[From the London Saturday Review.]

FIRST LOVE.

It is one of the oddest points of difference between man and woman that woman has no First Love. The long alphabet of her affections is without any distinct end or beginning; she mounts by insensible gradations from dolls and kittens and parrots to the height of passion, to descend by the same insensible gradations from the zenith of love through pet brothers to tabby cats. There is no such event as a first kiss forms in a boy's life to mark the woman the transition from childhood to sudden maturity of passion—she has been kissing and purring and coaxing and petting from her cradle, and she will pet and fondle and purr and kiss to her grave. Love, in the technical sense of the word, it is with her little more than an intensifying of her ordinary life. There is no new picture, but the colors are for the while a little brightened and colored by the rosy light of passion. The strongest color will fade again, and the cool rays lower the tone, and the passion of life will have died away. But there will be no definite moment at which one could fairly say that love came or went. A girl who is not whispering in a lover's ear will always be fairly conceived to be never knew what it was not to be in love. There is one obvious definition which she forces upon us, and that is, that woman is a creature who gets to draw that there never can be a time when she can know what it is to be in love. Here and there, of course, a woman may be colder, or later in development, or more self-conscious, and may develop the physical sensation, but the phases of her life. But even then, if she be a woman at all, she can have no first love. Feeling, she may have, but love, she has not, as her nature. Every phase of her life begins with an act of oblivion. Every love is a first love, and "never loved any one before" is said, and said truly, to a dozen living ears in succession. "The first thing I should like to meet with in Paradise," said Lady Wortley Montague, "would be the river Lethe, that I might drink of forgetfulness." But woman finds a little rivulet of Lethe at every stage of her female career. If she remembers, she has not all, it is to offer it up as a burnt sacrifice to the deity of the present. Woman Clorinda, who about cities or Mark Antony, she passed, no doubt, her fingers through her lover's hair and wondered how she could have doted on such a bald-pated fellow as the Dictator. Had she accosted Mark Antony by his proper name, she would have wondered equally at her infatuation for such a ne'er-do-well as Antony. And so it is no wonder that the woman Clorinda, even if she realizes it at all, goes down in this general wreck of the past. But in man's life it is not so. It is in fact the one thing that makes him man. The world of boyhood is strictly a world of boys. Sisters, cousins, aunts, mothers, are mixed up in the general crowd of barbarians that stand without the playground. There are few warmer or more poetic affections than the sincerest friendship of schoolboys. There is no truer or more genuine worship than a boy's worship of the hero of the cricket-field or the cricket-field. It is a fine world in itself, but it is a wonderfully narrow and restricted world. Not a girl may peep over the playground. Girls can't jump, or fag out, or swarm up a tree; they have neither fags nor trees; in a boy's tally they never heard of that glorious swipe of Old Brown's, they are awful stupids, they don't tell stories, they are afraid of a governess, and of a cow. It is impossible to conceive a creature more utterly contemptible in a boy's eyes than a girl of his own age usually is. Then in some fatal moment there comes a change. The barrier of contempt goes down with a crash. The boy-world disappears. The girl-world, or the playground, is cast to the owls and the bats. There is a sudden coolness in the friendship that was so fast from school to grave. Paper-chases and the annual match with the "old fellows" cease to be the highest objects of human interest. There is less excitement than there was last year when a great cheer welcomes the news that Mugby has got the Ireland. The boy's life has become muddled and confused. The old existence is shaving off, and the new one is beginning, fitfully. It is only by a sort of compulsion that he will own that he is making all this "fuss" about a girl. For the moment he is conscious of the spell of that one little face, the witchery of that one little laugh. He lingers on the border of this new country from whence there is no return to the old playing-fields. He is shy, strange in this world of woman, and wonders at talk and woman's ways. The surest, steadiest foot on the cricket-ground stumbles at the stools, and tangles itself in colored wools. The sturdiest arm that ever wielded bat trembles at the touch of a tiny finger. The voice that rang out like a trumpet among the football battles and beatings and treadings and falters in saying half a dozen commonplace words. The old sense of mastery is gone. He knows that every child in the nursery found out his secret, and is laughing over it. He blushes, and a boy's blush is a hot, painful thing. One the sisterly heads bend together and he hears them whispering what a fool he is. Yes, he is a fool—that is one thing which he feels quite certain about. There is only one other thing he feels certain about—that he is in love, and that love has made him a man.

We are not, of course, going to trench on the field of poets and preachers, or to expound, like Sir Barnes Newcome, the philosophy of the affections, or to demonstrate with Miss Faithful and Mrs. Fawcett the great office which First Love fulfils in the economy of man. The only remark we have to make is the very obvious one which moral preachers may be pardoned for forgetting, that it is on the whole a wonderfully pleasant thing. If one enters it through Purgatory, it is none the less a Paradise. The moment one arrives, an Eden walk its tree of knowledge and its tree of life. There is none of the distrust, the irony, the low-pitched expectations of after affection; no practical second thoughts; no calculations about wedding-rings and marriage settlements. In its beginning love sill hovers in a spot of debatable land between the real and the unreal, with a good deal of the fun and make-believe of boyhood and girlhood about it. There is the old school-trick of "secrets," of "mystery," whispering in corners, slipping billet-doux, gloves, little letters deposited in crafty hiding-places. There is the carrying out of the new ritual of love as boys would give it to the stealing photographs and the kissing locks of hair, and the writing love-poems with a certain weakness in their rhyme, and the watching the light in our mistress's window. It is wonderful with what a perfect counterfeit, with what a grave seriousness, we carry out our part in the pleasant little comedy. But it is no counterfeit to us while we figure in it. It is the revelation of a new world, a world of light and joy, a world, too, of wonder and enchantment and mystery. "Tout est mystère dans l'amour," we sing with old Fontenelle; "tout est marquis, son flambeau, son enfance," and of those mysteries we are the acolytes and worshippers. It is hard not to feel a little flutter of pride at being not quite what other people are, and quite what we ourselves were a month ago. What would others understand of this new love-language that we talk? What of our spasmodic little chatter, broken with passionate ejaculations that have no relation to any subject that could be discussed in earth or heaven, interrupted by silences more eloquent than words? What of our delicious quarrels about trifles, the sense of power, those bright little quarrels that only exist in the faith they sustain? What of our love of letter-writing in fingers that once hated the pen? What of the thought that St. Valentine's day was the energetic of the Fates? We think it a very good day in the year. We think it a good Government department in all, but decidedly conscientious in its duties. We write, we think, with a good will, and, indeed, we cannot do otherwise. We have every reason to be very kind to the Post-Office. We owe it much. We owe it, in fact, all our happiness in life. Without it we could not write to Philagenia, the Fairest, the Best, the Most Adorable of Women.

THE POLICE.

Democratic Opinion of Democratic Policemen.

The Democratic manuscript of yesterday says:

"We have every reason to be very confident, indeed, of the Democratic Mayor Boyd's fitness to afford to Philadelphia the fullest measure of police protection. In this effort he has been more large-hearted and liberal by the worst characters of the political party which he represents, who have assailed him so repeatedly in regard to the appointments which they demanded, and who have forced upon the community as officers of the law a number of the most vile of political partisans. Five several occasions have occurred within two years for a natural consequence, the knife and the bludgeon and the pistol have been everywhere displayed. As a natural consequence, it has been common for those, who infest the purlieus of the city, and who crowd the highways with their pestiferous presence, to threaten those who are opposed to them with all sorts of pains and penalties. As a natural result, murder has followed. As a natural result, assassination has been attempted. As a natural result, the police magistrates have been kept busy in investigations into crime.

"Now, it is about time that this sort of business and stopped. It is about time that a new order of things should be inaugurated. It is about time that, whatever may be done elsewhere, the immediate vicinity of the Mayor's residence should not be made the arena for murderous assaults of the scence of open and colossal assassination. It is time that the minds of all good citizens that peace should prevail, and that the police force, which is maintained at an immense expense to preserve peace, should attend to their duty. Had they done so on Friday night, the disgraceful riot on Fifth and Chestnut streets could not have proved so fearful. On almost any other occasion the Mayor's headquarters would have been crowded with policemen. On the occasion less than half a dozen were present, while the crowd shot the air, and when the chief of the incendiary was applied to a building less than fifty yards from the Mayor's quarters. This is simply disgraceful. It may be almost pronounced criminal. For if murder and arson can be escaped almost within the Mayor's fearful authority, what security have citizens for removing therefrom for either their persons or their property? We put the question squarely to every man who has a home, and to all who value their families and surroundings. In view, the events of Friday night, and all the criminal deeds of the past year, are but fruits of official folly.

"The criminals of Philadelphia have been accustomed, and have indeed, as a matter of course, occupy front seats in the avenues of justice. They have had their cases tried, they have had their by hook or by crook, and in a myriad of ways they have managed to control the judicial proceedings in the interest of their desperate associates. Indeed, they claim, and with no small show of reason, that they control the courts through the cunning lawyers and through the still more corrupt officials who are identified with them; and by reason of this they have become so emboldened as to defy the law, threaten life, imperil property, and set at defiance all legal authority.

"To say that this state of affairs can continue to exist would be to declare that crime of every kind is to have perpetual immunity from punishment. This business must cease. If the police force can afford no protection, the people must provide for themselves. A murder is to be canonized into a virtue; it must not be done by helpless people, but it may be done by party is to be made the footstool of thieves and plunderers, there must be a remedy outside of the ordinary paths of duty. In a word, a reform is demanded in the interest of the public peace, public liberty and public justice."

Curious Rhymes.

Many years ago the London *Punch* contained some verses, which are well enough described by their title, "A Lament to his Mistress." Their rhyme and rhythm were faultless; and, although expressing nothing but the sheerest commonplace, they still contrived, by their sound alone, to convey to the reader a certain sense of a love-like admiration and appeal. Here are half-a-dozen of the lines similarly conceived, but it would be strange if a careless reader should at once discover all the floating absurdities and the strange jumble of natural phenomena which they contain:

"To mistletoe, and the withering rose
Is riding in the wide wide West;
The rapid rivers slowly run,
The frog is in his downy nest;
The pensive goat and sportive cow,
Hilarious hop from bough to bough.

The following might be fairly cited as a caricature of much of the current magazine poetry, which pretends to deal with the human question in some of its many forms. The grotesque and humorous are blended quite as happily and successfully as in most pencil caricatures:

"Woman to woman seldom shows
The inmost thought her spirit hears;
But man is like some rocky rose,
And maketh many goodly leaves,
Her spirit, like a vast balloon,
Is ever hurrying through the sphere,
And dashes wildly at the moon,
Affected that 'are and quite the 'ere!

The anti-climax was once far more common in humorous poetry than it now is, and, Tom Hood and Miles O'Reilly were written worse than this:

Oh, mine little anthem lonker, higher,
In tones tumultuous, wild and sad,
From soubhuit altars glows the fire,
Connecticut's the land for shad.

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Leave Philadelphia for Doylestown at 7.45, 8.45 and 10.45 A. M., and 3.45 and 4.30 P. M.
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Leave Doylestown for Philadelphia at 8 A. M., and 12.45 and 4.30 P. M.
Leave Doylestown for Lansdale at 6.30 A. M., and 3.10, 5.05 and 6.30 P. M.
Leave Colmar for Lansdale and Doylestown at 10 A. M. and 3.10 P. M. for Doylestown.
Excursion tickets good at all stations on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, at a discount of 25 per cent. off the regular fare, will be issued on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 6, 7, 8, good until and on Saturday, the 9th. No excursion tickets sold on the 5th. Goods returned free if not sold, upon being delivered.
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