouths are never sent without the bread to feed them." Practical Boy—"Oh, ah! but the mouths are sent to our house, and the bread to yourn!"

—It is said that Miss Anna Dickinson, on being asked by a green lecture-committee-man where her husband was, replied tartly, "In Texas!" Probably he thought he had better go to Texas than to Hav-anna.

—Many persons consider the game of base ball a silly, nonsensical amusement. They are mistaken. A Terre Haute "catcher" recently caught a coal-oil lamp on the fly, hot from the hands of his infuriated wife.

—A Yorkshireman went to consult one of the most conscientious lawyers, and, after stating his case, said, "Now, sir, I know you're a lawyer, but I wish you would just please tell me the truth about this matter."

—There is at least one happy man in Connecticut. His wife, who has been dumb for twelve years, has just recovered her speech. Imagine the poor man's condition when we say she is making up for lost time!

—Mamma—"And if poor mamma had not recovered, and had gone away from her little George forever, what would he have done?" Little George—"I don't know, Ma, but I guess me and Jimmy Goggins would have gone skating!"

—A Danbury family which is sustained by charity, almost perished from hunger on Friday night. The little girl who makes the daily rounds in quest of food was prevented from going out that morning by losing one of her ear-rings.

—A solicitor, who had recently been engaged by a prominent life-insurance firm, returned to the office of his employers, the other day, and complained that he had been snubbed by a gentleman on whom he had called. "Snubbed," cried the manager, "snubbed? Why, what did you do that he should have snubbed you? I have solicited life insurance from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and have never been snubbed. I have been kicked down stairs, beaten over the head with chairs, and thrown out of the window, but snubbed I never have been." The solicitor is driving a coal wagon.

—A humorous individual was edifying an audience with the old story of the stump-speaker who was enlarging upon the evils of a national debt, and concluded with the flight of oratory: "Fellow-citizens, I am credibly informed that the debt of Great Britain, at this present moment, exceeds the sum of nine thousand dollars!" This was too much for a slightly elevated old gentleman in the crowd, who steadied himself against the counter, and proceeded to destroy the delusion: "What's that you say, you man! The——you're credibly inthroned! You must be thinking of the—hic—interest of the debt. I tell you, sir, that the debt of Great Britain exceeds the—hic—sum of ninety thousand dollars!" It was useless to argue with an old gentleman who had probably been there, and who knew all about it.

—The Colonel had been recommended to take horseback exercises for the benefit of his health, by his physician, and accordingly applied at a well known stable for the animal. In about three hours he returned, covered with dust and perspiration, and, with the assistance of one of the hostlers, slowly and painfully descended from his steed. "How much?" "Three dollars, Colonel." He slowly drew his wallet and laid down the required sum. "Shall you want the horse again to-morrow, Colonel?" "No, I sha'nt want him any more at all." "Indeed," said the stable-keeper, with a twinkle in his eye, as he noted the Colonel holding on to his lacerated body. "Perhaps the horse don't suit you." "O, yes," said Barnes, quickly; "there's nothing the matter with the horse; he's all right. It's the price I object to." "The price!" said the stable-keeper; "why I only charged you three dollars, Colonel, which we consider cheap for the horse's services all the afternoon." "Well, I don't," squealed Barnes, rubbing his aching body; "for whenever I want a thing of this kind again, I know a big Irishman who will kick me all day for half the money."

—Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "past-times," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. There is rarely a mother who is a success at abusing a boy. All mothers know this; so do their boys. And yet the mother seems to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair door and insinuatingly observes: "Johnny." There is no response. "John-ny." Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp "John," fellowed a moment later by a prolonged and emphatic "John Henry." A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made, and the mother is encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there an' give you something you'll feel!" This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda bottle ejects its cork, and then the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recessess of his very nature. And he pops out of that bed and into his clothes, and down the stairs with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allow himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health.—*Danbury News.*

The Sexes Contrasted.

Love has no such sacredness, is incapable of such exaltation with man as it has and is with woman. To him it is the appanage of egotism; it is flattered vanity; it is selfishness glossed with sentiment. He loves to be loved. She loves to love. Hence, thrown together under favorable circumstances, without conspicuous impediments, they are in peril of gratification as the tinder is in peril from contigious sparks. Impressibility and passiveness are in him; impulse and activity are in her. He analyzes love, not difficult as it exists in the sterner bosom, and to a certain extent masters it. To her it is the one thing above all others that defies analysis; and she yields to it in delicious abandonment. Experience has made him wise in the emotions. She is but slightly experienced, if at all; and, were she thoroughly so, where is the wonderful woman to whom every experience is not a new revealment, a startling divination? Romantic passion is very serious with her at times. She is never quite prepared for it, even though she believes herself an artist. And when it comes to her early, it is fateful often, formative always. Much as she may wheedle herself, she cannot play with fire without being scorched. She can regulate her glances, but her blood will not obey her. The last act of her comedy will turn to tragedy. The smiles of the morning may set in bitterest tears. All about her oasis of coquetry lies the blistering sand of desolation. Man argues woman can not be trusted too far. Woman feels man may not be trusted too near. All she says he knows. All she knows he can not guess. He is delighted with her; she wonders at him. She is the open page of romance; he the last of sibylline books. He is to her on vantage ground. Behind her, mask as she may, is a flood of light. He sits half in the shadow, and beyond is a darkness she can not penetrate. There may be an equality of sex, can there ever be equality of situation? She fights unhelmeted; he with his visor down. Ere the battle has begun he has won it half by his understanding of her tactics; and the other she loses through his imposing feints. Scarcely any woman can absorb a man. He is truant almost always. She who would keep him must stay near, watch close. Even then his thoughts may wander. Her kisses on his lips may recall the kisses he has relinquished; may invite comparison; may, perchance, excite regret. He is born inconstant. Fortunate the Oriana who can hold him to the end. His hunger abstract love is unappeasable. He no sooner sits at the banquet than he dreams of the feasts that seem daintier because distant. A morbid epicurean, he longs for foreign fruitage when the board before him is fragrant with abundance. Man, though fickle by inheritance, may be firm, frequently is, through discipline. No finer models than he has set of perfect loyality, of absolute devotion. He has been all that woman wanted, would or could have asked. He has been, is, and will be an exemplar of fidelity, inspiring and meriting implicit confidence. But his tendency, his disposition, not his conduct, is here at issue. He is to be judged, as to stability, by comparison, with his sister, made through misreport the owner of his peculiar weakness.—*Junius Henri Browne*

Purpose of the Rattlesnake's Rattle.

In the American *Naturalist,* Prof. Samuel Aughey gives the result of his observations upon the use made of their rattles by rattlesnakes. It is the vulgar opinion that the reptile sounds his rattle for the purpose of enticing birds, and some naturalists even are disposed to find here a mimicry of the sound made by the so-called locust, or cicada. Prof. Aughey does not undertake to explain all the purposes served by the rattle, but he fully agrees with Mr. F. W. Putnam in rejecting this mimetic theory. Does the rattle, then, serve any useful purpose? In reply to this question, the author tells us what he has himself observed. In July, 1869, he was in Wayne county, Nebraska, and, as he was one day investigating the natural history of that district, he heard the familiar rattle of the snake. The sound was repeated at intervals, and proceeded from a rattlesnake that was calling its mate, which soon came in answer to the summons. Prof. Aughey had a similar experience the following year, and from these facts he is disposed to think that the purpose served by the rattle is to call the sexes together. Another purpose may be to paralyze its victims with fright, and to inspire its natural enemies with terror. As an illustration of the use of the rattle for the former purpose, the author says that, as he followed through the woods of Dakota county, Nebraska, a Baltimore oriole, he heard a rattle, and at once saw the bird as it were paralyzed with fear, and ready to fall a prey to the serpent. The writer shot the rattle-snake. He adds that he once witnessed an attack of seven hogs on a rattle-snake. Soon after the battle opened, the snake rattled, and three others came to his aid. But the hogs were victorious in a few minutes.

Newfoundland's Dependence on the Seal Fishery.

Never before had we such a splendidly equipped and powerful steam fleet. They have all got off in good time and under the most favorable circumstances. Should we have moderate weather and variable winds during the next three or four weeks, our fleet will be able to give a good account of the seals. All will now be speculation and eager anxiety for a month to come. Merchants, who have their thousands afloat, will be anxiously watching the weather, and at nights dreaming of fat cargoes. Nor will poor Piscator's wife and children be less anxious. Should his vessel return "clean," or with but a scanty cargo, that means pinching poverty, perhaps semi-starvation for them for some months to come. Our whole community are deeply interested in the success of the seal fishery; should it propose, all will go "merry as a marriage bell." The shop-keeper will have empty shelves and favorable bank accounts; the parson's and bishop's dues will be promptly paid; and all employers of labor will be liberal and in good spirits. After the 20th of March, we will begin to watch for the first steamer from the ice. Should the Neptune get a full cargo, it is calculated she can bring in from 40,000 to 50,000 seals, each seal being worth $3.—*Cor. Montreal Gazette.*

The Ramparts of Vienna.

Never did a city profit more than this Austrian capital by having fortifications around it in the olden time, and never did city profit more by getting rid of its fortifications in the modern time. Those famous ramparts which twice held the Turks at bay, and twice saved Austria from deadly peril, have given place to the most splendid and fashionable Viennese thoroughfares. Here is the key to the whole topography of Vienna. There is a closely-packed block of buildings in the center, with narrow, crooked streets, and an air of having grown up under tight compression; there are the "rings," as they call the new boulevard which inclose the city, and beyond the rings are the various suburbs. If you want a good investment for your money build a house on the charmed circle of the old fortifications. It will cost you a fortune to build it, but the return will be proportionately great. The happy owners of real property in this favored distict pay no rates, and are cared for during a term which has several years yet to run at the expense of other rate-payers. This privilege was given to encourage house-building in the new quarter, and doubtless had its effect at a time when the success of the boulevard was not assured. Now, however, they are the great financial success of the day. An Austrian capitalist either starts a bank or builds a house on the boulevard when he wishes to do something profitable but safe. The bank is sure to be taken off his hands by a company at a premium, and the house is sure to increase in value in a few years so as to cover all that has been spent. Some people go so far as to believe that the exhibition of 1873 will only bring rents to where they must naturally have come in a short time. "It is all owing to the removal of the disabilities of the Jews in Austria," says one informant. "When they were first allowed to hold landed property of their own they rushed into the market with boundless capital, eager to buy, and you see the consequence.—*Letter to London News.*

Fondness of English Women for Equestrian Sports.

In Great Britain royalty, nobility, and the gentry are almost the exclusive patrons of the turf, and with the ladies of these classes a practical knowledge of equestrians is considered a necessary part of their education. They are taught to ride in childhood, when the will is strong and the body obedient to it. The "little miss" loves and fondles her pet pony from babyhood, and to her loving control he is gentle and docile as a kitten. No one can fully enjoy riding who does not both love and admire the noble animal which she rides. The quick intelligence and affectionate nature of the horse often yield to the gentle band and voice of a woman the mastery he would contest with a stronger power. The English girl fearlessly mounts a strong, spirited horse and rides through the wide, open country, the bounding life within her sending the warm blood blushing to her cheeks and tingling the very finger tips under the exhilarating influences of this healthful exercise. If a quieter mood possess the rider, she leisurely courses through the enchanting lanes bordered on either side with honeysuckle, hawthorn, and the dark, clustering slough-berry. Again, with a party of high-spirited equestrians, in full hunting suit, she is seen in eager chase, leaping hedges with a successful daring, in some instances outstripping her cavalier, who stakes his reputation on the race and pays the forfeit in broken arms and collar-bones. The queen of England is a most graceful and accomplished horsewoman, and her children were all taught to ride and practiced daily in the royal riding-school at Buckingham palace, her majesty always seated at an inner window watching the progress of the lesson. It is worth a journey across the Atlantic to spend an autumn day at Windsor. On every afternoon of inviting weather the rich and variegated scenery is animated by a party of ladies and gentlemen riding for pleasure through the noble avenue leading from the castle and under the branches of the same grand old elms loved by Queen Anne and her ladies, who took their daily exercise under their shadows, habited in close-bodied coats, hats gorgeous with feathers and short perukes. Very different are the habits worn by these ladies—the black coat-dress and princess of Wales high hat, a veil of floating gauze, with long Wellington boots always worn over tightly fitting pantaloons.—*World.*

Havana's Excellent Municipal Government.

The rule of the Spaniards on this island may be very tyrannical, and one can hardly understand how the rule of that power can be otherwise; yet my short residence here has convinced me that a more orderly city than Havana does not exist within the United States, at least. Of course my impressions are recent and probably imperfect as yet, but I give them to you for what they are worth. The population is very mixed, and yet I have to see the first drunken man, see the first disorderly act, learn of the first quarrel, or hear the first profane word. It is not at all probable that the inhabitants are any more moral than others, possibly in some respects the reverse, yet each one attends to his own business, and respects the rights and property of others. This I attribute to the positive certainty among rogues that, for every infraction of the law there is a certain and swift punishment, without the shield of a sickly sentimentality. Out of the quick, excitable and possibly revengeful disposition of the Spaniard, the manner in which the law is here administered has made a quiet, law-abiding citizen. With these narrow streets and numerous hacks and carts and collisions and delays, personal assaults and murders would be of frequent occurrence in New York, yet the hackmen here back up, turn around the block all good naturedly. During the night, here and there, one may see a sereno, or a policeman may be seen with his lamp and lance leaning against a post, but seemingly a uselss ornament. Louvres and casinos are crowded till midnight, and the chatter of the guests sounds like the roar of the sea, yet no one drunk, no one disorderly. Property, portable and valuable, I am informed, may be left in the streets all night and not be disturbed. No one will attribute all this to the fact that there are laws protecting personal rights and private property. No better laws than our own exist upon these subjects. The difference lies in the manner of executing the laws. And while we condemn this tyrannical government and heap our curses upon despotism, and wish success to the rebellion which has existed on this island since 1868, no one can find fault with the order which reigns in Havana.

—A South American newspaper man, confound him, has spoiled all future items about very old people in the United States by telling about a Brazilian nearly two hundred years old. Thus does foreign competition ruin home industry, and still the free-traders raise their barbaric yawp.

—A country minister of "limited capacity" recently married for a second wife a widow of some property. Being an ardent servant of Mammon, a former neighbor asked him if he did not do well by the second mrrriage. "O yes, indeed," he said with animation; and then, as an expression of reverent awe, stole into his face, he added, "and what is very remarkable, the clothes of my wife's first husband just fits me."

—Rural papers severely condemn the conduct of "the hens that are standing around barn-yard doors doing nothing while eggs are selling at 50 cents a dozen," and suggest that, although purely a lay question, it is one in which the clergy might test the efficacy of prayer.

—A musquito taper is a Pittsburg invention. It creates such a smell when burning that the musquitoes ask to be excused. It drives human beings out of doors also, which is its only defect.

—They say crocodiles do not really weep; we know a sailor, though, who has seen whales blubber.