THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. Terms: $2 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. VIII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1875. NO. 50.

THE HOUR GLASS.

Sparkling, dancing downward,
Merrily drop the sands,
While the golden hours so gaily pass,
Amid rose, and lily, and soft green grass;
Wherefore so eager to turn the glass,
Oh! dimpled baby-hands

Glittering, flashing downward,
In the glow of the April sun.
Ah! sweet white fingers, and sky-blue eyes,
And cheeks as rosy as western skies;
'Tis pity in Youth's first Paradise
That the sands so swiftly run!

Stealing forever downward,
Gray tinging their virgin gold.
Pulses still quiver, and hearts still beat,
But the road grows hard for the tired feet;
Surely the sky had more warmth and heat,
And the sands showed brighter of old!

Drooping drearily downward,
The evening is well nigh o'er,
The brightest and best the river have crossed,
The bolt is shot and the venture lost;
The bark on the last long wave is tossed,
The glass needs to turn no more.

—*All The Year Round.*

A Novel Letter-Box.

In the town of W——, Massachusetts, in the trimming hall of a large hat manufactory, sat fifty tired-looking but nimble-fingered sewing girls. The air was close in the heated room, for it was June, but through the windows wistful eyes could catch glimpses of fair broad fields, green trees, and azure skies bathed in golden sunshine.

At table No. 20 two girls sat vis-a-vis, one a tall, handsome brunette, whose warmly-tinted cheeks betokened this confining occupation new to her, while her tasteful dress and general appearance proclaimed her a lady to the very tips of her white taper fingers—one who could carry herself right queenly in the most refined circles of society—sewing-girl notwithstanding.

"Do you know, Jennie," to her opposite, as she takes her seventh Milan hat, and adjusts the paper tip in the crown. "I have a great mind to write something on the inside of this white tip. Some New York gentleman is destined to wear it very likely, for most of these hats go there, and you know when the lace lining gets soiled they are apt to tear it out. With that comes the tip, also, and who knows how distinguished a person may read it?"

"But you'll never know it—"

"Perhaps I shall, who knows? There are very singular coincidences in these lives of ours. We, for instance, when we met last at a fashionable watering-place, three years ago, among the most petted of Fortune's favorites, little dreamed of meeting next in this obscure shop to earn our living. However, here goes." And she wrote:

"Kiss me softly and speak to me low;
Envy, too, has a watchful ear;
What if Envy should chance to hear?
Kiss me, dear.
Kiss me softly and speak to me low."

FREDREETTA HILL.

W——, June 20, 1875.

"There," as she held it up for inspection, "isn't that bold? But not likely I shall ever know who reads it. If any one does, he will wonder if she who wrote it is young and pretty, and worth kissing."

"Whoever wears the hat, I'm sure he would not object to kiss the lips of Fred Hill, the former belle and beauty, if he had a chance," said Jennie.

"Which wouldn't retain friends after fortune had flown for ever."

* * * * *

Two gentlemen from the Empire City, having for their starting point the Glen House, White Mountains, were out on a fishing excursion on a fair morning in August. They were moderately successful, and were just thinking of starting for home with keen appetites, unknown elsewhere except the mountains, when, by some unlucky movement, one of them lost his hat in the water and barely rescued it from being borne beyond reach.

"I say, Ralph, I'm going to hurry outside of this inside lugging in a twinkling," said Charles Acton, as he seated himself under the shade of some trees and contemplated the water-soaked hat and tip rather ruefully, and taking out his pocket knife he cut the stitches, allowing the inside to go free.

"Look! what is that writing you are throwing away?" and his companion reached for the white paper tip which had caught on some ferns, read it to himself and gave a low whistle.

"A banter, by Jove! Charlie, what a pity you couldn't find the one who wrote that," and he passed it to him.

"A lady's handwriting—poetry—let me see."

"Kiss me softly and speak to me low;
Envy, too, has a watchful ear;
What if Envy should chance to hear?
Kiss me, dear.
Kiss me softly and speak to me low.'

"Fredreetta Hill—Fredreetta—singular name. By Jupiter, Charlie, that was the name on a trunk I saw on the piazza last evening; belonged to a new arrival, a lady tall and elegant, dressed in black. But of course it cannot be the same, for this was evidently written by the one who did the work on the hat, and I'll wager that girl I saw last night with such an air, such style, was never a sewing girl."

He folded up the paper carefully and put it in his pocket, and for the time the subject was forgotten.

Judge of the surprise of Acton when the next morning in the breakfast room he espied among the waiters the girl of whom he had been speaking, making herself useful, but still here, as elsewhere, evincing to an observer the distinctive air of a well-bred lady.

"What, the deuce! Ralph, as true as you live, there is that Miss Hill among the waiters. She must be doing it for a wager, or an experiment, or something of that. Why, she is the finest looking girl in the house! Compare her with some of the more wealthy ladies here—there is no comparison!"

"The name in the hat," suggested his companion, "I believe it is the same one. If she would be a waiter she would trim hats. Reverse of fortune perhaps. I'll find out, if possible."

But it did not seem so easy to find out. No one seemed to know her, and the lady was unapproachable, by virtue of the quiet dignity which enfolded her.

At length Acton determined to make a bold push. He loitered around one day and fortunately found a chance to speak unobserved. She was sorting napkins. "I beg your pardon—but—Miss Hill, did you ever see this writing?"

She started with surprise that he should know her name, and then, as her eyes fell on the writing, a vivid crimson suffused her face, as she recognized the lines written in girlish fun.

He was answered before he spoke. "Yes, that is my writing. I was trimming hats last spring and thought I would write something on the inside of that tip, never thinking to meet it here."

"I dropped my hat in the water when I was fishing a few days ago, and, as the lining was all wet, I tore it out, when this came to light. Singular that I should find it and then meet you here."

"Silly quotation. I might at least have written something sensible. Let me destroy it now," and she extended her hand for the paper.

"With your leave I will keep it as a memento;" and he stood a moment wishing he dared fulfill the entreaty contained in the poetry, and thinking how sweetly it would sound from her scarlet lips.

But her air forbade any familiarity such as might be taken with some in her position, and she went on with her work in a manner that seemed to dismiss him. He walked off thinking, "I'll win that girl if she is poor, if it is possible. I believe she is a jewel—

"And when I wear it on my brow,
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh."

He was rich, handsome and above the average in character. She continued to be the one attraction for him, and going to his room one day he penned the following note:

MISS HILL: Will you favor me with an interview? I have felt interested in you ever since I first saw you, and it increases daily. My position and character are good, as I can prove to you, and I trust you will acquit me of any but honorable intentions. You are evidently in a position beneath me, but when I see you dignify even that my respect and admiration increase. Please do not say me nay.

CHARLIE ACTON.

Fredreetta read the note and appreciated the manly tone, but concluded she had better refuse this request at present. The next day he received this note from her pen:

MR. ACTON: I think it best to refuse your request at present. My position has been different, as you suppose, and I presume I was once your equal socially; but should it be known that I, in my present capacity, had an interview with the wealthy Mr. Acton, it might cause unpleasant remarks. After I leave here, if you still wish it, you can call at —— street and I shall be happy to meet you. Thanking you for your kind interest in my welfore, I remain, etc.,

FREDREETTA HILL.

And with this he was obliged to be satisfied.

Six weeks later we find him ringing the bell of the house in the street she had mentioned. During the weeks that had intervened he had grown more and more infatuated, and she could not misinterpret the tender look in his eye whenever it chanced to meet hers.

She met him with a frank, pleasant welcome and a less dignified manner than when he had seen her before. She looked more beautiful than ever, in his eye, in black silk, with rose color at her throat, lighting up her somber dress and rendering more vivid and striking her rich, dark beauty. Charlie felt enough in love when he looked at her to then and there clasp her in his arms and give her the request in the lines she had written. But there was a woman to be won, and he could not take any such method at first, or he might lose her.

"Miss Hill, I thank you for granting me this interview and for the evident confidence you have in me. Will you pardon my curiosity and tell me why I found you in an inferior position?"

"The old story. My father died and left my mother and me penniless, and then we found our summer friends had flown. She only lived a few months after that, and I, an only child, petted, flattered, had to face the world alone. I have not found any situation, such as I with my education might fill, so I have taken what offered, hoping for better times in the future. I have found some noble friends true as steel. I went to the mountains, for a change, as waiter, because I could go in no other capacity. Wasn't it strange that we should meet there?"

"It was strange; but there I met my fate. Miss Hill, won't you allow me now to lift the burden from those slender shoulders and call you all my own. I admire you, love you, as I never loved woman before, and the brave manner in which you have taken up the burden of life, all unused as you were, increases my regard tenfold."

She looked, was surprised, and, as once before in his presence, a deep crimson dyed her face.

"I thought you came in the role of friend, not of lover, but I cannot answer you yet. I do not know my own heart. Of your character I knew ere I left the mountains, or I should never have permitted you to visit me here in New York. This much I tell you now—I esteem you very highly."

"You will allow me to continue my visits?" he asked.

"Yes, I feel honored by the sentiments you have just expressed, and shall be happy to meet you often."

So ardent a suitor as Acton could hardly fail of success. Fredreetta found her heart wasbecoming entangled beyond extrication, as she was thrown in his society, and became the recipient of many lover-like attentions.

They had returned from a concert one evening, and as they sat a short time in the parlor of their lodging-house, with the sweet strains of the singer still lingering in their ears, he suddenly produced the piece of paper which had been the prime agent in their acquaintance.

"Isn't it time I fulfilled this request, Fredreetta?"

"No request, only a quotation from Saxe. You cannot possibly attribute it to me."

"I think I can."

He was sitting beside her, his arm stole around her and drew her close to his heart.

"Now, darling, may I have the kiss I have been longing for ever since I first knew you; but you have been so cold I dared not ask."

She did not resist, for with that passionate clasp came the tide of love surging through her veins.

He took not one, but many, and whispered, "You will be mine soon, won't you, my peerless one, my queen?"

For answer her arm stole around his neck—trustingly, lovingly. The woman's heart spoke in that caress.

And this was how Charlie Acton's hat found his wife.

Old Temperance Societies.

The various laws which were frequently enacted in Germany in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to check the immoderate drinking of wine and spirits, proved utterly abortive, owing to the social life of the middle ages, which was chiefly based upon *quaffing*. Charlemagne himself was obliged to order that the counts and margraves should at least be sober when sitting in courts of justice, while the German emperors were, at their coronation ceremony, asked "whether they promise, by the help of Providence, to lead a sober life?" Indeed, all the laws and regulations of the sixteenth century were mainly directed against *drunkenness*, but not against *drinking*. Even Luther was no enemy to wine—witness the large goblet (still extant at Nuremberg) which he presented to his friend Jonas. A temperance society was at last formed by the aristocracy of the sixteenth century, and the following were among the rules: "To drink daily only fourteen cups of wine. Italian, Spanish, or hot-spiced wines are prohibited beyond one cup a day, which must be deducted from the daily allowance. For the further quenching of thirst beer is allowed. These fourteen cups must not be drunk at once, but after at least three intervals."

Mahomet's Tomb.

A wealthy Arabian merchant has furnished a German journal some interesting information about Mecca. The Grand Sheriff, he says, is richer than his master, the Sultan; he speaks French, and has French dishes at his table, and eats on the finest china, but never uses a knife, fork or spoon. The furniture of his house is made in the European style, and comes from Constantinople. Life in Mecca during the pilgrim season, when there are about 100,000 pilgrims in town, is much more expensive than at other times; beef is 8d. a pound and bread is 1½d. a pound.

The streets are lighted up with petroleum, and the expense of lighting is borne not by the municipality (which, however, provides the lantern), but by each householder. The streets are all paved, and many of the houses are seven stories high. There is a Postoffice in the town, which sends letters once a day to the harbor of Djeddah. Letters are brought to the houses to which they are addressed, and it is customary to give the postman a plaster (3d) for his trouble. There is also a photographer in the town; but no Christian books are to be found in the booksellers' shops as their sale is not permitted.

"Take care of your health. Keep this wonderful machine which we call the body—this mechanism which is at once the domicile and the servant, the transporter and the feeder, of the soul and of the mind—in the highest state of efficiency. Study the laws of health, and obey them as conscientiously as the laws of morals or of civil and social duty. A mind diseased is often but the exponent of a body diseased. Restore the body to health, and the mind will often be restored to its activity and its intellectual and even moral strength.

MEMORY.—If you asked the average man what time it is three seconds after he has restored his watch to his pocket he can't tell you.

Humors of Hymen.

AMUSING ANECDOTES BEARING UPON A VERY SERIOUS SUBJECT.

When the collector of rare and curious specimens of insects, and flowers, and minerals, finds new objects of interest, he sticks a pin in them, or puts them in alcohol, or labels them, and then sits down to count his collections, and see what he has actually gathered. In the same way we may stick pins in the various experiences of life, and thus collect a museum of rare specimens. The present collection of wedding-anecdotes are specimens of eccentricities at this trying hour that have come across the writer's path. We see plenty of curious epitaphs in cemeteries; let us look at some wedding-scenes as strange as any of these.

A young clergyman, at the first wedding he ever had, thought it was a very good time to impress upon the couple before him the solemnity of the act.

"I hope, Dennis," he said to the coachman, with his license in his hand, "you have well considered this solemn step in life."

"I hope so, your riverence," answered Dennis.

"It's a very important step you're taking, Mary," said the minister.

"Yes, sir, I know it is," replied Mary, whimpering. "Perhaps we had better wait awhile."

"Perhaps we had, your riverence," chimed in Dennis.

The minister, hardly expecting such a personal application of his exhortation, and seeing the five-dollar note vanishing before his eyes, betook himself to a more cheerful aspect of the situation, and said:

"Yes, of course it's solemn and important, you know, but it's a very happy time, after all, when people love each other. Shall we go on with the service?"

"Yes, your riverence," they both replied, and they were soon made one in the bonds of matrimony, and that young minister is now very careful how he brings on the solemn view of marriage to timid couples.

A party came to a clergyman's house one evening to be married. Everything went on harmoniously until the woman came to the word "obey" in the service. Here a balky scene ensued.

"Never—never!" said she. "I did not know that word was in the service, and I will never say it!"

"Oh, dear," remonstrated her partner, "do not make trouble now. Just *say* it—*say* it, even if you don't mean it. Say it for my sake—for your dear John's sake!"

"Never—never!" insisted the high-spirited dame. "I will not say what I do not mean, and I do not mean to obey. You must go on, sir," she added to the clergyman, "without that word."

"That is impossible, madam," replied the minister. "I cannot marry you unless you promise 'to love, cherish and obey' your husband."

"Won't you leave us for a little while together?" interceded the young man. "I think I can manage her after a while."

So the minister went back into his study, and wrote on his sermon for an hour and a half, and finally, at a quarter before ten o'clock, there

". . . . came a tapping
As of some one gently rapping,"

and the mild-mannered benedict informed the parson that at last, after a long wrestling of spirit, his 'dear Jane' consented to say "obey." But how that compromise was brought about, no one ever knew.

I have often heard this same clergyman relate how, after a wedding ceremony, which occurred in his own parlor, the husband whispered to his brand new bride, as they approached the door, "Mary, have you got any small change?"

The old Swedes' church in Philadelphia was the famous marrying-ground for nearly two hundred years to all the neighborhood and the churches in that vicinity. The record book of that venerable parish is teeming with marriages. There has to be an "extension" made to that department in every new register. Notes and memoranda adorn the pages of the "wedding columns" explanatory of the different couples. One clergyman kept a list of foreign sailors (with a wife very probably in every large port) and runaway country girls whom he had refused to unite in matrimony because of his suspicions, or because of the lateness of the hour, or of the absence of witnesses. Colored weddings have always a richly humorous side. The colored race is a susceptible, imitative one, and when they are fine, as at weddings, they are generally superfine.

A clergyman was called on upon one occasion to officiate at a colored wedding.

"We assure you, sah," said the gentlemanly darkey, "that this yere wedding, sah, is to be very 'apropos'—quite *a la mode*, sah."

"Very well," replied the clergyman. "I will try to do everything in my power to gratify the wishes of the parties."

So, after the dinner and dancing and supping was over, the groom's "best man" called again on the minister and left him a ten-dollar fee.

"I hope everything was as your friends desired it," said the urbane clergyman.

"Well, sah, to tell the truth, Mr. Johnson was a little disappointed," answered the groomsman.

"Why, I took my robes," said the minister.

"Yes, sah—it wasn't that."

"I adhered to the rubrics of the church."

"Yes, sah, that was all right."

"I was punctual, and shook hands with the couple. What more could I do?"

"Well, sah, Mr. Johnson he kind o' felt hurt, you see, because you didn't salute the bride!"

I remember a friend who, in the early days of his ministry, was met by a couple as he came out of church, who wanted to be married. He turned back to oblige the party, and found at the last that they made up their minds to drive off in their buggy to some other church.

"But may I ask," he inquired of the man, "why you first ask me to marry you and then change your minds in this way?"

No answer came from the groom, but the young woman, lifting up the back curtain of the buggy, called out: "Well, you see, I hadn't got a look at the minister afore, and, to tell the truth, you're so young and innocent like that I'm kind of feared you won't marry us right, and so I'd rather trust meself to some one who's done it a good many times, and is sure he knows how."

Golf.

A book has been recently published in England, which, if it fall into the hands of American readers, will inform them upon a subject almost entirely unknown on this side of the Atlantic. The work is a compendium of the history and literature of "Golf: A Royal and Ancient Game." The sport, played with balls something in the of croquet, is named from the club with which the stroke is given. The pastime is pursued upon a large, level area of ground, in which round holes are cut for receiving the balls, at distances of from 100 to 500 yards from each other, so as to form a circuit. The game consists in driving the balls from one hole to another with the fewest possible strokes. Like croquet, it may be played by two, four, or more persons,—the opposing sides being balanced in numbers. To acquire dexterity in the game demands long practice, and few become expert who have not played from childhood. "Crack" players will drive a ball above 200 yards with accuracy of aim.

Golf is a national sport in Scotland, and has been pursued by all classes for many centuries. Yet the birthplace of the game is uncertain. It is pretty well established that, in ancient times, it was practiced in Germany and the Netherlands, and also in England. At any rate, there is no doubt that it is one of the oldest of the innumerable games of ball. The Scottish statutes of the fifteenth century abound in enactments prohibiting or regulating the practice of "Golf and other sic unprofitable sports." Not that there was anything harmful in a moderate pursuit of the game, but because the Government wished to restrain the yeomanry, with whom the sport was immensely popular, from expending the energy which should be used in the practice of the bow upon a mere amusement.

The game has been followed with enthusiasm by many of the Kings of England and Scotland, and this has gained its title of "Royal." Numerous items in the Lord High Treasurer's accounts show that James IV. of Scotland was devoted to the pastime. James I. and Charles I. of England endeavored to promote the interests of the game by proclamation and edict. It was while Charles was engaged in a game, on Leith Links, during his visit to Scotland in 1541, that he received news of the outbreak of the Irish Rebellion, "Whereupon he threw down his club, and returned in great agitation to Holyrood House." James II. delighted in the sport; and there is a tradition that, when Duke of York, he granted, in honor of a victory on the green, a coat of arms to his partner, a shoemaker and an expert golfer. The late King William is the only monarch coming after James II. who evinced any fondness for golf; but it is stated that the Prince of Wales occasionally practices it.

The Blackheath Club, instituted in the time of James I., is not only the oldest golf club in existence, but is one of the oldest of sporting societies. The records in its minute-books attest the popularity with which the game it patronizes has been persistently regarded by the wealthier classes. In England, the sport has been rapidly reviving in favor of late years; while, on the Scottish links (tracts of level, sandy soil), it is played on every holiday by the athletic youth of the country.

Running a Newspaper.

Running a newspaper is like lighting a fire in bad weather. Every one thinks he can do it better than the one who has his hands in. Through some misapprehension of facts a large class of people have come to the idea that it costs little or nothing to conduct a newspaper, and that most every one can do it as well, if not better than the one that publishes the paper. It has become a general fashion for persons to call at any newspaper office and ask for a copy of the paper, having no idea that it costs the publisher money and hard work to print and buy the paper. There is no business in which there is more or even as much financial risk as in a newspaper, and few businesses in which there is as much capital invested. More than eight millions of dollars have been lost in newspaper schemes in the last year. A newspaper is an article for sale and cannot be had for nothing. There are few businesses which require the same common sense and good judgment as to conduct a newspaper profitably and to the interest of the public. Few persons think that every little item has to be read over and over, to consider the good points and the bad, and to see whether it will be to your interest to publish it. Most every one who can write at all thinks he understands the whole profession better than the one who has his hand in. It is a fact that most persons who can write at all, have some thoughts which they can put on paper, but what of them. The readers of the paper will not be interested in them, and if the plan is kept up, the readers will lose interest in the paper, and by and by drop off, leaving the concern in a pitiful wreck. To conduct a newspaper so that it will be read with more interest each week, is what every one who has an idea of publishing a paper must do. An editor must be untired, if he wishes to make his paper interesting. He must never be content with filling his columns each week, but must try to fill them with the news in as condensed and acceptable a manner as possible. To do all the above things, do them well in each and every week in the year is what few have an idea of doing, and what few have an idea of having to be done, unless they know something of the business. It requires a steady and sensible person to conduct a newspaper that it may be financially profitable. It is not the writing alone, but putting it up in a tasteful style that every one will like to read it, and make it financially profitable.

Sunshine.

From an acorn weighing a few grains a tree will grow for a hundred years or more, not only throwing off many pounds of leaves every year, but itself weighing several tons.

If an orange twig is put in a large box of earth, and that earth is weighed when the twig becomes a tree, bearing luscious fruit, there will be very nearly the same amount of earth.

From careful experiments made by different scientific men, it is an ascertained fact that a very large part of the growth of a tree is derived from the sun, from the air and from the water, and very little from the earth; and notably, all vegetation becomes sickly, unless it is freely exposed to sunshine. Wood and coal are but condensed sunshine, which contains three important elements, equally essential to both vegetable and animal life—magnesia, lime and iron. It is the iron in the blood which gives them the durability necessary to bodily vigor, while the magnesia is important to many of the tissues. Thus it is that the more persons are out of doors, the more healthy, the more vigorous they are, and the longer they will live. Every human being ought to have an hour or two of sunshine at noon in winter, and in the early forenoon in summer.

Don't Build Large Sewers.

Sewers choke and overflow during heavy storms mainly because they are too large for the work they are called to perform. If a sewer is so small that its usual flow is concentrated to a sufficient depth to carry before it any ordinary obstruction, it will keep itself clean. But if, as is most always the case where the engineer lacks experience or where he defers to the ignorance of the local authorities, it is so large that its ordinary flow is hardly more than a film, with no power even to remove sand, we may be quite sure that its refuse solid matters will gradually accumulate until they leave, near the crown of the arch, only the space needed for the smallest constant stream. And, in order to make room for a rainfall flow, the whole sewer will have to be cleared by the costly and offensive process of removal by manual labor. A smaller sewer would have been kept clear by its own flow.

The Green of the Waves.

Nothing can be more superb than the green of the Atlantic waves when the circumstances are favorable to the exhibition of the color. As long as a wave remains unbroken no color appears, but when the foam just doubles over the crest like an Alpine snow-cornice, under the cornice we often see a display of the most exquisite green. It is metallic in its brilliancy, but the foam is necessary to its production. The foam is first illuminated, and it scatters the light in all directions; the light which passes through the higher portion of the wave alone reaches the eye, and gives to that portion its matchless color. The folding of the wave, producing as it does, a series of longitudinal protuberances and furrows which act like cylindrical lenses, introduces variations in the intensity of the light and materially enhances its beauty.

Boar Hunting in France.

One of the forests of France, where large game of every kind is most abundant, is that of the Ardennes, on the frontier between France and Belgium; and the forest extends into the latter country for a considerable distance. Rights of hunting and shooting can be obtained in this district for a small annual sum, and anyone who would desire sport with large game might do worse than to seek it in a country so near home, and so readily accessible; indeed a Belgian gentleman of my acquaintance resident in London, has made a *chasse* there for the last two years, and was extremely pleased with the sport afforded. Wild boar are especially numerous, and I shall now proceed to give some experiences about it of some years ago, the scene of which, however, was not in the Ardennes, though in a district in France not very far from there. About nine o'clock, one fine morning in the month of October (the best month in the year for this kind of *chasse*), we found ourselves riding quietly down the avenue of a certain chateau, which shall be nameless, in the direction of the forest, in company with our host and his friends and followed at a few yards distance by some thirty couples of hounds in couples, on our way to an *enceinte* of wood, where the *valet de limier* had marked a great old solitary, or, as called in the language of French, *sanerie*, "un grand vieux sanglier." Our host showed us the *reutree* of the old boar, whose slot was deeply marked upon the damp ground, and especially wished us to remark and remember the peculiarities of his footmark, in order that we might warn, in case any of the hounds took a "change" upon some other of the same species. Six couple of the best hounds were then detached upon the track to attack the beast in his harbor and force him to break; and, as soon as they had caught the scent and gone in, the rest of the pack were uncoupled and put on, and then we all dashed after them into the covert, which was, however, uncomfortably thick. But the old boar was too savage to be made to break, and, on arriving at his harbor, we found him protected, upon his flanks and rear, by an impenetrable thicket of briars, from which his head and shoulders protruded, and the pack, in a semi-circular crowd in front of him, making a tremendous row. The boar, every now and then, made a charge, and had already ripped a couple of hounds, when our arrival appeared to alter his determination, and before through the brake with the hounds after him; however, the thickness of the underwood, with the close proximity of the pack seemed to disgust him, as he could not make his pace sufficiently fast to get away from the hounds, and therefore he made a point for the nearest open, and from thence to the plain on the borders of the forest, where he soon increased his distance, as it was cut up on the verge of the wood with sundry thick and high hedges, which the great weight and impetus of the boar enabled him to go through like paper, but retarded both the riders and the hounds; but once clear from this, the hounds hunted him at view, and we soon pulled up the distance and went for about two miles at a most tremendous pace, all the peasants working in the fields throwing down their implements and running up to see the sport. But the first great effort the boar had made in the thick covert seemed to have taken a good deal out of him, and so, turning to the north, where the verge of the forest inclined towards the open ground, he was soon under the protection of the covert, and making a sharp double in the thick underwood, the hounds overran the scent and were at fault, but only for a moment, for one of the company coming up an allee in the wood on our right, came upon the slot of the old solitary, and the pack being whipped on his track were soon off again; after a short run in our new direction the trees began to get thinner, and we came upon some small openings in the forest, and the ground began to become marshy, and presently we saw the glitter of water through the trees. Our host warned us to be careful, as we might get our horses bogged at any moment, so we went slowly, guided by the cry of only an odd hound heard from time to time, until suddenly about a hundred yards in front a general clamor burst forth from the entire pack, broken by a yell of pain every now and then from a wounded hound. The "piqueur en chef said, "The boar is at bay at the 'etang,' and if we do not hasten up quickly he will do great damage to the hounds." We put spurs to our horses and soon arrived at a small clearing, the centre of which was occupied by a pool of water; the boar was at bay, his hind parts in the water, which protected his rear, every now and then making a rush at the hounds, who engaged him in front, and they now appeared very chary of getting too near, as three or four appeared to have suffered by their audacity, and were howling lamentably on the ground in front of him. There was no time to be lost, so the piqueurs dismounted, together with our host, and proceeded to whip off the more adventurous of the pack, and keep them at a respectful distance, from the old solitary, though this was, indeed, a work of some danger. The master having provided himself with a short double carbine, which was carried in a leathern case strapped to the saddle of one of the piqueurs, proceeded to take aim at the boar. The bullet struck the forehead with a singular hard sound, just above the eye, but did not seem to do the beast much harm, as he bounded out of the pool and charged straight at the shooter, who never stirred until the animal arrived within about three yards of him, when he jumped upon one side and fired his second barrel nearly into the ear of the boar, and laid him dead on the ground. By this time nearly everyone was assembled on the spot, and the piqueurs sounded the "Hallali" on their horns. They next proceeded to make what is called the "fouail" of the boar; that is, to take out the entrails and garbage, with which the hounds were regaled. The huge beast was then suspended by his four feet to a stout pole, decorated with garlands of foliage carried by four stout peasants; and we all set forth in a sort of procession to return home, the piqueurs executing, from time to time, a lively fanfare on the "cor de chasse." The only drawback to the day's sport was the number of casualties amongst the hounds, two of whom expired from the wounds inflicted on them by the enormous tusks the old solitary, and three others were seriously injured. We were informed that the solitary is more savage, and usually shows more fight than the ordinary boar, but that the most dangerous of all to dogs and men is an old sow with "marcassins," or half-grown pigs, as she gives most terrible bites, whereas the boar often misses his stroke with his tush, and can be more easily avoided, as he mahes blind and furious rushes straight ahead.

In Brittany, it may be mentioned that it is still thought the proper thing to slay the boar at bay, with the couteau de chasse. Whilst he is occupied by the hounds in front, the huntsman comes up behind with his arm and hamstrings him, and then, having thus rendered him incapable of charging, plunges the couteau de chasse into his body behind the shoulder; but I think there are few people nowadays who would like to tackle an old solitary in that way. I recollect myself, some years ago, at a boar hunt in Brittany, a certain gentleman of my acquaintance wished to serve the boar with the couteau de chasse, in the good old style, out of bravado; but, as it was his first attempt, with disastrous, though ludicrous consequences, as, when he made his stroke, he was seen to fly into the air to some three yards distance; his hunting cap flew one way, himself the other, but the boar, luckily for him, made his second charge at the hunting cap, and disappeared into the depths of the forest, with the cap appended to one of his tusks, and neither hunting cap nor boar was seen again that day.—*Fleur de Lys in London Field.*

Long and Short Step.

With a line of battle extending for many miles, it is often of the last importance that troops should be moved from one threatened point to another with the utmost speed, and with the least fatigue. A General commanding men capable of such speedy changes of formation would virtually possess the power of multiplying his forces almost indefinitely, if faced by an enemy incapable of accomplishing equally rapid combinations. Hence it becomes of great importance that our supreme military authorities should discover the exact length of pace at which English soldiers can march for long distances, with the maximum of speed and minimum of weariness. Of late the French have been turning attention to this matter, with the result of finding their previous theory of marching altogether wrong. In a very interesting letter on the subject, a correspondent of the *Times* points out that during the Franco German war, when the quick march pace of the French infantry was only twenty-five and one-half inches, with a cadence of 110 to the minute, these armies altogether failed to perform either long or rapid marches. For instanbe, when everything depended upon the speed with which Marshal MacMahon advanced from Chalons to the relief of Metz, his first corps only marched fourteen miles in two days, and the remainder of his army was almost equally dilatory. Recognizing the evils certain to result in future campaigns through this tardiness of movement, the French military authorities set to work to discover a remedy, and on the 12th of June an order was issued increasing the length of pace to 29½ inches, and the cadence to 115 per minute. This was experimented with during the recent Autumn manoeuvres in France, and, according to the opinion of many eminent authorities, the benefit already gained by the alteration is almost marvelous. Such, then, being the result of practical experience across the Channel, it comes to be a question whether the ordinary pace of British infantry on the line of march is the most suitable to our troops. Comparing the principal armies of Europe, we find the German with a stride of 31½ inches, and a cadence of 112 per minute; the Austrian with one of 29½ inches, and a cadence of 115 to 120; the Italian with one of 29½ inches, and a cadence of 120; and the English with a pace of 30 inches, and a cadence of 116 per minute. Hence the German infantry would gain forty-eight inches every minute on the British, or at the rate of 240 feet per hour. In like manner the Austrian and Italian would gain thirty-nine inches every minute, or at the rate of 345 feet per hour on Italian troops, and 105 feet per hour on German infantry. Taking an eight hours' march as a fair sample of what might be expected from trained soldiers on active service, it therefore results that British infantry regiments would, at the termination, be 1,930 feet, or more than a third of a mile behind Germans, and 2,760 feet, or more than half a mile, in rear of Austrians and Italians. The gain or loss of distance being, however, of less importance than the fatigue caused by its accomplishment, it is to this latter point that we would direct the attention of the military authorities. According to our own experience, gained during marches in India aggregating several thousand miles, a short, jerky pace is infinitely more tiring than a long, measured stride. In the first regiment in which the writer had the honor to serve, 'stepping out' was the order of the day, and the men made nothing of rattling off their twelve or fifteen miles. But in his second corps a cramped, dancing sort of gait had come into vogue, to the great distress of every individual, officer or private, who possessed a moderately developed leg. Of course, this is the main factor to be considered when dealing with the question, the same length of pace being clearly impossible for a regiment of ducks and a batallion of storks. But it having been just proved that French soldiers, who are notoriously short-legged, can step twenty-nine and a half inches at a cadence of 115 to the minute, there seem valid grounds for believing that something better than a pace of 30 inches and a cadence of 116 might be expected of the comparatively long-legged British soldier. On such a difficult question, anything like dogmatism would, of course, be gratuitously offensive. But, so far as our experience goes, the British infantry would get over their marches with much less fatigue, and in somewhat shorter time, if the regulation pace were lengthened by a couple of inches. As trustworthy information on this weighty point might aid the authorities in dealing with the matter, we venture the above remarks in the hope of eliciting opinion from those qualified to speak on the subject.—*Land and Water.*

Former Treatment of Insanity.

While men believed that madness meant possession by a demon, it is not difficult, perhaps, to account for the superstitious and brutal treatment shown to those possessed; but the reader will be amazed by the details of the scientific devices, happily of a past age, planned for the cure of the unsound. One of these was to entice the sufferer to walk across a floor, which suddenly giving away, dropped him into a bath, where he was half drowned. Another mode of torture was to let the patients down a well, in which the water, made gradually to rise, frightened them with the prospect of an awful death. Within the memory of men still living the patients of Bethlehem Hospital, (Bedlam,) chained to the wall like wild beasts, were shown to the public on certain days of the week at a charge of twopence a visitor; and here were to be found in their cells crouching on straw, women with nothing but a blanket for clothing. George III. in 1788 was subjected to a uselessly severe treatment, being constantly tortured with the straight-waistcoat, and denied the society of his wife and children. He recovered a few weeks after the substitution of kindness for severity. A Parliamentary committee, which elicited the horrors of mad-houses in 1815, struck the first blow against the system of mechanical restraint of the insane, but it was not before the early years of the present reign that the old order of things finally yielded to the benevolent treatment set on foot by Drs. Gardner, Hill and Conolly.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Defense of the Eighteenth Century.

Philosophy was once supposed to be the strong point of the eighteenth century, but in our time it has been uniformly represented as its opprobrium. Yet we think that a very little reflection will show the former opinion to be nearer the mark. The eighteenth century has been reproached with want of reverence, and there is no necessity to defend the scoffing tone in which its broad conclusions were stated during its closing decades, and more especially in France. But long before Frenchmen began to mock, Englishmen had begun to inquire; and the short memory of the nineteenth century, which has almost forgotten even the scandal excited by the publication of *Essays and Reviews*, and has transferred its curiosity to the mere contemporaneous vagaries of Bishop Colenso or the benign Philadelphism of Dean Stanley, are doubtless quite oblivious, if they ever knew, that more than a hundred years since a bishop of Peterborough sought, in the words of Hallam, to establish systematically the principles of moral right independently of revelation, and that it was another prelate, the better known Warburton, of Gloucester, who affirmed for the first time that the State must consider religion in reference, not to revelation, but to expediency; and should lend its favor to creeds, not according to what it considers their truth, but solely out of regard to their public utility. The nineteenth century is often pleased to remember that it repealed the Test Act, admitted Roman Catholics into Parliament, and threw open the doors of the legislature even to Jews. But it is obvious that the course thus adopted was but the application of principles which had been firmly grasped and boldly propounded by its predecessor. "All England," wrote Hume in 1749, on his return from Italy, "is in a ferment on account of Dr. Middleton's *Free Inquiry*;" and, a few years later, the publication of Blackburn's *The Confessional*, which was in effect an attack on the subscription of creeds and articles, excited a perfect commotion, though by no means one of general hostility. The matter was brought before the House of Commons by means of a petition drawn up against the articles and signed by 200 clergymen. The observation of Gibbon concerning the Thirty-nine Articles, "which more subscribe to than read, and more read than understand," is familiar to everybody. But it is not perhaps, so widely known that they were denounced in equally vigorous, if less epigrammatic, language, by persons considered orthodox, in Parliament itself, at the same epoch. So prominent a member as Mr. Dunning pronounced them "palpably ridiculous." Another member described them as strikingly absurd. "In my apprehension," said Lord George Germain, "some of the Articles are incomprehensible and some self-contradictory;" and Sir William Meredith, while stigmatizing them with like distinctness, strove to account for their absurdity by reminding the House that they were framed when the spirit of free inquiry, when liberal and enlarged notions, were yet in their infancy.—*Temple Bar.*

The Opera Under Napoleon III.

Writing of the Paris Grand Opera, a correspondent says: Louis Philippe's Government restored the opera to the Fine Arts Ministry, and endeavored to give its managers fair play—that is, paid them their grants and allowed them to carry on their administration as they thought best; but Napoleon III., with his propensity to imitate the proceedings of his uncle, decreed that the opera should be included anew among departments of the imperial household, and for some years the Academy of Music became a focus of jobbery, corruption, quarrels, and tumults such as had never been seen or heard of before. Count Walewski was the chief author of this state of things. As amiable a man as he was an intrepid partisan, the Count absolutely lacked the power to say no when a pretty face besought him; but he had wit enough to turn this weakness to account for political ends, and while he was Minister of the Household he bestowed operatic appointments much as other ministers did State offices, in recompense for party services. Any Senator or Deputy who despatched him a winsome singer with a letter of recommendation was sure to obtain an engagement for his *protegee*, and the consequence was that the opera soon had a company three or four times greater than it required. Comely young ladies with fine salaries without ever singing; tenors and baritones innumerable were in the same case, having been recommended by the young ladies or their political friends; and the orchestra was filled with undisciplined fiddlers, whom it was impossible to punish or even rebuke, because they plied their bow-sticks under the patronage of divers loyal gentlemen who voted straight at the Luxembourg or the Palais Bourbon. So long as Count Walewski remained in office no harm came of this disorder, for the Count had a tact all his own for allaying the fiercest disputes with a little joke, or a little compliment; but when he was succeeded by that gruff old soldier, Marshal Vaillant, the least jocular of men, the opera became wholly unmanageable, and the