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Empty.

Your cosy crib is in the corner yet;
I sit and watch it, just as day is dead.
You cannot press again, my vanished pet,
Its pillow with your drowsy golden head.

You cannot reach plump arms to get my kiss,
Or dart about with rosy, naked feet,
Babbling soft syllables of that and this,
A tiny night-gowned fairy, blithe and sweet.

Once and for all you have lain down to rest,
Not to rise up because of birds or beams,—
Once and for all, with white flowers on your breast,
To slumber coldly and to dream no dreams.

Empty the home where frolicsome and fair,
Your precious presence made so bright a part;
Empty your little crib, your clothes, your chair,
But emptiest of all your mother's heart!

Nothing Cares.

Ay, nothing cares; the buds peep out
Through the glory of waving grasses;
The lime-tree flings its passionate breath
To the light wind as it passes.
The roses cluster, crimson and white,
In affluent glow and bloom;
The sunshine lends its careless light
To the cradle and the tomb.
The wild birds sing 'mid the wedding chimes,
Or the mourners' sobbing prayers;
The seasons keep their stated time,
Life passes; nothing cares.

Our joy cannot soften the keen gray skies,
Or the sting of the glittering frost;
Our cry cannot sadden the Spring's sweet sighs
On the merry breezes tossed;
Our woe does not cloud the Summer's flush,
As it gladdens o'er land or sea;
Our triumph sinks down when the Autumn hush
Claims its grave tranquillity.
Oh! never a touch of sympathy
Great Nature's magic wears;
We strive and stumble, and moan, and die;
Life passes; nothing cares.

Oh! love them, while our days are bright,
Beauty, and life, and flowers;
Let them give our Summer added light,
Let them bless our few bright hours;
And when the certain shadows creep
Over the path we go,
Let us turn away from it all and weep,
And bear, as we may, our woe;
Asking no comfort from outward things,
That but jar and mock our prayers,
For a bitter truth experience brings—
We die, and nothing cares!

VALERIAN'S LAST GIFT.

My darling stepped out from the little inn-window on the wooden balcony, draped with vine-leaves and heavy bunches of half-ripened grapes, which overhung the door of the *osteria*. It was a lapis-lazuli night, such as only known in Italy. Below us lay a great water, calm as the bay of contentment wherein our lives had now glided. Stars trembled there, and the moon swung her full fed lamp on the very edge of the ripple that washed the shore. There came a heavy odor of orange-blossoms from the gardens above us, blent with the less rare odor of tobacco from the pipes of ostlers and wayfarers seated around the door below. The murmur of their voices was all that broke the silence.

Between the *osteria* and the lake ran the dusty high-road, where the diligence half an hour ago had passed, and stopped there to change horses. But there was not much traffic saving a cart or two, oxen-drawn and laden with maize, and a curious old vehicle, half gig, half chaise, bearing a notary from the neighboring town to the bedside of some village Dives, embered in his last hours with the disposition of his wealth, (so the waiter informed me) Saving for these the dust had slept undisturbed, in layers several inches thick, upon the road, during all the hours we had been there. And now the night had come, and even such unfrequent traffic would cease.

But, contrary to our expectations, as we stood there hand-in-hand upon the balcony, listening to a cicala in the dusty roadside grass and a frog in the water-weeds, and the hum of the smokers' voices below us, there fell on our ears the distant cracking of a post-poy's whip, with the familiar accompaniment of jingling harness. A minute more, and in the white moonlight we saw an open traveling-carriage coming rapidly toward us. There was a rush among the smokers to the front; the postilion worked up his whip to a state of frenzy as he neared his goal, and finally swung himself lightly to the ground, as he pulled up exactly under our window. The carriage was occupied by two persons—a gentleman and lady. The head of the *caleche* being thrown back, I could see the man's face very distinctly in the moonlight, which was as clear as day. I thought I recognized it; so, perhaps, did my companion, for she drew yet closer to me, and I felt her little hand tremble in mine. The doubt, if it was one, lasted but a minute; the lady threw back her veil; the small black-lace bonnet framed—it did not shroud—that carved ivory face on which the moonlight flooded. God forgive me! I had reasons to know it too well; and so had she who stood beside me. My poor little darling nestled close to me like a frightened dove, and she pulled me quickly back under the shadow of the vine-leaves, as she murmured—"O Valerian! that woman again! That woman *here*!"—

"My darling, what are you afraid of? She can do us no harm. Depend on it, she is not troubling her head about *me*."

"Why does she come here? Oh, Valerian, we were so happy!"

"Hush! Let us hear what they say."

"Bring out the *livre des etrangers*. We will see who has been passing this way." It was the gentleman who spoke.

"Just the romantic spot for a love-sick couple," laughed the lady; and her fine musical laugh fell on my ear like a discordant peal of bells. "I should not wonder if there was some one staying here."

We saw the greasy strangers' book handed to them by their courier, and the lady, by the light of the moon alone, turned over the pages and read the names written there. A dear little curly head was hidden on my breast, and a small voice whispered, plaintively:

"You won't go down to her? You won't see her? Promise me. She'll try to take you from me, as she did before. I shall die if you go, Valerian!"

"Never fear, darling. She bewitched me once; I was mad then, I believe. But have I not something better now? While I hold my treasure here in my arms, what to me are all the fairest women in the world?"

"Ah! you didn't think so once," she sobbed; "and I know nothing can resist her—nothing! Even now, you cannot take your eyes off her. Ah! Valerian, if she drags you away from me *this* time—"

I put my hand across her mouth, and listened with hungry eyes and ears.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the lady, clasping her hands and laughing. "Look here!—what a *rencontre!*—read this: '*Mons. Valerian, peintre Paris, avec sa femme.*' Only think of *his* being here! I have not seen him since he threatened to blow out his brains."

"Poor devil! You treated him very badly, Cora. Who did he marry?"

"O, some little English model, to whom he had been engaged for years—ever since he was a child. I wish her joy of him. Have you a mind to see them? Shall we stop the night here? You wanted a sketch of the lake; he shall make me half a dozen."

"That sort of fellow's a bore," said the gentleman, lighting his cigar. "Besides, you'll have to make the fellow believe you're in love with him again, in order to get your sketches: and it isn't worth it. How can you ever have found *anything* worth it? Gratified vanity, eh. You twisted him round your little finger, the young fool, all the time I was in Russia. Well, I hope you found it amusing. I always think society of that second-rate sort a nuisance."

"He was really very tolerable. The whole thing rather amused me, for a time—until he began to take it *au grand serieux*. When he grew dull and taciturn, talked of nothing but death and despair, of course I was obliged to shut the door in his face. It would rather interest me to see him again, though," added the lady, carefully buttoning her glove. "Let us send for him."

And this was the woman for whom, one short year ago, I would have laid down my life—for whose sake I had cast aside the treasure which, undeserving as I was, I had found nestling in my heart once more! Blind fool that I had been! Oh, for those wasted, worse than wasted, hours! I felt, in that moment, how one burning drop of shameful memory may embitter a whole cupful of present happiness. Else were there no justice under heaven; while faithful men, whose love has never swerved, are forever severed, this side the grave, from all they have best loved on earth. Was it my darling's avenging angel who had brought this couple here to-night, that my ears might testify to the baseness of her who had seduced me from my heart's first allegiance?

This is what I heard the husband reply:

"*Ma chere*, it would be dull work for me watching you try to rehook your fish. No doubt you would succeed—you always do. But I put it to you fairly—*est-ce que cela vaut la peine?* You, who have had emperors at your feet—you may leave your poor artist in peace at last, eh, to the miserable enjoyment of his model wife. She punishes him enough for his infidelity before marriage, depend on it."

"No doubt; and I should like to have seen my friend henpecked," replied the lady with a smile. "It was just because he was so different from all the men of one's own set that I amused myself with him, *mon cher*, during your absence. I knew *you* would never have tolerated him in the house—as he never plays *ecarté*; but as you were in Russia, it was rather an amusing change often all the *blasés* men of the Jockey Club, to listen to this passionate sentimental painter, with his talk about Christian art, and his enthusiasm about the color of one's hair and the turn of one's neck, and his utter absence of all conventionality. He was quite refreshing. I assure you, until he came to be a bore. By the by, you never saw the picture he did of me, in the dress I wore at the Princess Mathilde's *bal costumé?* If we stayed here the night——"

Here the fresh horses were brought out; and in the imprecations which accompanied the tugging at the rope harness and the shoving of the beasts into their places at the pole, I lost the remainder of this sentence.

"If I have my luck, before we return to Paris I'll send to the fellow and buy his picture," said the husband; but to-night, remember that Schwartzenheim is to meet us at Como."

"And he plays at *ecarte!*" I will get the minature from Valerian, however without your buying it, *mon ami*."

"You shall not have long to wait," I murmured; and disengaging myself from the arms of my darling, who followed me, pale and bathed in tears, I entered our little room, and ran to a case which stood near the bed. Among a number of other miniatures was one half-finished, which I had not looked at for months. I seized a sponge full of water, and passed it several times across the hard, beautiful, white face, that looked out at me less and less distinctly, until nothing but the faintest shadow of a face was left. Then I wrote with my pencil across it: "Valerian's last gift." I ran into the balcony. They were just starting. The *padrone*, surrounded by his satellites, stood cringing and congeing at the door; the postillion was already in his saddle, the courier climbing deftly into his rumble. I took my aim just as the whip went "crack" and the wheels, with a sudden jerk, began revolving; the bit of ivory dropped straight into her lap. She was startled, and looked quickly up. Our eyes met. I was leaning well over the balcony this time, with my arm around my angel's neck; and it was with no feigned fervor of passion that I pressed my lips to hers. The carriage was rolling out of sight in the moonlight and the dust, but I could just catch the scornful smile on that pale sculptured face, under its black lace bonnet, before a turn of the road hid the woman from me—for ever.

Yes, for ever on this side the grave; for I learn that she is now dead. It was a painful, lingering end; some internal torture eating away her life, and with it her dearly-cherished beauty. What comfort had she in those last hours, when her husband was playing *ecarte* at his club, and her admirers had all deserted her, with no baby-fingers clasped about her neck, no children's voices to cheer the love forgotten silence? Was the solitary woman haunted by the memory of lives she had ruined, or hearts she had burned up and laid desolate?

Why have I written down the story o those few moments in a balcony? Because I look back to them with thankfulness, as to the crisis when my eyes were fully opened. I know myself. I know that until then, blinded by the woman's beauty, I never really saw her as she was But for this, there had been times haply when I might have regretted that my little angel lacked the Athenian grace and brilliancy that in another exercised so fatal a spell over me. As it is, I thank God for the belpmate he has given me; for her sweet trusting nature, for the heaven of her face, which always brings me peace when I look into it. And when I see her baby curled like a rose-leaf on her bosom, and her two sturdy boys, who clean father's palette and mimic father's pictures in chalk upon the studio wall—ah! well, I say to myself, there is nothing the Schwartzenheim palace contains, nothing than poor dead woman's life ever compassed, that I would take in exchange for the joys my wife has given me!

A CASE OF CRUELTY.—Col. Freemantle of the Coldstream guards has furnished to the Londen *Times* a correspondence between himself and the Secretary of the Dublin and Glasgow Steam Packet Company which curiously illustrates the rigid adherence of the ordinary English official to regulations, and his incapacity to discover any circumstances which might sanction any deviation from them. Corporal Sinclair of the guards, while in the last stage of consumption was refused admittance into the cabin of one of the Glasgow and Dublin steamers, on the ground that it was against the rules of the company to allow a cabin passage to non-commissioned officers or private soldiers so long as they wear the Queen's uniform, although no objection is made to admit persons of the lowest grade in civilian dress. So the unfortunate man was obliged to take a steerage passage, the discomforts of which greatly aggravated the malady from which he was suffering. In reply to a remonstrance from Colonel Freemantle against this inhumanity, the Secretary of the company says that Corporal Sinclair was informed that if he would cover his uniform with a civilian overcoat he could obtain a cabin passage. But as the corporal possessed no such garment, the permission was of little avail, and he became a victim to red tape. The absurdity of the whole thing becomes apparent when it is considered that the shabbiest civilian in England could have obtained on this occasion what was denied to a brave and deserving veteran.

At a recent Lima exhibition a clock made by a Peruvian was exhibited, quite wonderful in its way. It was fifty feet seven inches wide. It marks the weeks, the seasons, years and centuries; it shows the courses of the sun and moon, hoists up and lowers daily the flag of Peru, and presents pictures commemorative of the great events in the history of Peru. It strikes the hours and quarters of hours, and plays certain tunes at stated periods.

A Kentucky Romance.

Not far from the forks of Elkhorn lived the pretty little widow Fauntleroy, and one of her nearest neighbors was General Peyton. The General had looked upon the little widow very much as he did upon his blooded horse Powhattan — "the finest horse, sir, in the Blue Grass region."

The pretty little widow Fauntleroy had been a widow more than a year, while the General, having a great regard for etiquette, had waited patiently for that time to elapse in order to declare himself. But the widow with her womans art, kept her lover at bay and yet kept him in her train. He had escorted her to this barbecue, and when returning had expressed his satisfaction at the prospect of General Combs and the success of the Whig party.

The widow took sides with the Democracy, and offered to wager her blooded saddle horse, Gypsey, or anything else on the place, against Powhattan, or anything else she might fancy on the General's place. The General's gallantry would not allow him to refuse the wager, which he promptly accepted. By this time they had reached the north fork of Elkhorn, and were about to ford it (bridges were not plentiful in those days) when John Peyton, the General's only son and heir, came up at a sharp gait behind them.

The widow turned and bowed to John, and rode on into the stream, but a little behind her companion. The east bank was very steep, and required the horses to put forth all their strength to reach the top with their loads. As luck would have it good, or ill, the widow's girth broke just at the commencement of the steep ascent. The lady, still seated on her saddle, slid swiftly back into the water, while her horse went up the bank like an arrow.

John Peyton leaped from his horse, and in an instant caught the floating lady and saddle, and, before the General had recovered from his astonishment, was at the top of the bank with his burden. The little widow was equal to the occasion, for she begged the General to ride on and stop her horse, which had now begun to understand his part in the mishap, and was beginning to increase his gait toward home.

The General did as he was bid, and soon returned with the horse. In the meantime John Peyton had secured his own horse, and when the General came back with the widow's horse she and John were laughing merrily over the ridiculous accident; but what further passed between them is only known to themselves.

John Peyton repaired the broken girth, fastened the saddle again on the horse, placed the lady in her seat, bade her good evening, mounted his horse, and taking another road down the Elkhorn, rode rapidly home, leaving the General to escort the widow.

It is not necessary to relate how he entertained his fair companion with ponderous anecdotes of Mr. Clay and other famous public men; but when he reached the Fauntleroy place he accepted the lady's invitation to dismount and take tea with her. After changing her wet clothing the pretty widow entertained her guest with her brightest smiles and some new songs. The General was delighted, and expressed his delight, as Kentucky gentlemen of that day would have done. "You are the finest songtress, madam, in the Blue Grass region."

When he bade her good night and shook hands with her on the porch, the wicked little widow gave his hand a little squeeze—only a little—but it thrilled like an electric shock through his great, ponderous frame, while she laughingly reminded him of his wager. That night, in his dreams, the little widow Fauntleroy was repeated so often, and in so many bewitching forms, that he resolved to propose to her at their first meeting, nor did he dream that he could be refused

The next morning a letter from his tobacco factor, called General Peyton to Louisville, and before his return the political contest in the Ashland district was over, and wonderful to relate, John C. Breckinridge, the young Democrat was elected to Congress.

General Peyton was both astonished and indignant. "Mr. Clay's district, sir, the finest Congressional district in the Blue Grass region, has disgraced itself, sir," was almost his first remark to his neighbor, Colonel Beaufort.

To his son John he communicated his intention to bring Mrs. Fauntleroy to adorn the head of his table.

"Sir, she is the finest lady in the Blue Grass region, and I hope, sir, you will always respect your future mother."

John, with a quiet smile, assured him that he was pleased with his choice. This pleased the General highly, for he had been a little afraid John would object to a step-mother younger than himself.

The next morning the General ordered Powhattan brought out and led over to Mrs. Fauntleroy's. Calling John he requested him to go with him to call upon Mrs. Fauntleroy.

"The Whig party has disgraced itself in Mr. Clay's district, sir, and I am compelled to part with the finest blooded horse in the State to pay my wager with that lady, sir."

The black boy had led Powhattan to the hitching rail in front of Mrs. Fauntleroy's yard, and, having tied him, had gone into the quarters to tell his brothers and sisters of their mistress's good luck in having won the famous horse Powhattan.

When General Payton and John arrived they found the pretty widow and two young lady friends in the yard admiring Powhattan. The ladies were in high glee and after the usual salutations the gentlemen were invited to take seats on the porch, which they did.

"Madam," said the General to Mrs. Fauntleroy, "I have come here like a true Kentucky gentleman, to pay the wager I have lost. Powhattan, madam, is rightfully yours."

"But, General," said she, "I believe the wager was conditional. It was the horse or anything else on the place, was it not?"

"Madam," he replied, "you are correct. But there is nothing on my place one-half in value to Powhattan. I cannot permit you to select an inferior animal."

The pretty widow blushed to the tips of her fingers when she said: "You have another and superior animal here—your son John; if he would but use his tongue, I think I shall choose him."

There was a moment of silence, then a laugh, in which the General did not join. He rose, and in the blandest manner bade the ladies good night. To John he said: "Sir, you will remain."

And that was the way John Peyton came to marry the pretty Widow Fauntleroy.

General Peyton never forgave his pretty daughter-in-law her practical joke. In after years he used to say: "Sir, she is the finest lady in the Blue Grass region, but she lacks taste, sir."

AN IMPORTANT SUIT.—A suit of some importance and interest to the the public is pending in the Marine Court of New York. The widow of the late Avery D. Putnam, who was killed with a car-hook by Foster, has brought suit against the street Railroad Company for damages resulting from the lost of her husband. The evidence is the same as upon the trial for the murder, which, it is claimed, shows that the conductor and driver, by the exercise of proper diligence, could have prevented the assault, and the legal ground is taken that the Company is liable in damages for the negligence of its employes.

"I Make No Mistake."

A first-rate story is told of a very prominent man, who lived in Detroit forty years ago, and who at that time owned more steamboat stock than any man in the Western country, besides other wealth to a large amount.

Like many of the pioneers who acquired great riches, he was very ignorant in all that books taught, but his learning is more like wisdom, and, in common with many who have lived and passed away, but left their mark behind them, he knew what tree would make shingles by looking at it.

He had, at the time of our story, just completed a splendid new warehouse at Buffalo, and wanting a suitable clerk to take charge of it, he advertised for one in the papers. The next morning early, a candidate for the position presented himself, rather too flashy a young man in appearance, but the following conversation occurred:

"Young man, when you make a mistake in any of your books, how do you correct it?"

The young man explained, in a very profuse manner, how he should proceed to make it all right.

"A good way, no doubt, to do it," replied the old man, "but I shan't want you."

Very soon another aspirant put in an appearance. A similar question was asked him, and in a long and eloquea manner he pointed out the remedy in all such cases.

All the reply was: "Young man, I shan't want you."

Some three or four others drooped in during the day, and to each one the same question was put, and they all had some smart way of covering up errors in their books.

The old gentleman was entirely ignorant himself of the art of book-keeping, but he had wisdom in all things, which is more than a match for learning.

Just at the close of the day a plainly dressed man with a bright eye and a brisk step called for the situation.

"Take a seat, sir," said the old gentleman, "I want to ask you one question. When you make a false entry on your books, how do you go to work to correct it?"

Turning upon his questioner a cold, sharp look, the young man replied: "I don't make that kind of mistakes, sir."

"Ah! my dear sir, you are just the man I have been looking for all day," and in a few moments after, the man who corrected his blunders by not making them, was installed in the office.

Five-Minute Chats With Young Girls.

And now, girls, says Dio Lewis, let us return to your dress. In a previous chat I spoke of one feature of your dress which I venture to say must be changed before you can have a clear head, good digestion, and a healthy liver.

I wish now to speak of the dress of the middle of the body. Every one of us lives in proportion to our breathing. If we breathe strong, we live strong; if our breath is weak our life is weak; the quantity of air we take into our lungs is the measure of our life.

Now, go with me to the ball room. Here we are. Notice that couple: they are dancing. Watch them. When they stop observe their breathing. There! he has taken one deep breath, filling all the lower part of his lungs, and now his breathing is quiet. But notice her breathing. See how the upper part of her chest works up and down. Watch her ten minutes. That panting and pumping will go on.

What do you suppose is the reason for this difference? Do you suppose the Creator made a woman's lungs so deficient in size that she has to work that way to get her breath? Among young children there is no difference in the breathing of boys and girls. If we visit a farm where persons of both sexes are engaged in outdoor labor, with the same freedom of dress, we shall not find the women breathing in that peculiar way.

No, the working and pumping of that chest are owing to her dress. The lower part of the lungs is the large part. There is where most of the breathing should be done. There is where the man does most of his breathing. But she has so squeezed and contracted the lower part of her lungs that very little breath can get down there, so that the small upper end is compelled to do most of her breathing. It is that little upper end which is working away so hard under her ribs now. When a lady dances, runs, or goes up stairs, she suffers thumping of the heart and labored breathing, not because the original constitution of her breathing apparatus was faulty, but because she so compresses the lower, larger part of her lungs, that she is like a person who has but a single lung to breath with. There is a lack of breathing room and of course the breathing is labored.

With knife on corset-string, every woman should cry out, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

Perfect freedom for lungs, heart, liver and stomach is indispensable to good respiration, circulation and digestion. Without such freedom, living is not living, but dying.

Railway Disasters in England.

There can be no doubt that railroad management in England is more uniformly, thorough than in this country. We have, it is true, some roads which are managed with a skill and care and foresight and liberal expenditure hardly surpassed by the English roads, but we have too many other lines so bunglingly managed as to be hardly fit for transportation of cattle, to say nothing of human beings. But admitting that the English railroad management is, as we said, more uniformly thorough than ours, it may be questioned if it is not too highly rated here.

It is easy to account for this over estimate. We hear of our own accidents, or at least the most of them, while we hear, as a general thing, only of the most terrible of the disasters happening on the English roads.

But that there is at times almost as gross mismanagement on some of the English roads as disgraces certain of our own is evident from the complaints put up by the people there, as well as from the official reports. Captain Tyler's General report shows that the number of accidents on English roads had increased from one hundred and thirty one, in 1870 to one hundred and seventy-one, in 1871, although fortunately the number of passengers killed by causes beyond their own control had decreased from sixty-six to twelve, while there was also a decrease in the number of passengers injured.

MORTALITY OF CHIDREN.—A very distinguished Paris physician says: "I believe that, during the twenty years I practised my profession, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemetaries a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms. Put the bulb of a thermometer into a baby's mouth and the mercury rises to ninety degrees. Now carry the same to its little hand; if the arm be bare and even cool, the mercury will sink to fifty degrees. Of course, all the blood that flows through these arms must fall from ten to forty degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say, when these currents of the blood flow back to the chest, the child's vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at the frequently recurring affections of the tongue, throat, or stomach?"

Abbottsford in 1872.

Taking all conditions and circumstances into account, I hardly know of any place that is fraught with such thrilling and pathetic associations. Byron's Newstead is not half so mournful an illustration of the futility of smaller ambitions, and it is not half so profoundly steeped in the personal associations of genius. There's the study in which the great romancist wrought; there's the faded old arm-chair of leather in which he used to sit; there's his library he filled with the books he so loved; here are the historic spears, and swords, and corselets, which he delighted to collect around him. Yonder is the full-length painting of the much-loved son who kept the great name of Sir Walter Scott for so short a time before the living world. All the race are gone now but a great-grand-daughter—a girl of nineteen—and she is a Roman Catholic—(think what Walter Scott would have said to such a family prospect!) and perhaps when she marries the name will wholly pass away. Sir Walter's grand-daughter, the last survivor of the family, married Mr. Hope, a great Parlimentary lawyer and a Roman Catholic; and he, inheriting Abbottsford through her, took the name of Scott in addition to his own. Mrs. Hope Scott died many years ago, leaving the one daughter I have mentioned. Mr. Hope Scott married a second wife, who also died. Thus there are two of Sir Walter's dearest hopes unfilled. He hoped to found a great, broad-spreading family, and a name identified with vigorous Protestantism, and the line has run down to one girl, and she is a devout Roman Catholic. Well, all these thoughts and many others render a visit to Abbottsford rather a melancholy pilgrimage, with all the glory of the memories that cling forever round the house. But it is hard indeed to keep up any feeling of reverence or sadness, or even interests, when you are marshalled through Abbottsford exactly as if it were Mrs. Jarley's wax works. You are shown into a waiting room, where you have to remain until the attendant has got through with the previous party or gang of sight-seers; for they will only take one gang at a time. Then, when your turn comes, you pay sixpence each; the guiding woman takes a wand in her hand and leads the way. She points out everything, and names each relic in a measured, monotonous, ice-cold tone, like that old wearied school-mistress going over some dull task in her dreams. "Chair of Sir Walter Scott; desk of Sir Walter Scott; portrait of Sir Walter Scott, painted by—" any one you like—"portrait of Lady Scott's silver inkstand, presented by the Sultan of Turkey; silver snuff-box presented by the corporation of Ballingullish; pistol that once belonged to Prince Charles Edward; pair of garters, said to have belonged to Mary Queen of Scotts; miscellaneous collection of weapons, owners' names unknown." So you are lead along, ashamed of the whole thing, wondering what Sir Walter would have thought of it if he could only have forseen, and finding that every ray of decent emotion is dying out of you as you drudge through your measured and soulless ceremonial. At the time our little group had got half way through, it might have been Wood's Museum, so far as most of us were concerned. I vow if I were the heir of a great man, I would not have this sort of thing. I would close the house and the relics against all strangers, or I would have them to see and gaze and meditate without the preliminary sixpence or the accompanying clack of the guide.

Paris a Humbug.

The Rev. J. H. Barclay ventures to differ from the popular estimate. He writes to the *Lutheran Observer*:—"If there is any unmitigated humbug on the face of the earth it is Paris. People visit it because it is the fashion, and learn to murder a little French and to praise delightful *Paree*, as they pronounce it, because it is the fashion. Paris has its beauties; it is a fine city, but there is a wearisome sameness about its streets. Uniformity becomes tiresome. Uniform, as a rule, in height, uniform in style, the Mansard roof is everywhere prevalent. No one can erect an edifice until submitted to the Royal Architect, who insists on certain rules, one man power, the curse of nations and churches. There is not in Paris, except her Opera House, a single building equal to Bennett's *Herald* office or the Park Bank, save in extensiveness, and yet we are of the conclusion that when European visitors are going into ecstacies over the second city of the world it is the fashion, and that explains and covers a great deal. If Paris is over-estimated, much more is her army a swindle. The Prussian victories lessened it considerably in our estimation. We saw, probably, 80,000 of the flower of the army, viz: the Versailles troops. They were walking scare-crows; they were the slouchiest, dirtiest, worst dressed, meanest drilled troops I ever saw on parade. Our cherished dream is gone; the days of the Old Guard are over. The spirit of the great Napoleon will turn sorrowfully away. Ichabod is written on the banners of France, for the glory hath departed. A word on what is left of the old army. We went in the broiling sun to the Hotel des Invalides, the asylum of the old soldiers of Napoleon, and the place where his ashes repose; and so we compared France, not with others but with herself. In the hospital and around the grounds we saw veterans of ninety years of age, who put to shame the best blood of modern France. Men who fought through the suns of Egypt and the snows of Russia, grizzled and weatherbeaten, but still erect as pines, broad shouldered, stern old soldiers, who recall the glory of the Old Guard—the last lingering lights of a once powerful nation. We could not but think of what these old men must have felt for the humiliation of their land, now they must have bled at the degeneracy of the moderns.

"And what is the matter with France? Wherein lies the secret of her overthrow? It is contained in two words—ignorance and licentiousness!"

IMPROVEMENTS IN CASTING METALS.—The invention of Mr. W. Sellers, of Philadelphia, Pa., relates to a novel method of discharging the molten metal from the furnace or crucible in which it has been melted, and of casting or transferring the same into moulds, or into another furnace or crucible, without piercing any part of the earth or bed of the furnace, or removing the crucible from the furnace in which it has been heated, and without exposing the molten metal during its transit to the action of the air, thereby avoiding the oxidizing effect of the air thereon, and preventing the conveyance of air along with the metal into the mould. In carrying out this invention the transfer of the metal is effected through a pipe or conduit by the agency of atmospheric pressure, one end of the said pipe or conduit dipping down below the surface of the molten metal in the furnace or crucible, whilst the other end is in direct communication with the mould, so that on exhausting, or partially exhausting, the air from the interior of the mould, or group of moulds, the molten metal will flow freely therein, being forced along the pipe or conduit by the pressure of the atmosphere upon the surface of the metal in the furnace or crucible.

A French society has decided that it prolongs the lives and increases the happiness of dogs to make them work.

A Spanish Horse Race.

A lady correspondent writes from California: I never will forget my sight of a horse race, and I guess you might like to hear it, as it was a singular one. It was in 1862, on the day of the Festa of San Rafael, a day held in the highest reverence by the Spanish people, who testify their reverence by drinking, gambling, and horse racing. The festivities are kept on for three days, and booths are erected, and camps are formed, and the whole Spanish population congregate—men, women, and children—and the old priest of the nearest mission lends the saving grace of his presence to the occasion. Formerly they added a bull fight to the list of amusements on that day, but the Americans made so many objections that this part was left off. The place this year selected for the festivities was down near San Lorenso, and large booths were on every side, filled with people, mostly Spanish, though many Americans were present.

At noon a herald rode up and down, proclaiming that the races for the afternoon were about to begin, and in a trice the booths were deserted, and the track was lined with the expectant crowd. The race track was merely a level road, a mile in length, and straight, not in a circle, as we have ours. The horses were all California and Mexican mustangs. Some of them were magnificent, and the riders were resplendent with silver jingling ornaments down their pantaloons and bordering their jackets, and their crimson sashes, which, with jeweled-handled knives showing through their folds, gave them the appearance of the handsome dark pirates we read of. The men merely rode up without preliminary, and dashed down the track, no effort being made to time the horses. The one who reached the goal first took the prize. They all run their horses—never trot them.

It is astonishing to see the feats of agility the men perform while their horses are at full speed, for they will reach down and pick up a half dollar from the ground, and never miss. Chickens are buried in the ground, leaving only their heads sticking out, and men will rush past like the wind, and snatch the head off every time. This is looked upon as the funny part. At last the ladies' races were to take place, and several rode up and rode their races without any mishap, which was wonderful, considering that they rode bare-backed and at full speed.

After several races had taken place, won repeatedly by a large, handsome senorita on a cinnamon-colored mustang, another girl made her appearance on the ground on a black mustang, whose delicate, springy step, arched neck and flashing eye showed its blood and fire. The girl herself was a perfect apparition of beauty. Her eyes were large and brilliantly black; her mouth ripe, with full, intensely red lips, and her rich black hair hung far below her waist. She was very small, and exquisitely proportioned, with tiny, arching Spanish feet, and she was dressed in white, and wore no hat, but had a quaint silver chain around her head to bind back her hair.

Dolores was most beautiful at any time, but here on her magnificent horse, every motion grace unequaled, and with the hot blood flushing in her cheeks, she certainly was as near what might be called radiantly beautiful as possible for any one. Riding up to the pole, she flung out her challenge to the victorious rider, who smiled contemptuously at her and her horse, and accepted it disdainfully, and in a moment both horses were flying over the course. They were both well matched in point of speed; but Dolores had the finest horse and it was a delirium-producing sight to see him gather for the great leaps which carried them to the end of the goal before I write it, Dolores ahead.

Then they turned and came back to the starting point. Dolores still in advance, looking wildly triumphant, with two spots of fire on her cheeks, at the long plaudits, when her horse stepped into a gopher hole, slightly stumbled, and lost the race by half a length. Dolores rode slowly up to the pole, jumped from her horse like a flash, and drew her dagger before any one had the slightest idea of her intention, and plunged it up to the hilt in her horse's neck. He shivered a little, looked mournfully at her a moment, then fell at her feet dead, the blood staining her white dress. That broke up the "fiesta." Dolores rode off immediately, and somehow even the Spaniards did not care to stay longer, and that was my first horse race.

Town and Country.

The New York *Tribune* has a genial article on the moral influences of country life, compared with the influences of another kind which beset those in the city.

In November, society in the city draws its breath, looks over its accoutrements and provisions for a new campaign. The season has opened, it says, solemnly, through its organs of the fashionable press. Which does not mean as one might suppose, that the world had been made afresh; but only that the opera houses are open; that there is a certain vim in the drama that was lacking from June until October, that two or three noted women are ready to receive the *beau monde*, and define its business and limits for the next three months.

Outside of the cities, however, the season has a different and broader meaning. What are one or two opera houses or blazing ball rooms to the legions of quiet homes which warm and make human the country from sea to sea? The stubble changing from bronze to yellow, the burning sumac lighting its torch in the hedges the cold blue mist lining out the water courses in the landscape, are the signs just now of the beginning of the universal "season," the closing in of domestic life about the home centre. * * *

We who live in cities, in the midst of the chatter of free-love and daily foul tampering with foul things, are apt to underrate the integrity of domestic life in the silent back ground of the nation. We forget that every Messalina who becomes a public nuisance, every single case of adultry or divorce, signifies unnumbered happy, modest homes of which we never hear. We urge the importance to day, in every one of these homes to which we have access, of keeping straight and clean through, this season and every other their fealty to the old notions of marriage and a Christain family government. There lies their strength now and that of the whole people hereafter.

PACING HORSES.—In Barbary, pacing horses are held in such high estimation that the method of making a spirited trotter shackle like a boot in a chop sea is reduced to science. To make them rack easily, a ring of lead covered with leather is put round each hoof, a cord from each weight ascends and is fastened to the saddle, front and rear; next, a strap runs horizontally from the fore to the hind foot on both sides. Being rather short, it is impossible to make a long step. Restraint compels the animal to practice a new gait to progress at all. As soon as a habit is established of going ahead thus tethered, the desirable object is fully and permanently accomplished.

A HEBREW CUSTOM.—The Hebrews break a wine goblet at their marriages, as illustrative of an important canonical truth—that is, to impress upon the married pair the divine ordination of the Creator, as laid down by the Levitical law, of the indissolubility of the marriage contract, the difficulty of dissolving that contract being considered as insurmountable as the impossibility of replacing the shattered fragments of the glass.

All powerful souls have kindred with each other.

Scenes Among the Germans.

A writer from Dresden, in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, says that the forced service in the army is the main cause of the great emigration, and so great has it been this season—over 80,000—that soldiers have been detailed to gather the crops, and dwellings are absolutely not to be found, muslin and frame tents being thrown up in Berlin to accommodate the incoming population, who are giving up their little homes with the firm intention, as soon as they can get passage, of finding others in a country where they imagine no want exists.

In Germany the child of but a few years of age is set to labor, either in carrying the universal korb (basket), suited to their size, upon their back, dragging their wagons through the streets, or working in the field. The korb holds about one and a half bushels, and it is girls or women always who carry them, either unloading coal boats, for which they receive five pfenings for two full baskets (about one and a quarter cents), or bringing them to market filled with produce, and many times have I seen a full-laden one placed upon the rounded back of an old woman by a burly man, who walked by her side laughing and talking while she toiled along with her heavy load.

Women almost invariably make the mortar and carry it to the builders. They drag about the streets coal or other matter in wagons holding nearly a ton, upon one side of the tongue themselves with a strap over the shoulder, and upon the other a dog. They dig and plow in the fields, at times harnessed with an ox. They break the coal in pieces and carry it up to the houses and assist in sawing wood, which is done on a standard three feet high, one at either end of the saw, while the man splits it ready for them to deliver.

The peasantry are uncouth in their appearance, and rough in their manner, paying little attention to the graces of life, and yet have a delight in flowers and music, which has no lack of food in this land of beautiful art. Their diet is simple, consisting mainly of black bread, made sour purposely, sausage, and coffee or beer. Fresh meat they have but seldom, and the workman seems to thrive on his lump of bread and cheese and potatoes, which he eats at least five times a day, and washes down with the beer made at home. brewery beer being too expensive for his daily use. They have, after all their harvests, a feast, to which all neighbors resort, gayly dancing the evening away. In one of our country walks we innocently walked into a stable where the women, as usual, were threshing, and the men idling about, as it was not their work. A fine was demanded from us as from others for the entertainment which was to follow. Just now the potatoes are all gathered and merry-makings are filling the country round. Their pleasures are simple, but their life is hard, with no prospect of change, and America, the heaven for women and children, and field of future prosperity for men, is longed for, and every exertion made to reach it.

A Humorous Fire-Incident.

The fire, says a Boston paper, was prolific in amusing incidents, even during its moments of supremest horror, and the ludicrous went cheek by jowl with the serious to a far greater extent than it is possible to conceive by those who kept themselves aloft from the scene. Not the least laughable of the incidents to which we allude was that in which a middle-aged lady played important parts. She was somewhat on the shady side of forty, tall, thin and bony of aspect. Her sandy hair was screwed up into numberless rigid curls on either side of her face, and a crunched bonnet fluttered defiantly down her back and was only prevented from falling off by the ribbons by which it was tied round her neck. Her rusty black dress had been evidently hurried on at a moment's warning, as it was buttoned and hooked in a style of labyrinthine perplexity. She pushed her way through the excited crowds, while the fire was raging at its highest, wringing her hands and shrieking frantically for "Clara," who implored, wept, stormed and moaned for "Clara," enlisting everybody's sympathy. "Will nobody put out a hand to save the poor thing?" she implored in almost frantic accents. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! My little darling will be burnt to death!" Even the most hardened felt for the agony that seemed to be urging the poor woman to madness. Firemen stopped their work to ask her where her "Clara" was, and several crowded around her with proffers of assistance if she would only be explicit. But not a coherent explanation could be gained from her. She continued to wring her hands and to moan, "Clara, Clara; my poor Clara." In the meantime a thrill of terror went through the multitude at the idea that some human creature was in deadly peril of being burned to death