

The Shadow of the Workingman.

Behold you swiftly flying boat!
In conscious might it steams along;
With graceful lines and powerful frame,
It proudly bears its living throng.
To distant lands it plows its way,
And to the many weath'ly doth bring;
Its tidings from the absent friends
Are welcome as the smiling spring.
You see it cleave the restless wave,
And know old ocean's space 'twill span;
But, cast o'er all, can you behold
The shadow of the workingman?
See, on the locomotive rush
With headlong speed o'er iron road,
Like living, breathing monster, whom
Some unseen powers onward goad,
Through cities, towns, and shady dells,
O'er gurgling streams and woodland glades,
It speeds you on with clang and roar;
Ay, 'neath mountains' gloomy shades,
With ease it quickly bears along
Pilgrims of every tribe and clan;
But o'er each fleeting view dost see
The shadow of the workingman?
Come, gaze upon this mighty pile,
The spire of which in cloudland dwells;
Riseed by the sinking sun's last ray,
As gently chime the distant bells;
Come view its grandly massive walls,
Its pillars, halls and arches true,
Which are so neatly, deftly wrought,
Without one flaw to meet the view.
O'er all this blended strength and grace
As round it zephyrs gently fan,
Can you not see, in outline bold,
The shadow of the workingman?
Go seek the lofty mountain height,
And there behold the glowing scene—
The forest, field and waving grain,
The rippling lakes, the meadows green;
Each beauty of the prospect view,
All thronged with busy, useful life,
Where once the gloomy wilds were seen,
Where savage revels once were rife.
Go, look upon all earth's broad face,
Replete with art and nature's plan;
And there, in bold relief you'll see
The shadow of the workingman.
—Eugene C. Fisk.

My Ride on a Star-Route.

A TRUE SKETCH.
I wished to go fourteen miles northward. By cars I must go three sides of a square. The trip, and waiting at depots, would take from 11 o'clock a. m. to 4.20 o'clock p. m.
"For the accommodation of two small post-offices, a stage, a poor affair, runs direct," said mine host.
The freshness of a summer morning, the hilly road, the changing views, the trees, wild flowers and singing birds were a delight, even in thought, and I said at once:
"The stage."
While breakfasting, the next morning, the clerk came in and said in a low voice:
"The stage is here, and your trunk is on, but finish your breakfast, the driver will wait."
I went out soon, but no stage was to be seen, and I asked if it had gone for other passengers.
"This is it," said my more laughing than smiling host.
Such another nondescript vehicle may I never see. One poor, old, white horse, an express wagon, the back seat of which had been taken out to make room for my trunk, and the packages of all forms and sizes, for the driver proved to be an express messenger, and universal errand boy of the farmers along the route. I hesitated. My trunk was on, and the morning air fragrant. So, with help, I climbed on the wheel, and pitched into the wagon, and took possession of the one seat, and planted my feet upon what seemed an empty bag, but which proved to have the honor of being the United States mail, and to contain two packages (one of which, as I got out with the rest while the mail was changed, I saw contained exactly two postal cards and four newspapers).
"Where is the driver?" I asked.
"When he found out he was to have a lady passenger he went in to empty and rinse his mouth out," was the answer.
He came, out at the elbows, patched at the knees, with vest and linen spotted with tobacco juice. I turned my head away, as sitting down beside me, he took up the reins and said:
"G'lang, g'lang, g'lang!"
This oft-repeated word alone broke our silence, until out of the village he stopped at a stone trough, beneath some trees, to water his horse. On a lough a robin was swaying, and warbling his sweetest notes, ending in a long twitter. The driver, who was standing at his horse's head, took some crumbs from his pocket and held them out. The robin flew down and ate them from his hand. With a clear, smooth voice, the driver quoted Wordsworth's
"Thou art the bird that man loves best,
The pious bird with scarlet breast,
The bird, who by some name or other,
All men who know thee call thee brother."
He scattered more crumbs on the stone, buckled the check rein, mounted the seat with:
"Good-by, my little friend, be here to-morrow, g'lang, g'lang!"
The delicate act, the cultured voice made me look at him. His face was clean and clean shaven; his features

regular and refined; his eyes large, clear and very deep blue; his hair a brown gray; his hands small and, had the nails been clean, would have been handsome.
"Who can he be?" I said to myself; to him I said:
"That bird seems to know you."
"He is always waiting for the male," he said.
"And always get something, I fancy."
"Always. I rarely have a passenger and so talk to the birds and squirrels, g'lang, g'lang! I regret I haven't a better horse—g'lang—as my constant urging must annoy you, g'lang, g'lang!"
"You do not whip him."
"Never. But I often think Sancho Panza's Rosinante, like the Wandering Jew, is still on earth."
"And this is he?"
"This is he without a doubt!"
Just then he drove through a piece of woodland full of music. He said:
"How truly Mary Howitt voices one's feelings in her poem:
'Come ye into the summer woods! But no mortal pen can
Tell half the sights of beauty you may see.'
I loved to hear him talk. His language was pure, his anecdotes refined, his quotations from standard authors were frequent, but brief and to the point.
"Who can he be?" I asked myself again and again. At farmhouses he stopped to give packages, from a mended scythe the snath to a gold bracelet. And whenever a good woman ran out and called, he took her wishes in a note book, with all the courtesy and bearing of a thoroughbred gentleman.
I took the liberty to glance at the book. The writing and spelling showed him to be a man of education.
"Will not so many stops prevent your making time?" I asked.
"Oh, no! I am not obliged to be at — until 12 m., and I started two hours earlier than the old driver did."
"In order to oblige the farmers along the route?" I asked.
"In part; but Pope says, 'Self-love and social are the same.' I love the morning air, I love to speak a word to the good people, to break the dead monotony of their work-day lives by a bit of stirring news. Truly, these hours on the road are the pleasantest of my life."
"You are never lonely?"
"Never! With God and nature can one be lonely?"
A gentleman, with a fine pair of blood horses passed up, and they exchanged cordial greetings. The driver said:
"A woman, who had worked in the family of that gentleman's father for many years, he took care of the last ten years. She had become helpless and nearly blind, so when she died last month she was past mourning for. After she was made ready for burial and laid in the parlor, a well-dressed stranger called to see her. He was told she was dead. He said he had not been east for thirty years, and would like to see her. He stood a few minutes looking upon her, and then bent down and kissed that cold, brown, wrinkled forehead, and left two great tear drops on it, and with a choking voice said:
"My mother's dearest friend!"
After a moment the driver turned to me and said:
"Do you suppose those friends knew each other when they met?"
"I am sure they did," I said.
"It is a question I often ponder. My wife died when she had just passed into full and beautiful womanhood. She had touched her thirtieth year, and I was but a little older, in the vigor of my manhood. She is now in the freshness of her womanhood with the eternal freshness of heaven. If, as Milton has it, 'From the lowest deep a lower deep still opens,' so, from the highest height a higher height must rise; and she, who was purity itself must be purer now. And we grow like those with whom we mingle, and she, so lovely here, has been for twenty-seven years the companion of angels! How glorious she must be! Will she—can she know me there?"
Almost my first question on reaching my friend was:
"Who is that driver?"
"I have not the honor of his acquaintance!" she laughingly answered.
"I have!" I said.
So soon as the post-wagon drove on, I started for the post-office.
"Will you please tell me who that driver is?"
The postmaster gave his name and said he was once an editor of —, naming one of the best papers in one of our largest cities.
"He is a man of elegant culture," I said.

"He is that. I don't know of anybody that can touch a match to him. He has been through college and been to Europe, and has been acquainted with a good many distinguished men."
"What has brought him to this?"
"Drink."—Mrs. Lucy E. Sanford.
Scenes in Holland.
When we finally got through the various locks and impediments into the canal itself, we soon saw that the artistic promise of the land would need much careful looking after if one would have a moderate fulfillment thereof. It is but fair to say that the canal was evidently never intended to charm or amuse to any intense degree, but to be simple and solid and direct. It is no small, mean runnel of a waterway, but a goodly wide and deep thing that a ship can get about in comfortably. If one must come down to figures, I will venture to say that I fancy it is some hundred and odd miles in length. Sufficient for the day, however, was the fact that it would take us to Akmaar, and that along its rush-fringed banks were pictures passing ever before us of trim sleepy villages and skirts of towns, fat farmsteads, juicy pastures, sleek cows, and rosy-cheeked milkmaids with sleeves rolled above elbow—so tightly that the lusty arm below would be more than rosy, it would be a dappled carnation. There were the teaming polders and the jaunty windmills in rich profusion and variety, and all the familiar objects of a pleasant Dutch landscape. On the forward deck of the boat was a goodly pile of market baskets and boxes, and mounting to the top of the heap, we selected a soft basket—first making sure that it didn't contain eggs—as a point of vantage and a sketching seat, and then we remarked to the panorama before us, as Byron did to the ocean, that it might "roll on." Not that we felt unduly flippant or heedless; the occasion was too serious for that.
The further north one goes in Holland, the more one's attention is called to the rapid increase of swirling ornament as a feature of domestic and civic architecture. Even on the better class of farm houses, and more notably on the more pretentious country villas skirting the canal, the gables are fashioned in most fantastic shapes of curve and scroll, and the general impression of riotous lines meandering about the gables is further enhanced by startling effects of painting and gilding. We touched at a few of the little docks and landing places along the waterway, and noted many delightfully quaint bits of color, as well as lots of amusing characters and incidents, back-grounds of cottages rich with downy, velvet-surfaced tiles and mottled brick, splashed with moss and stain and lichen, taking every tint that a fat humid air knows so well how to paint—if it has plenty of time. The window frames would be painted a dazzling white, the curtains of spotless dimity, the shutters and doors of brilliant green, the cow sheds and out-houses of shiny black pitch, and often the trees would have about six feet of the lower trunk painted a "forget-me-not" (cheap sort of) blue. Lots of flowers, plenty of flaxen-haired children and blue-eyed girls, lots of ducks and geese, any number of cats.
We noticed the prevalence of female labor in a "longshore" sort of way about the various landings. It would be a strapping rosy dame with sleeves well tucked up who would deftly catch the hawser, and bandy lively compliments with the deck hands of the steamer. They handled the lighter freight to and fro, kicking about the tubs of butter, and "shying" the bounding bullets of elastic Dutch cheese in fine manly style. They gave themselves curious "sea-dog" kind of airs, too, that lent them a certain charm of their own.—Harper's Magazine.
Henry Clay's Real Estate Sale.
The Washington correspondent of the Boston Advertiser has some interesting gossip about the ownership of the Rodgers house, near the White House. Henry Clay used to own the lot on which it stands. He was especially devoted to his Ashland farm and the livestock upon it. One day old Commodore John Rodgers came home from the Mediterranean with his naval vessel full of live stock which he had picked up abroad. The cargo included one fine Andalusian jackass. Clay wanted it for his farm. All his offers were rejected, until one day the commodore said, in joke: "You can have him for your lot opposite the White House." "Done," was Clay's reply, and the animal was shipped off to Kentucky. The commodore built the now historic house, which Secretary Seward occupied during the war. Here Payne endeavored to assassinate him on the night when President Lincoln was shot. The lot is now valued at \$40,000.

SACRED BOOKS.

The Bible as Known to the Ancients.
The following brief sketch of the sacred books of the world is from a Bible class lesson by Prof. H. A. Ford, in a New York mission Sunday school:
Certain religious instincts, as the consciousness of a Supreme Being, of a life beyond the grave, of future rewards and punishments, of a sense of sin and the need of sacrifice, are common to humanity. So also, wherever a nation has had a literature, its religion has usually based upon sacred books—there is the assertion of a written revelation. Every great religion has its Bible.
The best known of these books, save the Jewish and the Christian, is the Koran of Mohammed. The title of this means "The Reading," from the Arabic verb for "to read." Other names are Al Kitab, or the book; Al Moshaf, the volume; Al Dhikr, the admonition or reminder; and Al Forhan, or the salvation. The 114 suras or chapters of the Koran were professedly given to Mohammed during the twenty-three years of his residence at Mecca and Medina, by the angel Gabriel in human form, as an inspiration from Allah, or the Almighty. They were written upon leaves, bits of leather or paper, shoulder-blades of mutton and whatever else was at hand, and thrown loosely into a box, from which they were taken a year after the prophet's death and put together with equal looseness and disregard to connection of topics, in volumes. The chapters bear such titles as The Cow, The Fig, The Star, The Towers, The Congealed Blood, and the like, giving some hint of contents. Each begins thus: "In the name of God, the merciful, the compassionate," and a note is made of the revelation at either Mecca or Medina. Not only is the God of the Christians recognized, but also Jesus, but not as the Son of God, and Abraham, Jacob and Mary and the Old Testament worthies. The style of the Koran is of singular elegance and beauty, constituting it the classic of Arabic speech. It is the text book of Moslem faith and likewise of civil government in all the Moslem countries. Copies of it are greatly revered and are sometimes written in gold and jewels. It is never held by the believers below the girdle or touched without previous purification. Nothing is more hateful to the Musselman than to see a copy in the hands of a gaiour or infidel.
A much more ancient collection of writings is the Vedas, the oldest books in the Hindoo literature, and dating far back of the time of Christ. The oldest hymn of the oldest book, the Rig-Veda, is thought to date from B. C. 2400. The Upanishads, or treatises of theology, are later, and are almost the only part of the Vedas now read. The four divisions of the Vedas contain in all 1010 hymns, which every Brahmin must learn by heart. They are recognized by the Laws of Manu, which form the text-book of Brahminism. They were written in twelve books ten to nine centuries before Christ. The mythology of the Hindoos is comprised mainly in two great epic poems, the Ramavana and the Mahabharata, containing respectively 50,000 and 120,000 lines, and together filling eighteen large volumes. These are now almost exclusively read as the sacred books of India, with the Puranas, of similar character but much later date. The Shasters or Shastras ("books") is a general term for all the authoritative religious and legal works of the Hindoos.
The Buddhist sacred books are also very numerous, but I find no name for them except the "Pitthas," or Buddhist scripture, in the Pale language, found in Ceylon.
The Zend-Avesta (i. e., the text or scripture with a zend, or commentary) is the bible of the ancient Parsees or fire-worshippers. It is supposed to have been written in Bactria or eastern Persia, 1250 to 1300 years before Christ, by Zoroaster or Zarathustria. Unlike most other sacred books, it is not a body of divinity or dogmatic religion, but it is a liturgy, a collection of prayers, hymns, invocations and thanksgivings to many deities. It is a manual of worship, to be recited by the priests in public, and read privately by the laity. The Budde-Nesch is a later book of the same religion, and details the Parsee doctrine from texts now lost.
The religion of Confucius, the principal faith of China, is taught in the five and four books of the Kings "King," in Chinese, means simply a web of cloth, or the warp that holds threads of cloth in their place. The five Kings contain history, poetry and the rites of religion. They seem to have been in existence before Confucius, whose last years were devoted to its editing. His own teachings are otherwise embodied in the four Kings, which were promulgated after his death. The last of these includes the

works of Mencius, another Chinese reformer. Taoism, or the religion founded by Lao-tze, in the same age with Confucius, rests upon the books called Tse-lao, or "Old Teacher," and the Taw-te-king, which specially represents the notions of the illustrious Lao-tze. It is an interesting fact that the Taw Ping rebels of 1863-4, although not professing to be Jews or Christians, took our Bible for their book, and claimed that if their insurrection succeeded it would be substituted for the writings of Confucius and Lao-tze.
The ancient Egyptians had forty-two sacred books, in five classes, containing hymns in praise of the gods, instructions in morals, religious rites, the education of priests and related matters.
The Greek and Roman mythology had no sacred books, unless certain poetical works may be taken for such.
The two Eddas set forth the mythology of the Norsemen, or ancient Scandinavians. They originated in Iceland, the poetic or elder Edda comprising thirty-seven religious poems of religious and heroic history, and the younger or prose Edda giving a full synopsis of the Norse mythology. The term "Edda" means "great grandmother." Both these collections date long after Christ.
This is a pretty full list of the books of sacred or semi-sacred character known to the world, except the Bible of the Jews and that of the Christians.
Centennial Fun.
During the Centennial exhibition the United States building was the scene of an amusing blunder which, however, taught one lady the necessity of caution. The government had dressed a number of wooden statues, so carved and painted as to resemble soldiers and sailors in the various uniforms of the army and navy. So life-like were these "dummies" that hundreds paused to admire them, and among others the ladies. "Just see that one there!" said one of the ladies. "Why, I should almost think it alive!" and she poked the nose of the supposed "dummy." Imagine her consternation when it deliberately turned around and walked stiffly away. She had mistaken an army officer for a "dummy."
In machinery hall was exhibited a machine for ventilating mines. It sent a powerful current of air through a pipe six inches in diameter. A movable nozzle, funnel-shaped, enabled the boy-operator to turn the current in any direction. A flag was hung up at a distance of fifteen feet from the machine. So strong was the current of air when directed against the flag, that it would hang out at right angles from the pole as if blown by a gale. The mischievous boy, not content to blow the flag, sometimes sent a breeze among the spectators. A man with a broad-brimmed hat and long brown hair was leaning over the railing and peering at the machine. The boy sent a current against the flag and then turned the blast, which accidentally fell full upon the unfortunate stranger. The result was an unlooked-for catastrophe; the hat and brown locks went sailing away and left bare a head as smooth and round as a pumpkin. The man ran after his truant hat and wig; the boy dropped the nozzle and fled, thinking, doubtless, that a severe penalty awaited him for having scalped a man with a gust of wind.
Theatrical Tricks.
Curious as it may seem, it is not generally known by the theater audience that the "perilous leaps," "terrific scaling of precipices," and other similar feats which fall to the lot of the hero and heroine of the play, are in almost every case performed by a "dummy." Thus, it is not the prima donna who, as "Amina" in "La Sonnambula," walks in her sleep across a trembling bridge at the back of the stage, nor in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" is it the leading man who takes a flying leap from a tower, but in each case a carefully dressed "dummy," whose bones are not particularly precious. They tell this story of a "Mazeppa" performance in the old days, which shows how this theatrical trick sometimes results: A celebrated star was playing the piece and had a circus-rider made up to look like him to do the riding. Of course the audience supposed the rider to be the star. In those days the runs up the mountain were elaborately arranged, and the flight of the wild horse was a startling incident. One night the horse fell with the rider, crashing from the flies to the stage. The curtain was rung down, and presently the star was led before it, staggering as though badly injured, and said that, in spite of the fall, he would endeavor to finish the play. And he did so, amid frantic applause. The poor wretch of a rider lay in the hospital for four weeks.

The Story of Life.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born;
A helpless babe to greet the light
With a sharp wail, as if the morn'
Foretold a cloudy moon and night;
To weep, to sleep, and weep again,
With sunny smiles between—and then?
And then appear the infant grows
To be a laughing, sprightly boy,
Happy despite his little woes.
Were he but conscious of his joy!
To be, in short, from two to ten,
A merry, moody child—and then?
And then in coat and trousers clad,
To learn to say the Decalogue,
And break it, an unthinking lad,
With mirth and mischief all agog;
A truant out by field and fen,
And capture butterflies—and then?
And then, increased in strength and size,
To be, anon, a youth full grown;
A hero in his mother's eyes,
A young Apollo in his own;
To imitate the ways of men
In fashionable sin—and then?
And then, at last, to be a man,
To fall in love, to woo and wed!
With seething brain to scheme and plan
To gather gold or toil for bread;
To sue for fame, with tongue and pen,
And gain or lose the prize—and then?
And then in gray and wrinkled old
To mourn the speed of life's decline;
To praise the scenes of youth beheld,
And dwell in memory of long yore;
To dream awhile with darkened ken,
Then drop into his grave—and then?
—John G. Saxe.
PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.
Lo tied—An Indian wedding.
Pawnbrokers prefer customers without any redeeming qualities.
Some persons are so artificial that they even talk of their minds being made up.
The demand for napkin rings made of wood grown at Walter Scott's home, Abbotsford, is proving a great drain upon the forests of Maine.
Talk about your hop producing regions! Your old-fashioned arm-chair with the bent-pin attachment holds over everything of that quality.
A Pettis county (Missouri) woman is the mother of fifteen girls, all living. And the news that a military college is to be established near her home sets the old lady about crazy.
"Why do you carry your pocketbook in your hand?" asked a Philadelphia husband of his young wife. "Oh," was the quiet reply, "it is so light I am afraid it might jump out of my pocket."
The latest news from Ecuador is that the last government lasted just five minutes. The inhabitants are now clamoring for a fresh one every hour; but many liberals think this too long a term to be consistent with perfect freedom, and a step toward despotism.
It is figured that there is twice the profit on hens that there is on cows, and it's just as easy to keep patching a picket fence round a hen-yard and fight your neighbors who own gardens, as it is to fix up pasture walls and hunt over the country for stray animals and settle for the damage they have done.
Yon Kalkbrenner, the noted pianist, used to pride himself on the particle which preceded his name, and paraded it on every occasion. "Do you know," he once said to an acquaintance, "that the nobility of my family dates from the crusade? One of my ancestors accompanied the Emperor Barbarossa—" "On the piano?" asked the other.
Preserving Power of Soil.
It is well known that in soil where lime abounds, dead bodies are fossilized in a few years, or even a few months after burial. In soil where there is no lime, there are sometimes other elements which often preserve the features of a buried body unchanged for many years. The philosopher Hamlet, musing by an old grave over the fact that man turns into dust, and dust into earth, exclaims:
"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away!"
But what would have been his musings if he had stood beside the disinterred body of his father and seen brow and form appearing as natural as when he gave "the world assurance of a man?" Yet this might have been, for there are numerous cases on record where bodies disinterred for removal after years of interment, have been found to be as well preserved as if they had been only a few days dead. General Washington's features were quite perfect when his body was taken up to be put in the sarcophagus, where they now repose. The same was true of General Wayne, when his body was removed forty years after death; and of Robert Burns, twenty-one years after burial. But it seems almost incredible that the body of John Hampden, who was disinterred 200 years after death, should have been in a similar state of preservation. But Lord Nugent records the fact. His word is not to be questioned. Possibly the most remarkable fact of all these cases is that the bodies crumbled to a heap of dust soon after exposure.