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To Mrs. L. R. S.

BY E. N. W.

Peace! leave thy dead
From out life's casket falls a shell;
The angels gather up the pearl—
A pearl that glimmereth so white
It was doth make death's darkness light
Mourn not, beloved! above its clay;
Peace! leave thy dead and come away.

Yes! leave thy dead
To God who poureth lives apart,
To God the soul he starves the heart;
From out great grief new hope is riven,
From chrysalis the spirit's risen;
Low, shining hands from heaven reach down
To draw thee, loved one! nearer home.
Make not thy mourn above his clay;
Peace! leave thy grave and come away.

Ah! leave thy dead
By at the altar of the Lord
Cast precious jewel of thy love;
Think not, dear one, of lack of deeds,
He wrought his life in noble deeds;
Its both found centre everywhere—
Our forms are but the shrouding here.
Through all God's love he calls to thee,
Oh, leave my grave and come to me!

Oh! leave thy dead
You are enshrining. Lord shall come
Unbidden white robes to call thee home.
Ah! then he'll solve thy doubts away,
As rising sun unveils the day.
And earth and life and death shall unfold
The missing link of God's great whole.
Child! trust thy Father's love to day,
Oh leave and grave and come away.

Yes! leave thy dead
Yea and astonishing. Lord shall come
Unbidden white robes to call thee home.
Ah! then he'll solve thy doubts away,
As rising sun unveils the day.
And earth and life and death shall unfold
The missing link of God's great whole.
Child! trust thy Father's love to day,
Oh leave and grave and come away.

Yes! leave thy dead
All hearts of Bethlehem shall spring in bloom,
Jehovah's breath shall touch the tomb
Death's spoils be torn away from death,
And light through dark breaks into life.
Child! I can feel thee kiss wet with tears
Christ's mission. Love's message bears—
"Thy, though earth's graves I lift my hand,
I love thee and will call dead."

—Washington Chronicle.

Canadian Shrewdness.

[illegible]

Locked.

[illegible]

Song.

BY BATE PARTRIDGE.

[illegible]

TEA-TABLE TALK.

[illegible]

The Angel of the Twilight.

When the long evenings slanting grow
In crystal rafters over the bench,
The roofs of heaven are almost in reach
As I think of my sorrow of long ago.

Once more an old grief comes and wrestles,
As Jacob wrestled at Jabbok's ford—
A death-relentless, with never a word,
But the shadow burdening down the trestles;

And a long foreboding that seemed to grieve,
Like the soldier who over his pallets hears
The whisper of patient, suffering years.
Before he is used to the empty sleeve;

As I kissed and cried over a cold, still face,
In her bridal robes, on her bridal bed,
And ever repeated, She is not dead;
She will come out of her nuptial place,

With flash of laughter and wreathing arms,
The maiden's blush on the cheek of the wife;
She will come back to me, life in life,
In the dower of womanhood's bridal charms.

Or a coming step, I whispered, is here;
She sings the songs that she used to sing;
She comes, like the blossom exhaling spring,
Through violet bed and the clover furze.

And the still sweet dream shall a night keep
The whole night long that she nestles near,
Her warm breath fanning my cheek and ear
As I lie in her loose, light arms of sleep.

If I seek her by day with the voice or hand,
It coils in a doleful owl song,
Or a tale of an ancient, forgotten wrong,
To children who do not understand.

But after the twilight sheds its bloom
Far over the meadows about her home
The unseen angels can go and come,
And roll the stone from the mouth of the tomb.

And she comes in the dews of a paradise,
A holy blessing around me steals;
I feel her presence as one that feels
The gentle light upon closed eyes.

So when the evenings slanting grow
In crystal rafters over the bench,
The roofs of heaven are almost in reach
As I think of my sorrow of long ago.

—Harper's Magazine.

The Brothers.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

We are but two—the others sleep
Through death's untroubled night,
We are but two—O let us keep
The link, that binds us, bright.

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old truth—his honest blood
Makes us family claim.

We in one mother's arms were nursed—
Long he her love repaid;
As the same cradle we were rocked,
Round the same hearth we prayed.

Our boyish sports were all the same
Each little joy and woe;—
Let manhood keep more the flame,
Life was long ago.

We are but two—so close that the hand
To locks in each so fast,
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we fall.

Wine in Social Entertainments.

A paper read before the Women's Temperance Union by a member.

Hospitality is a domestic virtue which cannot be too highly commended. It is expressly commanded in the Bible; and we know that from the days of the Patriarchs, up to the time when Christ was entertained at the house of Lazarus, it was looked upon as a sacred duty.

In our own day, and the existing state of society, it is a power which occupies no mean position in social life. Persons who unite in themselves the means and ability to exercise this power are in a certain sense benefactors in the community, provided they be governed by high moral principle; and the exercise of hospitality is equally a power for evil, when any element of a dangerous nature is allowed admittance.

The custom of offering intoxicating drinks at social entertainments is such an element.

Time, the last twenty-five years have wrought a great change for the better in this regard; but we cannot ignore the fact that the custom is still kept up, to a certain extent, in nearly every community. With some, doubtless, the custom was adopted early in life, when it was more popular than now, and habit has so strengthened it, that it is a matter of course; with others, simply, to introduce some distinguishing characteristic into their entertainments, which could not be applied to by their less fortunate neighbors.

With some the appetite for intoxicating drinks makes them looked upon as a necessity on all occasions, while a few perhaps, under the influence of early associations, find that they fail in the exercise of hospitality if they do not offer wine or other liquors to their guests.

But let us ask, what is the benefit of social intercourse? Is it not that, under the genial influences with which hospitality surrounds us, we for the time forget our own selfish, individual cares and perplexities, and seek to gain some insight into the minds and characters of others? To do this the intellect should be clear, and the moral perception discerning. But the use of intoxicating drinks does not promote either of these conditions.

That the custom of introducing wine or other liquors at dinners or other social entertainments has been the fruitful source of intemperance cannot for a moment be questioned. There are many homes made desolate by the intemperance of father, husband, son or brother, who first learned to love the intoxicating cup at home, in the family circle, where it was associated with the tendrest recollections in life. Many a parent, whose gray hairs have been brought down with sorrow to the grave, by the intemperance and ultimate ruin of a once promising son, has had a painful poignancy, given to his affliction, by the thought that his own hand first dealt the cup of poison to that son.

A child naturally thinks that what his father does is right, and when he sees him drink wine or brandy himself, and offer them to his guests, he thinks it a desirable thing to do, and he looks forward to the time when he shall be enough a man to do likewise. Not unfrequently, too, it happens that the child is allowed to taste the beverage, from time to time, and so, little by little, an appetite for it is cultivated.

That a father, with a proper appreciation of his responsibilities as such, can by his example teach his innocent, trusting child to indulge in the use of that which "at the last bites like a serpent and stings like an adder" is among the mysteries of our poor fallen nature.

And what is true of one's own sons, is equally true of other people's sons. It is as much a sin to tempt a comparative stranger to partake of what may prove his ruin, as to tempt one's dearest friend. And no one can know in whom the appetite lies dormant, ready to be roused into life by the occasion and excitement of social intercourse.

This is preeminently true in regard to the custom of offering wine on New Year's day. Many a young man may have started in the morning with the resolution not to drink during the day, but found his moral courage all too feeble to resist the temptation, when placed before him by the hostesses of the day. A few years ago, it was no uncommon sight, towards evening on New Year's day, to see young men making their round of calls in a condition which gave unmistakable evidence that they at least had not moral courage to refuse.

It is sometimes urged as an apology for offering wine on New Year's day that it is so much easier than to keep hot coffee in readiness. Time, the trouble of preparing the coffee may be greater, but which think you would prove the greater burden to a conscientious, Christian woman, this labor, or the thought, that she may have been instrumental in any degree in sending a young man to his home that night, with his power to resist temptation weakened, and his self-respect wounded, perhaps well nigh gone.

Do not let us deceive ourselves! We are responsible for the consequences of our actions in this matter. In this connection, we have a word to say in relation to a subject which should interest us all.

We have in this City an institution that exerts an influence which is felt in every class in society. We do not mean that the existence of a college here makes the mass of our population more intelligent; by no means. But we do mean that the moral influence of refinement, the culture and the earnest piety embodied in its faculty is potent for good, and, whether we realize it or not, does more than any other one thing to elevate Burlington society above the standard of many other towns of equal size. This is no cause for pride or boasting on our part; for our own wisdom or foresight had nothing to do in the matter. We have simply inherited the benefit. But the inheritance does entail responsibility! And in what way can our citizens best show their appreciation of this blessing? We apprehend that the true way is to widen that influence by contract by opening their houses, and aiding these earnest workers in the cause of education; by throwing around the youth connected with this Institution the restraints of social intercourse, which are essential to every young man, and doubly so to those away from their own homes.

And let our mothers and our daughters see to it that the atmosphere to which they are admitted be pure and elevating; and let no gilded temptation offered by their hands entice them to forsake the paths of sobriety, of virtue and religion.

A Boston lady gave a dinner party on the first Friday of Lent. The dinner was composed entirely of different kinds of fish. These were served in fifteen different ways, and each course was an ascent in the epicurean scale, being more novel and delicious than its predecessors.

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comfort. I left off my flannel waistcoat one night, but was obliged to resume it the next day." On the 30th there was snow at Barnet, within forty miles of London.

A Soul-Wife.

WITCH MAKING OF A MEDIUM—AN IDEAL BROKEN WITH A MAGIC LANTERN SLIDE.

From the New York Tribune.

The emphasis given by Theodore Tilton to his doctrine of soul-love will cause several of the habitues of one of our literary clubs to remember the case of Richard Gouverneur, a wealthy young New Yorker, who was graduated at Harvard three years ago. He returned to New York with almost a mania for astronomy, and out of his immense wealth he proposed constructing a great telescope. But he was a cynic; and believing, in his bitterness of spirit and morbid sensitiveness of tastes, that it is always possible for a man to be cheated in the purity of any woman whom he may marry, he chose for himself a life of celibacy and of devotion to science. Still he had at heart an ideal woman whom no fate could ever cause to fall, and he worshipped her afar off, in poetical abstraction. He had a soul which had never been robbed with beautiful, appreciable flesh.

One day, Gouverneur, for relaxation, dropped into the sanctum of "Dr." Lombard, the spiritualist medium, on Broadway, and saw the manifestations of table-tipping, accordion playing, bell-ringing, chair-warping, hand-shaking and automatic writing. He was a little puzzled, because he could explain, without being able absolutely to detect, the cheats. Indeed he had a notion that he, a scientist, had no business to declare the imposture before he had actually seen or felt the mechanical "influences" which were said to be spiritual. A few nights afterward he again visited Lombard, who was in "good mediumistic condition." The room was examined, the black muslin frame was hung, the lights were turned down, and Gouverneur joined hands with the medium. Presently there came tumultuous rappings, accompanied by feelings of palsied hands on Gouverneur's limbs and face, and then there rose from behind the muslin screen a ball of luminosity that soon spread into an appearance of the face of a French lady so exquisitely beautiful that he felt his sense of horror in the sense of admiration. Tremulously he asked her name, and he heard close to his ear, in a musical whisper, "Helena, your soul's guide."

Gouverneur carried home the scarce a new thought that distracted his mind and his business for many days. "If," said he, absurdly, "one spirit can materialize herself, as the Doctor says, out of the pure elements of the atmosphere, assuming the shape, without the passions, vices, and, what are the same, the possibilities of humanity, why shall I not develop my love to her—let her clothe my ideal woman?" It never occurred to our pallid, sensitive friend that the young French spirit might, when she had really been on earth in sub-spiritual form, have been subject to all the passing vices, and possibilities of the average living woman whom he sought. At his second interview with "Helena," her voice, grown sweeter, informed him that she would soon be able to remain longer, that gradually she was always with him, and that upon, when his "negative" powers were more fully developed, he would be able to have her materialize herself at any darkly moment. What bliss for Gouverneur! She loved him, and he loved—aye, now, without shame, passionately worshipped—a woman's soul in a woman's form. Sweet idea!

It must not be supposed that "Dr." Lombard gave Gouverneur all this for nothing. Dollars filled Lombard's hitherto lean pocket-book, and Gouverneur at last thought proper by means of his wealth to retain for himself alone the services of the man who, despite his economy degenerate, and between him and his other soul, "O Love!" The Doctor was willing, and one night proposed that Gouverneur and Helena should swear fealty in soul-wedlock, with sweet words call themselves spiritually one. "You may even go to her when you die," said Lombard, "where they are neither married nor given in marriage." This saying shocked Gouverneur, who had Christ, and who, being a man, after all wanted chaste and beautiful Helena all for himself on earth, and not spiritually for everybody in the Summer land. He wedded her, and when she said "Richard, we shall can grow our relationship," he replied "Then there can be no kiddie, my sweet Bess."

One night Helena's face and coal-inspiring form appeared above the shining muslin drapery distorted, and immediately disappeared, but her hand, as usual, swept gently over his face in the darkness. She explained to him that the conditions of the atmosphere were unfavorable—she could not materialize, she her soul was the same. But Gouverneur was insane, and having lost his ideal, wanted the real. The Doctor, for his fees, charged, he had to pay up the sum of dollars of darkness, and likewise his umbrella, with which she presented, "Helena" to her future nephew like the Bishop Bishop, and at the mobile Uriah. Called to answer for this assault, the venerable lady presented theological reasons, controlling her explanations with a vigorous and not unpopular denunciation of the poor young man, who, as she gracefully remarked, "is worse than a thundering idealist." That was the last we heard of him.

How some of dead gamblers came to grief would be for the Virginia City (Nev.) *Enterprise*. These men, it says, are usually executed judges of cards for and are seldom mistaken in their aces. Sometimes, however, their judgment is at fault, and the apparently dead entire into their parlors proves a live tenantless. The other day at Battle Mountain they allured a German from the road, who carried a large roll of greenbacks on the platform, into the spoiler's nest. The "deadlies were" was on a big spree when he expected victim entered, and was doing many as every lot. The German declined to sit and get him into the game of "seven up" for a $20 piece in which every one lost. He placed it on a card and won. Pocketing the $40 he received it back again, and walked out of the house followed by the suppers, who insisted on getting the money back. The German drew a large-sized revolver from his pocket, and assuming a defiant attitude, said "You speak to me I put you so full of holes you don't know who you are. I am an old Californian, and know all about your tricks. You take me for an emigrant, you makes dead out of yourselves." The three-carders allowed that they had caught a tartar as they saw their would-be victim board the train, as the conductor shouted "all aboard" and left them lamenting.

Salt-cellars, pickaxes and things that like beautiful dreams about the modern birds. Fond affection blooms into cashmere shawls, and deep devotion richly shines in pink petticoats. All this is ordinary, very ordinary. The sort of things that would most rapidly overwhelm with joy a trusting girl and suggest the thoughtful love of true-hearted friends, were lately bestowed upon a young Chicago lady. These were: First, a pair of pebble-cut shoes from the bride's brother-in-law; second, a half-dozen cow-knives and a kerosene lamp from the bridegroom; third, a mop, broom, and potato-masher from an unknown friend; fourth, a can of kerosene and a bundle of kindlings from the bride's mother-in-law; also, a nutmeg-grater and some mantel ornaments from her school-friends. These, now, are the gifts that rouse the best and purest feelings of one's nature and combine usefulness and quiet elegance.

In June, 1815, Mr. Adams (John Quincy) and his family "rode round the streets to see the the illuminations for the great victory of the 18th,"—the battle of Waterloo, —which he had anticipated six weeks before. "They were not general, nor very magnificent. The whole range of their vanity was 'Wellington and Blucher,' 'Victory,' 'G. P. R.,' and 'G. R.' The transparencies were very few, and very bad." In December, he saw apparently for the first time the gas lamps then recently introduced into the streets of London. "In our walk into the city this day," he writes, "I was struck with the gas-lights, which are introduced in the streets and most of the shops in the neighborhood of the Mansion House. They are remarkably brilliant and shed a light almost too dazzling for my eyes. They are also attended with an inconvenience of offensive smell, which I thought perceptible even in the streets, and they are thought to be unhealthy. For lighting streets, however, and open places, it is probable they will supersede the use of oil." Of the famous cold summer of 1816, he writes on the 28th of August:—"There has not been this whole summer one day of steady sunshine, not one day of heat, not one night when a coverlet and blanket could have been thrown off with

GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

I gave my wife a little check;
A little check to change for gold;
Because she loved to dress herself
In costumes rich and manifold.
And in return what did my wife,
Of all the meanest tricks that be?
She spent the gold quite otherwise,
And gave her bills unpaid to me.

I gave my wife a word of wrath;
A word of wrath to do her good—
Because she had not spent my gold
The way I told her that she should.
And in return what did my wife,
Of all the dreadful things that be?
No gold or word of wrath gave back,
But she divorced herself from me!

—*Lady's Fair.*

Talking of salaries in the learned professions, it is estimated that the receipts of great actors in our day will about equal those of great lawyers. Edwin Booth has made as high as $12,000 a month. Jefferson has made even more. This year, in a season of forty weeks, Clara Morris will net about $70,000; Charlotte Thompson about half as much. Boucicault, combining his royalty as dramatist and his percentage as star actor, is making two thousand dollars a week at Wallack's theatre in New York. Great physicians, but only a few even of these, make incomes comparable to those made by great lawyers and great actors. Mott, Parker, and Clarke, have made as high as one hundred thousand dollars each in the course of one year. In comparison with these professions the divines and editors make but paltry compensation. Ten thousand dollars a year is a salary paid but to about four employed editors in the country, while Messrs. Beecher and Chapin are the only divines whose income reaches beyond twenty thousand dollars. Of lecturers, John B. Gough makes the largest income. His average price is two hundred and fifty dollars a lecture. Of these he will in a year deliver about one hundred, netting about twenty-five thousand dollars a year. The great lawyer, the great physician and the great actor are said to be the best paid brain workers in America.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* writes to that journal Novelists in search of a story might do well to work up a most novel and romantic case which has just come before the Petition Committee of the Assembly. The facts are briefly these: Jean Thierry, the son of a cobbler, ran away from his parents in search of adventure at the age of fourteen. After going round the world in various characters, he met with a rich friend, who left him his fortune, with which he finally settled down in Venice, where he died and bequeathed all he had, amounting to 20,000,000 francs, to his family. This was in 1676. As soon as the fact became known, Thierrys from all parts of France rushed to Venice, but the bank, after paying large sums to persons who were subsequently found to have no legitimate claim, stopped short, and put the matter in the hands of the law, where it appears to have slept till 1797. In that year Bonaparte destroyed the Republic of Venice, and seized the public treasury, together with the Thierry succession. Since then no less than 100 persons have laid claim to it successfully. The last alleged heir is Mme. Cotton, who swears she is the only descendant in a direct line. The Petition Committee put aside her claim on the ground that the matter is before the tribunal. Such appears, in fact, to be the case, but as it has already been three since 1869, it is likely to remain there a few years longer. The succession is said to amount now to 100,000,000 francs.

An old farmer purchased some sweet oil in a drug store, and being asked if there was "anything else," he laid several packages on the counter, held up a hand with several strings tied on the fingers, and said "Let's see. That red string is for the liver, that rag is for a broken, that blue ribbon is for a cellar disease, that braid means four pounds of sugar, and the other string is for sweet oil. Yes—nothing more."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Miss May Read is going to engage in West Hill business manager for that well-known and popular individual, "He who rides May Read."

A Minnesota Dogberry has decided the stealing rails from a fence is not stealing at all, that a fence is a part of the poetry, and real estate cannot be stolen.

The California miner is peculiarly generous. Money is no object to him. One of them arrived in New York the other day, got drunk and lost a bag containing two barrels of gold and $2,000 in currency. He tried around until it was found, and then he gave the finder seventy-five cents.

A curious anecdote respecting Sir George Westphal and Lord Nelson is not generally known. When lying bleeding from a wound in the head in the cockpit of the Victory, Sir George had his head placed upon the coat of Nelson who had just then been brought down stricken to death. Afterwards it was found that three of the bullions from Nelson's epaulettes had got into the gaping wound in Sir George's head, and as they could not be got out then they had to be cut off. Some years after, when Sir George was asked if he would be able to recognize a coat offered to Greenwich hospital as that worn by Nelson, the circumstance led him to identify it directly by the loss of the bullions which had stuck in his wounded head were missing from it.

A German, fresh from the old country, was shown to a hotel in one of the western cities. Now, it happens that in this hotel there stop a number of hotel runners, and behind the office counter hang several large bunches of railroad checks; on witnessing which, as they stepped up to the counter together, the Teuton exclaimed "Mein Gott on you does mit me? Vot for you hang me in shell on I does nodings? Teh no tie!" He then proceeded to get up and get.

Recently a man fell a depth of 110 feet into a chasm in the Swiss mountains. He was unhurt. His escape was attributed to the miraculous intervention of a saint, whose image he wore. One of the newspapers ridiculed this fancy, and the government authorities have proceeded against the newspapers for "attacking the conscience and morals of the public and for a gross and gratuitous insult to the persons professing the church religion."

Grasshoppers in the Stomach.

He was from Nebraska. He had eaten nothing but grasshoppers since the 4th of July, 1874, and his stomach was in an awful condition—it was full of grasshoppers! He could feel them jumping about and trying to kick their way out, but their toe-nails scratched his alimentary canal, and a spasmodic movement of the muscles of his thorax forced them back into the cavity before they reached the root of his tongue. He had left a wife and nine famished children at home, and had come to St. Louis to collect funds to save his neighbors from starvation. He had not been successful—perhaps because his "credentials" were not strong enough. And now, if the barkeeper would accommodate him with a spoonful of whiskey—it was the only thing that would keep the grasshoppers quiet in his stomach, it kinder stupified them, and caused them to lie dormant for several hours, but as soon as they aroused up they became as lively as crickets, and played leapfrog in the pit of his stomach. He had killed a good many of them with whiskey, but their eggs were all the time hatching, and he believed there were at least 10,000 live ones occupying the space designed by nature for the laboratory of bread and meat and such things. He had no money, but if the barkeeper would trust him for a few drops of cowfoot, he would remunerate him out of his first collections for the sufferers. By adding a little peppermint and a few grains of sugar to the liquor, the medicine would be made more potent; or if there was no peppermint convenient, a drop of ginger would do as well.

The barkeeper deeply sympathized with the grasshopper-stricken people of Nebraska. He pitied any man who had grasshoppers in his stomach. If whiskey and peppermint and ginger, or anything else his bar afforded, would relieve him, he was welcome to partake. He could not except thanks for so small a favor; was only sorry he didn't have whiskey and peppermint enough to destroy all the grasshoppers in Nebraska.

The barkeeper poured two tablespoonfuls of the essence of Jamaica ginger into a tumbler, added an equal quantity of pepper-sauce, shook in a thimbleful of cayenne pepper, emptied a small vial of sulphuric acid on top, and then sprinkled a few drops of tangle foot over the mixture, and handing the tumbler to the Nebraskian, told him to "swallow it quick." The grasshopper-plagued stranger waited for no second invitation, but poured the decoction down his throat at one full swallow.

"How do you like it?" asked the barkeeper.

The grasshoppered individual made no reply. His eyes rolled in their sockets, and the tears ran out of them in streams. His mouth was open wide enough to swallow the barkeeper and all his decanters. He placed both hands over his stomach and cast an imploring glance toward the water pitcher.

"Do you feel 'em crawl?" said the barkeeper, in the anxious tone of a sick nurse.

The stranger made no reply, but continued to press his stomach and water the floor with his tears.

"Take some of this horse radish," said the barkeeper; "it will do you good."

The stranger still made no reply, but gradually his mouth grew smaller, and his lips contracted, and the air rushed into his throat with a whistling sound, like the winter wind through a broken window pane. At length the barkeeper took compassion upon his writhing customer and gave him a glass of ice water to cool his throat. When the stranger was able to speak he looked reproachfully at the "medicine man," and said:

"See here, stranger, if that's the kind of stuff you give a man for grasshoppers, I'd like to know what in——you'd give a feller if he had a tapeworm!"—*St. Louis Dem.*

From the Springfield Union.

Scotch Second Sight.

While our historical critics or skeptics are turning not a few formerly accepted fact into fables, there seems to be a chance for some things to arrive at the dignity of substantial reality, which have been thitherto long laughed at as intentional or unintended delusions. That singular power of prevision which has a great antiquity among the Highland Scotch, has been set down among the auld wives' fancies by most people who have heard of it beyond its own immediate locality. And others, who have not been disposed thus to make jest of it, have turned it over into the limbo of unanswerable conundrums, rather thinking that the "matter of fact" has a good deal more to do with it than any mere honest operator. But it is possible that, after all, we have here also another of those eccentricities of abnormal human action which are to find their common explanation neither in demoniacal or any other spiritual agency; but are to come, by and by, into the regular categories of scientific phenomena, marked and classified and hung up in our museums of curiosities just like any wired skeletons. If Mr. Fairfield's "New Solution of an old Puzzle," in Scribner, is on the right track to explain the *Kaiser Kang* and similar marvels, it would appear to be very easy to bring the Scotch second sight under the action of his "nerve aura" theory, for many of its strange exhibitions are much like those more recent performance among ourselves, and may well to set down as effects of the same nervous disorder to which, as a center, is tethered a startling circle of strange sensorial impressions and preternatural states of consciousness, involving in its nocturnal aspects premonitory dreams, and in its diurnal, the element of prevision.

In the fourth volume of the diary and correspondence of Samuel Pepys are several letters which this inquisitive and gossipy old virtuoso drew from some of his Scotch friends, containing quite a number of these wierdly prophetic revelations, which are vouched for by gentlemen of high intelligence and social standing as well as undoubted honesty, among them eminent divines and members of the nobility. One of the latter, Lord Reay, "a nobleman of parts and learning," tell Pepys these among other incidents, from within his own circle of observation. A servant woman (residence and name given) told her mistress that she saw a gallows-rope around her brother's neck, who was, so far as known, an honest man; which so displeased her mistress that she put the servant out of the house. But, strange enough, this brother was sentenced to be hung, August 22, 1668. By the intercession, however, of several gentlemen, the sentence was reversed, they becoming bail for his future good conduct, which occasioned one of the gentlemen to tell the woman that for once at least, she had been mistaken, to which she replied, that the man wasn't dead yet but would certainly be hanged. And so he was, on the 15th of February. Some time after, a young man had been caught at his old tricks. Now, if this shrewed Scotch lassie had seen the rope, or her mistress of her own to guess that this man's neck would make acquaintance with a gallows rope, which does not, however, appear in the narrative, the next relation given by Lord Reay, in another letter to Pepys, would admit of no such explanation. It was follows: A gentleman in the county of Ross visiting one Drynie, his host, hurriedly called him to the door on some business, fainted in a great fright, and owning to it confessed to stay that night in the house, for with his wife went to a farmer's hard by, and being asked by the farmer's wife who he left his cousins, said, because he knew Drynie would die that night, for when they went to the door he saw his winding sheet about him. Accordingly, Drynie did die that night, though he went to bed in usual health. "I had this story," says Lord Reay, "from Drynie's own son, the farmer, his servant, and the man himself who saw it. For my own part I am fully convinced of this sight; but what to attribute it to I know not." The nerve atmosphere and an epileptic abnormalism may perhaps solve the problem.

Pepys gets into another of his letters correspondents, Henry, second Earl of Clarendon, this account of the singular death of his own wife. Another earl, Newborough, and a Scotch gentleman, were dining with Clarendon. Sunday and taking together after dinner, the Scotchman drew his attention to himself by looking very long and intently at Clarendon's wife, a beautiful young woman. Being asked the reason of this, he replied that he saw blood on her. This profound rather a dry laugh among them, and the company broke up. The lady was then in perfect health, but, the next month, she fell ill of the small pox, on the ninth day she died at the nose, and in the afternoon blood burst forth again from nose and mouth with great violence, and about eleven at night she died "almost weltering in blood." The Scotchman had never seen the lady, except at the dinner party. Her husband night very well say that it was wonderful that a man looking thus casually on a woman should give such a prognostic.

Still another of these correspondents of the inquisitive diarist, Lord Talbot, contributes to this collection of stories, with some attempt at explaining the marvels, though not eminently successful. He notes, however, a few things which run in the line of the Scribner theory. Thus, the subjects of this anomalous condition fail it a troublesome possession, affecting them mordacently. The degree of the power seems to be in the ratio of physical vigor. The sight is not of long duration, but only continuing so long as the eyes were steadily fixed. They can see their absent friends at a great distance, sometimes as far as from Scotland to America, sitting, walking, standing. This Lord Talbot relates the following: He was travelling in the Highlands with a number of servants, when one of them, going a little ahead to enter a house where they were to spend the night, started back with a screech and fell almost a stone at the door. Being interrogated as to the cause of his fright, he answered that they must not lodge there, for shortly a coffin would be carried out of the house, for he saw people bearing one from it. His master, however, concluded to remain at the place, and before morning the landlord, a robust Highlander, died of an apoplectic fit. A yet more curious story is this, from the same source: A gentleman in the isle of Harris was always seen by the seers with an arrow sticking in his thigh, so that the impression became general that he would die of an arrow wound. He did not, however, nor of any accident. At his funeral another person was also brought to be buried at the same church, whereupon a dispute arose about precedence, and a fight followed between the respective parties. In the melee a man armed with bow, let fly a shaft into the the crowd, and, the dead men being carried on open biers to the grave, this arrow actually stuck in the thigh of the predestinated victim, of all of which Lord Tarbut's friend and informant, Sir Norman McLeod, was the personal witness. But with regard to this and most of these marvels, the question is continually arising, what useful end is answered by this faculty of prevision, and its attendent abnormal powers? We have the same stumbling block here as in all our recent exhibitions of materialization and the like. This is enough to rule all orders of sensible and rational spiritual beings out of the philosophy of them, —and this is one of the strongest reasons why their explanation must be looked for in some of the yet occult forces of a mechanical science. If Mr. Fairfield's "gray nervous spectre" is to clear up the whole wonderment satisfactorily, it will be a very welcome and obliging spectre indeed.

—It is very clear, we think, to the thoughtful observer that the wayfaring man is not sitting down on the coal-hole covers on Broadway so much as he formerly was. There was a time last winter when the average man, and sometimes even melancholy and serious persons, could hardly resist the temptation to sit down on them. People struck them, and in the most absurd manner sat down as though they had been looking for several blocks for a good place to sit down and draw a match. Owners of real estate saw that this sort of thing was wearing out the sidewalk, and went to work to stop it. So last fall they bored holes in the covers and stuck them full of of iron pegs. Scarcely anybody sits down on them now. Everybody goes around them. It is a very remarkable invention.—*New York Tribune.*

Lucy H. Hooper, in the Philadelphia *Press*, tells the following story of a gold eater, who came near paying for his folly with his life. He laid a wager one day that he could swallow one hundred and twenty francs in gold. The wager was accepted, the money, (ten franc (two dollar) pieces, was absorbed, and the foolish man soon became so ill that he was transported to the hospital. There an active course of treatment soon brought to light eleven of the twelve gold pieces, but the twelth remained obstinately hidden. An abscess forming in the larynx, its whereabouts was revealed in a somewhat dangerous fashion. All efforts for its removal proved fruitless, and a total extinction of voice ensued. The other day, during a violent attack of coughing, the abscess broke, and the tenfranc piece was coughed up. In the midst of his relief the ungrateful scamp was furious because the hospital authorities insisted upon returning the coin to its lawful owner, and would not permit him to keep it.

Henry Cort, the inventor of the puddling furnace, was born at Lancaster, England, in 1740, and died in 1800. In 1765 he was navy agent, in Surrey street, Strand. While conducting this business he found that the navy required iron in larger masses than could be made in England, and this led to the invention. After years of study and many expensive experiments, in 1775 he erected a forge and and an iron mill near Portsmouth, which was subsequently confiscated by the government for claims against a partner, and Cort, in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, died poor.

In Dahomey, when two friends meet they join their middle fingers together in such a way that their joints crack. If they find a hollow tree in which wild bees have laid up honey, they at once smoke the bees stupid, and cut honey, wax, bees and all. The children eat rats and field mice, which they catch by means of baskets woven in the form of long tubes. The grown people feast on the bodies of their enemies killed in battle, elephant meat, dried till it looks like a log of wood, dogs and the termites. If a horse or donkey is ill he is dosed with raw pork, but a human being has for medicine a few verses of the Koran, made soft in water.

Some very mean jokes are perpetrated upon the medical profession, and we don't wonder that its members take much pleasure in administering unseemly doses to people, and cutting off legs and arms as often as opportunity offers. They have provocation enough, goodness knows. See here, now, what the Paris correspondent of the *Graphic* writes in his last letter. We don't believe a word of it, and only copy the stuff in order that may be reproduced as it deserves. A lunatic was buried from the insane asylum known as Ville Evard yesterday, whose treatment by Dr. Lunger and its results furnish great interest to medical men and authors. He was a German banker named Wolff, who had become so enfeebled by phthisis that his physician saw no help for him unless through the transmission of foreign blood into his veins. As none of his relations or friends were disposed to lend themselves to the operation—which is oftentimes very dangerous—the doctor decided to supply the blood from a goat owned by Wolff. To put the day into effect the operation the patient displayed great nervousness and quite wild delirium, induced by the enfeebling of his brain, and the physician was strongly tempted to postpone it, but finally decided otherwise. Scarcely was the quantity of blood injected in his veins than Wolff immediately gave indications of mental alienation, which in less than twelve hours second to have taken a decided character and of such violence that it was necessary to remove him to a room of safety. The force of his fury was incredible, he trying to assault his attendants with his hand, after the manner of an enraged goat, and bellowing in the same time for grass. Afterwards days of such fury he expired. The case was of deeply curious interest, as a somewhat educated person, moreover, who seemed to lose the nature of the creature from which the transfusion is made, is believed in the veins of the receiver as well as in his mind. It has been strongly criticised. The report published upon the German banker certainly verifies the author's statements. Dr. Lunger might serve some further by experimenting upon a confirmed lunatic by injecting all the wild blood, and filling the veins from some gentle creature, like ewe lamb.

Royal Marriages.

[illegible]

There is no idiotic romance in royal marriages that when it does exist I think the good example should be followed. Sir, I must tell you the circumstances of the Empress of Russia's marriage, as I learned them from one who is very near and dear to her.

Like the Princess of Wales, she was one of a numerous and poor family, but, unlike that charming princess, she was not beautiful, and no hopes were founded upon her making a marriage which would add glory to the highest princes of Hesse Darmstadt. Such, however, was decreed to be the case, and the projects of what was were overturned by the simply expiring of the Russian heart. Alexandre Nicolajewitsch, Grand Duc Heritier, was in the year 1841 a charming young prince of 23, who, having reached the age when it was thought necessary that he should take a wife and perpetuate the imperial line of Russian monarchs, went forth on a voyage of discovery amongst marriageable princesses, great and small, armed with a list of the twelve eligible names, and quite decided to choose one from among them. Prince Orloff, who accompanied His Imperial Highness as mentor and guide, affirmed and confirmed by each nearly the state of indifferent docility in which his future sovereign pursued his round, and at last wrote begging Emperor Nicholas to indicate a preference which would help to turn the balance, and decide the important question. Before the answer was received, fate conducted the wanderer to the theatre, where the first person upon whom the young Grand Duc's eyes alighted attentively was the Princess Marie Maximilianne of Hesse modestly seated in the second row of her father's box.

"Who is that young person?" asked His Imperial Highness; and when Prince Orloff replied he added decidedly, "Let future Empress of Russia!"

"But her name is not even on the list!" cried the poor Prince Orloff.

"No matter, we will make it first!" replied the headstrong youth; and as he proved as good as his word, the unconscious Princess Marie was in due form demanded in marriage, and has ever since been the faithful and beloved of a good and great monarch.

There first son Nicolas——, who died in Nice a few years since, had likewise his page of romance; but which closed for him, poor boy! ere its realization. He was betrothed to Dagmar, Princess of Denmark, and had so high an appreciation of her qualities that on his death-bed he entreated her to become the wife of his brother Alexandre; and in 1866 that princess did, indeed, fulfil the death-bed request of one who thus left him not only throne, but a wife. He is, it seems, a man of great promise, combinding the firmness and discipline of his grandfather Nicholas, with the erudition and charm of the present Emperor.

Whilst I am on the chapter of kings, past and present, I may as well tell you that the "on dit" which has undoubtedly reached you, of the projected marriage between the French Prince Imperial and the youngest daughter of Queen Victoria, is perfectly founded, and the best proof—were such proof needed—is that the Queen has indorsed the last loan put in circulation in England by the Empress Eugenie. Oddly enough, Her Majesty has overcome her prejudices against Protestants marrying Roman Catholics, but, since she has already accepted a husband for one of her daughters belonging to the Greek church, the second step is but a very slight one, and civilization will undoubtedly profit by extending the limit of royal marriages, rather than continuing in the frightful abuse of keeping to near blood.

Bishop Doane, who recently ordered special prayers for rain, says in a card in the Albany *Times*:

It seems a little short of irreverent trifling with a great mystery, and irreverent ingratitude for a great mercy, to question that the abundant fall of snow, followed by the past gentle and gradual thaw, is truly God's answer to the many prayers—some worded one way and some another—which have been offered to the throne of grace.

A snow storm prevailed in the southern section of England Wednesday.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

Letter From New York.

THE BROOKLYN TRIAL.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1875.

To the Editor of the Free Press and Times:

There is no need to tell you that the great trial over in Brooklyn, is still "going on." It was with no little satisfaction and relief that many said to themselves, on Wednesday, "the prosecution has closed—now at last, after seven weeks of hearing one side there is to be a chance to hear the other, and to know what the defendant will say or prove as to these things." Mr. Tracy's statement is to-day to be closed; and it is not too much to say that he has surprised both sides of the public by the force and clearness of his presentation thus far. It has been wondered why he should take the "opening" of the case rather than one of the famous lawyers who are associated with him; but he did not desire it, they themselves did, thinking, and rightly, as the event shows, that he would do it well. Gen. Tracy's study of the case has been thorough and his knowledge of it is deep. It is said that one of his rooms is devoted to the "Beecher trial" matter. The walls are divided off in pan