

THE OPEN POLAR SEA.

WHAT A SAILOR WHO HAS BEEN THERE SAYS.

Captain A. B. Tuttle, who claims to have had a longer and more varied experience as a seaman than almost any man now living, is in Washington to negotiate with the government for a small steamer, to assist in his further explorations in Arctic Seas. Captain Tuttle is a native of New York, but at the age of sixteen ran away from his parents and went to sea, and has ever since, some thirty-five years, been a seafaring man. He has been all over the globe, he says, and has sailed in every sea, and has made twenty voyages to the Arctic regions. Since his early manhood he has been captain of whaling and surveying ships. One of the things that particularly attracted his attention in sailing northward was that he found the sea more and more open, especially every fourth year. He made his last trip about a year ago, starting from Hakodado, Japan, in a full-rigged ship, with forty-five men all told.

In latitude 78 he found an open sea clear of ice. In latitude 81 he noticed an extraordinary dip of the compass, and on taking soundings discovered the cause of it to be immense lodes of a magnetic substance in five fathoms of water. It was mixed with minerals and fine particles of gold. In latitude 82 he encountered the ice belt, grounded under the water, and extended in height in some places over 400 feet. It stretched east and west as far as the eye can reach. Here he discovered that the needle pointed due south, and in his own mind concluded that the magnetic deposit he had passed had some connection with the direction in which the needle usually pointed. By climbing to the highest points on the icy barrier he could see directly into an open polar sea lying beyond, and by tracing along the belt eastwardly he found a passage through into this sea, with a depth of 90 fathoms, or 540 feet. The water was quite warm, and a gulf stream was steadily setting out with a velocity of from four to six miles per hour. He pulled through this passage in whale boats, and found it to be about eighteen miles wide.

In the north part of this open sea he found nearly fresh leaves of plants, bananas and other tropical plants floating on the water, and showing that they had been off the trees but a short time. Last October he found a large female whale going north through the open passage before mentioned, and also saw migratory birds going north. In July these birds went back south with their young, and about the same time, he observed whales going south with their young. From these facts he concludes that during a considerable part of the year there is a warm climate within the open polar sea sufficient to produce tropical fruits. In the ice barriers on one of his trips he found bones and tusks of the mastodon, which in 1876, he carried to the Centennial at Philadelphia. They were so large that some naturalists thought that the animal to which they belonged must have been forty feet in length. He also found some hard wood in the shape of troughs imbedded in the ice. They looked like feeding troughs, and the edges had the appearance of having been gnawed by animals.

In sailing west he struck the north part of the coast of New Siberia, where he found a race of people that he thought no one had ever seen before or heard of. They spoke an unknown language which sounded like Hebrew. They spoke a few words of Hawaiian and the Esquimaux language, and with these and the aid of signs they conveyed the idea that they came from the north. He was a little acquainted with the Esquimaux language, having passed four winters with that people, living on raw walrus, whale blubber and bear meat. During one of these winters, which are without daylight, he made a journey of three hundred and eighty miles in the dark.

During his adventurous career he has met with many disasters, the most serious of which was an encounter with a polar bear. He had both arms and both legs broken, and lost one finger off his left hand, another being so badly lacerated by the teeth of the animal that it is sadly out of shape. He also lost two ribs, which were completely torn from his body, which bears the marks of wounds which it seems almost incredible that any man could receive and live. The polar bears attain an incredible size, some being reported to weigh as much as three thousand pounds. He contemplates making another trip to further explore the open polar sea, but needs a small steamer for towing purposes, which he hopes to obtain from the government. He proposes to start some time in 1880.

A COLORED firm recently dissolved partnership and posted the following notice to the public: "De dissolution of copartnership heretofore consisted between me and Moses Jones, in de barber profession am heretofore dissolved. Pussans who owe must pay to the subscriber. Dem what de firm use must call on Jones, as de firm am involved."

Labor without ceasing to do all the good in your power, while time is allowed you, for the night will come when no man can work.

A PLEA FOR THE TROUT.

From the Altoona Tribune.

We noticed yesterday that Representative Gilland had offered in the House a supplement to game laws relating to elk and deer. We wish either he or Mr. Hewit would go a step further and amend the law so far as it relates to the catching of brook trout. The indiscriminate slaughter that annually takes place of this game fish, without respect to size, calls for some repressive legislation. There are a class of fish pirates—it would be a libel to call them sportsmen—who fish for numbers rather than quality. They do not regard any person their equal in the manipulation of the rod and line, unless he can surpass them in the capture of ten or fifteen dozen of troutlets, ranging from one to four inches in length, though the real sportsman may succeed in capturing from six to a dozen that will weigh more than the pirates whole basket of minnows. There is more real pleasure in taking a twelve inch trout than, as one puts it, "there is in creeping through the bushy little side streams, fishing with a microscope hook, and bringing in a gross or two of small fry, averaging a half ounce in weight apiece." The true sportsman deprecates this sort of pot fishing, this invasion of "the precincts, the cradles of the innocents," who are to keep up the supply in the streams to which trout are indigenous. It is a monstrous and wicked waste, for what would in two or three years be a hundred weight of trout is now crowded into a day's sport.

It is useless for our Fish Commission to stock streams with trout, unless they at the same time throw around the small fry some adequate legal protection. Why not put the same restriction in regard to size on the catching of trout that there is on black bass? The law forbids the killing of bass less than six inches in length. Why should not the same restriction be applied to that much better fish, trout? The headwaters of many of our streams swarm with the small fry. They remain in the locality where they were spawned until after a certain age, when they seek the lower and deeper waters of the run, creek or the river, if they can get there. The upper waters of trout streams are the nurseries, and they should scarcely ever be invaded. Last season the writer tramped several miles up one of our leading trout streams, only to find the waters inhabited by numbers of small fry. The number captured, fit to grace a sportsman's creel, was so insignificant as to afford no adequate reward for the toil and worry over rocks and logs, and through the thick undergrowth. This has been his experience on several occasions, and will not be repeated. However, it is a glorious field for fish pirates, who revel in quantity, no matter if that quantity is reduced to pulp when transported home, and then thrown away. "Oh, I caught twelve dozen" is the pride of such fishermen, and satisfies all demands and questions.

As Mr. Hewit is a member of the Fish Commission we trust he will take this matter in hand at once, and have the law so amended as will limit the size of the fish killed, and also the length of the trout season. Long experience and close observation of the habits of brook trout, convince us that the law should forbid their capture after the 15th of June. The destruction after this period amounts almost to annihilation. From the 15th of March to the 1st of June would be an excellent limitation, affording a protection which would, in connection with the penalty of five dollars for killing trout under six inches in length, be a vast help to the Fish Commission in replenishing our now almost depopulated streams of this species of the finny tribe. Unless some such restrictive legislation is enacted, we regard all efforts to stock the streams of this State with brook trout as a piece of foolishness and so much time and money thrown away. We have urged this matter upon the attention of the Legislature for several years past, and we hope Mr. Hewit will embrace this opportunity to give these views practical effect, and in doing so we feel sure he will receive the thanks of every genuine troutist in the State. They will prove a heavy blow to the pirates that infest the waters of the Commonwealth, while it will prove a lasting benefit to the great majority of our citizens.

HOW HAYES "SCRIMPS."

H. J. R. in the Philadelphia Times.

Mr. Hayes receives an annual salary of \$50,000—a good round income, it must be confessed. There is no way of finding out all of his pickings or allowances, but some of them I am able to mention. In the first place, he gets his house rent and furniture free. Not a curtain or chair, or blanket or napkin, or towel does he have to buy. All his fuel is furnished by the Government, and not a cent does he have to pay for gas. His vegetables are raised in the public gardens by a gardener paid by the Government. His steward is paid by the Government, and so are his cooks and his coachman. How many other servants our good Government pays for I do not know, but, so far as I can see, Mr. Hayes' only expenses in the White House are for meats and groceries. Even his doctor and medicine are paid for by the Government. Even his beef comes

from the Government butcher, and he pays only the cost price which the Government paid on the hoof. In other words, the Government buys an ox alive for beef, paying, say four cents a pound. The President gets the beef at the same rate, and so the White House table is supplied with sirloin steak, tenderloin steak, porterhouse steak and rib roasts for four cents per pound, while the department clerk, on \$1,200 a year, pays from fifteen to twenty cents per pound for his beef. The President does not buy wine or liquors—how economical temperance is! Wines have always been a big item in the White House, for it was never conducted on temperance principles before. Wines being out of the question and all the advantages counted, will any head of a household who is accustomed to good living tell me that it costs Mr. Hayes more than \$10,000 a year to live? If the family is charitable I have not heard of it. True, a bouquet of flowers is occasionally sent to a fair or hospital, but, bless you, the flowers were raised in a Government conservatory cared for by a Government florist. Even in the summer time the President pays no house rent, but lives in a house belonging to the old soldiers of the country and supported by contributions from the soldiers in the regular army.

THE "PINAFORE" ANALYZED.

REFLECTIONS BY ONE "WHO WAS THERE," AND LEFT-HANDED CRITICISM.

From the Doylestown Democrat.

Have you ever seen a better opera?
No, never.
What! Never?
Well, hardly ever.

We have been to see the "Pinafore," that charming little opera which has been drawing such magnificent audiences at the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia. We were charmed, of course. No one could follow the sparkling music without being more than pleased, while the changing character of the play is of the highest interest for such a simple little thing. Suppose we follow the play, and try to discover the secret of the unparalleled success which has greeted this opera. The curtain rolls up, and discovers twenty-two sailors of the good ship "Pinafore" engaged in cleaning up the deck, burnishing brasses, splicing ropes, etc., while in a moment they burst into a sailor's chorus "We're sober men and true, and attentive to our duty," etc. "Little Buttercup," comes to the front, armed with an immense basket, filled with all sorts of provisions suitable for sailors. "Ralph Rackstraw," a fine young sailor or lad, sings of his hopeless love for "Josephine," the captain's daughter, and "Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., the ruler of the Queen's Navy," makes his appearance in a barge manned by twelve trusty sailors and attended by his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts." Among these is the beautiful "Cousin Hebe," who has set all Philadelphia wild about her surpassing beauty. The admiral compels the captain to say, "if you please" to his men, and calls him to task for using one profane word. This profane word is wrung from the captain by discovering that Josephine and Ralph are preparing to elope. The admiral orders Ralph in chains and the captain to retire to his cabin in disgrace, when "Little Buttercup" appears on the scene and complicates matters beautifully by the relation of the following story: Many years ago, when she was young and charming, she had practised baby farming, which we must know was most alarming. Two tender babies she nursed, one being of low condition, and one of upper crust, a regular patrician. Now these two babies she mixed and not a creature knew it. However she could do it, we do not know, but the complications are manifest when she announces that the high born lad was Ralph, and the captain was the other. This complication eventuates in the changelings again resuming proper places, Ralph, as captain of the "Pinafore," and the former captain, a member of the crew. Cousin Hebe takes charge of the admiral, Josephine and her captain mate, while the former captain takes Little Buttercup and promises "never to be untrue to thee. What, never? No, never. What, never? Well, hardly ever."

Now, all this is given by a chorus of fifty voices, male and female, and is highly captivating. Its many changes of tone, tune, music and sentiment, together with the perfect purity of the play, have made it the musical success of the season. It is safe to say that thousands who have never been inside a theatre before, have attended this opera since its introduction in Philadelphia. Ministers and church members have recommended it highly, and why? Its perfect purity is the only reason which can be given. The people of Philadelphia, and the country round about know a good thing when they see it, and, knowing, dare appreciate.

But there are some features in the plot, which to us appear funnily twisted. For instance, the absurdity of an admiral teaching a ship's crew how to dance a hornpipe; the idea of said admiral ordering a captain to say "if you please" to his disciplined crew; both admiral and crew are terrible shocked upon hearing the captain's only profane word; the little Buttercup nursed both captain and Ralph, making them both the same age, but

in our play, we find Ralph to be a lad of twenty, the apparent age of Josephine, the captain's daughter, while the whole thing is rendered still more absurd, by Little Buttercup (nurse), being madly in love with the captain, whom she afterwards marries. But still the opera is a good one, the singing being magnificent, and we doubt not a better one will never visit Philadelphia again. That is hardly ever.

PROFANITY.

Extract from sermon delivered on a recent occasion by Rev. J. MURPHY, before the Good Will Hose Company, of Danville, Pa.

And right here let me speak of a terrible sin that is so common, that the public conscience seems perfectly blunted to its wickedness. Let me speak of it kindly, and because I cannot, I dare not, pass by the opportunity, for your sakes.

If there is a God Who is Almighty, Who has written Ten Commandments for man's obedience, Who has marked one of those commandments with a peculiar and terrible emphasis, what can we think of those who seem by Satan's help to select that one commandment and break it with almost every breath they draw! Men who would not, dare not, steal or murder, yet in ordinary conversation, with and without excitement will blaspheme God's holy name and call down His curse upon their fellows. "Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his Name in vain." I know that men do not know what they are doing in this sin of profanity. It is an ignorant defiance of Heaven! It is something fearful to hear the profanity in these streets: curses lisped out by infant lips, and the Almighty's Name and His curse mouthed out, by young and old, rich and poor, high and low, men and women! It is horrible, to those who are trying to be Christians. The least and lowest view of it is, that it is intensely vulgar: according to the Bible it is *sinful presumption and impious before God!* And methinks it has put on a new form of late years; because the Sacred Name seems to be particularly the Name to be profaned—"the Name of Jesus," at which the Divine word tells us; sooner or later,—"every knee should bow, of things in Heaven, and things in Earth, and things under the Earth." (Phil. II, 10.) There seems to be a new and dreadful intensity to this profanity, which so far as we know was not always heard, by this use of the Saviour's Name. I have thought it might be a part and parcel of Satan's peculiar work for just these times. Because, the peculiar form of the infidelity and false teaching of this day is the intention to put down the written word of God or the Bible, and to belittle the attributes of the Living Word, Jesus Christ, Who is thought also to be the personified Wisdom of the Old Testament. So it may be that Satan uses now men's profanity in this peculiar shocking form, to make the Sacred Name seem less holy in men's sight. If we hear it every day amid cursing and vulgarity, how does it sound to the same ears in hymns, and the praises of the Sanctuary.

Young men, I beg of you, do not, for the sake of that dear Saviour Who hung upon the bloody Cross for your souls; Who will judge your souls at the last day, do not take God's holy Name nor the Name of His Only Son upon your lips in vain. It is to be feared the drunkards, the *whore-mongers, the idolaters, and the murderers* are not more sure to be cast out of the Eternal Kingdom of God than they who take God's Name in vain! It is a sin without a temptation or advantage: it is Satan's empty hook, at which humanity seems to bite with insane willingness!

A ROMANCE OF PEARLS.

London Land and Water.

I will tell you a circumstance that happened twenty-five or thirty years ago, when I was residing in Calcutta. One morning our friend, the late Dr. Vass, Surgeon of the Royal Army, brought to my husband, Dr. John Grant, a box containing twelve or thirteen pearls of various sizes, saying: "Grant, you are a well-known man in Calcutta, and I want you to hear the curious account of these pearls and to take charge of the box and let me know any change that you may see in them. Their history is as follows: About forty years ago a lady at Amboyna gave a pearl to each of two sisters, saying, 'These are breeding pearls: take good care of them; never touch them with the hand, as heat injures them, and feed them on rice.' One of these sisters has just come to Calcutta, and she has lent the box to me to show you. In the forty years she has had it this is the result—twelve or thirteen young ones." The box was opened and there lay on the cotton the mother pearl. A rather large but ill-shaped individual. The eldest daughter, as I called it, was a lovely pearl about the size that jewelers generally set three in a ring. The others were perfect in shape, but gradually decreased in size; two very small ones I called the twins, as they stuck together, and the last was a wee seed pearl.

According to instructions, rice was put into the box, which was locked in a secret drawer in the cabinet, of which my husband alone had the key. After some days we opened the box, and to our astonishment we found that every grain of rice had been nibbled,

I cannot think of a better word. How nibbled I cannot imagine, but that one fact I can vouch for. A few days later we had to leave Calcutta. The box was returned to Dr. Vass, and what became of it I know not. I have often mentioned it to my friends, and some years ago I saw in a book that lay upon my friend's table that people in the East believe in breeding pearls.

BIGGER MEN THAN BRITONS.

THE NATION THAT ROUTED A BRITISH ARMY—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE ZULUS.

An old and tried friend of mine, who has lived half his life in South Africa, and is intimately acquainted with the native character, expressed a very high opinion of the Zulus, when I called on him the other day for a little information on the subject.

The Zulu Caffres are, said he, fine fellows, both physically and intellectually; their splendid physique and aquiline features are a pleasing contrast to many of the native African races. For faithfulness, industry, and honesty, you might search the world over and not find their equals. When I first took up my residence permanently in Natal, some years ago, I had the management of one of the principal banks in the country, and was astonished to find the implicit confidence which was placed in Zulu honesty—a confidence which, in no single instance that ever I heard of, proved in the least misplaced. Planters used to send a Zulu ten, twenty, and even sixty miles to the bank with a check for wages, with, perhaps, a note instructing what proportion was to be paid in silver and what in gold. I have often seen a Zulu cheerfully trot off with a little bag slung over his shoulder, containing as much as £100. Their endurance is wonderful; the distance from Durban to Maritzberg, or Pietermaritzberg, as it used to be called, is fifty-six miles, and the English mail used to be carried on the backs of Zulu postmen the entire distance. Although there is a rise of 12,000 feet, and the carriers had portmanteaus strapped on their backs filled with letters and newspaper, and varying in weight from 75 to 125 pounds, they used to perform the journey regularly in twelve hours, and came in "fresh as a daisy!"

Are they a cleanly race? Yes, almost too much so; I used to wish they would instill their scrupulousness in this respect into the dirty "Bushmen" and Hottentots. The fellows are always washing themselves or their clothes. I had a faithful servant who prayed me, with tears in his eyes, to take him to England with me on my first return to the old country. I remember once making him a present of a pair of black cloth pantaloons, with which he was highly delighted; he used to wash them three times a week regularly—a process which, though not conducive to the longevity of the pantaloons, spoke volumes for Zulu cleanliness.

I'm no pessimist, said the old colonist, and any man would be a fool to doubt what the final result of a collision between England and Zululand would be, yet I fear the authorities make a mistake in overestimating the efficiency of the forces at their disposal, and underrating those of Cetwayo. There are about 7,000 native troops in Natal and the Transvaal, and 5,000 whites. The number of Zulu warriors is estimated at 40,000, but I am certain they could throw 60,000 fighting men into Durban in a single night. When roused, they fight like wildcats, and as nearly every able-bodied man has been supplied with a breech-loading rifle by the traders from Delagoa Bay, it is most unwise to despise their powers of doing mischief.

It is not the boy alone who stands on the burning deck. That nerve is not a masculine monopoly occurs to one on reading how Mrs. Isadore Middleton, of Mobile, the other night, outwitted a burglar. While putting away some jewelry she noticed that the library lamp had thrown upon the floor at her feet the shadow of a man who was crouching under a table. The shadow was so distinct that she saw that the open hand had but two fingers. The instant conviction flashed upon her that she was alone in the room with a negro desperado suspected of several burglaries, and having but two fingers on his right hand. There was no one in the house beside herself but one maid-servant. She went to the table, under which the burglar was concealed, and rang for the girl, and wrote a note: "Take this to the jeweler's at once," she said, "and bring home my diamond necklace and earrings. They are my most valuable jewelry, and I do not wish to pass another night without having them in my bureau drawer." And then the brave woman sat there and read the newspaper, and hummed an operatic air, and when the door bell rang, went carelessly down stairs and admitted Bridget and the policeman she had sent for. "Two-fingered Jeff" is now serving a twenty years' sentence in the state prison.

"EUGENIA, Eugenia, will you still insist on wearing the hair of another woman upon your head?" "Alphonse, Alphonse, do you still insist upon wearing the skin of another calf upon your feet?"

To remove paint from the wall—back up against it before it gets dry.

ANECDOTE OF VICTORIA.

Queen Victoria was not twenty years of age when she ascended the throne. Coming into possession of power with a heart fresh, tender and pure, and with all her instincts inclined to mercy, we may be sure that she found many things that tried her strength of resolution to the utmost. On a bright, beautiful morning, the young queen was waited upon at her palace of Windsor by the Duke of Wellington, who had brought from London various papers requiring her signature to render them operative. One of them was a sentence of court martial, pronounced against a soldier of the line—that sentence that he be shot dead!

The queen looked upon the paper, and then looked upon the wondrous beauties that nature had spread to her view.

"What has this man done?" she asked.

The Duke looked at the paper, and replied:

"Ah, my royal mistress, that man, I fear, is incorrigible. He has deserted three times."

"And can you not say anything in his behalf, my lord?"

Wellington shook his head.

"O! think again, I pray you!"

Seeing that her majesty was so deeply moved, and feeling sure that she would not have the man shot in any event, he finally confessed that the man was brave, and gallant, and really a good soldier. "But," he added, "think of the influence."

"Influence?" cried Victoria, her eyes flashing, and her bosom heaving with strong emotion. "Let it be ours to yield influence. I will try mercy in this man's case, and I charge you, your grace, to let me know the result. A good soldier, you said. Oh! I thank you for that. And you may tell him that your good word saved him."

Then she took the paper, and wrote, with a bold, firm hand, across the dark page, the bright, saving word—"Pardoned!"

The duke was fond of telling the story; and was willing also to confess that the giving of that paper to the pardoned soldier gave him far more joy than he could have experienced from the taking of a city.

DRIFT OF THE SCHOOL SYSTEM.

From the Pittsburgh Critic.

The machinery of our public school system is getting to cumbersome and costly. It is losing its old time simplicity and directness of management, and as a result all sorts of experiments are attempted, just to please the fancy of some "friends of education." The original idea of State education, which was in the language of the Constitution of 1838, "that the poor may be taught gratis," is being lost sight of in providing the luxuries of education for the children of the well-to-do and wealthy. Thus the schools are made training institutions to fit "young ladies" and "young gentlemen" for the seminary and university. The energies of superintendents and directors, especially in the cities and larger towns, are not devoted to seeing that the poor and ignorant are educated in the elementary branches, but rather to extending and enlarging the course of instruction in the higher branches. All this is in the wrong direction. The schools should reach down to the poor and lowly rather than up to the wealthy and well provided. It is of very little importance to the State that it should furnish the means of education for the children of wealthy parents, or even those of moderate circumstances. They will be well educated anyhow. But the case is different with the very poor and ignorant, their training in the elementary branches is a prime necessity, and if the State does not provide the means, they will grow up in ignorance.

In the development of our school system, and fitting it to the wishes and theories of the more cultured class, this vital fact has been lost sight of. One of the worst things connected with the recent attempts to mix the school question with politics, is the setting up the system as perfection itself; something that must be criticised as too costly to the taxpayers, or failing in the most important requirements of State education. An avowal of this kind is apt to bring down on one's head, from the host of superintendents and directors, each one equipped with his separate hobby, the allegation that you are an enemy of popular education, old fogyish, or behind the times. They have planned everything on a magnificent scale, and fealty to this is insisted on as an essential of good citizenship. There are gratifying evidences that the people are commencing to rebel at these assumptions, and that, at no remote day, they will be checked in a summary manner, and the experiment tried of developing the educational system downward so as to improve its efficiency in meeting the wants of the lower strata of population, rather than upward for the benefit of the wealthy.

"WHAT does your husband do?" asked the census man.

"He ain't doin' nothing at this time of the year," replied the young wife.

"Is he a pauper?" inquired the census man.

She blushed scarlet to the ears.

"Law, no!" she exclaimed, somewhat indignantly. "We ain't been married more'n six weeks."