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The test as to whether a young tree is making sufficient growth or not is made by examining its new shoots. If these grow twelve to fifteen inches annually neither manure nor additional culture is probably needed. It is less than this length of new wood is grown something is needed to stimulate the growth and increase the vigor of the tree.

## A HYMN OF WORSHIP.

How pure the dawn and bright!  
A thousand songs of waking joy arise;  
And to the zenith, flooding all the skies,  
Mounts the wide splendor of the light.  
So rise my soul! to God.  
Filled are the curving brooks  
With hast'ning streams and waters running bright,  
Dancing and glistening in the morning light,  
Or gliding into grassy nooks,  
Thus do I hope in God.  
I look for flowers to bloom  
Along the margin of these streams; the skies  
Of warmer May, with many a fond surprise  
Of violets shall cheer my gloom,  
Thus do I hope in God.  
All nature turns her face  
Towards the increasing sun, and prays the fire  
That kindles life, and bids the buds conspire,  
To clothe the earth with forms of grace,  
Thus I aspire to God.  
The day wanes to its close,  
The drowsy herds turn homeward and the wing  
Of every bird is hushed; the vesper ring,  
And weary hearts seek soft repose,  
So rest my heart! in God.

## THE DOCTOR'S CURE.

It was an old piece of business all round, and I am the only person who knows all about it.  
To be sure, you may say there was the lawyer who drew up the will, but he did not know the motive; and as for Mrs. Germond herself, she was the most mystified of all.  
How I have laughed to myself to hear her, for she was quite confidential with me.  
"Why, doctor," she would say, "I never saw old Mrs. Bryant in my life."  
"I had heard of her, but never until I came to Merton."  
"It is the strangest thing."  
Mrs. Germond was not a native of Merton, but came there with an invalid husband and two mites of children for country air.  
I, being the only physician, was soon called in to see Mr. Germond, who was slowly dying of consumption, and had been sent from some large city to try to keep the feeble spark of life aglow by country air and diet.  
Mrs. Germond was a splendid musician, and had obtained the position of organist in our church from letters of introduction to some of our leading members.  
In the same way she started a class of scholars amongst our wealthy people, and was thus able to support her family with comfort, if not very luxuriously.  
It was not long before my professional interest was as much given to Mrs. Germond as to my actual patient, and with far greater concern, because in her case recovery was possible, while with her husband we could do no more than smooth his passage to the grave.  
She was a slender delicate looking woman, refined in manner, gentle and pleasant, and with the most cheerful face to meet troubles I ever saw.  
She was not pretty, but her smile was like sunshine and her voice always sweet and soft.  
Yet, with all this sunny brightness, sweet even temper, and gentle care for the invalid, Mrs. Germond was one of those quiet martyrs who bear the ills attendant upon overwork and mental strain unflinchingly.  
I vainly tried to make her save herself.  
Her watchword was duty, and her will overcame her weakness.  
Prostrate one day with the agonizing headaches of physical exhaustion, she was out the next, busy with her scholars, or up all night tending her husband.  
When he had died she lay for days entirely passive, all energy gone for the time; her heart crushed with grief, her frame for once without the ruling power to rouse it to action.  
But she was not the woman to let such grief overcome her manifest duty, and motherly care came to rouse her.  
Once more the dreary treadmill began to wear her body, now still less fitted for its burdens, and I could only help her to temporary relief and strength, knowing that perfect rest would restore to its natural strength one of the most perfect organizations I ever saw.  
Ah, how I longed for money in those days when I watched Mrs. Germond treading a path I knew must end in death, without the power to stop her.  
For her children, as for her husband, she toiled unceasingly, and while her home duties were so engrossing, she never turned from the calls of humanity or charity.  
Many a dying bed, where poverty wore its darkest frown, was soothed by her gentle presence.  
Many a dainty dish came from her hands to those poorer than herself.  
It was impossible for me to avoid knowing all this, as the invalids of Merton had no physician but myself, but it was in vain that I urged Mrs. Germond to spare herself.  
"One would think I was sick," she would say to me, "when I only have a cough that I have had for years, and sometimes neuralgia."  
"Are you ever free from pain?"  
"Well, no, not entirely, but it is bearable."  
And so I come to my mysterious legacy. I had many times told Mrs. Germond that if she would give up her scholars and obey me implicitly for six months she would be well.  
And at last I did what we of the healing profession shrink most from doing,

I told her that if she did not she must prepare to break down hopelessly.

"But see," she pleaded, "how often I break down and yet get up again. I cannot give up my work and see my children starve."  
What could I say?  
I had urged upon her the necessity of rest, placed before her the danger in which she stood, and I was powerless to do more.  
It was just at this time that Mrs. Bryant, the owner of half Merton, and heiress to three fortunes—her father's mother's, and her husband's—was taken dangerously ill.

She was one of my patients of course, but she had but seldom called upon my professional services, having carried her eighty years of life almost without pain or disease.  
Her illness proved fatal from the first but she had but little suffering, and her cheerfulness was wonderful.  
Many a long talk we had when I had finished my professional visits, and in one of these she said to me—  
"Tell me of some charity for Merton to which I can leave a portion of my wealth."  
"My husband's money I have left to his relatives, but I have not one living who can claim me as related to him."  
"I stand alone, and I have disposed of my own property in benefits to public institutions."  
"But I should like to do some other good here."  
"You know so many of our poor people."  
"Tell me where small sums, say five hundred each, can be distributed to do most good."  
With much discussion we made out a list, and then she said—  
"I have still fifteen thousand for Merton."

Like an inspiration came to me the thought of the precious life that money, humanely speaking, would save.  
The income of fifteen thousand would give Mrs. Germond a support, enable her to devote herself to her children, to be the good angel of many a poor home, and yet to rest from the monotonous labor that was wearing out her strength and depriving her of her power of usefulness.  
It was a bold thing to do, and Mrs. Bryant looked rather stunned at the audacity of my proposal; but I asked her to leave the money, in one sum, to a total stranger who was not an object of charity.

"But you tell me she earns a comfortable support," she said.  
"At the price of her life."  
"It is such a strange thing to do, to leave so large a sum to an entire stranger."  
"Ah," I said, "if it were only done oftener."  
"If the millionaires who leave immense sums to charities to be doled out in temporary relief, would sometimes look out for a few of the hard-working individuals who are struggling beyond their strength, and give them a sum to insure an income for life."  
It was one of my hobbies, this suffering of what may be called "genteel poverty"—and I used all my eloquence.

Still Mrs. Bryant seemed to be unconvinced when I left her.  
"It was such an odd thing to do,"  
"but it will restore a useful life to health and strength, save a mother to two children, and I firmly believe do more good than the same money will do split up into small charities, or distributed in public institutions."  
When old Mrs. Bryant died, I had gone to attend the funeral of my son's wife, and I was absent two weeks, a brother practitioner from Hilton, ten miles distant from Merton, taking my place.

On my return, in giving me an account of his visits, he made no mention of Mrs. Germond, and I found that he had not been called in to see her.  
I knew that she was not fond of strange faces, and concluded that she had preferred to trust to her own judgment, if suffering until my return.  
But one of my first calls was at the little cottage, where I found my friend in a state of bewildered excitement.  
"Doctor," she said, "you have often promised me perfect health if I would give up my scholars and obey you implicitly. Can you still promise that?"  
"I think I can under Providence."  
"Issue your orders then."  
"My scholars are already warned to get a new teacher."  
"Imagine, doctor, Mrs. Bryant has left me fifteen thousand dollars."  
"I never saw her."  
"And the income is to be paid regularly from the date of her death, until the estate is settled, when the capital will be at my disposal."  
"Why, you do not look half so astonished as I am."  
Brought thus to my senses, I put on an expression of surprise; and I think the pleasure was already visible.

I lost no time in sending my patient, for the winter, to a softer climate than our village, with most explicit directions for her daily life.  
And the result justified my hopes.  
In the spring Mrs. Germond returned to Merton without one dangerous symptom, with her soft eyes bright with

health, and her slender form strengthened and vigorous.

There is not in all Merton a more useful energetic woman than my former patient, and if Mrs. Bryant could see the many acts of gentle humanity that came from the little cottage, she might still think her legacy to a stranger was, after all, only another form of distributing the money in smaller charities.

## A Camp of Chinese Laborers.

Camping and traveling in the forest was a delightful experience, spite of rain and fatigue; but no one of our party was sorry one morning to be met on the river bank by an engineer, who brought a package of letters, and the information that the camps of the Chinese graders on the railroad were just across the river, that there was a wagon road to the end of the track, and that he had a skiff and two rowers to set us across the turbulent current. We had traversed the whole distance (six hundred miles) between the ends of the railroad, which are advancing to meet next year on the summit of the Rocky Mountains. The news that we should see a locomotive that very day was received with enthusiasm. It meant beds, baths, clean clothes, newspapers, telegrams, napkins, silver forks, and a hundred other things never noticed or appreciated until out of reach. We rearranged our luggage, bestowed our bedding upon the half-breed Indian, the Kentucky negro, and the white lad, who jointly managed the pack-train, got over the river, and were soon driving through the camps of three thousand Chinese laborers. It was Sunday, and work on the grade was suspended. The canvas town swarmed with men. Some were having their heads shaved, others were combing and winding their pig-tails; others stripped to their waists, were enjoying a sponge bath. One man was on his knees going through some religious ceremony over a chicken before dissecting it for the pot. There were Chinese stores, Chinese restaurants, and Chinese gaming tents. For fifteen miles the woods were literally full of Mongolians. Not a feature of their Asiatic life do they abandon, save that, from the necessity of working in mud and dust, they wear American boots. Their basket hats, blue blouses, and loose trousers are supplied by Chinese merchants, and a large portion of their food—their rice and dried fish, and all their sweetmeats and dainties—comes across the Pacific. The road was lined with Chinamen driving fat hogs to the camps to be slaughtered for the Sunday dinner, or carrying bundles and boxes, and boards for tent-flooring, suspended by bamboo poles, balanced on the shoulders in the exact style of the pictures on the tea-chests.

The Chinese laborers on the railroad earn one dollar and sixteen cents a day, and are hired by gangs of forty from agents of the Six Companies in San Francisco. The usual estimate of the effectiveness of their labor is that three Chinamen are equal to two white men; but the superintendent of construction on the railroad asserts that he prefers the Chinese man for man, to such white labor as can be had on the Pacific coast. The railroad operations have caused to grow up at Cabinet Landing, a grotesque and hideous town of tents and shanties clinging to the hill-side, among the pines—a town subsisting on the wants and weaknesses of the working-men, and flaunting in their faces facilities for all the coarser forms of vice.

Across the river from this pandemonium of frontier dirt, drunkenness and debauchery, is another transient railroad town, where the engineers and overseers live, with their wives and children, in clean tents, prettily embowered with evergreens.

## Ebbing and Flowing.

The flow and ebb of the tide in rivers are the effect of two agencies—first, the tidal motion forth and back transmitted by the ocean through the estuaries of the river; second, the opposing river current flowing from the interior by force of gravitation towards the sea—the former being a periodic, the latter a permanent force. At the mouths of great rivers, as the Ganges and Amazon, the resistance of the current of the stream to the incoming tide produces the huge wave called the "bore," rising sometimes thirty feet as a high wall of water. This powerful influence of the downward river current causes the tides of rivers in general to take much more time for the ebb than the flood. At London Bridge the flood-tide runs not quite five hours, while the ebb runs nearly eight hours. At Quebec the water rises during a period of three hours, and ebbs during nine hours. The true explanation of this longer period for the ebb, or apparent falling of the tide, is obviously this: that the falling of the water is made slower by the river current taking, in part, the place of the water which is ebbing seaward. The more rapid the river current, the more quickly will its volume replace the water of the receding tide, and thus help to keep up high water longer, making the ebb take proportionately more time than the flood. If our correspondent would make experiments to test the ebb-tide (i. e., the rate at which the water falls), during periods both of freshet and low water, in the Delaware, it is probable he would find that when the velocity of the river current is greatest, the time required for the tide to "run down" would be greatest.

## Faddy gained his point.

Years ago there resided in the County of Longford, Ireland, an individual noted for his thieving propensities and for the ready wit he brought to bear in screening himself from the penalties for his depredations. On one occasion the craving of his appetite induced him to invade Father Maguire's yard, and he stole from him a fine fat goose. This, however, hung heavy on his pliable conscience, and he was forced to acknowledge the theft in the confessional, reserving, however, the name of the person from whom the goose had been stolen.

"My son," said the good man, "stealing is the most grievous offense against the law of God. A thief cannot be forgiven until he has restored that which he has stolen. You must therefore bring back the goose to its rightful owner, ask his pardon and then come to me again."  
Restitution was not to be thought of and so the rogue fell back on that which never deserted him—his "mother wit."

"I'll give the goose to your Riverence, and ask your Riverence to forgive me," he said.  
"No, my son," said the good priest, "that will not do. You must restore it to its rightful owner."  
"But, your Riverence," said the rascal, "I offered it to the man I stole it from, and he wouldn't take it."  
"If you did that," said the priest, "you could do no more."  
And so Faddy gained his point.

An eminent French scientist lately presented a note to the French Academy on the antiseptic properties of bicarbonate of potash. Experiments had shown him that the addition of one hundredth part of the bicarbonate to ordinary water prevents the putrefaction of all sorts of organic matter such as meat, urine, etc. A thousandth part of bicarbonate prevents beer from turning sour. After three months' immersion in a solution, meat was hardened and dry.

## A North Carolina Venice.

An Atlanta writer says: I suppose Morehead city is the only city in the world without a wheel in it. I do not think there is a wagon or a buggy horse in the town, and very few in the county. Everything is done in boats. There is not a house in the county that a boat cannot get within a mile of. Not a doctor or lawyer in the county owns a horse—they practice in boats. The people go to funerals in boats, and when they arrest a man they carry him to jail in a boat.

The main export of the town besides track is fish, but the fish caught here embrace everything from a whale to a shrimp. Last year two or three whales were taken off this coast, and a whale is worth from \$1,200 to \$2,000. It is said that they get between the shore and the gulf stream, and in trying to beat out to sea are sickened by the warm water. They turn in shore again, and soon strand themselves. Along the bays and inlets mackerel are caught in large quantities in nets. But this wholesale fishing is neither picturesque nor interesting. A pretty sport practiced along shore is spearing flounders. A small row boat is put adrift. A man with a flambeau walks alongside up to his knees in water. In the bow of the boat sportmen stand with slender gigs. Along the bottom, by the reflection of the light, can be seen white flounders half buried in the sand. They remain perfectly still while the gig is poised above them, and never move until they are either speared or missed. The only drawback to this sport is that occasionally your torch-bearer is stung by a stingaree. A stingaree is simply a long and buggy whip, broken out with small-pox and filled with steel springs, aquafortis and needles. When he hits you, lockjaw is the mildest possible result. The "colored man" contingent about Morehead makes its living by crabbing. With a little boat, hardly bigger than a tub, they go out in the surf, and flopping in and out like amphibia, soon come in with a bushel or so of the ugliest looking and sweetest tasting things that swim the water.

## Faithful to his Master.

A Richmond, Virginia, paper recently gave the particulars of the absence from home of Mr. Augustus Green, a wealthy English gentleman, who came to this city about ten years ago. Across the sea, in his home in Merry Old England, his family had found the smiles of fortune, and in the estimation of the public held high rank as men of great business enterprise and undoubted character. Some years since the father died and left his fine fortune to the several sons of his old age. A part of his wealth consisted of the Green Line of steamers, which runs between Liverpool, England, and Melbourne, Australia. The deceased who was of a convivial disposition, sailed for Virginia, arriving in due season and purchased a farm about eight miles from Richmond, in the county of Chesterfield. His old habits followed him here, and it was not long before he found ready friends to lift the glowing bumper and add to the dangerous temptation that had been the bane of the young Englishman's life when under his native skies and in the bosom of his family. His habits in consequence remained unchanged and his means received from abroad permitted the most lavish indulgence of his tastes. He stocked his farm well, employed a housekeeper, and, like a genuine old-fashioned Virginian—like a hospitable, old-fashioned English gentleman—kept his door ajar for all friends, with plenty of good cheer within. On the 13th of September Mr. Green was last seen at his home. Shortly after midday on the day mentioned he left the house and made off toward the woods, accompanied by two of his dogs—one a large English setter and the other a half-grown English mastiff of genuine blood. It was nothing unusual for the proprietor to be absent a day or two at a time, and several days passed without exciting alarm. At length inquiry was made, but nothing was heard from the missing man. The alarm increased and Mr. Maury, the financial agent here of Mr. Green, was informed of the fact. He at once employed Detective John Wren for the purpose of ferreting out the mystery.

Wren sent his force out and went with it himself. He found that, lacking one day, a week had elapsed since Mr. Green or any of his dogs had been seen; that at this time the mastiff puppy had come home nearly starved to death; that it had been fed, and that it had started out to return, but upon being followed turned back at a given point.

Here was a clue, and the detective and his men went to the spot at which the puppy was last seen. Here the force scattered, and pretty soon a man found a watch and hat lying close together in the woods about three miles from Manchester. Pretty soon afterward a large number of buzzards were seen wheeling their lazy, drooping flight in circles in the air about half a mile distant. The detective and his men pushed on. Presently they came to a ravine, or, to speak more plainly, a deep gully; in the very bottom of which a little water oozed along, and in places where deep indentations occurred, stood in lazy pools. The company divided, one half going down on one side of the gully and the rest on the other. Presently the men saw the setter-dog and called it by name, but the dog retreated, and upon being followed was found standing by its dead master. The body was nude with the exception of an undershirt and one shoe, and was lying in the bottom of the gully, with just enough water underneath to wet that portion of the body nearest the earth. The clothing was found scattered around, a neck-scarf and pin being picked up some distance from the dead man.

## Heroes of Song.

The tenor is generally a cooper, a baker, a cabman or a tamer, who has been caught singing over his tubs, his hot rolls or his hides. Why is a tenor so rarely a law student, an architect or an apothecary's assistant? This problem is one for physiologists to solve. The only thing quite certain is that the tenor is never a prodigy of learning. Grammar, especially, perplexes him; orthography drives him to despair. He therefore adopts a phonetic system of his own invention. "Let him take lessons, then," you say. Very good; but taking lessons in spelling is a confession that he cannot spell. His prestige would suffer. What would the idolatrous crowd think of their idol on learning that in a letter to his mother, he had written, "Hevery mornin I heat a raw legg for the sake of my eth?" And his fellow-singers in the green-room? Wouldn't they make fun of him? Consequently, the tenor abstains from writing; or, if absolutely obliged to write, he takes refuge in a prudent laconism. One sweet-voiced gentleman, compelled to answer a manager who had proposed, by letter, a reduction of his salary, thought of sending his card with the simple phrase "I maintain my pretensions." But the last syllable of the word sorely puzzled him. Not liking the look of it with a t, he tried it with a double s, and finally decided on a c, "pretensions." His geographical knowledge is equally at fault. He is offered an advantageous engagement at New Orleans, and, without reflection, signs at once. "You are going to

## see a beautiful country," says the manager. "No doubt; I have often heard speak of the Maid of New Orleans, and I am particularly fond of New Orleans plums." "Ah!" says the manager, opening wide his eyes. "We start in three weeks' time. Send your luggage at once to Liverpool." "Liverpool? I don't know him. Where is his office?" "Liverpool is the seaport where we take ship." "No ship for me, if you please. You can go by sea, if you prefer; I shall take the express train instead." It was the same individual who fancied that horticulture was the art of cultivating ornies (nettles), and who thought to give dignity to "Robert the Devil," who was a cavalier, by wearing the cross of the Legion of Honor. Another drawback to the tenor's happiness is that he himself is the slave of his organ. That voice, which is the source of all his success, has to be regarded and nursed with jealous care. Sobriety, even austerities, have to be strictly observed. Syrups, gruels, lozenges, liquorice, potions and flannel neckties are his fate. Besides which are to be reckoned his professional labors, mental and physical. Thus between 1830 and 1870, Mario, the famous tenor, learned by heart, studied, rehearsed, dressed and performed more than one hundred grand operas by Meyerbeer, Mozart, Rossini, Verdi and a host of composers too numerous to mention, to say nothing of minor pieces, concerts and the like. Was that the life of a sybarite? And his final destiny is to be forgotten. The painter leaves his picture behind him, the sculptor, his statue, the author his book, the composer his score. What permanent record of the tenor remains, not merely after his death, but after his operative life is ended? History speaks of Sophocles, Pindus, Appelles; but what historian, two thousand years hence, will rescue Rubini from oblivion? How many of our younger readers have ever heard of Rubini? Unhappy vocalist, in the midst of thy triumphs "Memento, tenor, quia pulvis, es!" (Remember, O tenor, thou art but dust!)

## The Yak.

The yak is found in a wild as well as as a domesticated state. Formerly very little was known of the wild variety. Nothing can be more dissimilar than the two varieties. The wild one inhabits the loftiest peaks, seldom venturing below the perpetual snows, except during unusually severe weather. It is a fierce brute, and has been known to exceed sixteen hands in height. Hue records crossing a stream in which a wild herd of yak had been imbedded in the ice and frozen to death, their forms being perfectly distinguishable through the ice. To the Tartars it is a most useful animal, being employed not only for food, but as a beast of burden, and its sure-footedness renders it invaluable for mountain traveling. Hue describes whole droves with their loads on their backs, sliding down the frozen sides of steep mountains.

## Irish History not Dramatic.

There is one difficulty in writing a readable history of Ireland which no amount of new information can remove, and which almost forbids us to hope that such a work can be made popular with the general public. History is attractive; so far as it can be made dramatic—so far as each crisis in the nation's fate is summed up in some one decisive struggle, or can be told in the form of a biography of the chief actor. The popularity of Greek history rests upon the mode in which it can be thrown into acts, each terminating with some brilliant stage effects, after which the curtain falls, to rise and disclose a new plot and a fresh cast of characters. If we carefully examine the popular conception of English history, from the fall of Harold to the arrival of William III., we perceive that it may without difficulty be divided into a series of dramas, each with a marked and effective termination. A history can be written biographically when the force which manifestly produces marked results is the surpassing genius and energy of a conspicuous individual; the struggle, for instance, of Scotland against England in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries lives only in the deeds of Wallace and Bruce, and is popularly believed to have terminated with the battle of Bannockburn.

The history of Ireland cannot be written dramatically or biographically. The changes which took place were all produced by unobserved forces acting over long periods. The transformation of the Northern feudal lords into quasi-Celtic chiefs resulted from many and not obvious causes, and took two centuries to effect. The only complete drama in Irish history is the reign of James II. The history of Ireland is also almost—if we may use the term—heroic. Of the Celtic population the only man who has left an enduring name in history is the King Brian; of all the Normans who fought and died during three centuries there remains only an indefinite memory of the Geraldines as a family. Cromwell is remembered not because he personally achieved very much in Ireland, but because he manifested a certain something; and from Cromwell to Gautan and O'Connell not one man has left a memory. It is strange but true that although there was incessant war in Ireland for five centuries, no one out of Ireland who has not specially studied Irish history could name any battle, except that of the Boyne, or siege except that of Londonderry; and the reason of this is that during the entire period the fighting never resulted in any decisive success which determined, once for all, the course of subsequent events.

## Heroes of Song.

The tenor is generally a cooper, a baker, a cabman or a tamer, who has been caught singing over his tubs, his hot rolls or his hides. Why is a tenor so rarely a law student, an architect or an apothecary's assistant? This problem is one for physiologists to solve. The only thing quite certain is that the tenor is never a prodigy of learning. Grammar, especially, perplexes him; orthography drives him to despair. He therefore adopts a phonetic system of his own invention. "Let him take lessons, then," you say. Very good; but taking lessons in spelling is a confession that he cannot spell. His prestige would suffer. What would the idolatrous crowd think of their idol on learning that in a letter to his mother, he had written, "Hevery mornin I heat a raw legg for the sake of my eth?" And his fellow-singers in the green-room? Wouldn't they make fun of him? Consequently, the tenor abstains from writing; or, if absolutely obliged to write, he takes refuge in a prudent laconism. One sweet-voiced gentleman, compelled to answer a manager who had proposed, by letter, a reduction of his salary, thought of sending his card with the simple phrase "I maintain my pretensions." But the last syllable of the word sorely puzzled him. Not liking the look of it with a t, he tried it with a double s, and finally decided on a c, "pretensions." His geographical knowledge is equally at fault. He is offered an advantageous engagement at New Orleans, and, without reflection, signs at once. "You are going to

## The Yak.

The yak is found in a wild as well as as a domesticated state. Formerly very little was known of the wild variety. Nothing can be more dissimilar than the two varieties. The wild one inhabits the loftiest peaks, seldom venturing below the perpetual snows, except during unusually severe weather. It is a fierce brute, and has been known to exceed sixteen hands in height. Hue records crossing a stream in which a wild herd of yak had been imbedded in the ice and frozen to death, their forms being perfectly distinguishable through the ice. To the Tartars it is a most useful animal, being employed not only for food, but as a beast of burden, and its sure-footedness renders it invaluable for mountain traveling. Hue describes whole droves with their loads on their backs, sliding down the frozen sides of steep mountains.

## Irish History not Dramatic.

There is one difficulty in writing a readable history of Ireland which no amount of new information can remove, and which almost forbids us to hope that such a work can be made popular with the general public. History is attractive; so far as it can be made dramatic—so far as each crisis in the nation's fate is summed up in some one decisive struggle, or can be told in the form of a biography of the chief actor. The popularity of Greek history rests upon the mode in which it can be thrown into acts, each terminating with some brilliant stage effects, after which the curtain falls, to rise and disclose a new plot and a fresh cast of characters. If we carefully examine the popular conception of English history, from the fall of Harold to the arrival of William III., we perceive that it may without difficulty be divided into a series of dramas, each with a marked and effective termination. A history can be written biographically when the force which manifestly produces marked results is the surpassing genius and energy of a conspicuous individual; the struggle, for instance, of Scotland against England in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries lives only in the deeds of Wallace and Bruce, and is popularly believed to have terminated with the battle of Bannockburn.

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