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Select Poetry.

EARLY WINTER.

BY MRS. HANNAH JANE WOODMAN LEWIS.

The waning year looked gently down
On these bright days that come and go;
Dead, faded, buried is the crown
That Summer wore, with face aglow,
When June stepped lightly o'er the hills,
And through the vales sent hastening rills.

Those blissful days come back to chase
The gloom from chill December skies:
Their fragrance lingers yet to grace
Paths where all tender blooming dies,—
Where the brown earth, with tranquil breast,
Prepares to take its long, deep rest.

Through naked boughs the sunlight sifts,
And gives them beauty all their own;
Nor yet the feathery snowflake drifts
Through silent woods, on moss and stone:
The hallowed hush, the softened hue,
Weave their own nameless charm anew.

The old year wanes; the birds of spring
Now gladden other skies than ours;
No bud unfolds; no insect wing
Sends tribute to these hastening hours;
But plaintive voices stir below
Their shadowed and unceasing flow.

Thought wanders back and grasps anew
All that earth gave of good and fair—
The loves, the hopes that upward grew
And spread in Faith's diviner air,
But perished as the days went by,
E'en as the flowers that round us lie.

We know that spring will come, and bring
Again earth's need of song and bloom;
We know, too, that another spring
Hath, somewhere in God's garden, room
Where love shall find its own, nor miss
One drop from its pure draught of bliss.

Descriptive Articles.

EUROPE'S RICHEST KING.

Francis Joseph of Austria—The Emperor and His 3,000 Horses—Features of Life in Vienna—A Broken-Down but Exclusive Aristocracy—Advantages Offered to Medical Students—A Nation Devoted to Music.

Mr. F. A. Richardson, the well-known Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, travelled through Europe last summer, and his letters to the *Sun* were eagerly read. Below we give one from Vienna, which will be found very interesting:

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, has more royal titles than any other European potentate. According to title he is king of seven other countries or provinces, grand prince of one, prince or margrave of several others, and archduke, grand duke and duke of a half-dozen more. He probably draws a less allowance from the public treasury than any of his fellow sovereigns of relatively equal rank, but is accounted to be the richest monarch of Europe, with the possible exception of Queen Victoria, who is commonly put down as the most parsimonious of all rulers, and the extent of whose hoarded accumulations even her own children have but little idea of. It has not been an infrequent occurrence for the Austrian Reichstag or Parliament to refuse Francis Joseph allowances for which he has asked, on the ground that he has plenty of money of his own, and he has been fain to bow to this somewhat unusual independence with as much grace as he could command. Although having a reputation for soldierly and statesmanlike qualities, the power and prestige of Austria has not been advanced much during his forty years on the throne, and in the meantime it has parted with several of its fairest provinces and paid heavy tribute to its despoiling neighbors. It is whispered here that the German alliance was made not so much from love for that power as from the consciousness that it was the best policy, which, of course, is the reason which generally lies at the bottom of all such alliances. The tone in European state and political circles is that Austria scarcely hopes any more in the future convulsions and upheavals of war and diplomacy to do more than maintain its present status, and in any partition which may come it will be only too glad to have the smallest slice thrown at it. There are constantly disintegrating elements at work in this empire which are unknown to the affairs of any other. There are not less than thirteen different races of people held in subjection to the Austrian empire and each of them holds on tenaciously to its traditions, customs, language or dialect. In the Austrain Parliament they sometimes have high old times. The Bohemian representatives are quite often the leaders in the rows that are kicked up, and they are styled the Irish of the Reichstag. Although he is so rich, the head of Francis Joseph must frequently lie uneasy. He is a handsome, fine-looking man, with a full beard of snowy white, and sits gracefully and firmly in the saddle, of which he is very fond. All the royal family are fond of horseback exercises, and the Empress when in England, two or three years since, was pronounced to be the best lady rider in Europe. It was her custom always to accompany the Emperor on his gallops through the great public parks of Vienna, but it is now a year or more since she has been on the back of a horse, having been positively interdicted such exercise by the learned doctor of Amsterdam who attends her. As she is fifty years old, it is perhaps time she should give up such violent exercise as she made it. I visited the stables of the Emperor, which, with the courtyards, cover I don't know how many acres of ground, and saw the spacious inclosure where the Empress used to break in fractious steeds before riding them in public. A private dressing-room for her especial use is attached with all conveniences, including mirrors all around for her to admire herself in her riding habits, and a gallery for a band of music, which played while she displayed her skill and nerve amid the plaudits of the select few who were admitted to the exhibition. The stables are not more finely appointed than several I have seen belonging to private gentlemen in the United States, but were many times larger, and the stalls are immensely roomy. The Emperor owns more than three thousand horses, distributed through the stables attached to his various palaces in town and country. In the Vienna stables there are now about 440 horses, attended by 200 stablemen and grooms and guarded by a regiment of infantry. The horses are all picked and all young. Over each stall is the name and pedigree of the horse and the year in which foaled, and I saw none that were over six. When they get past that age they are considered no longer fit for the Emperor's use, but I could not discover whether they are sold or given away. Never less than eight horses are put to the great coaches on state occasions, nor less than four for the smaller carriages. To very few of the coaches is there a driver's seat, as postillions in the most gorgeous and elaborate livery are put upon the horses. There are two sets of horses particularly, which, if I may be permitted to borrow that favorite feminine expression, were "just too lovely for anything." There were twenty milk whites and twenty coal blacks used for the state coaches on grand occasions. The whites were white as white can be, and the blacks, twenty magnificent stallions, who carried their proud heads as high as any emperor, were black as black could be. Such flowing manes, such tails, fairly trailing on the ground, and combed as fine as the hair of women, were a sight to behold. There were nearly one hundred horses in the stables used only under the saddle, and upon whom no harness had ever been placed. It would be quite impossible that Francis Joseph or any other man could get much personal use out of three thousand horses, even if he devoted his whole time to riding and driving. But the entire stock has a chance to show what it is made of, for it is the custom of the Emperor, upon all state occasions, to provide the numerous staff which attends him and the Empress with coaches and horses. This staff will include hundreds, male and female, of the blood royal and of the nobility, besides the military officers. The collection of carriages is not less interesting than the horses. The number here is about 150. There are a dozen or more grand state coaches, blazoned all over, even to the wheels, axles and poles, with gold and gilt, and the panels ornamented with paintings. The ornamentation on the coach first made for Marie Therese could not have cost less than $100,000. This coach is never used now. Standing by its side is the coach in which Napoleon Bonaparte and Marie Louise first rode as consorts, and not far away is the little coach upon which rested the infant limbs of their unfortunate offspring, the Duc de Reichstadt. A tiny little coach of rich and artistic design, and which was drawn by goats, is there to remind Francis Joseph of the drives which he enjoyed before he put on trousers. There are several carriages which belonged to the Archduke Maximilian, the brother of the Emperor, and also the saddle which he rode in Mexico before the Mexicans put cold lead in him. These are regarded as precious relics, and no one is allowed to put his finger on them.

AN EXCLUSIVE ARISTOCRACY.

The nobility of Austria is of the haughtiest, the proudest and the poorest. There are but few of this class who do not trace their ancestry far back into the middle ages. In those good old days, when he strong by the right of might took from the weak whatever they wanted, their ancestors mostly had rich possessions, but generations of consumers and no producers have brought the inevitable consequences. The Emperor has an immense private fortune, larger than that of any subject. Several of the other members of his family and a few of the nobility are also very rich, but the large majority of them have a tough time of it to eke out subsistence. There are many noblemen of high title and lineage who, I am told, have incomes not amounting to more than two, three or five thousand dollars a year, and in many cases not $1,200. But this nobility beats all others for putting on airs. It has long been the custom of the impoverished aristocracy of Great Britain to replenish its wasted fortunes by marrying the gold of trade, and it has been common for the penniless noblemen of some of the petty States of Europe to give their title to some foolish American girl, who in nine times out of ten uses it in exchange for her dollars. That member of the Austrian nobility who, to save himself from starvation, should marry one begotten of trade would at once be absolutely ostracised by his act, and such a case is almost positively unknown. To such an extreme is this feeling of exclusiveness carried that a professional man can have no social relations with the nobility. They would shut their doors in the face of the most eminent advocate, physician or surgeon, unless he came on professional business, just as soon as they would with the smallest shopkeeper. They have a society all to themselves; they have no clubs to speak of, because there are not enough of them alike to maintain such organizations, and they do very little entertaining. They even look down upon the diplomatic corps, and outside of the two or three big balls or dinners given by the Emperor every season, the members of that corps never have any opportunity of meeting the aristocracy. It is, I believe, different with the German and Russian ambassadors, for these two are princes, and that gives them a personal footing. I do not know how Mr. Lawton, the United States minister, will like having no society, for he is a social man, but he has only been here a month or two, and will have no experience in the matter until next winter. It is a fact that Vienna is considered among the diplomatic corps as the most undesirable post in Europe, and no one stays here longer than he can help. A minister who represents a country of equal rank with Austria, and who has been here a number of years, said in that time he had received, outside of official circles, only three invitations. The brokendown aristocracy of Austria, who have nothing to boast of but the dust of their ancestors, may felicitate themselves on the ridiculous airs which they assume, but pride must have a fall, and some day they may get a little common sense drilled into them. Many of the younger scions of the impoverished nobility hold commissions in the army. The Emperor will not permit any of these to marry without his consent. This can only be obtained when either the family of the young man or the young woman put up a sufficient sum to guarantee support to his family in case the officer dies.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

Austrian finances are in a deplorable condition. The paper money with which the whole empire is flooded is about as flimsy looking and as dirty as the old Confederate currency. For some time after the war with Prussia in 1866 it was at a discount of fifty per cent., and the average discount now is twenty-five per cent. You always at once wish to wash your hands when it passes through them. It is said that no one knows the actual amount of this stuff which is in circulation, as the official exhibits are purposely misleading. The only record of Austrian finances which can be relied upon is the interest-bearing debt, about which there can be no possibility of deception. There is generally a yearly deficit, but they are used to this, and do not mind it. I have said that Francis Joseph does not always succeed in extracting allowances from the public treasury, but he nevertheless manages to haul out of it every year something like $2,000,000. I doubt if there is any people anywhere who suffer under a greater multiplicity of taxes than those of this empire, and internal taxation is certainly reduced to a very fine point. For instance, the luggage of railway passengers is "registered" here instead of "checked," and for every piece of luggage registered the owner has to pay a tax to the government. At every entrance to the city of Vienna toll gates are established, and every one coming into the city has to pay toll. For two horse vehicles it is four cents, and for one horse two cents. If you take a drive and get outside of the city limits you cannot come back without paying this toll. Nominally this tax is applied to the repair and and improvement of the public streets, but according to rumor much of it is diverted for other purposes not so worthy. Vienna has defective sewerage, and some of the most fashionable quarters have an odor not at all like peaches and cream. It is, however, an exceedingly handsome city, and there are no finer private or public buildings to be seen anywhere. All of the public buildings and very many of the private residences and apartment houses are ornamented extensively with the most elaborate carving statuary and bronzes. This taste for display among private citizens made the whole town virtually bankrupt a few years since. The great bulk of capital is in the hands of the Jews. This wonderful race, which thrives wherever it has a foothold, has always had a hard time in this locality. Until within twenty years the Hebrews were permitted to live only in one quarter of Vienna. They do not pull out their teeth or put burning pincers on them, as formerly, to extract money from them, but no consderation whatever is extended them. I saw an officer of the army kick out of his pathway, with curses, an inoffensive Jew, and a little later two of them were denied admittance to a public place. Such occurrences as this are said to be common, but the very people who perpetrate these inhumanities and outrages are the ones who are mostly found as applicants for accommodations at the hands of those they affect to despise.

EXPERIMENTING IN SURGERY.

There are here more young medical men from the United States perfecting themselves in the various branches of medicine and surgery than I found in London. They say it is much the best field to be found in the world, as, for among other reasons, everything is concentrated. One vast hospital here has three thousand beds. It may be imagined what a fine opportunity is afforded for a practical knowledge of surgery when it is learned that there is never the least hesitation about attempting the most difficult and delicate operations. Population is teeming, and those above have little regard for the life or liberty of those below. Experimenting is freely practiced, and the hapless patient who has no friends to protect him will awaken after an involuntary chloroforming to find that the surgeon's knife has made daring raids into his interior organization. Recently a peasant came to the hospital with no nose. The surgeons thought he might as well have one, so they took another peasant, and without so much as saying "by your leave," put him to sleep, and in a trice had cut enough flesh off him to make a nose of first-class proportions. Female virtue is not a shining quality among the peasantry of Austria.

A MUSIC-LOVING PEOPLE.

At the Grand Opera House I listened to a magnificent rendering of "Merlin." The stage settings and appointments were superb, the spectacular portion of the opera was marvelously effective, first class singers enacted all the leading roles, and the splendid orchestra was composed of seventy-five pieces. All this was witnessed from a choice seat for about $1.60. Music-loving people over here would not tolerate what opera goers in the United States put up with, paying two or three prices to hear one first class singer, all the rest "sticks," a skeleton orchestra, and generally the most miserable burlesque on stage settings. In England every one of both sexes goes to the opera in full evening dress. Here it is exactly the reverse. The ladies are without hats or bonnets, but wear ordinary evening dress, and the gentlemen are simply in the costume for morning calls. Music is free almost as air in all these monarchical countries, and observing how all classes, from the highest to the lowest, give themselves up to its enjoyment, it has occurred to me that this may have much to do with producing comparative contentment, or perhaps acquiescence, rather, in the burdens which do lie heavy upon them. Rare is the man or woman who is insensible to the charms of music. Perpetual music is held out to us as the crowning boon of Heaven. Poetry and oratory sway and move us, quicken our impulses, inflame our imaginations, excite our ambition and incite us to good or nerve us to evil deeds. But what can compare with the influence of music? What soft, delicious languor, what dreamy reveries it brings. At one time it enthralls the senses, and peace and repose sit on its wings. Again it sends every drop of blood in our bodies coursing and bounding as a rapid river, tingling to the surface, and firing us with an ardor which nothing can daunt. Warriors have striven in more deathlike grasp, priests have plead with more pathos, laughter has rung out more cheerily and tears have dropped more mournfully to music than to any other accompaniment. When we are happy it makes us happier, when we are sad it softens our sadness. Seeking over its soothing or inspiriting effect in life, when the grim hand of death touches us we are borne on our last pilgrimage with its heavenly sound still by us. These people of Europe live literally out of doors for five or six months. The poor have not their palaces with grounds made beautiful by art and money. But they have the domain of God and nature, more beautiful still. The forests which encompass them on all sides make their haunts. As the shades of evening fall they gather by thousands and thousands, with their wives and little ones, and sip leisurely their beer, while the music goes on almost without interruption. It is the solace of this, I think, which effaces measurably the memory of the heat and burden of the day; and also, I think that heat and burden, when it is upon them, is much lightened by anticipations of the coming evening. There is music suited to all grades of condition and all depths of pockets, from the Grand Opera House down to the litte garden, where the only cost to the humble is the price of his beer, and beer is very cheap. Two nights I have been to concerts in the woods where the price of admission was a gulden, equal, at the existing rate of depreciation, to about 35 cents of our money. For this insignificant amount two bands played—a string band led by one of the celebrated Strauss brothers, and a brass band belonging to one of the crack regiments. Each of these bands had not less than fifty pieces, and the playing of both was superb. Eduard Strauss led the string band, and its selections were altogether from the compositions of himself and his brothers. I thought I had heard very often the waltzes and the galops of Strauss, but I never heard them as I did on that night. Strauss fairly danced as he led, and music seemed to be throbbing in every bone and fibre. Every one of the 300 or more regiments of the Austrian army has a brass band, and I was surprised to be told, when expressing admiration for the one then performing, that it was no better than a hundred others in the army.

Wurtemburg, Germany, has a remarkable mind-reader in the person of a peasant girl nineteen years old, who, if asked a question in the day time in a language unknown to her, will respond to it after dark in same language. She is said to shed her hair periodically.

There is a popular impression to the effect that a woman can not keep a secret. Yet, who ever heard a woman say that her new black silk was partly made up of the old one?

ENGLAND IN OLD TIMES.

David Kerr in N. Y. Times.

That famous Irishman who vowed to "hang himself or perish in the attempt" would have been quite at home in this ill-omened place, which fully deserved its sinister name two centuries ago, in that enlightened age that meted out the same doom to the starving wretch who had stolen a penny loaf and to the hardened murderer who had shed blood like water. In 1636 two local criminals were executed here by sentence of the Dorking Judges of Assize. In the following year the number of hangings had increased to five, an improvement which was doubtless hailed as a gratifying proof of national progress by those sturdy Britons of the good old school, who thought with Hogarth that the two great duties of a righteous man were "to help an honest fellow in distress and to bring a rogue to the gallows." In fact, the whole code of England in the golden days which so many enthusiasts regret seems to have been on a par with that which is said to have regulated the Puritan army during the final struggle with Charles I.: "Any officer or souldier who shall be absent from his appointed post without leave shall surely die. Any trooper losing his horse or hackney through neglect, misconduct or gambling, shall be slain with the sword. Any victualer detaining any souldier to cause him to err from the way shall be cut off from his people. Any officer or souldier neglecting or disobeying the orders given unto him shall perish from off the earth. Any officer or souldier showing himself in any wise discontented with the quarters allotted unto him shall be punished with death." And so on through the whole list of possible offenses.

But this dismal spot is consecrated to the service of death by another memory even more gloomy and terrible than this. Beneath the grass that grows rankly over it the dust of those who were butchered by the law mingles with that of the victims who were mown down by the destroying sweep of the frightful pestilence which was then one of the recurring features of English life. Long before the fatal Summer of 1665 had blasted into voiceless and lifeless desolation the busiest streets of London, the shadow of the plague had darkened the beautiful valley of Holmesdale from one end to the other, and had left (as in Egypt of old) "not a house wherein there was not one dead." The county records chronicle successive swoops of the destroyer in 1563, 1599, 1603, and 1647; but the most terrible of all was in 1603, when (as one may read in the archives of Dorking) "108 corpses were carried forth of the town at one time and buried in a void place without it."

But this tragic gloom does not extend itself over all the antique records of Holmesdale, some of which have a quiet, unconscious drollery worthy of Robinson Crusoe himself. Mention is made in 1738 of "a certain Richard Madderson, aged 29 years, and not above 3 feet and 3 inches high, but in thickness as much as any other person." (Whether the said "thickness" were mental or bodily is not stated.) As a counterpoise to this fractional citizen, two gentlemen of long standing in every sense of the word were discovered here about the same time by Daniel Defoe: "At this place lived an ancient gentleman of very good family, (Augustine Bellson, Esq.) with his son. The father measured 7½ feet, allowing that he might have sunk for his age (being 71 years old), and the son measured 2 inches more than his father." It may be hoped that these two Goliaths were not ultimately remodeled after the fashion of the giant grenadier in Hood's poem:

"For, when his regiment went to fight at Saragossa's town,
A Frenchman thought he looked too tall, and so he cut him down."

Among the various traditions of Holmesdale eccentric wills and bequests play a prominent part. In the archives of Wotton Church one may still read how William Glanville (the nephew of that celebrated John Evelyn of Wotton) left property for the payment every year of 40s. ($10) to "five poor boys of the parish of Wotton, who, with their hands laid upon his gravestone, should repeat by heart, in a plain and audible voice, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed and the Ten Commandments—should read the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians—and should write in a legible hand two verses of the same chapter."

The father of this same William Glanville, as if determined not to be surpassed in singularity by his eccentric son, directed in his will (as John Evelyn himself tells us in his famous "Diary") that his body should be "wrapped in lead and carried down to Greenwich, put on board a ship there, and buried in the sea between Dover and Calais, about the Goodwin Sands. This," adds honest John, with a sly chuckle, "occasioned much discourse, he having no relation at all to the sea." Even this queer funeral, however, was completely outdone by that which Major Peter Labilliere, of the Royal Marines, contrived for himself here in 1800. The whole population of Dorking followed his body to its grave on Box Hill, as well they might, the worthy Major having given strict orders in his will that he should be buried head downward!

This extraordinary fancy was literally carried out. A kind of well 10 feet deep was sunk in the chalk of Box Hill, and the coffin placed in it, standing on its upper end, after which the hole was filled in and stamped down, and the congregation dispersed. Popular rumor explained these singular proceedings by asserting it to be Major Labilliere's firm conviction that the world was one day to turn upside down, in which case he, being buried head downward, would find himself standing in an erect military attitude, as a British officer should do, all ready for anything that might "turn up." Where the good man can have got hold of such an idea—unless he borrowed it from "Gulliver's Travels," in which a similar belief is attributed to the Lilliputians—it is not easy to say. But his relations, naturally indignant at a report which seemed to impugn their respected kinsman's sanity, stoutly maintained that his determination to "rest in his grave in the hope of a joyful resurrection" standing on his head was merely a delicate compliment to his illustrious namesake, St. Peter the Apostle, whom ecclesiastical tradition represents as having been crucified with his head downward.

In this competition of whimsical wills and bequests, however, the palm must unquestionably be given to a rich old curmudgeon of the last century, who, after living in sullen retirement for many years in a lonely part of North Surrey, sent hastily one day for two local lawyers of some note, and astonished them with the announcement that "they ought to be satisfied with the will that he was about to make, inasmuch as it would bequeath all his money to the best friend whom they both had in the world." This mysterious allusion was fully though not very agreeably explained by the brief but uncourteous purport of the will itself: "I hereby give and bequeath all property, real or personal, whereof I stand possessed, to my good friend the devil, in memory of a long and intimate acquaintance, and of the many valuable services which he has rendered me. But in the event of his not coming forward to claim his legacy, I further direct that the money be applied for the benefit of the county jail, as being the only institution of this neighborhood which has ever been of any public usefulness whatsoever."

The natives of these parts seem to be as famous for their longevity as the tortoises which they so closely resemble, and are, indeed, "ancient Britons" in every sense of the word. Not without reason did a simple old country gentleman of this district remark innocently when a fashionable visitor was pointed out to him as a Baronet of James I.'s creation, "Bless my soul! he looks wonderfully young to have lived as long as that!" In the town records of Dorking I find among the entries for 1627: "This day, Nov. 14, was buried John Colzott, aged 108 years." Nor was his case by any means an exceptional one. I have myself seen among the gravestones of South Holmwood, Ockley, and Newdigate the record of not a few lives that fell but little short of the century, and at least one "oldest inhabitant" of Holmesdale has recently gone beyond it, viz., Mrs. Blackman, of Newhaven, who died at Dorking on the 16th February, 1879, in her one hundred and first year, having been born on the 7th September, 1778. This parallels the exploit of the American lady who fell dangerously ill at 97, and, having been "given up" by her doctor, persisted in recovering despite all that the good physician could do to prevent it; whereupon he observed to her, more in sorrow than in anger, "Ah, madam, I guess you've willfully thrown away the last chance of dying which Providence will ever vouchsafe to you in this world!"

Local antiquaries inform me that there are still to be found here and there long this valley, and among the hills around it, some remnants of that ancient Briton stock which inhabited this region before a Saxon had set foot in England. For my own part, the sole token that I have yet seen of this survival of the unfittest is the presence of a number of huge black hogs, which are sufficiently like the ancient Britons to be fully entitled to claim kindred with them, having retained the cleanliness and the intellectual development of their supposed ancestors as well as their melodious speech. But whether South Surrey has or has not the honor of being peopled with a distinct race, it must undoubtedly be allowed the credit of possessing a distinct language. Few Englishmen, even if born in the county, would be likely to guess what a Holmesdale plowman could mean by saying, "If 'un be shirty and mak's a boffle, I'se bannick 'un," or to discover without the aid of an interpreter that this mysterious sentence means simply, "If he's sulky and makes a fuss, I'll give him a thrashing." Other hieroglyphics of the local dialect are "beazled," tired out; "gooming," stupid; "buzzly," short and plump; "doddish," infirm in body or mind, and, more curious than all, "Petergrievous," fretful.

Till within the memory of living men the quiet little valleys that nestle behind the great chalk ridge of Surrey were a perfect museum of antique usages and mediæval pastimes. But the last half century has made sad havoc of them even in their last and surest stronghold. "Jack-in-the-Green," whose gambols within a leafy screen of intertwined boughs were once as recognized a feature of May Day as the sunrise that ushered it in, has cut his last caper, and danced away into the world of shadows with all his train of shouting comrades. The march of events has long since swept into the limbo of "things that were" the stout, pompous, thick-witted old parish Constable whom Shakespeare heard warning his watchmen that "if they met a thief, they might suspect him to be no true man by virtue of their office," and keep clear of him less they should be contaminated by his evil company. Gone, too, are the parish stocks, in which offenders against public morality formerly sat imprisoned, with their legs held fast beneath a heavy wooden yoke, while sundry small but fiendish boys improved the occasion by deliberately pulling off their shoes and then tickling the soles of their defenseless feet. St. Thomas's day is no longer marked by the appearance of bands of smock-frocked country folks, with pewter dishes or wooden trenchers held out to receive the charity which was never refused to them when they went "Gooding" (as it was called) upon that day. The time-honored English custom of going in procession on a certain morning every year to mark out the bounds of the parish has become obsolete (as might be expected) in an age of accurate county maps at 25 cents apiece; and even the loyal clodhoppers of Surrey have ceased to commemorate, by the hanging of an oak bough in the church tower on the 29th of May, the joyful anniversary upon which one of the greatest scoundrels that ever lived (whom England afterward contrived to worship for 25 years under the title of "His Most Gracious Majesty King Charles II." escaped the doom that thousands of better men had suffered for his sake by taking refuge in a British oak, which would have done far better service to its country had it borne his suspended carcass at the end of one of its strongest limbs.

But while thus casting away so many of its old customs, South Surrey has retained one antique usage which is fully as curious and as picturesque as any of those which it has lost. Any stranger who should happen to be in the town of Dorking on Shrove Tuesday would notice (doubtless with no small inward wonder and perplexity) that just about 12 o'clock in the day, at the very time when the business of the place might be expected to be at its briskest, every storekeeper along both sides of the High-street appeared to be putting up his shutters and locking his door, till all the shops in the thoroughfare were closed and barred. Next the foot passengers and carts would be seen retiring, leaving the once crowded street completely deserted. The spectator naturally supposes these strange proceedings to be the prelude of a fight or riot of some kind, an idea greatly strengthened by the sudden appearance of two bands of sturdy young fellows marching up from opposite ends of the empty thoroughfare, till they stand facing one another just at the point where a narrow passage leading from the gate of St. Martin's Church debouches upon the High-street. But all at once a football is seen flying in the air, while both parties converge into a whirlpool of struggling arms and limbs upon the spot where it falls. Then it becomes evident that the supposed riot is nothing more than the annual football match played every Shrove Tuesday in the streets of the town, a custom which is said to date back as far as the days of the earlier Plantagenets. For more than two hours to come the match is stoutly contested, the ball going bump against one shop-front after another with a force which amply proves the wisdom of the tradesmen in putting up their shutters betimes, while the spectators that crowd the upper windows all along either side of the street spur on the contending hosts with incessant shouts of encouragement or derision.

One advantage, at least, the England of the past must have had over the England of the present, viz., that of being infinitely cheaper. Many a traveler of our own day, smarting under the deep wounds made in his purse by a modern hotel bill—which, like the bill of a pelican, draws blood every time it is sent in—would look with wondering envy at the modest account book of Mr. William Bray, a landed proprietor who flourished in these parts about the middle of the last century, and who has left on record among other items of expenditure for the years 1757–8 such charges as the following:

"Jan.31. Bought this morning four pairs of gloves at sevenpence (14 cents) per pair, and one pair of riding gloves at ninepence, (18 cents.)

"Apr. 17. Breakfasted at the 'Jolly Farmer,' and paid for my breakfast sixpence, (12 cents.)

"Dec. 1. Paid for a fortnight's board and lodging, £1-4-0, ($6.) Tea at Prosser's Coffee House, fourpence, (8 cents.) Wine after dinner, threepence, (6 cents.)

"Apr. 19. Breakfast at the New Exchange Coffee House for sixpence, (12 cents.) Dined at the 'King's Head' in Dorking, and paid for my dinner and wine two shillings," (about 50 cents.)

It is no wonder that men should have been apt to drink a great deal in those times, when they could get their liquor as cheap as this. With such a cash account before us it is not difficult to give credit to the curious details furnished us by Squire Nicholas Assheton, of Downham Hall, a Lancashire worthy, who figured in the reign of James I., and in whose diary it is minutely set down, among other matters, how he and several brother sportsmen, accompanied by his aunt and two lady cousins, paid a visit to the village tavern, and remained carousing there till the whole party, ladies included, had got most comfortably and satisfactorily drunk!

Life at West Point.

From Philadelphia Ledger.

An interesting feature of this year's report of the Board of Visitors to the U. S. Military Academy is the description of the daily life of the cadet. The cadet is followed from reveille until taps, through the section of class rooms, on the parade ground, in the various exercises and into the barracks, where he studies and sleeps. The rooms of cadets and the rules that govern them in barracks are thus portrayed, and cannot fail to interest those young men who have inclinations towards West Point:

The rooms of cadets are more than Spartan in the severe simplicity that prevails. Each room is occupied by two cadets. There are two alcoves at the rear, each of which is assigned to one of the occupants of the room. In these alcoves are placed single iron bedsteads. At all times, except between taps and reveille, the mattress and bed clothing must be rolled and packed in a prescribed manner, and beds cannot be "made down" until tattoo. The furniture consists of one small table, which stands in the centre of the room, and is used by the occupants in their studies; two plain wooden chairs, one washstand, one washbowl and pitcher, one looking glass, one slop and one water pail, two tumblers, one broom and two sets of shelves, made of plain pine boards. A rack for arms and accoutrements, a prescibed number of wooden pegs in the walls, and red muslin curtains on the window serve as ornaments. This constitutes the entire furnishings of a room in the cadet barracks, and no other articles are allowed.

Two blankets and one quilted bedcover are prescribed as the allowance for each cadet, and additional bed covering can be obtained only by permission of the superintendent or upon the order of the surgeon. No covering of any description is permitted on the floor, and no pictures can be hung on the walls. There is a prescribed place for every article permitted in the room, every article must be in that place, and arranged as provided in regulations. All the rooms are exactly alike in size, arrangement and furniture. Excluding the two hair mattresses, the entire furniture of any room in the cadet barracks would not realize at public sale $15.

The occupants of each room in turn are detailed as "orderly." This detail continues for one week, during which time the orderly is responsible for the cleanliness and good order of the room. Except to "make up" and "make down" his roommate's bed, the orderly's duties are those of chambermaid, and his responsibility is so prescribed that he is responsible even for the making up of his room mate's bed, as well as for any noise or breach of regulations he may commit. The name of the orderly of each room is posted on the "orderly board," that it may be readily seen by the inspecting and other officers, who make frequent visits to ascertain that "all is right." The duties and responsibility of the orderly are thus defined by regulations:

He shall be responsible for the cleanliness of the washstand, mantel-pieces, shelves and other fixtures; for the general police of the room, and for the strict observance of regulations and orders therein.

He will be responsible for the preservation of all property attached to the room for the common use of its occupants.

Every morning, immediately after reveille roll call, he will thoroughly sweep every part of the floor of his room, brush the dust from the furniture, wood work and curtains, and sweep the dirt collected into the hall. The rooms will not be swept out at any other time during the day.

He will see that a light is in his room immediately after the evening *call-to-quarters*, and extinguished when the occupants are absent on duty.

Every night after tattoo and at or before taps he will cause all the lights in the room not authorized to be extinguished.

He will answer promptly and fully every official question put to him by proper authority concerning his duty as orderly.

The corps is divided into four companies, and in this division the class organizations are not recognized, each company being composed of cadets from all the classes. Each company and its quarters are superintended by an assistant instructor of tactics, who is an officer of the army. The regulations prescribe for each of these officers:

He will inspect the rooms of his division twice, and oftener when necessary, between reveille and tattoo; one of these inspections shall commence between half-past 8 and 10:30 A. M., at which time he will see that the rules and regulations with reference to the police of quarters have been observed in every particular; the other inspections will be principally with reference to the general observance of the academic regulations. He will also frequently inspect between tattoo and reveille.

The inspection between tattoo and reveille is made by the officer in charge, who is one of the assistant instructors in tactics, and whose term of duty continues for twenty-four hours. This officer is stationed at the cadet guard-house. The windows of his office overlook the barrack area or yard, and no cadet can leave the barracks and cross the area without coming under his observation. It is the duty of this officer to be present at every formation and roll-call and to be present in the cadets' mess-hall at their meals. Thus it will be seen that the greatest simplicity prevails in the daily life of the cadet; that he is required to attend to his daily personal wants; that he is held to the most rigid accountability; that he is under constant surveillance and certain to be reported for any infraction of the almost Draconian laws by which he is governed. To those who have not followed this severe system of mental and physical training to its full fruition it seems harsh, cruel and despotic. Those who have seen the raw material furnished for its manipulation, and the perfect product turned out under its operations—have had the opportunity of contrasting the "plebe" when he enters with the graduate as he goes out—would not advocate any mitigation of its severity.

Artificial Light.

From the Boston Herald.

The Beacon Society, to the number of fifty, met recently, and in introducing the principal speaker of the evening, Mr. Richard J. Monks, treasurer of the South Boston Gaslight Company, the presiding officer alluded to him as one of a class to whom so much is due—specialists—who have rarely received the payment due to them, who have given their lives to the study of their art.

Mr. Monks said that the subject of artificial light was very large and worthy of a series of lectures, as it ought to be covered. He referred to the worship of the orbs by the ancients. The Incas claimed to be children of the sun. Light of some sort was associated with those who expected some return from their duty. The practice of fires in open spaces was common in ancient times. As civilization advanced lamp laws were passed to prohibit bonfires. For centuries bonfires were common with the Celtic natives in Europe, especially at festival times. Beacon fires were often used as signals. Their use is mentioned in the Greek tragedy of "Agamemnon." In Spain taxes were levied to sustain beacons at the time of the Armada. In the book of Jeremiah, in the Bible, there is an allusion to the fire signal. There was a mast and tar barrel on Beacon Hill. It was never used and was blown down in 1789.

The use of whale oil originated with the Norwegians. In 1680 the Dutch had 200 vessels, employing 14,000 men, in the business. In New England the whales were caught from small boats. The Indians engaged with avidity in the hunt for whales. In 1858 there were 600 vessels of 200,000 tons burden engaged in the American whale fishery. The argand lamp was first used in 1800. The decline in whale fishery was due to the discovery of oil in Pennsylvania.

Candles were spoken of first in a remote period. Their use really began in the early history of Christianity. As late as the sixteenth century their use was limited. In spite of modern methods the candle is used for certain purposes, and the soft light cannot fail to please the eye. The honor and merit of the first application of coal gas seems to belong to Wm. Murdock, of Redworth, Cornwall. In 1802 he lighted an extensive manufacturing establishment. France also claimed the honor of its first demonstration, but not satisfactorily. January 28, 1807, saw a number of London streets lighted by gas. The amount of £20,000 was raised, and the King petitioned for the incorporation of a company. Two companies supply London at 70 cents per 1,000 cubic feet, and their capital is $60,000,000. Coal gas was first used in Baltimore in 1816, and for some time its progress was slow and unsatisfactory. Now there are over 1,000 works in the United States, furnishing employment to over 25,000 men, a portion being for the manufacture of water gas.

In 1708 a Frenchman discovered the process by which water gas was made. In 1875 Prof. Lowe established the first works in the United States. The business has increased enormously here, but not always, because hard coal and naptha are so expensive. Natural gas has been known and extensively used in Asia and China for a long time. History tells us of a well in France in the time of Julius Cæsar. The first in the United States was in Charleston. The Taylor House in Fredonia, N. Y., was illuminated in 1824 in honor of Lafayette. A few years ago a gas well was discovered in Ocean Spray, near this city [Boston]. The nature and efficiency of natural gas is but partly understood.

Petroleum was known to mankind from the dawn of history. It was spoken of in Sweden in 1750. In Western Pennsylvania it was found on the ground, and used as a medicine many years before wells were bored. In 1858 a well 72 feet deep yielded more than 1,000 barrels a day. Then a reckless spirit of speculation arose. It enriched a few, while it ruined thousands. The standard drill is five and one-half inches, the flow being as great from a small as from a large hole. In 1880 the production amounted to 25,000,000 barrels, and the stock on hand June 1, 1880, was valued at $11,000,000. Russia has valuable deposits at Baku, long known, but just put to commercial use. The value of exports thence in 1883 was $15,000,000. In Russia they are ahead of America, in being able to use the residuum of petroleum. So abundant is the oil in Baku that work can be carried on by its flame in the night, and the oozing of the oil from the ground prevents dust.

In concluding, Mr. Monks said that he had heard a great deal said about the size of the statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island as being the highest statue ever known in modern or ancient times. To test this he had made a scale of the lighthouse Pharos, which had stood in the harbor of Alexandria, and was regarded as one of the seven wonders of the world, making his computations from the account in Josephus and judging from the distance it could be seen at sea. Placing the model of Pharos against a model of the statue of Liberty, the former was seen to be much the higher of the two.

What Glass Eyes Cost.

From the Jeweler's Weekly.

The price of glass eyes is becoming cheaper on account of competition, and at the same time the quality is better than hitherto. A common glass eye may be had for $10, but they are not a good imitation and do not last long. A first-class eye costs $50, or even more. The best will not last over two years, because the secretions in the hollow of the eye roughen the glass by chemical action, and this roughness irritates the flesh. If a person could buy glass eyes at wholesale, by the gross, he could get them for about two dollars apiece. But he would have to look over a great many before finding one to match his other eye in size, color and expression. Glass eyes are all made abroad, principally in Germany and France, no factory having been started here, although there is a great demand for them in this country. A skilled oculist can put a glass eye into the cavity so that a very close observation is necessary to detect it. Not only are the size and color of the natural eye counterfeited, but even the general expression. The oculist has yet to discover means of giving that sympathetic movement which distinguishes a pair of eyes. There is quite a large number of people with glass eyes.

There is no happiness like that of being loved by your fellow-creatures and feeling that your presence is an addition to their comfort.

Evils of Gift-Giving.

Sham and show, perplexity, annoyance, and extravagance have crept into the custom of gift-giving. Though one may make a gift out of the depth of the heart, and do it becomingly and unassumingly, yet it seems as if a dozen influences were bearing on him to force him into a greater expense than he can afford, or to give where he is reluctant to do so, or where he must make a show of the article given. Quiet, unostentatious, spontaneous giving shines brightly, when we find it amid the dreary heartlessness, the gaudy show, and the heartburnings that often accompany the formal giving that is a part of social life.

The reader may call to mind some wedding or birthday anniversary that she is invited to help celebrate. The problem of all problems, even outranking the common "What shall I wear?" then is, "What present shall I send?" It is not enough to go and participate in the social duties and to be cordial in well-wishing and congratulation, for none of this will pardon the neglect or oversight of the gift. There will be the question, "Where is Mrs. Jackson's present?" and then the unpleasant comment if she has made none. So Mrs. Jackson sets out to find some compromise between pride and purse, perhaps poverty, something that costs no more than absolutely compulsory, and yet looks as if it were worth a great deal more, something that the other guests will not look at slightingly, if not speak of contemptuously, or at least think of in the same spirit.

And then the guests compare these proxies of themselves and put themselves on exhibition, after a fashion, about in the same way that they would do if they were to stand up before a committee of critics and have the style and elegance of their clothing passed upon. The show is at last over, but the jealousies and heartburnings remain, the fear that respectability has been endangered by the insignificance of the gift, or the overtopping consciousness of a few that they each made the best, or one of the best, presents of the lot.

Afterward, as is more or less the custom in some parts of the country, the names of the donors and a brief description of their gifts appear in some newspaper, there to undergo further comparison and criticism and all the train of accompaniments. Finally, if the present was valuable enough, it may find its way to a shop where duplicate presents are bought and sold, so little did the receiver care about the personality of the giver, or of such little use is it to the recipient among several other presents of the same kind.

Gift extortion and compulsory gift-making are little less than sinful, if they fall short of that. Gifts are by no means always the token of friendship, and, when combined with the abuses that are often made to accompany them, they are demoralizing; they are unpleasant features of what take the form of duties, and they are dark spots in social life.

Something is wrong when a present is made a test of social standing, or when it is made the prerequisite for performing a social act. There is an opportunity for reform when what is apparently a friendly deed is confessedly empty of honest intent, when it is burdensome, annoying, compulsory, false-hearted, or made for show, or evidence of wealth, or merely for social conformity.

The only excuse that one can make for these abuses of gift-making is that their compulsory features have the effect of putting people into the habit of making presents at a time when their friendly feelings have not become strong enough to prompt the act unaided. With the growth of these feelings, the custom gradually gets a better and surer foundation, and stands more plainly in harmony with civilization. A gift should be an embodiment of sentiment, from which cost should be totally divorced as an element of weight, and with which no social compulsion should be linked, except the compulsion of a spontaneous expression of feeling. The world is not good enough for this yet, but some attempt, if only a feeble one, if general enough, would be a green oasis in the social desert.

THE TERM "KICKER."

An Entertaining Story of the Origin of the Now Popular Phrase.

The term "kicker" belongs to the political phraseology of the times, and is applied to the discontented, dissatisfied, pugnacious, selfish, obstinate voter who does not accept or approve the action of his party. This term, like "boodler," "flat-footed," "level-head," "con. men" and kindred expressions originated within the past ten years, in a sort of spontaneous way, like other special terms past and present. One story of the origin of the phrase "the kicker" is that in Steuben County, N. Y., one Bill Stearns was a noted fighter, whose chief mode of attack and defense was in kicking instead of striking out from the shoulder. Stearns was a local politician as well, and was generally sent to the county conventions as a delegate. On one occasion he represented his town at a gathering which adopted a resolution indorsed by every vote save his own. The chairman, in announcing the result, declared that the measure was adopted "unanimously," whereupon Stearns sprang to his feet and said: "Mr. Chairman I want the secretary to record my vote in the negative. I'm down on the resolutions and if they were left to me to be disposed of, I'd kick 'em into the street." The chairman replied that judging from Stearns' reputation as a "kicker" he could dispose of the resolutions in the manner mentioned, were they turned over to him for that purpose, but that the unanimity of the meeting as to the justice of the measure was so apparent that Stearns might "kick himself instead," if he didn't like them. Bill was thereupon christened "the kicker" by his fellow delegates, and the name clung to him until it was applied in a more public way to the obstinate, pugnacious class of voters that modern politics has produced.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

About Shoes.

Never try to wear a shoe too small or that does not fit when you first put it on. Never let your shoe get hard or dry. Don't let it run down at the heel or side. Never wear into the welt or insole. A shoe repaired in time will retain its shape and comfort, and is true economy. Never put your wet shoes by the fire to dry, but dry them gradually and slowly. Never dry a wet shoe without first applying some oil or grease—castor oil or tallow is the best. The steam generated in a wet boot or shoe will scald it and cause it to crack. Don't use too much force in polishing; a gentle brushing with a soft brush is better than the vigorous work of the bootblack. Don't allow a thick crust of blacking on your shoes. Wash it off occasionaly and apply a little castor oil; you can polish it over in an hour or two. Never try on or handle a patent-leather shoe when cold. Always thoroughly warm it before bending the leather. A patent-leather shoe put on in a warm room can be worn out in the cold weather without injury. Never put a good pair of shoes in rubbers—use an old pair for this, and withdraw the rubbers as soon as you enter a house.