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Miscellaneous Selections.

PULPIT FLOWERS.

I LOVE the flowers. I love their tints and graces,
Their radiant beauty, and their odors sweet;
And everywhere I look on their bright faces,
I hold their presence sweet.

Poor is the home, though grand, that has no garden,
Where spring's first breath in the pale snow-drop blows;
And where the perfect June to its fair warden
Pays fief in blushing rose.

Dear to my sight are blossoms at Love's altar,
That drop their fragrance on the timid bride—
White seals of faith, too strong and pure to falter,
Whatever lot betide.

Nor welcome less pale flowers before the chancel
That quivering hands upon the coffin spread,
Where their celestial beauty seems to cancel
The dust-doom of the dead.

Oh, beautiful alike in joy and sadness,
To crown the pallid bride of Love or Death:
Earth has no gloom beyond the spell of gladness
In their dear bloom and breath.

And so my heart falls not out with the fashion
That lifts the rose and lily to the place
Where reverent eyes gaze dimly on Christ's passion,
And faint hearts seek Christ's grace.

On either side the consecrated preacher—
Like priests of old that Moses' hands sustained—
These pulpit flowers recall the perfect Teacher,
By His own hand ordained.

With tearful eyes the lilies I consider,
Sweet symbols of my Father's love for me,
That make the world beside a false, vain bidder,
My end and crown to be.

The odors that are poured from each rare chalice
My ardent soul makes incense clouds, that rise
Beneath my prayers up to my King's fair palace,
In heaven's unfathomed skies.

Each perfect crest and crown of floral beauty,
By faith translated to my soul, becomes
A blossom on the barren rod of duty,
And covers it with blooms.

And if, than empty speech, I choose them rather,
Their sweet dumb lips to eloquence shall break;
And from the lilies of my Lord I'll gather
Sweet lessons for His sake.

So, for the pulpit flowers that bloom on Sunday,
To whose sweet thought provides them, thanks and love;
I pray their hands twine brighter garlands one day,
In Paradise above

—*Harper's Monthly for September.*

A NIGHT AT CASTLE KEVIN.

THE GOVERNESS'S STORY.

My first view of Castle Kevin disappointed me exceedingly. I had expected to see a real feudal castle, like those of which I had read in Sir Walter Scott's novels, with moat and battlements, portcullis, and drawbridge complete. What I did see was a big, irregular house, time-worn and weather-beaten; so clothed with lichen, moss, and ivy, as to seem less the handiwork of man than a portion of the wild nature around it.

But as some faces, at first sight rugged and unlovely, grow upon us when we learn to know them, so this ancient dwelling grew upon me, until I found beauty in its very irregularity. Oh, modern architects of eligible villas and commodious eight roomed family residences, how you would have been disgusted with the amount of space wasted in that great rambling mansion—wasted utterly on passages branching off to nowhere in particular, staircases by which nobody ever seemed to go up or down, and musty closets given over to the rats. To those non-rent-paying tenants were also abandoned sundry unoccupied rooms, wherein they gnawed, squeaked, and scampered to their hearts' content.

With one exception, I found the human inhabitants of Castle Kevin very much like other folks. The Earl was commonplace and pompous, the Countess was commonplace and, fussy, Lady Winifred— No; I wont call her commonplace—my dear little pupil, of whom I was so fond. Still, I must confess that there was nothing very remarkable about her. Her elder sister, Lady Jane, was, on the contrary, quite unlike any one I had ever seen before. She was wonderfully beautiful; everybody owned that—the men who admired her, and the women who envied her. She could also, when she chose, be very fascinating; but she did not always choose, for she had a temper as variable and uncertain as the Irish skies above Castle Kevin—and that is saying a good deal.

During the autumn the old house was filled with guests, whose gay presence completely metamorphosed it. Among them was a young a wealthy baronet—Sir Hugh Shafto—to whom Lady Jane was engaged. They were to be married in a few months.

The winter set in early, and with a severity very uncommon in that part of Ireland. One night, at bedtime, snow was falling, and in the morning it lay several inches deep. Winifred begged for a holiday, and signified her intention of constructing a snow-image in the west garden—a sheltered spot near the school-room window.

"Not a horrid man," she said, "like the one my cousins made last Christmas—with an old hat on and a pipe in his mouth; but a lovely, graceful statue. I'm afraid the features will be troublesome—the nose, for instance; still the general effect will be good. Hugh and Jane have promised to help me, and so has Mr. Cardigan."

Sir Hugh and Mr. Cardigan were the only visitors remaining, and they intended leaving early the following morning. I had taken cold, and could not venture out; so I sat at the window and watched the merry quartet at work. Snow is not the best material for a statue, nor were they very efficient sculptors; however, they succeeded in raising a figure—not exactly lovely or graceful, yet rather less uncouth than such things generally are. Then Winifred—the little romp—flung a snowball at Mr. Cardigan, who chased her with cries of vengeance, until they were both out of sight and hearing.

Lady Jane and Sir Hugh Shafto lingered yet awhile in the garden. What a pretty picture they made! She in her scarlet cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her head, forming such a charming setting for her fair, smiling face; he looking down proudly at her, one of her hands clasped in his. Presently, with an air of ownership, he placed the little hand upon his arm, and they walked slowly away. The low murmur of their voices just reached me. Ah, how pleasant life was for them, I thought. I did not grudge them their happiness; but being quite alone, and somewhat weary, I turned from the window with a wistful sigh.

In the evening, when Winifred had left me, I settled myself luxuriously by the school-room fire, with a book that I had found in the library—a collection of legends, containing many illustrations of an uncanny and grewsome nature. I had become absorbed in a particularly horrible story, when I was startled by a light, cold touch upon my shoulder; and, turning round, I saw that Lady Jane had entered noiselessly and was standing behind me.

She laughed mischievously.

"How nervous you are, Miss Wacie," she said. "I have really terrified you; and as I have come to ask a favor, that was very bad policy. May I stay here with you for a while? This is a far cosier place than the drawing-room, and will be better still if we put out the lamp and content ourselves with the firelight. Oh, I'm so tired of those people!"

Those people! There were no guests except Mr. Cardigan and Sir Hugh Shafto; and this was her lover's last night at Castle Kevin.

"Will they not miss you?" I asked.

She drew herself up haughtily.

"Whether they miss me or not is entirely my own affair. If you do not desire my company, that is, of course, another matter."

I by no means desired it. Lady Jane was apparently in one of her strange moods; and besides, I felt sure that her parents would be annoyed, and Sir Hugh grieved by her absence. However, I could only say that she was welcome, hoping, even while I uttered the polite falsehood, that somebody might be sent in search of her. But no one came.

She extinguished the lamp, stirred the fire into a blaze, and seated herself opposite to me. I had laid my book on the table, and she took it up.

"What have you been reading?" she asked. "Goblin stories, to judge by the pictures. Do you believe in ghosts, Miss Wacie?"

I—lately imported from the matter-of-fact atmosphere of Polyglot House—believe in ghosts! I denied all supernatural fears, with perhaps unnecessary vehemence.

Lady Jane smiled a little mocking smile that nettled me.

"That is well," she said, "for of course this house is haunted; and if you do happen to meet the ghost—or ghosts rather, for there are two of them—you won't mind. You know that door on the left hand of the passage near your bed-room?"

The door in question opened on a staircase leading to some rooms that Winifred and I had explored one wet afternoon. They were mere dilapidated garrets, containing only some worm-eaten furniture put there to be out of the way. In the furthest of them we found a small door, secured by rusty bolts, which we drew back with much difficulty. It gave access to a narrow platform on the roof—a dangerous standing-place, for it had no parapet nor protection of any kind; and I hasteded to re-enter the garret, pulling my pupil in with me. I told this to Lady Jane.

"It is there that the ghosts walk," she said. "Winnie does not know of their existence, or she would certainly have avoided their territory. But you shall hear their story if you like."

"The Lord Conyngton of Charles I.'s time married a young Frenchwoman of noble family, Gabrielle de St. Meurice by name—one of the ladies who had accompanied Queen Henrietta Maria to England. She was very lovely—I must show you her picture; it is in the Blue Chamber, the room Sir Hugh occupies at present—and the Earl almost idolized her; but he was jealous and could not bear to witness the attention she received from the courtiers, especially from a French Marquis, her cousin, to whom it was reported she had formerly been attached. So he brought her to this lonely place—lonelier than now, and dangerous too; for in those days the Irish were wild folks indeed. The petted court favorite pined in her solitude; but Lord Conyngton had her all to himself, and for a time was content. By degrees, however, his suspicions revived. He watched her almost unceasingly, and at last his vigilance was rewarded.

"One winter's night, while wandering about, he saw footsteps in the newly fallen snow—a man's footsteps—and traced them to a part of the house where the ivy, which grew thick and strong, was torn and some of its leaves scattered over the white ground. He returned to the house, and in one of those old rooms found his wife with her cousin, who had climbed up by the ivy, and entered through the small door opening on the roof. He now attempted to escape by the same way; but Lord Conyngton followed and grappled with him on the narrow platform. The Marquis fought for his life; but his opponent was stronger, and after a brief struggle, flung him into the court-yard below.

"When the enraged husband returned to where Gabrielle lay cowering on the floor, there was that in his face that made her rise and flee from him; but he overtook her, and stabbed her, heedless of her cries and her prayers, and her arms clinging around him.

"Long afterward some letters were found which entirely proved the poor lady's innocence, showing that she had met her kinsman only to arrange some plan of escape from her weary life here to her relations in France. Upon this discovery, Lord Conyngton, overcome by remorse, entered a monastery, where he died; as he left no children, the title and estates passed to our branch of the family. But his spirit and Gabrielle's still haunt the scene of the tragedy; and she has often been heard crying, as on that dreadful night, for 'Mercy—mercy!'"

"As for the ghost part," said I, "I don't believe a word of it. But was Lord Conyngton suffered to go unpunished for that double murder?—was there no inquiry?"

"History is silent on that point," said Lady Jane; "but I don't suppose there was a coroner's inquest. Crime was too easily hushed up in those good old times—especially here in Ireland, where people seemed to do very much as they liked."

We remained silent for a while—Lady Jane gazing into the fire, I watching her, and thinking how beautiful she looked. She was dressed in white—no color about her but her blue eyes, her masses of dark hair, and an ornament that hung low upon her neck—a diamond-encircled opal—that glowed and flashed in the firelight. It was a present from Sir Hugh; and there came to my remembrance an old superstition respecting opals—that they are unlucky stones, bringing misfortune to those who wear them. Costly though the jewel was, I should scarcely have liked so ominous a love token.

We were aroused from our reverie by the sound of a clock striking twelve. Lady Jane started.

"How late it is!" she exclaimed. "I suppose every one has gone to bed. I told Lisette not to sit up for me. Yes," she continued, looking out into the corridor, "the place is quite dark, and they have forgotten to bring a candle for me. Let me go with you to your room, Miss Wacie; you can light those on your toilet table and give me that one."

As we passed the Blue Chamber, we saw the firelight gleaming through the partly open door.

"Sir Hugh must be in the smoking-room with papa," said my companion; "he is sure not to disturb us, so come and look at Countess Gabrielle's portrait."

She entered, drawing me in with her; and taking the candle from my hand, held it so that the light fell full on the painting, which hung above the mantel-piece, and certainly merited a more honorable place than that seldom-used apartment. The poor Countess must have been very lovely; but what struck me most forcibly was the likeness between her pictured face and the uplifted face of Lady Jane. Both had the exquisite Greek contour, the blue eyes, and shadowy hair; but with these the resemblance ceased, for the living beauty's marble-white cheeks and somewhat haughty expression formed a decided contrast to the peach-like bloom and winsome smile of the ill-fated Gabrielle.

Our progress seemed destined to interruption. When we reached the door of the haunted stair-case Lady Jane stopped and opened it.

"You give no credence to ghost stories, Miss Wacie," she said; "yet I think you would hardly go alone as far as that landing, even though I waited for you here."

Coward that I was, I feared her ridicule. I ran quickly up the steps, and had just reached the landing, when the light disappeared from below, the door was shut violently, and I heard Lady Jane's mocking laugh as she sped away, leaving me in darkness and terror. For a moment I stood trembling, irresolute, waiting as it were for some dreadful vision; then I rushed down, flung myself against the door, managed—I know not how—to unfasten it, and flew to my own room, a very haven of safety. Its air of snugness, the cosy fire on its hearth, were reassuring; and ere long I was able to laugh at my foolish fears and her ladyship's somewhat ill-natured trick. I hastened to get into bed—first, as was my habit, drawing back the window curtains—and, being very tired, I soon fell asleep.

I woke with a weight of horror upon me—woke and started up. The moon was shining into my room, and before me, where its light fell clearest, stood—what was it? A white-robed figure, with long dark hair flowing about it like a veil, with weird, bright eyes, with something upon its breast that sparkled in the moonbeams. It moved, came nearer and nearer; came quite close; touched me with a soft, cold touch; and then I saw that it was Lady Jane. Only Lady Jane! but how could any visitant from a mysterious other world have been more terrible than that living, breathing creature, with whom I had talked familiarly a little while before?

An utter powerlessness came over me. I tried to scream, to speak, to whisper. I tried to shrink away from her, but in vain; though she had a long, sharp knife, and that, and her dress and her hands—yes, the very hand that touched me—were stained with the awful stain of blood.

At length she spoke in a low, monotonous voice—

"Come with me. You are not afraid—you told me you were not afraid, and I want your help."

I could not ask "for what?" And she continued—

"I have avenged her! She will never wander in the cold any more, wailing and beseeching. It is life for life; and now she will rest, after all these weary years. But come, the moon is going down, and there must be light for what we have to do."

I rose mechanically and stood beside her; then she closed round my wrist a grasp like ice and iron and led me—whither? Along the dim corridor, past the haunted staircase, to the Blue Chamber.

I might have swooned before a less horror, or fled from it with cries and lamentations. At it was, I gazed silently before me, where upon the quaintly-carved bed lay Sir Hugh Shafto, dead—stabbed to the heart by her whom he had loved best in all the world! I turned and looked at her, and seeing her smile of mocking triumph, knew the truth—Lady Jane was mad. She released my hand, flinging it from her impatiently, and signed that I should aid her. Taking the rich, silken coverlet, she spread it on the floor. Then we raised him—that passive thing, so lately full of life and health—and laid him on it, she folding it over him, and covering the quiet face. She had the strength of insanity; and as for me, I seemed incapable of feeling either pain or fatigue. We lifted our dread burden, and re-entered the corridor, our footsteps falling noiselessly on the soft, thick carpet. How still the house was! A clock somewhere uttered its measured tick, tick; and between the sounds there seemed ages of agony. Oh, if those sleepers by whose rooms we were passing could only know! Oh, that they would awake, that a door would open, that anything would happen to save me from that fearful dead presence, and from the living presence more fearful a thousandfold! I endeavored to recall instances of which I had heard or read, when ready wit and presence of mind had defeated lunatic cunning; but I could remember nothing, do nothing, but obey the beautiful murderess, and follow wherever she might lead me.

We descended the stairs, and went across the hall, and along another corridor into the school-room. Oh, strange, to enter that homely place—the scene of daily work and study, and light-hearted talk—bearing a thing so ghastly!

I felt no surprise, then, that our progress was quite unimpeded. The doors, placed at intervals to exclude the drafts, had all stood open, and the French window of the school-room was open also. We passed through it into the west garden. There was the snow figure, rendered almost shapeless by the additional snow that had fallen upon it during the evening. We laid him down near it—him who, a few hours before, had been the merriest of a merry party—as insensible now to love, and joy, and sorrow as the perishable image he had helped to raise.

Then a look of indecision came into Lady Jane's face. She glanced about restlessly, as if seeking for something.

"I had forgotten," she muttered. "We must go and get them."

My heart beat wildly with the hope of escape. I struggled to speak, and at last found words.

"Will it not be best for me to remain here while you bring what is wanted?"

The watchful cunning returned to her eyes.

"There is no need," she said. "Who would harm him now? Has he not paid the penalty?"

She once more took my hand, and drew me with her, by heavy clumps of evergreens, across broad, unbroken sheets of moonlit snow, under leafless trees that cast a shadowy network on the white ground, into the deeper shadow of a high wall, against which was the gardener's tool-house. She groped about there until she found two spades, the smaller and lighter of which she gave to me. Then she led me back to the west garden and bade me "work."

Strange workers!—strange and awful work!

In a flower-plot, that during the summer had been gay with many-hued blossoms, we dug a grave without much difficulty—the earth was so soft under the snow; and there we laid him.

But first Lady Jane knelt by his side, and uncovered his face. Did she remember? Did she see in it the face of her lover? For a moment, I think, yes—so gently did she bend over him, so tenderly did she kiss the pale lips and brow before hiding them from her sight forever.

Our task was done, and we returned to the house, which was still quite silent. When we were near my room, Lady Jane paused, suffering me to proceed alone. I turned on reaching the threshold, and saw her white dress gleaming through the dimness—almost fancied I could see her cruel, glittering eyes.

I hastened to shut her out, locked the door with trembling fingers, and then fell senseless upon the floor.

When I came to myself I was in my own bed, with bright-faced Honor Murphy, our Irish school-room maid, beside me, patting and smoothing the coverlet

"Did I wake you, miss? Sure, I couldn't lave you that way, with the clothes all off you, an' such a frost as there was in the night. No wonder for you to have a cough! A bitter cowld mornin' it was for Sir Hugh to be goin'."

"Sir Hugh," I said bewildered. "Sir Hugh Shafto?"

"Glory be to goodness, miss! don't look at me that way. One'ud think 'twas a ghost ye saw. The saints preserve us! Didn't ye know Sir Hugh was lavin' today? There was Lady Jane up to see him off, an' it almost dark."

"'Honor,' says she to me, 'don't call Miss Wacie this mornin'. Let her sleep,' says she, 'for I kep' her up talkin' last night.'

"'Very well, my lady,' says I.

"'An' I'm thinkin' it's few lessons Lady Winifred will do this day. She's cryin' her eyes out afther Sir Hugh. He's as good as a brother to her; an' sure it's her brother he'll be yet—leastways her brother-in-law, which is the same thing, barrin' the law. But what was the matther with you, miss? Sure, you're as white as the sheet. Is it sick you are?—or maybe you've been dhramin'?"

"Yes, Honor," I said, "it was a dream, I think."

"Then, never mind it, miss. There was me cousin, Tim Mahony, he dhramed three nights runnin' that there was a crock of gould buried undher the wall of his cabin. So what does he do but goes an' pulls it down—the purtiest little cabin in the counthry it was. Well, miss, sorra a crock, full or empty, did he find afther all his diggin'; an' there's his wife, honest woman, an' the childer, with no roof to spake of over their heads, an' such weather as it is; while Tim won't do a hand's turn of work, on'y rootin' about the place.

"'Sure the gould must be somewhere,' says he, 'didn't the dhrame tell me about it?'

"Dhrame, indeed! Bad luck to 'em for dhrames, botherin' people when they're asleep and haven't their sinses about them."

A short time ago I saw Lady Jane Shafto and her husband, and was introduced to the little son and heir, of whom, I need hardly say, they are both wonderfully proud. My dear pupil, Winifred, is at the old place in Ireland, but I am no longer her governess, nor anybody's indeed—except, perhaps, Charlie's; he certainly needs keeping in order sometimes.

Assuredly our house is not haunted, it is much too bright and new for that, and I have abjured ghost stories forever; yet now and then, when I'm alone in the evening, waiting for Charlie to come home, I shiver and look around me fearfully as I remember that terrible night at Castle Kevin.—*Once a Week.*

The Miserere at St. Peter's.

There is one grand and sublime ceremony, the Miserere of St. Peter's. The music is exquisite, the effect surprising. Rome saw, in the sixteenth century, that Protestantism surpassed her in music, as she excelled Protestantism in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. To prevent this inferiority, she naturally sought a master of song, and found the sublime Palestrina, the Michael Angelo of the lyre. The Pope forbade the reproduction of his Miserere, in order that it should be heard only in that church whose gigantic arches were completely in harmony with its sublimity. One day a noble youth heard entranced the Miserere. This youth, who may be called the Raphael of music, learned it by heart, and divulged it to the world. He was Mozart. The German genius came to steal the secrets of the Latin genius in the eternal war between both races. No pen can describe the solemnity of the Miserere! The night advances. The Basilica is in darkness. Her altars are uncovered. Through the open arches there penetrates the uncertain light of dawn, which seems to deepen the shadows. The last taper of the *tenebrario* is hidden behind the altar. The cathedral resembles an immense mausoleum, with the faint gleaming of funeral torches in the distance. The music of the Miserere is not instrumental. It is a sublime choir admirably combined. Now it comes like the far-off roar of the tempest, as the vibration of the wind upon the ruins or among the cypresses of tombs; again, like a lamentation from the depths of the earth, or a moaning of heaven's angels breaking into sobs and sorrowful weeping. The marble statues, gigantic and of dazzling whiteness, are not completely hidden by the darkness, but appear like the spirits of past ages coming out of the sepulchers and loosing the shroud to join the intonation of this canticle of despair. The whole church is agitated, and vibrates as if words of horror were arising from the stones. This profound and sublime lament, this mourning of bitterness dying away into airy circles, penetrates the heart by the intensity of its sadness; it is the voice of Rome supplicating Heaven from her load of ashes, as if under her sackcloth she writhed in her death-agony. To weep thus, to lament as the prophets of old by the banks of the Euphrates, or among the scattered stones of the Temple, to sigh in this sublime cadence, becomes a city whose eternal sorrow has not marred her eternal beauty. Thus she is enslaved. David alone can be her poet. Her canticle is majestic and unequaled. Rome, Rome! thou art grand, thou art immortal even in thy desperation and thy abandonment! The human heart shall be thy eternal altar, although the faith which has been thy prestige should perish, as the conquests that made thy greatness have departed! None can rob thee of thy God-given immortality, which thy pontiffs have sustained, and which thy artists will forever preserve.

A Young Man Who Wasn't Posted.

The new fashioned belts for carrying all sorts of things, from a parasol to a button-hook, appeared in Rochester, New York, for the first time, last week. Among the first to seize the novelty was a very lovely young lady, who immediately donned the harness and went out for a promenade. She chanced to pass the porch of a hotel upon which several young men sat, regaling themselves with cigars, and of course their eyes were irresistibly drawn to the passing beauty. The belt, with its beaded pointers, was observed with astonishment, for the young men had never seen the like, and one of the party, noticing that her elegant and costly gold watch was swinging loosely, and thinking it had slipped through her belt, and might prove too tempting to a thief, stepped forward when the lady had reached the group, and lifting his hat, said, "I beg pardon, Miss, but your watch is swinging from your belt." She regarded not the watch or belt, but, turning her glorious eye full upon him, said, with a dazzling smile, "O, well, sir, let it swing." Such a shout as went up from his companions! But he stood it manfully, likewise the treat implied in such cases, and then went slowly home to interview his sister about the fashions.

Thoughts About Marriage.

In some instances States have stimulated marriage by special laws. The Athenians made an enactment which prohibited unmarried men from holding places of trust and honor in the public service. Another law is said to have been made by the same people, in the interests of national virility and the public health, forbidding women to marry before complete development, and men before the age of thirty-five; also recommending the most suitable season of the year for the ceremony, which was usually the month of January. They were particular, too, not to contract marriage within certain degrees of consanguinity. These laws and customs of the Athenians show that, were they living to-day, we would have but little to teach them on this subject.

In the United States marriages are probably more numerous in proportion to the population than in any other country, with the exception of Ireland, which is an indication of fair morality. As a rule, poor people marry in all countries regardless of the considerations which often restrain those who are in easy circumstances. In this the poor man comes nearer the natural one. Hungry, he eats; thirsty, he drinks; desiring a wife, he marries one, and the joined life under favorable conditions is simple, regular, and natural. When the man gets more light, difficulties rise before him, and marriage assumes the proportions of a great question. In agricultural districts there is general marrying in all classes, for there is more simplicity of life, which always tends to numerous marriages. Throughout the country the morality and regularity of the married life attract the middle-class people and those who adhere to the principles of christianity, whether rich or poor. These comprise the body of the nation, and to them are confided the government of this republic and the purity of its morals, for at least a long period.

The falling off in marriage is found in the centers of population, where the needs of life press hard. The old-fashioned disinterestedness has of late years been losing ground in these places. Thirty or forty years ago it was plain sailing; a gibbous hat and the Italian opera were unknown; all worked for a living, and none were rich as compared with those of to-day. It has become evident that in cities Hymen is losing his power; yet the goddess who came out of the sea-foam continues to exercise her wonted charms over men, though they refuse to follow Hymen. There is a hide-and-seek process on the part of man to avoid supporting the woman, which would be to the last degree ungenerous if it were not in some measure compulsory. Fathers endeavor to dispose of daughters to those who stand upon conditions, and each tries to shirk the expense of keeping them. Thus regarded, the woman becomes a possible encumbrance to the marrying man, and almost a parasite in her own family.

A great number of those who live in luxury in the metropolis make both ends meet with difficulty. The head of the family is stretched on a financial wheel, which never ceases to turn every day in the year. He is pressed for what he considers the necessaries of life, and spends twenty thousand dollars a year. The capital of this man who spends twenty thousand dollars a year, at legal interest, would not perhaps yield him a third of what he expends; thus he is obliged to work hard for his living, and without relaxation. He is not in a position to help any one but himself, however willing he may be to do so. The young man making his way through an ocean of difficulties, and carrying heavy ballast in the shape of clubs and social dissipation, may like the daughter of the poor rich father; but he has not the audacity, even if she were willing to make the sacrifice, to take her out of her handsome nest into an inferior one. In resisting the matrimonial temptation he has something to say for himself. His knowledge of life tells him that there are scarcely any hours of happiness which are compensation for the rasping, wearing, daily want of means to provide for every-day necessaries and comforts, and that it is not long before domestic peace gives way before this terrible pressure. It is human, too, for the woman, in unguarded moments to make comparisons between her married and single life, in which regrets and reproaches are implied if not spoken. When matters reach this point it is the *coup de grace*, and domestic felicity is at an end.

An adviser may say to this young man, if he wants to marry the poor rich girl, Go West; but this is counsel he cannot follow. His lot is cast here, and through industry he has reasonable expectations of ultimately acquiring a modest competency. It would be foolish for him to give up the bird in hand for the two out West in the bush, to say nothing of his likings, which ten to one favor his present surroundings. Here the field of labor is plainly indicated, and he is already in the harness. His future being here, he must submit to the conditions of life around him, and accept civilization as he finds it. Thus reasoning, he turns away from the poor rich man's sumptuous dwelling with a sigh; he may not pluck the coveted flower. And if the expected bridegroom in purple and fine linen, from Lydian shores, fails to come, the daughter is condemned to a life of celibacy. If the father has several such, who wait in vain, his house, according to the Dutch proverb, becomes like a cellar full of sour beer.

There are three issues out of the difficulties which involve marriage in the cities: a simpler mode of life; the independence which the woman may acquire in self-support; and the dowry, which concerns the parents rather than the woman herself.

In proportion as men and things become necessary to man's existence he becomes poor. What are regarded in the beginning as luxuries become necessaries. Cæsar's soldier, who carried his worldly possessions of sixty pounds on his back, was rich. He who can prepare his own food, make his own garments, and clean and arrange his lodgings, is in easy circumstances; for in the strictest sense he is independent of his fellow men—cooks, servants, shoemakers, tailors, and hatters. But men of such independence do not exist this side of the plains, and he who is surrounded by miles of houses must adapt himself as best he can, by a system of opposition, to the encroaching luxuries of civilization. To be simple in his habits is one of man's first duties to himself, as well as to his country, for it is the elementary lesson which history teaches that luxury is the forerunner of the degeneracy of nations. It is a duty to himself, for by a simple life he fortifies himself against adversity—the loss of money, friends and protectors. They are not necessary before disaster, and they do not become so after it. Simple habits render him less liable to malady than those given to pampering and stimulation. Being thus less subject to the vicissitudes of life, he naturally becomes more independent and manlike. He arrives at the point of conquering himself, which requires the rarest courage. When such a Spartan encounters a young woman who has undergone an approximative training such as her sex permits, and they grow to love each other, no serious obstacle to their union exists.

Many young women of slender means, with a view to independence, have already prepared themselves and embarked in active life as telegraph operators, bookkeepers, music teachers, painters and journalists. There is a growing tendency in this direction, and in a few years the number who will be in position to take care of themselves will be much greater than now. These stand on an equal footing with the man who wants to marry, and are in a position to abide by that great rule by which the affairs of the world are governed—giving equivalent for equivalent. In this the heart of the woman is left to take its own choice, and is less influenced by the fear of penury or the hope of riches. If her occupation be a not unhealthy one, she will improve in mind and morals. The sins with which she is usually charged are mostly bred of idleness or a contracted life. The training found in work will rescue her from vapid, objectless life, and especially from that absolute surrender to the power of fashion which characterizes so many women who have nothing to do. There are no greater obstacles to woman's advancement than fashion, in whose train follow most of our social disasters. Were she taught to follow something else, this reckless race would not present half the attractions which it does. Behind fashion temptation is always lurking to lure to wrong-doing. No condition of life is exempt, for however well off one may be, there is always some other who has more beautiful possessions which excite to envy and covetousness. Where work is done with a will these things are in some measure banished; for the good worker likes her calling, and outside of it other occupations become secondary.

There are yet hidden resources in the American woman, whose development has been prevented by established usages, particularly in the fields which have been monopolized by men. Even in those requiring physical force, the stronger may yet vie with men, and they are certainly capable of more exertion than they have so far shown in America. Muscular force is not necessarily confined to one sex. As a rule, the mare can pull as much and run as fast as the horse, and Darwin tells us that the male ostrich hatches the eggs while the female does the fighting, both foreign and domestic. Should the American woman venture on such an experiment, there is no reason why she should not equal the Spartan woman, who was trained to the same bodily exercises as the man, and in some cases surpassed him in strength and agility. When the rare opportunity came, women have been doing manly things since the world began. The hysterics and fainting of a score of years ago was an affectation, for there is scarcely anything of the kind now. Weakness itself was for a time the fashion, but it is at the present pretty well discarded.—*Albert Rhodes, in the Galaxy for September.*

The Rothschilds.

The founder of the wealth and influence of this mighty banking and commercial family was Meyer Amschel Rothschild. Prior to the invasion of Germany by the French republican armies he was a banker on a comparatively small scale, at Frankfort-on-the-Main. The vast fortune he eventually acquired is said to have originated in an act of honor and fidelity.

The passage of the Rhine by the French was followed by the abandonment of their territories by almost the whole of the minor princes of Germany; among others, the sovereign of Hesse-Cassel became a fugitive, and arrived with his money and jewels at Frankfort, with the hope of finding there a place of secure deposit. The well-known character of Meyer Rothschild induced the Prince to call upon him and solicit his taking charge of the property, which amounted to an immense sum. Rothschild at first refused to accept so heavy a responsibility, but the importunity of the Prince prevailed, and his serene highness delivered up the money and jewels without requiring even a receipt.

The French army subsequently entered Frankfort at the very moment that Rothschild had succeeded in burying the Prince's treasures in his garden. His own property he had not the time to hide and was entirely despoiled of it.

In truth, he was, like all other citizens of Frankfort, reduced to utter poverty, but the treasure confided to him was safe, and some time after the French withdrew Rothschild commenced as a banker, extending his operations cautiously, by means of the Prince's money, until the year 1802, when his highness was enabled to return to Cassel. He had heard that Rothschild had been plundered of everything, and consequently had little hope that any portion of his own deposit could have been preserved, but he stopped at Frankfort and paid a visit to the banker.

"Well, Rothschild," said the Prince, "I am prepared for the worst; did the robbers take all?"

"Not one kreutzer of your highness' treasure has been lost," was the reply. "I have all the jewels, which I secured untouched in a strong chest, and the money I have also, with five per cent. beside for your royal highness, from the day you entrusted it to me."

The Prince, it is reported, not only refused the accumulated interest, but the return of the capital itself, insisting that the faithful banker should retain it for twenty years more at an interest of two per cent.

At the Congress of Vienna in 1814 the Prince of Hesse-Cassel represented Rothschild's conduct in such just and glowing colors that he secured for his trusty agent the protection of all the potentates assembled, and thus raised him at once to the situation of the first banker in the world.

Meyer Amschel Rothschild, who at the same time was created a Baron by the Emperor of Austria (the first title of nobility ever conferred upon a Jew), left five sons—Anselm, of Frankfort; Solomon, of Berlin and Vienna; Nathaniel, of London; Charles, of Naples, and James of Paris.—*Philadelphia Press.*

How Toads Feed.

A gentleman in this city has a well-grown toad in his garden which is disposed to be quite tame and sociable. Recently, he threw it a stout piece of cooked ham, about half the weight of the ugly reptile. The creature eyed it wistfully, then stretching itself at full length on the ground began gradually to crawl (not jump) toward the meat. It would move an inch or two, then wink its eyes and lick its chops in the most curious manner, evidently meditating an attack. When about half a foot from the object, suddenly, quick as thought, it pounced upon it, then leaped back as rapidly. This attack and retreat was repeated several times, until satisfied that it had vanquished its inert antagonist, the toad seized the meat, and, with a tremendous effort gulped it down. Other bits of bacon were laid before it; but the creature, surfeited with its repast, took no notice of them. The toad is not very choice as to the quality of its food. The writer has seen one seize and swallow buckshot after buck-shot as it rolled toward it, until weighed down with the load it bore further motion became impossible.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

Summer Diet for Infants.

Over-feeding does more harm than anything else; nurse a baby of a month old or two every two or three hours; nurse a baby of six months and over five times in twenty-four hours, and no more.

When a baby gets thirsty in the meantime, give it a drink of water or barley-water. In very hot weather, mix a teaspoonful of whisky with a tumbler full of water (no sugar).

Boil a teaspoonful of powdered barley (grind it on the coffee-grinder) and a gill of water with salt for fifteen minutes. Strain it and mix it with half as much boiled milk and a piece of loaf-sugar. Give it lukewarm, through a nursing-bottle.

Keep the bottle and mouthpiece in water when not in use.

Give babies of five or six months half barley-water and half boiled milk, with salt and loaf-sugar.

Give older babies more milk in proportion.

When babies are very costive, take oatmeal instead of barley, but be sure to cook and strain it.

When your breast-milk is half enough for the infant, alternate with bread and food.

In hot summer weather, dip a small piece of litmus paper into the food before feeding. If the blue paper turns red, add a pinch of baking soda to the food.

Babies of six months may have beef tea or beef soup once a day by itself or mixed with other food.

Babies of ten or twelve months may have a crust of bread and a piece of rare beefsteak to suck.

No child under two years ought to eat from your table.

The summer complaint comes from over-feeding and hot and foul air. Keep doors and windows open. Wash your children at least twice a day. Ten times are not too many in the hot season.

When babies throw off and purge, give them nothing to eat for four to six hours, but all the cold air you can. After that, you may give a few drops of whisky in a teaspoonful of ice-water every five or ten minutes, but no more until the doctor comes. When there is vomiting and purging, give no milk.

Give no laudanum, no paregoric, no soothing sirup, no teas.—*Exchange.*

Lindsay on the Education of Apes.

Dr. W. Lauder Lindsay is confident that if the anthropoid apes were to be carefully educated, results of a startling kind would be attained or would be shown to be attainable. He instances the development in the dog by training of various faculties, as those of scent, swiftness, vision, and such qualities as courage, watchfulness, and the like. If equal pains had been taken to develop in the same animal moral qualities—honesty, affectionateness, benevolence, conscientiousness—the author holds that the results would have been equally satisfactory. But the apes, and indeed the whole group of the quadrumana, afford a more promising field for such efforts than any of the other inferior animals. That monkeys manifest, in some cases, a care for their dead, is proved by a passage in a work by James Forbes, quoted by a writer in *Nature*. "One of a shooting party," writes Forbes, "under a banian tree, killed a female monkey and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, who made a great noise and seemed disposed to attack the aggressor. They retreated when he presented his fowling-piece, the dreadful effect of which they had witnessed and appeared perfectly to understand. The head of the troop, however, stood his ground, chattering furiously; the sportsman, who perhaps felt some little degree of compunction for having killed one of the family, did not like to fire at the creature, and nothing short of firing would drive him off. At length he came to the door of the tent, and finding threats of no avail, began a lamentable moaning, and by the most expressive gesture seemed to beg for the dead body. It was given him; he took it sorrowfully in his arms and bore it away to his expectant companions. They who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene resolved never again to fire at one of the monkey race."—*September Galaxy.*

Old and New Pastures.

There is little reason or sense in much that is said respecting old pastures; and the argument regarding the proportional value of them and new ones is very erroneous, for the cost of seeding the new pastures, as well as the gradual decrease in the fertility of the soil so often plowed, and the manual labor, etc., incurred, are not reckoned in any business-like manner. These remarks are caused by lately reading an article in an agricultural paper, wherein the oft-repeated injunction to stock very light, so that much of the grass may be left to rot in the ground, is insisted on. The truth is that this is a very great waste; and on old pastures, besides the waste, there is irreparable injury to the best bottom fine fibered grass, which, though ignorantly despised in America, is in reality far superior for fattening, and so much less exhausting to the soil that the English pastures, and mowings likewise, continue centuries in the highest state of fertility. In America, the coarse, tall grasses suck the soil