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### THE LADY'S YES.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"Yes!" I answered you last night;
"No!" this morning, sir, I say;
Colors, seen by candle-light,
Will not look the same by day.

When the tabors played their best—
Lamps above and laughs below—
Love me sounded like a jest,
Fit for yes or fit for no.

Call me false or call me free,
Vow, whatever light may shine,
No man on thy face shall see
Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both,
Time to dance is not to woo;
Wooer light makes fickle troth,
Scorn of me recoils on you.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life or death,
With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guard her by your faithful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true—
Ever true, as wives of yore;
And her Yes, once said to you,
Shall be Yes forevermore.

### LIFE IN UTAH.

TRIALS AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

Bishop Pots, of Salt Lake City, was the husband of three wives and the happy father of fifteen interesting children. Early in the winter the bishop determined that his little ones should have a good time on Christmas, so he concluded to take a trip down to San Francisco to see what he could find in the shape of toys to gratify and amuse them. The good bishop packed his carpet-bag, embraced Mrs. Potts one by one and kissed each of them affectionately, and started upon his journey.

He was gone a little more than a week, when he came back with fifteen beautiful mouth-organs in his valise for his darlings. He got out of the train at Salt Lake, thinking how joyous and exhilarating it would be at home Christmas morning when the whole of those mouth-organs should be in operation upon different tunes at the same moment. But just as he entered the depot he saw a group of women standing in the ladies' room, apparently waiting for him. As soon as he approached, the whole twenty of them rushed up, threw their arms about his neck and kissed him, exclaiming:

"Oh, Theodore, we are so—so glad you have come back! Welcome home! Welcome once more to the bosom of your family!" and then the entire score of them fell upon his neck and cried over his shirt and mussed him.

The bishop was surprised and confused. Struggling to disengage himself, he blushed and said:

"Really, ladies, this kind of thing is well enough—it is interesting and all that, but there must be some kind of a—that is an awkward sort of a—excuse me, ladies, but there seems to be, as it were, a slight misunderstanding about the—I am Bishop Potts."

"We know it, we know it, dearest," they exclaimed in chorus, "and we are glad to see you safe at home. We have all been right well while you were away, love."

"It gratifies me," remarked the bishop, "to learn that none of you have been a prey to disease. I am filled with blissful serenity when I contemplate the fact; but really I do not understand why you should rush into this railway station and hug me because your livers are active and your digestion good. The precedent is bad; it is dangerous!"

"Oh, but we didn't!" they exclaimed in chorus. "We came here to welcome you because you are our husband."

"Pardon me, but there must be some little—that is to say, as it were, I should think not. Women, you must have mistaken your man."

"Oh no, dearest!" they shouted. We were married to you while you were away!"

"What!" exclaimed the bishop, "you don't mean to say that—"

"Yes, love. Our husband, Wm. Brown, died on Monday, and on Tuesday Brigham had a vison in which he was directed to seal us to you; and so he performed the ceremony at once by proxy."

"Th-th-th-th-under!" observed the bishop, in a general sort of a way.

"And, darling, we are all living with you now—we and the dear children."

"Children! children!" exclaimed Bishop Potts, turning pale, "you don't mean to say that there is a pack of children, too?"

"Yes, love, but only one hundred and twenty-five, not counting the eight twins and the triplets."

"Wha-wha-wha-what d'you say?" gasped the bishop, in a cold perspiration, "one hundred and twenty-five! One hundred and twenty-five children and twenty more wives! It is too much—it is awful!" and the bishop sat down and groaned, while the late Mrs. Brown and the rest of the brides stood round in a semi-circle and fanned him with their bonnets, all except the red-haired one, and she in her trepidation made a futile effort to fan him with the coal scuttle.

After a while the bishop became reconciled to his new alliance, knowing well that his protests would be unavailing; so he walked home, holding as many of the hands of the brides, as he could conveniently grasp in his, while the red-haired woman carried his umbrella and marched in front of the parade to remove obstructions and to scare small boys.

When the bishop reached the house, he went round among the cradles which filled the back parlor and the second story rooms, and attempted, with such earnestness, to become acquainted with his new sons and daughters that he set the whole one hundred and twenty-five and the twins to crying, while his own original fifteen stood around and joined in the chorus.

Then the bishop went out and sat on the garden fence to whittle a stick and solemnly think, while Mrs. Potts distributed herself in twenty-three places and soothed the children. It occurred to the bishop while he mused, out there on the fence, that he had not enough of mouth-organs to go around among the children as the family now stood; and so, rather than seem partial, he determined to go back to San Francisco for one hundred and forty-four more.

So the bishop repacked his carpet-bag and began again to bid farewell to his family. He tenderly kissed all the Mrs. Potts who were at home, and started for the depot, while Mrs. Potts stood at the various windows and waved handkerchiefs at him--all except the woman with the warm hair, and she, in a fit of absent-mindedness, held one of the twins by the leg and brandished it at Potts as he fled down the street.

The bishop reached San Francisco, completed his purchases, and was just about to get on the train with his one hundred and forty-four mouth-organs, when a telegram was handed him. It contained information to the effect that the auburn-haired Mrs. Potts had just had a daughter. This induced the bishop to return to the city for the purpose of purchasing an additional organ.

On the following Saturday he returned home. As he approached his house a swarm of young children flew out of the front gate, and ran toward him, shouting: "There's pa! Here comes pa! Oh, pa, we're glad to see you! Harrah for pa!" etc.

The bishop looked at the children as they flocked around him and clung to his legs and coat, and was astonished to perceive that they were neither his nor the late Brown's. He said, "You youngsters have made a mistake; I am not your father;" and he smiled good-naturedly.

"Oh, yes, you are though!" screamed the little ones in chorus.

"But I say I am not," said the bishop, severely, and frowning; "don't you know where little story-tellers go? It is scandalous to violate the truth in this manner. My name is Potts."

"Yes, we know it is," exclaimed the children—"we know it is, and so is ours; that is our name now too since the wedding."

"Since what wedding?" demanded the bishop, turning pale.

"Why, ma's wedding, of course. She was married yesterday to you by Mr. Young, and we are all living at your house now with our new little brothers and sisters."

The bishop sat down on the pavement and wiped away a tear Then he asked:

"Who was your father?"

"Mr. Simpson," said the crowd, "and he died on Tuesday."

"And how many of his infernal old widows—I mean how many of your mothers are there?"

"Only twenty-seven," replied the children, "and there are only sixty-four of us and we are awful glad you have come."

The bishop did not seem unusually glad; somehow, he failed to enter into the enthusiasm of the occasion. There appeared to be in a certain sense, too much sameness about these suprises, so he sat there with his hat pulled over his eyes and considered the situation. Finally seeing there was no help for it, he rushed up to the house, and forty-eight of Mrs. Potts rushed up to him, and told him how the prophet had had another vision in which he was commanded to seal Simpson's widows to Potts.

Then the bishop stumbled around among the cradles to his writing-desk, where he felt among the gum rings and rattles for his writing paper, and then addressed a note to Brigham, asking him as a personal favor to keep awake until after Christmas. "The man must take me for a foundling hospital," he said. Then the bishop saw clearly enough that if he gave presents to the other children and not to the late Simpson's, the bride relict of Simpson would probably souse down on him, fumble among his hair and make it warm for him. So, repacking his carpet bag, he started again for San Francisco for sixty-four more mouth-organs, while Mrs. Potts gradually took leave of him in the entry—all but the red-haired woman, who was up-stairs, and who had to be satisfied with screeching good-by at the top of her voice.

On his way home, after his last visit to San Francisco, the bishop sat in the car by the side of a man who had left Salt Lake the day before. The stranger was communicative. In the course of the conversation he remarked to the bishop: "That was a lively little affair up there in the city on Monday."

"What affair?" asked Potts.

"Why, that wedding; McGrath's widow, you know—married by proxy."

"You don't say," replied the bishop. "I didn't know McGrath was dead."

"Yes, he died on Sunday, and that night Brigham had a vision in which he was ordered to seal her to the bishop.

"Bishop" exclaimed Potts. "Bishop! what bishop?"

"Well, you see there were fifteen of Mrs. McGrath and eighty-two children, and they shoved the whole lot off on old Potts. Perhaps you don't know him?"

The bishop gave a wild, unearthly shriek, and went into a hysterical fit, and writhed on the floor as if he had hydrophobia. When he recovered, he leaped from the train and walked back to San Francisco. He afterward took the first steamer for Peru, where he entered a monastery and became a celibate.

His carpet-bag was sent to his family. It contained the balance of the mouth-organs. On Christmas morning they were distributed, and in less than two hours the entire two hundred and eight children were sick from sucking paint off them. A doctor was called, and he seemed so much interested in the family that Brigham divorced the whole concern from old Potts and annexed it to the doctor, who immediately lost his reason and would have butchered the entire family if the red-haired woman and the oldest boy had not marched him off to a lunatic asylum, where he spent his time in trying to arrive at an estimate of the number of his children by cyphering with an impossible combination of the multiplication table and algebra.—*Max Adeler.*

### OLD SUPERSTITIONS.

Omens, Presentiments and Enchantments.

Even now, when every body supposes that the superstitions of the Middle Ages have passed away, the belief in omens and presentiments is entertained with a remarkable tenacity. We find persons who are apparently the last to heed any thing not as palpable as noon-day sunshine, to be dispirited and almost overpowered at an accidental occurrence for which often it would seem not difficult to account. The finding of a pin or other object with a sharp point or edge directed toward the finder, fills many persons with the most dismal forebodings. A first sight of the moon after it has changed, will occasion dismay or stimulate hope. Many a man having occasion to return to his house after leaving it for any business, is impressed with the occurrence as having an unfortunate influence upon the matter. A work begun on Friday is regarded as of uncertain result.

These impressions, strange as it may seem at first sight, are traceable to sources which are of more or less interest. The ill fortune of Friday is perhaps the least noteworthy of all. Our Norse and Saxon forefathers regarded the day as sacred to Freya, the goddess of love and good fortune; and so we ought to have inherited an impression that its omens were propitious. It is probable that the pernicious practice of setting it apart to public executions, has deprived it of its older felicitous traditions. Certainly, to begin an enterprise, to undertake any thing, we would as readily select that day as any in the seven.

The superstition in regard to returning into the house after setting out for any business, is probably a misapplied rendering of an old proverb. To go back, or look back after having begun, indicates an uncertainty of purpose which augurs ill success. "He that wavereth is as a wave of the sea, that is driven about and tossed." "No man putting his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the Kingdom of God." By a too literal application of this sentiment, the casual return into the house after going forth was associated with ill omen.

Zoroaster enjoined a man going on a journey not to return by the road upon which he set out. In our time this precept would seem idle, and we are warranted in neglecting it. But in ancient times few persons made journeys except for business, expecting to bring home valuable property of some kind. There were robbers in those days as well as now; indeed, freebooting was often considered respectable. A man known to have gone on a journey could easily be waylaid as he returned home, a risk which might be obviated by taking a different route.

The foreboding created by suddenly perceiving the edge or point of a sharp object directed toward the person, doubtlessly took its origin from the old practice at capital executions of turning the blade of the axe or the point of the lance toward the individual about to suffer.

The lucky and unlucky sight of the moon after her periodical changing is older than all these, and the history of the superstition is more curious. It is a relic of the ancient worship of the Great Mother, the divinity that under a thousand names and symbols was revered in the olden times, to whom many believed not only creation but the male deities were subordinate. One of the symbols of the goddess was the moon, and when that planet each month emerged from her few days of seclusion, the favorable falling of her rays upon the eyes was deemed auspicious of propitious fortune. Similar was the omen of a bird flying in a certain direction, or a peal of thunder at the right hand. The mystic horse-shoe pertains to the same idea. Our forefathers once cherished these beliefs, and so, by direct inheritance, we have the ideas which are denominated superstitious whithout remembering the former religion of which they were an offshoot.

Akin to these ideas is the belief in presentiment. With some this is so strong as almost to constitute a religion, while others regard the whole phenomena as relating exclusively to disordered nerves and stomach. As is not uncommon, both parties are more or less correct. Certain it is that persons who are troubled with imperfect digestion and believe in presentiments, have them in abundance. But they are generally as baseless as the fabric of any other dream, and the disregard of them is essential to the recovery of a healthy tone of the corporeal system. A person yielding to such foreboings is in a fair way of becoming insane.

Nevertheless there is a faculty of presentiment capable of development and exercise to a degree that may be well regarded as oracular. It is a quickening of the sensibility, enabling the person to perceive facts which in common every-day life are generally outside the perception. We feel, when groping our way through a dark room, the presence of objects at some distance from us; showing that our perceptive power extends to a considerable distance from our persons. Probably owing to a similar reason, we think of individuals who are approaching us, while they are still at a distance. It is even possible that a person many miles from another, by thinking intently of him, may cause the latter to think of himself in reciprocation. The phenomenon of two persons thinking the same thoughts on the instant, occurs frequently enough to be regarded as not uncommon or extraordinary. The only point of inquiry is in relation to the law which governs the matter.

The mind in certain states, exhibits twofold phenomena, mirroring around it in the form of delineations and occurring events, the thoughts, material impressions and ideas which pertain to it. This constitutes "the stuff that dreams are made of," and probably many of our presentiments originate in this manner. The peculiar influences of others mingling in our personal atmosphere, would modify all these impressions and delineations. Events of the past, it is easy enough to perceive, would constitute a prominent feature in them. We reproduce all these in memory and day-dreams, as well as in "the visions of the night." This being the case, but one thing more is requisite. The future can mirror itself in our consciousness, impress our minds, and mingle with dreams and other operations of the imagination, without being altogether phantasmagoria.

Despite the assertion of religious teachers and others that it is impious and dangerous to aspire to know what is impending, the passion of such knowledge is well nigh universal. That "coming events cast their shadows before," is believed by almost everybody. From the patriarch Joseph, who divined with the lees of the wine in his cup, to the beldame of our day who explores the arcana of tea-grounds, the motive is the same. Everybody builds on the forecast of what may be expected. Presentiments are the universal faith of mankind. There are well-authenticated stories in every community on the face of the earth, of dreams that prefigured events which afterward occurred, of impressions on the mind which could not be accounted for by ordinary reasoning, yet were realized at a subsequent time. It is in vain to attack such a general sentiment as superstition; even the proof that many instances are deceptive is not enough, for counterfeit currency would not be invented if there was none genuine. There exists evidence in the case, of witnesses that would be regarded as competent in ordinary matters, and it has been accepted by persons of the highest intelligence.

Equally general has been the belief in witchcraft, sorcery and enchantment. In former times the art of wonder-working was believed to be exercised by the sacerdotal and learned class, and was imputed to their superior knowledge and intimacy with the Deity. Every people had its own doers of miracles. The vocabulary of witchcraft indicates the peculiar character of the occult influences. *Sorcery* originally meant a casting of lots; *divination*, a communing with a divine being; *magic*, from *may* or *maha*, power; *charm*, from the Latin *carmen*, is a song; *enchantment*, from the French, and *incantation* from the Latin mean singing or chanting. All the ancient worship was performed or accompanied by chanting, whether prayers, doxologies, or recitations. It was so at the temple of Jerusalem, the orgies of Dionysus, and the Mysterie of the Great Mother. The bards or chanters were conspicuous in Druid times in Great Britain. When King Saul was troubled by "an evil spirit from the Lord," the young man David charmed it away. When Elisha, the prophet, attempted to answer the behest of the three kings, he required a minstrel. "And it came to pass that when the minstrel played, the hand of the Lord came upon him."

The hostility that existed between the votaries of different religions, between the Brahmins and the Sivaists of India, the Zoroastrians and the Vedaists, the worshippers of Zeus and the followers of the Titans, the Hebrews and the Ethnicists, displayed itself in characterising odiously the formulas of the respective worships. Thus these terms derived their offensive meaning. The ministers of the standard religion of every country have always assailed adversaries with the accusation of commerce with evil spirits. The Brahmin invaders of Hindostan denominated the aboriginal inhabitants demons or Rakshasas. The Arabs call the pyramid-builders and the excavators of the grottoes, Jinns and Afrites. The Celtic colonists of Europe styled the peoples whom they displaced, giants, trolls and fairies. The Israelites associated the crime of sorcery with the idolatry of the Canaanites and Babylonians. "Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft," said the prophet Samuel to King Saul. It is therefore no marvel that after the Christian era the pagan religion on the one hand, and heretical leaders on the other, were all accused in the same manner. The French term for sorcery is *vauderie* or Waldensism. The Quietists were involved in the same accusation. The Huguenots of Southern France, and the Camisards of the Cevennes were massacred as witches.

But witchcraft proper, the heir-loom of the Middle Ages, was no more or less than the old religion of the Empire which was condemned in the reign of Theodosius I. The Roman Senate forbade the worship of the old gods, the orgies and secret rites. But people do not often change religions with the facility of altering the style of garments; and so for centuries, in wild and secluded places, under one guise or another, the pagan worship was secretly maintained. The church directed its thunders against it, and secular tribunals instituted civil processes. Hundreds and thousands were remorselessly put to death in different countries of Europe. The invasion of Massachusetts was somewhat different. But few persons who write of it or speak of it do so candidly. There was no more credulity at Salem than in Charleston, Jamestown or New York; no more rigor of punishment or judicial ignorance than prevailed all over Europe. Indeed it is not ten years since the last statutes against witchcraft were repealed in this country. Thus it will be preceived that the belief in witchcraft has a foundation which few have supposed. It was not constituted essentially of the marvels and thaumaturgical performances which many have supposed; for miracles are common to almost every religion. Healing the sick, casting out demons, raising the dead, and controlling the elements, are features in the sacred narratives of all countries.

It is possible that the early Quakers, aware that music was the agency known as sorcery, enchantment and the black art, for that reason interdicted its use among their members We generally suppose that their apparent eccentricities had a basis of good sense, or some positive principle behind them, and were not adopted for frivolous reasons.

The investigations now in progress among Oriental scholars and others, will bring to light many things which have appeared enigmatical. Certainly they show up heathenism in far different lights from what we have been accustomed to see. If these learned studies should paganize christendom, would it not be a fair return for the endeavors of our religious bodies to christianize heathendom? Budhdism, which half mankind still believe, Brahmanism, Magianism and Judaism have done more than is supposed to shape the views of the Western countries.

### Parental Influence.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* has some excellent comments on the duties of parents to their children. It closes its article as follows:

There are not only faults to be corrected, but positive virtues to be inculcated, if we would train our children to fill worthily their places in the world. There are some parents whose main effort is to keep their children *innocent*. They guard them from every temptation, keep them from evil company, suffer them to see and to know only one side of life, and thus develop a sort of hot-house growth of goodness that may be beautiful to look at in childhood, but that will never serve them in the rough winds and storms of temptation and trial that await them in the open field of life. Innocence is not virtue and those who fancy that it is make a fatal mistake. Innocence is simply the ignorance of evil; virtue knows it, appreciates it, rejects it.

Infancy is lovely in its innocence, but life, with its stern realities, demands the strong, ripened vigor of manly virtue, to resist its evil, to protect its good, and to build up character, and to bless the world. So all moral education, to fulfill its true work, must lead the innocent child up to virtue by instilling the positive love of truth and justice, honor and integrity into the heart, not by shielding him from every temptation, but by preparing him to meet it; not by hiding from him all knowledge of wrong, but by inspiring him with a love of right and a resolute purpose of following it. Parents only can do this work. They may and do have many efficient helps in Sunday schools, teachers, friends, books, &c. and they do well to claim and welcome such aid, but if they rely on it to accomplish everything, if they think to transfer their own responsibility in this matter to any other hands, they inflict an irreparable injury upon their offspring and sow seeds of misery for their own old age.

But if parental duties are onerous, and the responsibilities momentous, the rewards are sacred and priceless. Who that has wisely and lovingly trained up sons or daughters to manhood or womanwood, and beheld then, one by one, take honorable and useful places in the world, and has received the respect and love, the confidence and sympathy that is gladly rendered by filial affection, does not feel a thousand-fold repaid for every effort, for every self-denial he has made in their behalf? Not for thousands of gold and silver would he part from these sacred joys. They cheer his declining years, they soothe every trial, they brighten every dark passage of his life. Let, then, every father and every mother take a new and more solemn, yet inspiring view of duties so emphatic, of responsibilities so weighty, of encouragements so cheering. To family life is our country looking for a new generation of brave and noble citizens; upon it is she depending for her stability and prosperity. Let us each do our part, and she will not be disappointed.

### The Date Harvest.

Only the female trees bear fruit. and this only when they are impregnated with dust from the males, which is consequently done artificially. The male palms are often tied up and blanched to be cut for the Palm Sunday festivals, and they are also sold to be stuck up in balconies as a protection against lightning, being considered quite as efficacious and being certainly much cheaper than an iron conductor. £2,000 worth are sold annually in Elche for this purpose, and £14,000 worth of dates. The latter were being gathered during our visit (January) by the clever *horletanos*, who climb the branchless trunks like cats, a rope being passed round it and their waists, upon which they rest their whole weight in a horizontal position lowering their baskets when filled and raising them again by a pully. The defective palm leaves are sent to the manufactories and used as cigarettes. By the roadside, before every cottage door, are quantities of dates in baskets, no one watching them; any passer-by may eat as many as he likes, fill his pockets, and leave his half-penny in payment. It is generally left, for where Spaniards are trusted they scarcely ever abuse a trust. When we walked in the groves the hospitable peasants were only too anxious to load us with the best branches of the fruit, and would accept no payment at all.—*Wanderings in Spain.*

### Why Men Don't Marry.

Rev. Henry Morgan lectured in Boston on "Why men don't marry." His headings were these: Men don't marry—first, because they can't; they can't get the one they want; bachelors have high notions. Second—Because many of them are cowards, they dare not face the music; they dodge the question. Thirdly—Because they are skeptical; they have no faith in woman; think marriage a lottery. Fourth—They are selfish; they cannot yield for another's good; can't support a family; want the sweets of life without bearing its burdens. Fifth—Woman's extravagance. Here the speaker showed the true cause for man's hesitating—expensive living and extravagant dress. Girls, the young men are afraid of your extravagance. That's the secret.

### The Month of March.

When Romulus established a calendar for his newly-founded city, he divided the year into ten months, and named the first month Martius, in honor of his father, Mars, the heathen god of war. Ovid, however, says that the nations of Italy had long previously named one of their months after the same deity, but that they differed in the place they severally assigned to it; some making it the second, others the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, or even the tenth month of the year. Numa Pompilius, the successor of Romulus, added the months of January and February to the Roman year, and reduced March from being the first month to the third rank in his calendar, in which station it continued until the Christian Church adopted the season of Easter for the commencement of the year. In France this arrangement was again altered by an edict of Charles IX in 1564, which decreed that the year should, from thenceforth, begin on the 1st of January. This example was adopted by the Scotch in 1599; but in England the 25th of March continued to be the new year's day until the year 1752. Although this month was named by the Romans after the god of war, it was considered as under the more especial patronage of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom; it has always consisted of thirty-one days, no subsequent reformer of the calendar having altered the arrangement of Romulus in this respect. March was considered by the Romans an unlucky month for the celebration of marriages. By our Saxon ancestors this month, says Verstegan, was called Rhede or Rethe-Monath, according to some authorities, to express its general boisterousness of character, Rhede signifying in their interpretation rough or rugged; but according to others, from its being dedicated by them, before their conversion to Christianity, to their idol, Rhede. The name was afterwards changed to Lenet Monat, or Length Month, because it is in March that the length of the day begins to exceed that of the night.

The month of March is interesting in many particulars. Notwithstanding the boisterous wind and frequent storm which have acquired for it the character of "coming in like a lion," yet we seem, at its very commencement, to be taking leave of the rigors of winter. The air, though cold, is generally clear, healthy, and free from damp and fogs; the trees begin to put forth their leaves, the birds to sing, and those who have taken shelter in our clime from the intense cold of a northern winter, are already returning to their native regions. It appears, in fact, as if all nature were preparing to welcome the return of this month, when the sun enters the constellation of Aries, or the Ram. From this period the weather generally becomes milder, yielding gradually to the genial rays of the sun; bees venture out of their hives, and flowers begin to stud the fields and gardens, until March, which, according to the proverb, has *come in like a lion*, "goes out like a lamb." The hieroglyphic or pictorial representations of March, have generally consisted of a man, of a tawny color and fierce aspect, with a helmet on his head, representing, in fact, the heathen god Mars. He is unaccompanied, however, by any other warlike ensign than his helmet; one hand holds a bunch of almond blossoms and other scions, the hand resting on a spade, while a basket of seeds hangs upon the same arm. The other hand either holds or rests upon a ram, typical of the sign Aries. The poet Spencer represents him as riding on a ram, and scattering seed over the ground:

"Sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent
And armed stronly, rode upon a ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also bent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strewed as he went,
And filled her womb with fruitful hope of nourishment."

A dry March is reckoned most favorable to the future prospects of the gardener, the florist, and the husbandman, and hence the proverbs, "A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom;" "A dry March never begs its bread;" and, on the other hand, "March grass" (which would require a wet season to grow so early) "never did good."

### A Good Act.

The act for the suppression of obscene literature, which was passed by the 42d Congress, if carried into execution, will prove of inestimable benefit to the morality of the community at large; but laws, like pie-crust, are so frequently made but to be broken, that we can hardly hope for as good results as might be expected. The act, to be sure, covers ample ground, the penalties for its violation are distinctly stated, and it but remains to be seen whether there will be sufficient force in our public prosecutors to carry it out. If they do, two lucrative advertising columns of a certain morning journal will have to be discontinued; for, certainly, the "Personals," and "Medical" advertisements come most distinctly under section 148 of the act, which says that there shall not pass through the mail nor be delivered "any advertisement or notice of any kind giving information, directly or indirectly, where, or how, or of whom, or by what means either of the things above mentioned may be obtained or made"—that is to say, obscene, lewd or lascivious book, pamphlet, picture, paper, print or other publication of an indecent character, or any article or thing designed or intended for the prevention of conception or procuring of abortion, nor any article or thing intended or adapted for any indecent or immoral use or nature. This clearly and distinctly closes the "Personal" and "Medical" columns, and if it will but have as good an effect in the other cases it is intended to reach, we may heartily thank Congress for the act.—*New York Express.*

A curious superstition exists in parts of Europe, that when a person is dying, the window should be opened to let the soul depart.

### Cologne Water.

It has been said that Cologne Water is among perfumes what the diamond is among precious stones, for while all other perfumes are subject to the fickle changes of fashion, one day the favorite of the fair sex, and the next discarded for some new essence, it alone is always countenanced. In the manifold uses to which it is put, whether as a toilet accessory, or in the chamber of the sick, Cologne Water, since its introduction, has proved its superiority over all rivals.

Cologne, the capital of Rhenish Prussia, from which the famous water takes its name, is also famous for containing the Church of St. Ursula, in which repose the bones of the saint after whom the church is named, and her 11,000 virgins, who according to the legend, were slaughtered by the idolatrous Huns. Had Cologne Water been discovered in the days of Homer, we should doubtless, have had a story of how the blood of the slaughtered virgins, after sinking into the earth, gushed forth again in a spring of perfumed water. But the discovery of Cologne Water dates back only as far as about the year 1709, and at that date poetical mendacity had lost much of its former popularity. In that year there lived in Cologne an Italian, named Johann Maria, who according to the archives of the city, traded in works of art, silken wares and perfumeries, and prepared and sold Cologne Water. This latter becoming popular, and the demand for it increasing, he gradually devoted himself entirely to its manufacture. Copyrighted labels and the protection of the patent laws were unknown in those days, and hosts of imitators sprang up as the fame of Farina's perfume spread. The superiority of the original article was however, proved over all competitors.

The secret of its composition has been well preserved, and has never been communicated to any except those of the inventor's family, who have inherited the business and carried it on. Johann Maria Farina died in 1732, leaving his business to his nephew, and the present proprietor, who still carries on the manufacture "opposite the Zuelichs Place," is a great-great-nephew of the original inventor. Other Farinas, similar in name, but not related to Johann Maria, have from time to time engaged in the manufacture of Cologne Water, and their numerous descendants each claims to possess the original receipt. To such a height has the mutual jealousy between these competitors arrived, that each keeps regularly in his pay a number of hack drivers and guides so that strangers visiting the city may be taken to their establishments, with the assurance that that particular one is the original distillery.

The popularity of Cologne Water is said to have remained local until the French, during the Seven Years' War took possession of Rhineland, and discovered the virtues of the new perfume. Quickly carried to Paris, it became a favorite, and from there spread all over Europe, and is now to be found a familiar article equally among the settlers on our Western frontier, the sheep farmers of Australia, or the dainty belles of every city in Christendom.

A remarkable series of accidents is related to have occurred one night last week, at Elizabeth, N. J. A. Mr. Wells had retired for the night, when, shortly afterwards, Mrs. Wells complained of a feeling of numbness in her limbs and requested her husband to help her across the floor. About half way across the room he expressed some fears, when she told him not to be afraid, and immediately dropped dead at his feet. He gave an alarm, and a neighbor, an old lady, in crossing the street to his assistance, fell, breaking her left arm in two places and her right collar bone. Her son, a young man heard her scream, and rushing out of the house to her aid, fell against the half open door, breaking his nose and rebounding senseless to the floor. Doctor Kendall, hastening to the help of the sufferers, also fell, broke two of his ribs, and had to be carried home.

Exclusive of women, merchants, gamblers and idlers, there are seven thousand Chinese in San Francisco engaged in various trades and employments, at one dollar each per day for working days, amounting to $2,184,000 per annum. The total assessment of the entire Chinese population of that city and county, says the Chronicle, including real estate, personal property, manufactures, money on hand, &c., amounts to less than $600,000 in valuation, producing a tax, if every cent of the same should be collected, of about $9,000 a year—a small amount for so large a class to contribute toward the expenses of government. This amount would pay seven policemen. The expenditures of these people amount to about twenty cents per day, so that more than one million and a half of dollars is every year sent from the city of San Francisco to China from the working classes alone.

PRESBYTERIAN GENERAL ASSEMBLY.—This important religious body will meet in the city of Baltimore on the 15th of May next, and will continue in session from two to four weeks, dependent, of course, upon the business brought before it. It will meet in the Central Presbyterian Church, corner of Saratoga and Liberty streets. The assembly is composed of about six hundred commissioners, representing all the Presbyterian Churches in the United States, and some of the most important business that has ever been transacted by the body, will come before it at the coming session.

The London *Bookseller* laments that publishing in Ireland will shortly be regarded as among the lost arts. Formerly Ireland had a good active and receptive class of scholars, but now it has little or no literature. The best Irish intellects are out of Ireland.

### How the Wonder is Worked.

The readers of the *Ledger* doubtless observed in the cable despatches of yesterday a notice that the cable laid in 1865 "had failed" at twenty minutes past twelve o'clock on the day before; and that an electrician would leave London in the evening to "locate the fault." They of course understood that it was the mission of the gentleman mentioned to go to the shore end of the cable on the coast of Ireland, to ascertain *at what point* of the two thousand miles of cable buried under the sea the cable had been injured or broken. And we have no doubt some of them have wondered how it was possible for the Electrician to know, or to learn *where* the fault or the break could be, considering that some portions of the wire were thousands of miles distant from his point of observation, and a great deal of it buried deep from human sight two miles beneath the surface of the sea. Yet every part of that long distance, and every fathom of that vast abyss of water, are within the reach of the electrician's *instrumental hands*, and within the ken of his scientific eye. It is quite practicable for him to "locate the fault" or the break within a half mile of its actual position, no matter where it be.

Although these far-reaching powers are among the great marvels of modern science, the means and the principles through which they are exercised are among the simplest things when seen and understood. A telegraphic wire will transmit an electro-magnetic wave or "current" in proportion to the square of its diameter. The *resistance* to the transmission of the wave *diminishes* in proportion as the square of the diameter is *increased*. This is one law for the electrician. The second is that the resistance to the transmission of the wave *increases* in direct proportion to the length of the wire or cable over which it is sent. These two laws furnish the bases for the electrician's observations, calculations and results. He knows, to start with, the precise amount of resistance that a mile of the cable will oppose to the transmission of a given quantity of electro-motive force. He has delicate and wonderful instruments made by expert machanics, that enable him to measure this with accuracy for a half a mile or for ten thousand miles. Having his knowledge and these measuring instruments, and having control of the quantity of electricity he is putting on the wire, he is able to calculate to a nicety how many miles of the cable it is transmitted over before it encounters a greater resistance than that which is due to the length and diameter of the cable itself. At or near the end of that number of miles of cable, though it be a thousand miles from land, and two miles under the surface of the sea, the "fault" or break the electrician is in search of will be found.

Our readers should understand that we are not stating any mere hypothesis. This real wonder and seeming impossibility has been accomplished again and again. The principles through which it is accomplished are the discovery of one of those quiet, studious men, who plod about in their laboratories and workshops, and who are supposed by many people to be wasting their lives about things of little practical use, but whose works, together with those of the skilled mechanics, who co-operate with them really move the world along. This particular student of the laws of nature is Professor Ohm, of Nuremburg, Germany, one of the several men whose labors, like those of Oersted and our American Professor Henry, have made the Magnetic Telegraph a possibility. The delicate and wonderful instruments by which those principles are applied, and which enable the electrician to extend his reach a thousand miles out to sea, and to the bottom of the ocean abyss, have been at work in one of the modest workshops in this city for several years. They are the tools of a Philadelphia workman who now leads the world in the manufacture of one important adjunct in telegraphy—a nearly perfect "insulator." The simple device for working the ocean cable is there also.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

### The Lost Comet.

The comet of Biela was first recognized in 1772, and rediscovered by Biela, in 1826. During its visit in 1846 it was noticed that it had undergone division, and was separated into two portions which were gradually receding from each other, and at the time of its disappearance they were about 157,000 miles apart.

On the next reappearance, in 1852, the space between the two points had increased to 1,250,000 miles. The parts were of nearly equal brilliancy and moved side by side, the interval between them gradually increasing until they disappeared.

Though carefully searched for in 1859 and 1866, the comet failed to make its appearance; but Mr. Hind expected that it would make its approach to the earth in the latter part of 1872, and its positions for successive nights were calculated and foretold to assist in its detection, but with the same want of success as on previous occasions.

The comet having disappeared, it is found by the directors of the observatories at Vienna and Copenhagen that its orbit is marked by a considerable meteor stream, and it becomes a matter of the greatest interest to determine the relations between the comet and this meteor stream.—*Scribner's for March.*

The Bank of England covers five acres of ground and employs nine hundred clerks. There are no windows on the street. Light is admitted through open courts; so mob could take the bank, therefore, without cannon to batter the immense walls. The clock in the centre of the bank has fifty dials attached to it. Large cisterns are sunk in the court, and engines in perfect order are always in readiness in case of fire. This bank was incorporated in 1694. Capital $90,000,000.