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Good-Bye.

Sweetheart, good-bye! the fluttering sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee,
And soon before the fav'ring gale
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all desolate and forlorn,
Those eyes shall miss me many a year;
But unforgotten every charm
Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Sweetheart, good-bye! one last embrace
O, cruel Fate! true souls to sever!
But in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone shall dwell forever
And still shall recollections trace
In Fancy's mirror ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that form, that face,
Thought lost to sight, to mem'ry dear.

Hymn.

My God, in life's most changeful hour,
In sharpest pains of death,
Who waits on Thee hath peace and power,
Thou present help of faith.

Thy crown of joy upon his head,
Thy light upon his face,
Through storms and strife Thy Christ could tread
On to the happy place.

And though the cross was sharp and high,
The lifted Lord could see
The souls He loved drawn nearer by
His love's last agony.

Help me, oh Lord, to strive to win,
By struggles and by prayer,
The faith that frees my soul from sin
And brings Thy blessing there.

So shall my cross of conquered shame
My fainting brothers raise;
Then shall Thy grace triumphant flame
Around my path of praise.

And earth with all its care and toil,
By love's pure presence blest,
Shall wear the calm celestial smile
Of heaven's eternal rest.

DR. CALIFORNIA JACKSON.

Jackson—California Jackson we called him, believing that he had once been a miner—was a mystery to us all. Many a time did I gaze on his wrinkled countenance, shaggy beard, and cold, steady, gray-blue eye, with a desire to know what his life had been.

It was in the hospital. Jackson was then as well as myself as a student. He always seemed to take the operations very coolly; this morning he looked as imperturbable as usual.

Suddenly the patient who was to be operated on entered from behind the hanging curtains which guarded the passage to the wards. I was startled by her appearance, never having seen her before. Tall and lady-like, she presented a countenance of great beauty, although it bore unmistakable signs of prolonged physical suffering. Her beauty was of the Spanish type—olive complexion, large dark eyes, long, black, silky eyelashes, coal black luxuriant locks.

One of her hands required to be amputated, owing, as the surgeon explained, to a disease which had developed in that member. The patient behaved most admirably. She struggled a little while this was progressing. My eye accidentally lighted on "California Jackson," and to my intense surprise I saw his iron features working in a most extraordinary way. He clasped his muscular hand over his face. At length the chloroformist pronounced the woman quite under the influence of the anæsthetic, and the surgeon, having arranged his assistants, advanced knife in hand. Just as he was in the act of making the first incision "California Jackson" rose and hastily left the hospital.

When the operation was over I repaired to the college to attend lectures as usual. I found "California Jackson" standing by the gateway, smoking gloomily. I saluted him, and passed in.

Next day Jackson appeared with his hand bound in a napkin. He had cut it while operating. Next day he seemed restless; his hand was still wrapped up. I inquired frequently how the wound was getting on, warning him of the danger of tampering with such injuries. He always said that it was getting all right, he thought. Next day I did not see him at college or hospital. Next day, still no Jackson. That evening, as I was returning to my lodgings when my day's work was over, I resolved to look him up, whether I was welcome or not. I knew his number in the dreary street where he lived. I climbed the stairs; arrived at the door, I pulled the bell.

In a short time the door was opened by Miss Vinegar herself in a towering passion. She asked me if I knew there was a sick person in the house. I apologized humbly. Learned from her that my fellow-student was half delirious, that his hand was frightfully bad, and that she had sent for a doctor. Found matters just as she had stated. Jackson lay tossing about on a sofa, dressed, with the exception of his coat. The injured hand was dreadfully swollen and inflamed, and at the center of the palm, where the wound had been inflicted, there was a small black spot. I could also observe red lines and streaks running up his fore-arm. His face was flushed, and he seemed only half conscious. The doctor arrived, and, after learning the nature of the case, lanced the hand freely to liberate the pent-up matter. He then gave directions, wrote a prescription, and left me in charge of the case for the night.

About 1 A. M. Jackson woke up and asked for a drink, then fell back into a feverish sleep. As he threw himself heavily down upon his pillow a large locket sprang out from his breast, and in doing so the lid flew open, and at a moment's glance I saw a miniature portrait of the face and bust of a most beautiful woman. Delighted by the vision I gazed on it intently for some minutes in simple admiration. Surely I had seen such a face before, recently? Yes, of course—the woman who was operated on when Jackson acted in so singular a manner. And who could this beautiful creature be? Surely a near and dear friend to my stern, rugged fellow-student, who had her likeness thus chained to his neck. Was she a sister? No; there was not one feature in common between them. Evidently no very near blood relation. His wife? Surely "California Jackson" never had it in him to win such a glorious creature.

Jackson was a man of iron frame, but he was terribly tasked. For months he was too feeble to attempt going out of doors, and I was his constant companion, so far as my duties would permit. And in gratitude he gave me his story.

* * * * * * * *

Yes, sir, I loved her—loved her, although she was so young, innocent and beautiful, and I so old, wicked and ugly. But I fought hard for her. You see, I was, first of all, the manager of the silver mines under her father; then I was made a partner. I worked hard. Her father is an Englishman; her mother was of Spanish descent. How beautiful she is! how good!

One night her father came to me and said, "Jackson, you say you love my girl. Prove it."

I grasped his hand.

"Jackson, a rush will be made for the mine to-night. A band of armed desperadoes is prepared to take possession of our treasure. Save it! Think, plan, act! If you are successful, Anna will be yours—take my word; there is my hand."

Sir, I laid several loads of gunpowder in certain parts of the mine, and I had connecting electric wires so arranged that the blasts could be fired by a person outside. If the desperadoes got into the mine, I could by a movement of my hand send them into eternity in an instant. But I had to be quick, and to work hard. About twelve, midnight, I took up my post in a concealed spot outside the mouth of the mine, ready to send an electric spark which would play havoc with all inside the workings. It was a moon-lit night, but cloudy. About 1 A. M. I saw shadowy figures creeping cautiously up to the mouth of the mine. They were armed. Suddenly a rush was made. The attacking party seemed to expect opposition; but none was offered, and soon they vanished into the bowels of the earth. I gave them time to get fairly into the mine, and then I—Lord have mercy upon me!—I—

It was hard work clearing out the mine, and the dead bodies were awfully used up; but the mine was saved. What horrid dreams I had after that!

Time passed. I claimed Anna. Her father kept his word, but the daughter had a mind of her own. Long and earnestly I urged my love-suit; but the lady was hard-hearted. I got to care for nothing, neglected the mine, took to drink; everything went wrong. Then her father came to me and said:

"Jackson, what is the matter? This won't do. Everything is going to blazes!"

I said, "You know what is the matter!"

"Well," said he, "girls are self-willed."

We were silent for a long time; then he said:

"Well, I'll try again. By heaven! I'll make her take you!"

And he was gone.

And Anna promised that if the mines prospered well for two years more under my care, and if I went to the old country and graduated in medicine at a British university, she would become my wife.

And here I am working hard to become a doctor. Another year, and I hope to be in a position to claim Anna for my wife. Lovely Anna! Oh, how good she is! Yes, you have guessed right. That poor woman who was to get her hand amputated was so like Anna that I could not stand it. That was the reason why I ran away.

Time passed, and at length Jackson and I found ourselves at the end of our medical curriculum at the close of our last session, and preparing to go up to pass our final examination. He still remained pale, shrunken, and emaciated. Of one thing I was quite sure—while he seemed to be continually writing and posting letters to California, very few were sent to him from that part of the world. At times I almost fancied that poor old Jackson's stout heart was being slowly broken. I could read a terrible agony in his cold gray eyes. 'Twas indeed seldom that he received a note from Anna, and I had reason to know that the few which she did send were very short. One day I found Jackson sitting poring over one of them as if in a trance. I imagined that he was trying to extract a kindness from it which the words of the message did not express.

In spite of all this, however, my friend made most marvelous progress in his studies. He was ill; he was anxious; yet I was conscious that his attainments far exceeded mine, although I also worked very hard and constantly, and possessed many advantages which he lacked. Then came that anxious and terrible day on which we must stand the trial of the final examination. In the evening we would either be "plucked" or graduates of our university, and qualified to practice our profession. Jackson and I had read a great deal together, and ground each other well, and we were both conscious of having worked honestly; still I confess to a very considerable degree of nervous apprehension when the day dawned which was to test our attainments. A week must elapse before the result would be publicly announced—week of misery. But one day Jackson and I, rushing up to the blackboard in the first quadrangle, found the list of "passed" men affixed thereon. With throbbing heart and swimming eye I devoured, rather than scanned, the roll. There was my own name among the successful men; and a grunt from Jackson told me that *he* was all right. That evening Jackson wrote and posted a letter to Anna, informing her of his success; then he scanned the shipping advertisements to see the earliest opportunity which he would have of getting back to California to claim his bride; and having settled those affairs, he accompanied me back to my lodgings.

Next morning I had a fearful headache, and felt utterly prostrate. It was a long, dismal day to me, but through it all I had the happy consciousness that I had passed. The day had been wet; in the evening it cleared up a little. I had just fallen into a light but refreshing sleep, when "old Jenny" half hopped, half limped into the room, and screamed out:

"He's deed! Committed shuiside wi' a pistol! Miss Vinegar has sent ower for ye! The pollis are in!"

My heart faltered for a moment, then stopped. I gasped; it gave two great thumps, then fluttered. Gradually I recovered so as to be able to ask, "Who is dead, woman?"

"Yer freen—Mr. Jackson?"

"Heaven have mercy upon us! Jackson? Impossible!"

"Ay," said Jenny. "But it's a fact for a' that."

As if acting in a horrid nightmare, I arose and dressed, then walked to Jackson's lodgings.

I found the dreadful news to be only too true. The police were in possession. Poor Jackson lay on his back on the floor—dead! In one hand he grasped the fatal pistol; in the other was clutched a foreign newspaper. A paragraph in the paper was marked with a heavy cross, as if to call attention to it. The ink was scarcely dry. The paragraph, which was in the marriage column, ran thus:

"At 'The Pines,' Rocky Valley, California, on the 26th inst., by the Rev. Silas Prool, Anna, only daughter of Joseph Fageland, Esq., to Harry Vardent, Esq., M. D."

A Druidical Wedding.

The following description of a marriage in the Druidical days is given in Saintine's "Myths of the Rhine":

At a place where two roads meet the cracking of a whip is heard; hogs, sheep, and small oxen are driven aside to make way for a kind of possession, consisting of grave and solemn men and women.

It is a wedding.

Two young people have just had their union blessed by the priests under the sacred oak. The bride is dressed in black and wears a wreath of dark leaves on her head. She walks in the midst of her friends. A matron, who walks on her left, holds before her eyes a white cloth; it is a shroud, the shroud in which she will be buried one of these days. On her right a Druid intones a chant in which he enumerates in solemn rythm all the troubles and all the anxieties which await her in wedded life.

From this day, young wife, thou alone wilt have to bear all the burden of your united household.

You will have to attend the baking oven, to provide fuel, and to go in search of food; you will have to prepare the resinous torch and the lamp.

You will wash the linen at the fountain, and you will make up the clothing.

You will attend to the cow and even to the horse if your husband requires it.

Always full of respect, you will wait on him, standing behind him at his meals.

If he expresses a wish to take you with him to war, you will accompany him to carry his baggage, to keep his arms in good condition, and to nurse him if he should be sick or wounded.

Happiness consists in the fulfillment of duty. Be happy, my child.

What is still more strange is that this dolorous wedding song, but slightly altered, is still in some parts of France at this day addressed to brides by local minstrels.

Soldiering in the Olden Time.

The London *Times*, in a recent article on the present condition of the soldier, says: A story, less known, perhaps, to the present generation than it should be, will suffice to remind the reader of the condition in which the British soldier existed when he won his greatest triumphs, and from which, as is alleged, he has now declined. William Cobbett, whose son is now member of Parliament for Oldham, started in life as a common soldier, and he has left a graphic description of the difficulties under which he learnt English grammar. His pay was 6d. a day. The edge of his berth, or guard-bed, was his seat to study in; his knapsack was his book-case; a bit of board lying on his lap was his writing-table. He had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter time it was rarely that he could get any evening light but that of the fire, and only his turn even of that. To buy a pen or a sheet of paper he was compelled to forego some portion of food, though in a state of half-starvation; he had no moment of time that he could call his own, and he had to read and write "amid the talking, laughing, singing, whistling and bawling of at least a score of the most thoughtless of men." "Think not," he says, "lightly of the farthing that I had to give now and then for ink, pen or paper. That farthing was, alas! a great sum to me. I was as tall as I am now; I had great health and great exercise. The whole of the money not expended for us at market was twopence a week for each man. I remember, and well I may, that upon one occasion I, after all absolutely necessary expenses, had on a Friday made shift to have a half-penny in reserve, which I had destined for the purchase of a red herring in the morning, but when I pulled off my clothes at night, so hungry then as to be hardly able to endure life, I found that I had lost my halfpenny. I buried my head under the miserable sheet and rug, and cried like a child." A vivid incident like this reveals far more than a long description, but there are some who can remember that, in Cobbett's old age, only a generation ago, when he had himself become member for Oldham, the condition of the soldier was not appreciably improved. There was still no provision for a morning or evening meal. The soldier received so much meat and bread, and might do his best with it. It was cooked for dinner, and he saved, so far as and where he could, the remainder for breakfast and supper. His uniform was more costly than now, and he was always liable to stoppages. There was no provision for cleanliness, except that he was bound to have his face and hands clean and to be clean shaven. Baths were not dreamt of, and the officers of that day would have laughed at the idea of a soldier's washing. There was, in truth, no provision for common decency. There was no accommodation for soldiers' wives. They lived with their husbands in the common barrack-room, in the meager space and amid the rough society which Cobbett describes. Libraries or reading-rooms were still as unknown as in Cobbett's day, and a recruit would probably have found the task of learning English grammar nearly as difficult. No education was thought of but that of "duty" in its narrowest military sense. Drilling was the soldier's only recognized occupation, and there was no end to it. Every circumstance of the service was harsh and repulsive, and even the officers of those days were not nearly so well lodged, or provided with so many comforts, as the men in a good quarter are now.

United States Expenses.

The estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1876, show, in many instances, a very large increase over those of previous years. The increase in the legislative expenses is due to the fact that the next will be a long session of Congress. In the estimates for the expenses of the Treasury department proper there is a small increase. The total estimates for the Interior department foot up $3,163,611, against $2,912,275 for 1875, and the Post-office department proper $554,372, against $493,692. The total estimates for public works under the Treasury department is $8,640,234.91, against $4,504,686.65. The estimates for river and harbor improvement are increased from $4,895,500 for 1875 to $12,504,500 for 1876, and for the total public works in the War department the estimates are $17,409,937.50, against $6,607,207 in 1875. The total estimates for navy yards and stations show an increase of $619,500 over those for 1875. The increase for public works under the Interior department is less than $6,000. The total estimates for public works are $26,299,469.31, against $12,613,499.65 in 1875, an increase of nearly one hundred per cent. The estimates for postal service are $9,914,378, against $7,172,842 in 1875, and for public printing $2,142,995.83, against $1,675,507.66. The estimates for the Court of Claims to pay judgments are $1,500,000 against $1,000,000 last year. The Coast Survey calls for $1,275,000, against $782,000 for 1875. The total estimates under this head of miscellaneous are $12,591,169.58, against $9,496,115.16 in 1875. The proceeds of public property disposed of at auction during the past year were $1,699,019.63. These estimates are greatly reduced when they appear in the appropriation bills, and this is particularly the case with those for fortifications, river and harbor improvements. The Military Academy, Post-office, Pension, Sundry Civil Expenses, Deficiency, and River and Harbor Appropriation bills are yet to be reported, but nearly all of them will be completed prior to the reassembling of Congress.

Teachers' Salaries.

We are glad to learn, says the *Christian Union*, that some one besides teachers themselves has enough of good sense to see the injustice of paying low salaries to teachers, and has enough of public spirit to speak his opinion. The individual we have in mind is Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who, at the late teachers' reception in New York, eased his mind on the proposed reduction of salaries of teachers in the public schools of the city. Mr. Reid plainly said the taxpayers would not stand it—that rather than insult the instructors of their children they would be willing to see the salaries of some of our other public officials reduced. The exquisite irony conveyed by this information may not strike people out of New York until we inform them that the incomes of some of our city officials, of no more ability than principals of schools, exceed fifty thousand dollars per year! Some parts of Mr. Reid's address are worth careful consideration outside of New York city, and the following is one of them: "There is no place in the public service where bad work, inefficient work, is more to be deplored than in the teaching of children. If laws are badly made, you can repeal them. If the courts do not rule justly you can turn out the judges. If your rulers steal your money you can send them to Blackwell's Island. * * But if the public schools are ill managed, if the children are led astray, or even not led aright, you are poisoning the life blood of the community. * * You might as well economize by mixing chalk and water with the milk for your baby, as economize by getting ignorant people to open the gates of knowledge for your child, or unfit people to mold its character at the most impressible age."

The Tramp of the Fat Cattle.

English farmers manage one way and another to extract a good deal of recreation out of their business. It is not all work with them, and among "days off" the numerous fairs and exhibitions afford frequent occasion for amusement. Their usual yearly fat cattle shows have just ended. These, being purposely so timed, give opportunity for a sort of hippodrome affair in which a procession of stock parades the country from one end to the other, the same animals "starring it" by easy stages at contiguous towns, until finally the company, which started at York, or Manchester, ends at London, where it reaches its climax at the great Smithfield show. Thus the same animal often takes a succession of prizes and its owner nets a considerable profit on his venture. A curious fact is that the same animal rarely gets the first premium at two places; the first at one being last at another, and the last, first. This illustrates the adage, "Many men, many minds;" and proves that opinions differ. Thus the cow which stood foremost at the York show, came second at Manchester, first again at Oakham, and second again at Birmingham.

The most notable feature of this latest accession of shows, was the decadence of the Herefords, and the restoration to the front rank everywhere of the Shorthorns. The Devons are also gradually retiring before the more popular breed, and it seems likely that these useful cattle are destined to go out of favor entirely. At Birmingham, which was one of the most important shows of the series, there were only two classes, oxen and cows, opened for the once popular, and always handsome, Devons. At this show a Syrian sheep was exhibited of the fat-tailed species, furnished behind with an appendage weighing thirty pounds, and large enough to fill a bushel basket. At the Smithfield show there was an ox five years old, said to be the finest specimen of a Shorthorn since the famous Durham ox, bred by Chas. Colling. As a proof of the benefit from cross-breeding may be instanced the fact that a first prize animal this year at this show is a brother to a first prize taker last year, and both are bred from a mixture of the three fashionable Bates, Booth and Knightly families of Shorthorns.

Among the sheep the chief facts of importance are the continued appreciation of the Shropshires, and the great increase in size of the specimens of the large breeds. Three Leicester shearlings weighed 692 pounds, and three Cotswolds, 860 pounds, three of the Lincolns only exceeding these by 27 pounds. One item of interest, however, may be mentioned, viz.: That there was scarcely a pen of sheep that was not got up for show by some trick such as "stubble shearing," "trimming and dyeing," "bleaching," "smutting," or "smearing," "gravel tinging," or "blacking." Another curiosity of the reports—which are full of the slang current with stockmen—is the "descriptive remarks," which are often absurdly ridiculous. Thus we read of "a feast of ample sized level forms," "of shoulders filled up like an egg," of "Lady Maud's overloaded rumps and grand rounds," and "Bella's level carcass upon a short leg and grand full bosom"—all of which and much more of the same sort might be characterized as "to the Greeks, foolishness."

Chinese in the United States.

The Chinese immigration problem is one which will require a good deal of wisdom to work out satisfactorily. The objections urged against the influx of Chinese by the people of the Pacific States are not based entirely upon the apprehensions of ruinous effects of Chinese cheap labor which raised such indignation in the soul of Bill Nye, but they justly complain of manifest evils which are inflicted upon their communities by unrestricted immigration under existing conditions. It is notorious that there is an open, systematic importation of Chinawomen, who are afterward sold for immoral purposes, and the United States Circuit Court has recently decided that the laws passed by the Legislature of California for the purpose of breaking up this infamous traffic are unconstitutional and void. It may be argued that the local laws against immorality ought to afford sufficient remedies for the evil complained of, and that the sale of women is illegal; but practically these considerations are of little weight from the difficulty of obtaining evidence sufficient to convict, while however illegal the sales of abandoned Chinese women may be it is notoriously the fact that they take place every day. There is another difficulty which has to be met in some way. It is alleged that coolies are imported for work in this country who differ very little from slaves, or at least peons, being held to labor for specified periods. Our laws upon this subject are of little effect if it is true, as the San Francisco *Bulletin* alleges, that the Chinese in this country have a secret government of their own with very stringent laws, which are enforced in a manner of which we have a very faint conception. It says that some outcroppings of this government within a government are occasionaliy visible. For instance, Chinese work-houses are at certain distances from each other, though not by municipal ordinance; and it is known that all Chinamen owe allegiance to one or other of the great Chinese companies. It is believed that the Chinamen in the Pacific States regard the edicts of this mysterious power, whatever it is, as more binding upon them than the laws of this country. The difficulty that local and national legislators have to encounter in dealing with this subject is to find a remedy for admitting evils without interfering with our international obligations or the right of every person, whatsoever his nationality, to the unrestrained pursuit of lawful avocations.

The English Tenantry.

The United States Department of Agriculture has information that the tenant farmers of England are assessed for income tax upon a basis of £60,000,000 per annum, which is about half their rental. Small holdings, covering about one-seventh of the soil, are assessed upon £20,000,000, making the rental value of agricultural land about £140,000,000, or $700,000,000. As it requires a six years' rental to repay the tenant for his investment, the capital represented is more than £800,000,000, or $4,000,000,000—a sum exceeding the British national debt. Of the tenant farmers, a small proportion are protected by special stipulations in their leases, allowing them compensation for unexhausted improvements at the close. More than half the land of England is let to tenants-at-will, a relation which forbids very high farming. It presents constant temptations to superficial and exhaustive culture. There is no inducement to this class of tenants to invest capital in permanent improvements, seeing that it is likely to be taken from them by a sudden eviction.

An American Idea Abroad.—A recent number of the Manchester *Guardian* alludes to the fact that the great London railway company, on a train which leaves London at five o'clock in the evening, carries with it "a handsome saloon car, in which dinner can be served *en route*." This shows that an American idea which has been adopted on our Western railways for years has finally taken root in conservative England.

Putting Things to Rights.

"The place of a comet," says a writer on domestic topics, "may be accurately calculated after certain perturbing influences have acted upon it, but the locality of a bootjack, when that humble article is wanted, is seldom exactly computed by the masculine brain." The same remark could too often be applied with equal truth to coats, hats, dressing-gowns, slippers, gloves, and articles innumerable in daily use. It would be quite as difficult for the orderly housewife to compute an eclipse as to reckon up the time she spends from one year's end to another in hunting up articles that are out of place, and in putting in place things "lying round." Now, though time spent in making home neat, orderly, and inviting cannot be considered as wasted, yet, if the principle of division of labor in putting things to rights were religiously practiced, there is no telling how much valuable time might be saved. It is comparatively an easy thing to have a place for everything, but to keep everything in its place, "ay, there's the rub." Before we know it, hats and caps cover the sewing machine, instead of the hat rack, overcoats lie on the backs of chairs, books are laid on the organ, overshoes ornament the hearth rug; and the mantel piece—what small articles may we not hope to find there? pens, inkstand, small change, vials of medicine, collars and cravats, cuff buttons, letters, bills, and what not rest there in rich profusion and admired disorder. One of the benefits that the mother of sons can confer on her own sex and all the world beside is to form in them the habit of putting things in place. This can be done only by following them round and requiring them when they are through with a library book to put it on the shelf where it belongs; when they take off their overcoats to hang them on the rack; when skates are unstrapped or boots taken off that they be put somewhere else beside on the hearth rug or under foot; when slippers are removed that they at once rest in their appropriate case. The law of habit thus imposed will gradually extend its domain till it includes everything the boy handles or calls his own, and exercises an influence on all he is and does. In a house inhabited by such men and boys, putting things to rights will occupy a very brief daily interval.

Washington Boarding-Houses.

No sooner do Congressional inmates of boarding-houses here leave for the cars, says a correspondent, than the families of their landlords, who have been stowed away in garrets and in basements, resume possession of the parlor, which they enjoy during the holidays. These boarding-house parlors, by the way, are generally historically furnished. The thread-bare carpet perhaps saw its best days at the British Legation; the rickety mahogany chairs, with frayed hair-cloth seats, once belonged to the Spanish Minister, and the faded damask curtains were familiar to those who used to visit the saloons of the Muscovite Envoy Plenipotentiary. An uncomfortable sofa was doubtless purchased at a sale of condemned furniture at the White House, and an escritoire must have been smuggled from a committee-room at the Capitol. Maps and charts for the adornment of the walls are procured from the departments, while the Congressional Library supplies books for the shelves, in scarlet and gold bindings. The grown sons must be provided with clerkships, and the younger ones are to be pages at the Capitol, while their daughters are to be kept in place as clerks in a department or as book-sewers at the government printing office. Of course, they supply their friends with the stationery of their boarders, and some of them pay no gas-bills, threatening the company with a Congressional investigation by the occupants of their rooms if any charge is made. In short, the graphic descriptions by Dickens of a London lodging-house keeper can be easily applied here, except that Congressional lodgers never have stores of tea and sugar to be abstracted from, as they go to adjacent hotels for their meals. But private supplies of whisky evaporate rapidly.

A Soft Answer.

The husband was quick of temper, and often inconsiderate. They had been married not yet a year when, one day, in a fit of hasty wrath, he said to his wife:

"I want no correction from you. If you are not satisfied with my conduct, you can return to your own home whence I took you, and find happiness with your kind!"

"If I leave you," returned the unhappy wife, "will you give me back that which I brought to you?"

"Every dollar. I covet not your wealth. You shall have it all back."

"Ah!" she answered, "I mean not the wealth of gold. I thought not of dress. I meant my maiden heart—my first and only love—my buoyant hopes, and the promised blessing of my womanhood. Can you give these back to me?"

A moment of thought—of convulsion—and then, taking her to his arms:

"No, no, my wife, I cannot do that, but I will do more; I will keep them henceforth unsullied and unpained. I will cherish your blessing as my own; and never again, God helping me, will I forget the pledge I gave at the holy altar when you gave your peace and happiness into my keeping."

How true it is that "a soft answer turneth away wrath;" and how many, oh, how many, of the bitter strifes of domestic life might be avoided by remembering and acting in accordance therewith.

Disciplining an Officer.

Capt. R. B. Lowry, commanding the United States steamer Canandaigua, has been "furloughed." On board the Canandaigua a literary journal has been edited and published by the officers and crew called *The Canandaigua Journal*. Recently there appeared in that journal an article in which the administration of the Navy Department was subjected to criticism. A copy of the journal containing the offensive article was taken ashore at New Orleans and the criticism copied into one of the daily papers of that city, and was thus brought to the eye of Secretary Robeson. Capt. Barrett was detailed to relieve Capt. Lowry. To "furlough" an officer of the navy is a severe punishment. The furlough places the officer on waiting orders, with but half the pay and allowance of his grade. Capt. Lowry's sea pay is $4,500 per annum; his waiting orders pay $2,800, and the furlough, reducing this one-half, will leave him but $1,400 per annum. The time which the furlough is to continue is not designated.

Marriage.

"Timothy Titcomb" says: "Whenever any pure, true, good woman marries a man whom she loves, she gives herself to him. She belongs to him. He owns her as no other man on the face of the earth does or can." Mrs. Livermore, in commenting upon this statement, remarks: "I believe it. But I believe something else—that whenever any pure, true, and good man marries a woman he loves, he gives himself to her. She owns him as no other woman on the face of the earth can own him. That is my theory of marriage." Man's views of marriage combined with woman's view makes a very perfect theory.

THE SERFS OF RUSSIA.

Their Emancipation and What has Followed—A Comparison.

Before emancipation the Russian serfs were for all practical purposes slaves. Of the lands of each estate, whether it were a domain of the crown or private property, a certain part was occupied by the lord of the manor; the rest was given up to villages of serfs and held in common by these communities, the land being divided in equal parcels periodically for a term of years, usually nine, among the different families. The serfs were dependent upon the owner of the estate, and such of them as he selected lived at the manor house as his servants, while the rest of the community were left in possession of the village lands. The rent of these lands was paid either in money or in labor in the fields of the owner, at the option of the latter. For many years before emancipation in the demesnes of the crown the payment of a money rent exclusively was required; but where the lands were held by the nobility, the serfs commonly paid their rent by tilling the soil for their masters three days in the week, and working for their own support upon the lands assigned them during the other three working days, though in harvest time the landed proprietors could claim their labor unintermittingly. Frequently they were permitted to buy their own time, and in many instances serfs who became wealthy bankers and business men were still held in slavery, paying a price for the privileges accorded them, which was sometimes fixed at an enormous rate. Occasionally serfs were able to buy their freedom outright.

The ukase of emancipation acknowledged that the rightful ownership of the soil was vested in the old landholders, but decreed that in accordance with what were considered the necessities of public policy a certain equitable proportion should be transferred to the liberated surfs to be paid for in money, rent, or labor; and it also gave the serfs the right to purchase the whole or a part of their allotments; the State becoming their agent and security for the payment. In return for the lands thus transferred the nobles received government bonds, or certificates of indebtment. But the old communal system was retained; the lands were not assigned to the freedmen in severalty but in tracts to the communities, which could not be dissolved except by a vote of two-thirds.

In 1872 an imperial commission was appointed to investigate the effects of emancipation, and according to the report of the commissioners there has been no increase of prosperity nor any sensible improvement in tillage through the greater portion of the empire under the new system. A large proportion of the new-made freemen hastened to realize the dreams of their former years, looking upon idleness and an abundance of strong liquor as the chief advantages of a stage of freedom. As a new distribution of lands takes place every nine years, the peasant has no individual title to the ground he cultivates; and this powerful incentive to industry being wanting, general thriftlessness appears to prevail. At the same time the burdens of the peasantry have been increased. The imperial taxes remain the same, and are so distributed that fifteen parts of the sixteen fall upon them. The communities are paying every year to the government the value of the labor they used to give to their masters, and as much more as will be sufficient to extinguish in half a century the claims of those masters upon them for the lands which the latter have been compelled to relinquish. Add to these impositions, the expenses of the local governments, formerly administered without expense to them by the nobles, and it will be seen that the freedmen of Russia would have a pretty hard time of it, even were they fitted by previous condition to make their own way in the world.

The nobles feel still more severely the changed condition of affairs. The whole labor system has been disorganized, and instead of getting their lands tilled for nothing, they are compelled to pay for every day's labor, and find it exceedingly difficult to get faithful laborers even by paying them. Some of the freedmen have taken lands as copyhold tenants under their former lords, instead of purchasing on the terms permitted by the government, but these are so few as hardly to be worth mentioning. As the freedmen can earn a living upon their own lands, and the communal system requires the villages to maintain all their members, even if they are idle and worthless, there is no urgent necessity that they should labor for their former masters. The consequence is a scarcity of agricultural laborers, forming a serious drawback to the prosperity of the landowners; and those who are persuaded to enter their employment can seldom be trusted out of the overseer's sight, while in cases of misunderstanding about wages the communal authorities are pretty certain to decide in favor of their own class, and against the landholders, without regard to equity. In short, the relation between the freedmen and their former masters, so far as the labor question is concerned, is somewhat like that in our Southern States. But in Russia the emancipated serfs have to pay the great bulk of the taxes, while in this country the majority of them pay none at all, though by their votes they are able to fix enormous taxation on the landowners.

Borrowing and Lending.

Sometimes persons borrow and lend very curious property. A gentleman and his wife, in the golden days, when people "struck oil," were rejoicing in the comfortable allowance of several hundred dollars a day. They boarded at a fine hotel, and spent their money liberally. You would suppose such folks would be above borrowing. But they were not. They got over, almost every day, to the house of a humble friend, to borrow a possession they could not buy for love nor money. No, not if they had heaped up its weight in solitaire diamonds! They sent to borrow the baby! It suited the dear, little, dimpled darling to crawl about over the bright carpet and pat the roses, but it loved better to cuddle up in mother's bosom, when "sleepy time" came, if the home was ever so plain and humble. Two thousand dollars a week was no better than $12 a week, as far as it knew. No doubt it was a great deal better for him that he was not born heir to an oil well. Babylending is quite common in the circle of street beggars in our large cities, and terrible is the abuse the poor little ones sometimes receive in order that they may the more readily extort sympathy and pennies. A secret order exists in London and Paris for deforming children for this very purpose. Poor, helpless little creatures are distorted in a hundred ways, until they become too shocking to look upon. The backs are bent, the arms twisted, and the features distorted in most fearful ways. There is a saloon in Paris where these grown-up "monsters" meet to dine by themselves, and it is said to be at his peril that any one, from curiosity, intrudes upon them. Most of them had been deformed in infancy, and loaned or hired out from an institution which kept them for sale. It is no more wonderful that such things should go on in spite of the public than that there should be frequent secret sales to the highest bidder of poor Italian children, in our own cities.

A Bad Manager.

What a picture for "those about to marry" is thus given in the *Saturday Review* of a wife who is a bad manager: "Her dress is always stained with the droppings of her teacup, and she has no intermediate state between untidiness and finery. She puts on her best clothes for a morning walk, and keeps nothing for her visiting days. Her piano always wants tuning, and she never remembers the date of the tax-collector's visits. She forgets her gloves or her card-case till she has arrived at the hall door, and when they are brought the gloves always want buttons, and there are no cards in the case. She never learns the rate of postage, and writes her foreign letters after the mail has gone out. A drive in a cab involves a fight about the fare, and she brushes the muddy wheel with her dress in getting out. She expects her servants to do everything without instruction, and usually speaks of them as 'wretches.' While she exacts obsequious respect from them, she talks before them of their shortcomings. She gives them needless trouble by her laziness or carelessness, and, while she does nothing for their comfort, expects them to study hers constantly. She will thoughtlessly ring them up to the top of the house to put on the coals which are in the scuttle beside her chair, and will heedlessly send them on three or four errands when a little forethought on her part would have made one enough. She never interests herself in their welfare, hardly knows their names, never spares them when they are ill, or thinks of how she may save them trouble. She provides no wholesome literature for their leisure reading, and does not inquire after the proper investment of their little savings. Their wages are always in arrear, and she habitually tempts their honesty by leaving her purse or her letters lying about, and yet frequently suspects them without cause. She charges them with theft and untruthfulness on the smallest grounds, and constantly fancies that they are looking at her through the keyhole or listening behind the door. She is indignant when they give her notice, and refuses them a character when she finds that they cannot compel her to give them one. She knows nothing of them after they leave her, and never concerns herself to get them places. She expects them both to be up before her in the morning and also to sit up late for her at night. If she is ill they must attend her like nurses, rise to her call at all hours of the night, and work for her in every respect as if they loved her."

New Year's Day Calls.

An earnest appeal was made by the inmates of the "Inebriates' Homes for Kings County" and addressed to the ladies of every household. Ladies were asked this question: "Do you propose that your New Year's hospitalities shall embrace the presentation of strong drinks to your guests? Young gentlemen who never darkened the door of a tavern, who would shun the entrance to any drinking establishment, and rebuke the proffer to partake of the intoxicating glass made by any male friend, may, and alas often do, yield to the temptation when that glass is presented by the fair hand of a lady, and pressed upon them by her bewitching solicitations. Before you place intoxicating liquors on your table, we earnestly beseech you to pause and reflect. Ask yourselves, "What if some one or more of our guests may in the future have cause to curse the day when he or they called at our abode to wish us the salutations of a Happy New Year?"

This appeal was made by the eighty-four inmates of an institution, some of the number speaking from sad personal experience, for they date their first excesses back to those "New Years' calls."

Farmers' Boots and Shoes.

A farmer who has been accustomed to wear thick boots for more than forty years past says that, before wearing the boots, give the bottoms a good coating of tallow or coal-tar, and dry it in; then oil the uppers with castor oil, about one tablespoonful to each boot; then oil them twice a week with castor oil, when one teaspoonful will be sufficient. If the weather should be rainy, or you are compelled to work in water during the day, wash your boots clean at night, hold them by the fire until quite warm, and oil them while wet, and you will have no trouble about your boots getting hard and shrinking up so that you cannot get them on. If the leather should become red give a coat of ordinary shoe blacking before oiling. The effect of castor oil is to soften the leather, while it fills the pores and prevents the water from entering. I have stood in mud and water ten hours a day for a week without feeling any dampness or having any difficulty in getting my boots on or off.

The First Gift.

The late Gerrit Smith did not confine his gifts to any section or locality. Not long after Gen. Robert E. Lee became president of Washington University at Lexington, Va., an agent was sent North to collect money in aid of the institution, then almost destitute. At a meeting held in New York the following dispatch was read from Mr. Smith: "Draw on me for $2,000 for the use of Washington University. I regret that I cannot now make it ten times as much."

This contribution from Gerrit Smith, the old anti-slavery man, was the very first offering in aid of Gen. Lee's college; and the example gave such an impetus to the active sympathy of the people North and South, that in a short time the institution was placed beyond the reach of want, and established upon a self-supporting basis.

The Maine Liquor Law.

The statistics of the workings of the prohibitory law in Maine during the past year have been published. They set forth that fifty thousand dollars in fines were imposed and collected for the violation of the prohibitory law during the year. There have been 276 convictions in the Supreme Court of rumsellers, and forty-one commitments to jail, a larger number than in any similar period previously. This is partially due to the Sheriff's Enforcement act, set in operation two years ago. Crime has decreased, the number of convicts being twenty-five per cent. less than ten years since. The number of sentences to State prison and jails, exclusive of commitments for liquor selling, for the past year or two is nearly thirty per cent. smaller than in 1866.

A Beautiful Thought.

When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away on the nightfall of age, and the shadow of the path becomes deeper and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our earlier years. If we have a home to shelter and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathered around our