

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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From the Phila. Evening Bulletin.

THE LONG AGO.

Near a murmuring, sun-kissed streamlet,
Gladdening as its waters flow,
Lived a maiden, fair and gentle,
One who loved me,—years ago.

There's a mill upon that streamlet,
Old and time worn, brown and low,
Where the dripping, slow, old mill-wheel,
Turned in silence,—years ago.

Where the rushing waters issue
Madly forth the mill below,
Having done their destined duty
In their prison,—years ago.

Stands a wall of lichened granite,
Where the blue eyed daisies grow,
Moe'ly looking up to heaven;
There I met her,—years ago.

Many a blossom scented evening,
When the sinking sun was low,
We held sweet conversation,
Near that mill-wall,—years ago.

And when winter o'er the meadows
Spreads his dazzling robe of snow,
Vows of love still passed between us,
Warm and heart-true,—years ago.

Now,—she sleeps beneath the valley,
On her grave the violets grow,
But in heaven her pure soul prays for,
Him who loved her,—years ago.

Oh I've wandered to that hillock,
In the church-yard all green and low,
And in silent, bitter sorrow,
Mourning my darling,—years ago.

How we met, and loved, and parted,
None on earth can ever know,
Nor how pure and gentle-hearted,
Beamed that dear one,—years ago.

When I've entered that dread Portal,
Leading from this vale of woe,
Those dear hands shall reach to aid me,
Loved as once,—long years ago.

For the Star.

My First Experience in School Teaching.

BY CARLOS.

Strange—absurd—may even ridiculous as it may appear to you, yet it is nevertheless true, that I (I mean myself) was once a school teacher. Listen whilst I relate a few of my experiences, and I aver that what I distinctly assert in this article is true, my more than true; it is refined truth. I had a "call" to a school in the Southern part of a county, known by the euphonious and descriptive appellation of "Mad Swamp." And well did it deserve the name, for in extent and depth of mud it resembled the far-famed Okochobee. On Monday morning the 14th day of November A. D. 1859, you might have beheld me wending my way towards the school house, having in company a wheelbarrow in which was deposited some coal, an axe, and a dozen pails of glass. Traveling in this manner for two miles over a hilly country, did not much elevate my spirits. On the door I found a life size representation of myself, cut in with a knife. I could not at the time give the artist much praise. Putting new leather hinges on the door—boarding up places intended for windows—chasing the chickens from the raters—fixing a board to serve as a desk, and like employments, kept me busy until near school-time, and yet, my eyes had not been greeted by the appearance of one scholar. Soon, however, a lean, lank son of Adam made his appearance, and after taking a scrutinizing view of the school room, turned round and thanked me for my diligence, and hoped that I would attend to the fires regularly, adding that he was to be my teacher. My foot was raised to commence an action of ejection, when happening to notice that he was taller than myself I desisted, and politely informed the gentleman of my claims to the teachership. Muttering threats of vengeance full of dire import to myself, he departed. But he had a successor, whom I quickly set however, to some school directors—about ten miles distant.

Towards noon the scholars had collected in, and a motley assemblage it was to be sure. Though they only numbered seven, yet there existed a remarkable variety, not only in age, color, and talent, but in books. One negro had Cobb's Spelling Book, one little girl in A, B, C's had a Pike's Arithmetic, one boy had a Kirkham's Grammar in which he wished to commence reading, and the balance were bookless. On interrogating a bright eyed little girl as to what she could study, the reply was, "Etc. etc. etc. fish story." I found to my sorrow that the Dutch language was the prevailing one. A little disheveled I asked a little boy in the corner what he would like to study; when he suddenly turned round, caught up his dinner basket, and kindly proffered me a huge chunk of fried mush, and some bread and molasses. I soon found out that the poor fellow was dumb, and was sent to school so as to be out of the way. In two of three hours I had the school arranged and classified, and then proceeded to make my long address,—stating the advantages of educa-

tion. In the meantime the younger scholars went to sleep, while the negro made crooked faces at the others, thereby keeping all a tittering except myself, who considered the address as deeply affecting. Towards evening, a friendly neighbor called me out, and informed me that my competitor for the school had made an appeal to the inhabitants of the district. As the matter had been kept strictly quiet, and it was then near evening, I had no opportunity of electioneering, and, therefore, prepared to face an outraged constituency. The evening came, and with it the whole male population of the district, to whom the affair was of momentous import. I stated the objects of the meeting—showed a letter from one of the Directors giving me the school—and finally handed my certificates of examination in two counties. My competitor had no claim on the school—had been turned out of three examinations for unfitness—and declined my challenge to go before the County Superintendent and abide by his decision. On the vote being taken, I was unanimously installed as teacher at Mad Swamp, by the people in mass assembled.

It required two or three days to get regularly started. The school house was 12 ft. by 14 in size. It was built a great many years ago at the cost of \$70. The sides were of slabs, inside of which a lot of tan-bark had been filled; but the inner boards rotting, the least motion scattered the bark over the floor. The roof was of a sieve character, and a tree in the swamp afforded more protection than it. The floor was composed of loose, unplanned boards, which, however, had the advantage of being so far apart that sweeping was unnecessary.—Sometimes, before I got used to them, I would step on the unsupported end of a board, and stretch my length on the floor to the infinite amusement of the scholars, and my own disgust. I seriously thought of yoking some of the younger ones to prevent their falling through and getting lost. The stove was kept up by a rail passing under it, though extreme care had still to be taken to prevent it from being jarred over. The pipe was rust eaten through, and whenever a fire was built in the stove, the escaping sparks resembled falling stars. The turkeys would sometimes alight on the chimney, and thereby throw the brick rattling down the pipe to the terror of the superstitious children, whose consciences troubled them for misbehavior. We nearly froze on several occasions, on account of brick lodging in the pipe and putting out the fire. The seats were rough slabs, with the flat sides up, and young saplings stuck in for legs in the shape of an X. Of course they were backless, and if I teach there again I shall have to get a small ladder for the smaller ones to ascend to their seats. As it was, I had to keep watching them, lest, during a state of somnolency, they should fall off the bench—break their luckless heads—and be indicted for infant-slaughter. We had an abundance of ventilation, and some were obliged to tack their copy-books to the boards to prevent them from being blown away.

After several weeks teaching, I had managed to collect in about twenty scholars, though five came from the neighboring districts. Several of them banded together with the not very laudable intention of putting me out of the school house. This is a time honored custom among the Mad Swampians, and every one of my predecessors had been poked through the window or jammed into a snow bank. Though they were all larger than myself, I managed to shut one of them outside—put another under a bench, while the rest jumped out of the window. After chasing around the school house and through the swamp, I caught one of them who was sticking fast in the mud, severely punished him, and from that on I had no flagrant instance of rebellion. I have not the time nor space to relate how they nearly upset the school house—plunged me in snow-drifts, &c.—Nor how I fared in "boarding round," living mostly on *sour kvass* and *shepe*, while cold buckwheat cakes and molasses constituted my dinner. At some future time I may be seized with the spirit of inspiration and again jot down a few of my experiences, and then I shall dilate especially upon the advantages of walking through slush and snow three miles every morning and night, at the rate of twelve dollars per month, payable in orders on the store.

AUGUST 29th, 1860.

FATTENING TURKEYS.—A writer in the *German Town Telegraph* furnishes that journal with the following statement:—"Much has been published of late in our Agricultural journals, in relation to the alimentary properties of charcoal. It has been repeatedly asserted, that domestic fowls may be fattened on it without any other food, and that, too, in a shorter time, than on the most nutritive grains. I made an experiment, and must say that the result surprised me, as I had always been rather skeptical. Four turkeys were confined in a pen, and fed on meal, boiled potatoes and oats. Four others, of the same brood, were also at the same time confined in another pen, and fed daily on the same articles, but with one pint of finely-pulverized charcoal, mixed with their meal and potatoes. They also had a plentiful supply of broken charcoal in their pen. The eight were killed on the same day, and there was a difference of one and a half pounds each in favor of the fowls which had been supplied with the charcoal, they being much the fattest, and

Dead Heading on a Large Bill.

Several years when "dead-heading" on the railroads was a little more in the ascendant than at the present time, I was traveling on the Michigan Central Road, in company with a lady friend. We took our seats in the cars one fine morning in the month of May, when the birds were singing sweetly, and every thing denoted prosperity and happiness. Our train consisted of two baggage and our well-filled passenger-coaches. We had not long been occupants of the car, before a well-known personage, who had lately been in the employ of Joe Pentland's circus company, made his appearance. I soon fell in conversation with him, and learned that the circus business had been unusually poor that season. He said he was homeward bound, intending to establish himself in a more profitable occupation. I also learned that he was out of funds, and unable to pay his way home. I offered to see him home, as I had plenty of "pondulies;" but he would not avail himself of my offer, until he would find out how he would succeed in his own undertaking. I resolved to wait patiently until the conductor should make his appearance. Slowly the train began to move and soon we found everything flying by us with a velocity I had never witnessed in all my railroading. I had been fixing my eyes on things without, but was now gradually turning them on the individual who sat before me for the conductor was then in our car, and fast approaching us.

I saw the circus man begin to grow uneasy, and the conductor soon reached him, and asked for his ticket. All eyes were now turned upon these two persons, and everything save the rumbling of the car was silent. The circus man began to move uneasily, and asked the conductor how much his fare would be. The genius of the railroad company told him seventy-five cents. The clown of the circus said:

"I have no change—nothing but a very large bill, which I am afraid you could not break; and, as you wish such a small amount, I guess you may as well give up all idea of changing it, and let me ride free."

Now, I who had witnessed all that had transpired, concluded that the clown of the circus was trying to dead-head his way by talking. But the officer of the railroad company thought differently. He swore that he could change any bill that might be produced; and, to confirm what he said, brought out a hundred of fives, tens and twenties. But the clown of the circus also swore that he could not change his bill.

Everybody in our car was now up and gathered around the pair. The conductor seeing how things were working, and thinking that the man had neither a bill nor money, proposed the following: That if he (the conductor) could not change the bill, the circus man should ride free, and have five dollars in cash thrown in.

This pleased the fellow; for he had evidently been waiting for such a proposition; and suddenly out from his own pocket came a roll of paper; and, giving it a sudden jerk, he produced an enormous show bill (what some people would call "of family size") about six feet long, and half as many wide.

The conductor was astounded. And such a roar of laughter as shook the car, was never heard before. The conductor, caught in his own trap, gave the clown the five dollars and vanished. It is needless to say that the circus-man rode free, and received the congratulations of his fellow-passengers.

About a month after the above occurrence, I received a letter from our dead-header, stating that he had established himself in the well-paying business of a dentist, and over the door of his shop a sign reads thus: "Teeth extracted free!"

PURE HEARTS.—I think we must all admit there is nothing so beautiful as a pure heart—a heart through which Jesus has gone as he went through the courts of the temple at Jerusalem driving thence everything that offended—all hatred, all malice, all jealousy, all envy, all uncleanness—a heart whose thoughts are pure, whose desires are pure, whose affections are pure, whose motives are pure, whose purposes are pure, whose principles are pure,—a heart that is the house of the immaculate Spirit of the infinite and eternal God! O, there is nothing beneath the sky so attractive, so beautiful, so desirable, so glorious as a pure heart! If not, if candor and conscience constrain us to answer in the negative, let us ask another question—would we have pure hearts? Are we groaning after conformity to God? Are we hungering and thirsting after righteousness?

ONE AHEAD.—A couple of girls put a bull-frog into the hired man's bed to see if they couldn't make him talk. Dave threw it out the window and never said a word. Soon after he put a half bushel of chestnut burrs into the girl's bed. About the time he thought their bodies would make the least shadow, Dave went to the door and rattled the latch furiously. Out went the candle and in went the girls, but they didn't stick, though the burrs did. Calling to them to be quiet, he said he only wanted to know if they'd seen anything of that pesky bull-frog. He'd give two dollars to find it.

A WISCONSIN paper, describing a farm which the advertiser wants to sell adds:—"The surrounding country is the most beautiful the God of nature ever made."

The Thriftless Farmer.

The thriftless farmer provides no shelter for his cattle during the inclemency of the winter, but permits them to stand shivering by the side of the fence, or to lie in the snow, as best suits them.

He throws their fodder on the ground, or in the mud, and not unfrequently the horse, by which a large portion of it, and all the manure is wasted.

He grazes his meadows in fall and spring; by which they are gradually exhausted and finally ruined.

His fences are old and poor, just such as to let his neighbor's cattle break into his fields, and teach his own to be unruly and spoil his crops.

He neglects to keep the manure from around the silks of his barn—if he has one—by which it is prematurely rotted, and his barn destroyed.

He tills or skims over the surface of his land until it is exhausted, but never thinks it worth while to manure or clover it. For at first, he has no time, and for the last, he is not able.

He has a place for nothing, and nothing in its place. He constantly wants a hoe or rake, or a hammer, or an augur, but knows not where to find them, and thus loses much time.

He loiters away days and evenings, when he should be repairing his utensils, or improving his mind by reading useful books or newspapers.

He spends much time in town, at the corner of the streets, or in the "rum holes," complaining of the hard times, and goes home in the evening "pretty well tore."

He has no shed for his fire-wood; consequently his wife is out of humor, and his meals out of season.

He plants a few fruit trees, and his cattle forth with destroy them. He "has no lack in raising fruit."

One half of what little he raises is destroyed by his own or his neighbor's cattle.

His plow, harrow and other implements lie all winter in the field where last used; and just as he is getting in a hurry, the next season, his plow breaks, because it was not housed and properly cared for.

Somebody's hogs break in and destroy his garden, because he has not stopped a hole in the fence that he had been intending to stop for a week.

He is often in a great hurry, but will stop and talk as long as he can find any one to talk with.

He has, of course, but little money, and when he must raise some to pay his taxes, etc., he raises it at a great sacrifice in some way or other, by paying an enormous share, or by selling his scanty crops when prices are low.

He is a year behind, instead of being a year ahead of his business—and always will be.

When he pays a debt, it is at the end of an execution; consequently his credit is at a low ebb.

He buys entirely on credit, and merchants and all others with whom he deals charge him twice or thrice the profit they charge prompt paymasters, and are unwilling to sell him goods at any cost. He has to beg, and promise, and promise and beg, to get them on any terms. The merchants dread to see his wife come into their stores, and the poor woman feels depressed and degraded.

The smoke begins to come out of his chimney late of a winter's morning, while his cattle are suffering for their morning's feed.

Manure lies in heaps in his stable, his horses are rough and uncured, and his harness rot under their feet.

His bars and gates are broken, his buildings unpainted, and the boards and shingles falling off—he has no time to replace them—the glass is out of the windows, and the holes stopped up with rags and old hats.

He is a great borrower of thrifty farmer's implements, but never returns the borrowed article, and when it is sent for it can't be found.

He is a person of great sloven, and never attends public worship; or if he does occasionally do so, he comes sneaking in when service is half over.

He neglects his accounts, and when his neighbor calls to settle with him he has something else to attend to.

Take him all in all, he is a poor farmer, a poor husband, a poor father, a poor neighbor, and a poor Christian.

MANNERS.—Young folks should be mannerly but how to be, is the question. Many good boys and girls feel that they cannot behave to suit themselves in the presence of company. They are awkward, clownish, rough. They feel timid, bashful, and self-distrustful, the moment they are addressed by a stranger, or appear in company. There is but one way to get over this feeling, and acquire easy and graceful manners, that is, to do the best they can all the time at home, as well as abroad. Good manners are not learned so much as acquired by habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly, and womanly at home, and then it will become a kind of second nature every where. A coarse, rough manner at home, begets a habit of roughness which we cannot lay off if we try, when we go among strangers. The most agreeable persons we have ever known in company, are those that are most agreeable at home.

The Maronites and Druses.

They are a sect of the Romish Church, composed of the followers of John Maron, who held some peculiar views respecting the nature of Christ. Although his doctrine was denounced by the Pope, his followers have joined the church of Rome and are subject to the Pope. They have been the most hostile opposers of evangelical truth, that our missionaries have encountered in Turkey. Such are the people who are called *Syrian Christians*. The following account of the Druses, which we extract from the Philadelphia Christian Observer, will be read with interest:

WHO ARE THE DRUSES?

The Druses are an offshoot of the Mohammedans, and, like the Maronites, they derive their name from a religious impostor, "El Druse." None of these indicate a difference of race. Three hundred years after John Maron had preached his philosophy among the peasantry of Lebanon, one of the pretended descendants of Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed, ruled Egypt and Syria. El Hakim was one of those strange men who occasionally appear in the world, and being half fool, half knave, succeeded in inducing the ignorant to believe and follow him as a god. Hakim was assisted in his imposture by two abler men than himself, one of whom was "El Druse," the prophet of the Druses.

The religion of the Druses is kept secret by their laws; but in the several wars, which have been so frequent of late years in the Lebanon, many of their sacred books have fallen into the hands of their opponents. It was from the volumes so obtained that the famous French oriental scholar formed that history of the Druses which still holds its place as the standard work on the history and religious ceremonies of this strange people. The Mormon doctrine of spiritual marriages is found in their sacred books. Their cardinal doctrine, however, is that Hakim is the last incarnation of the Deity; Hakim, who sacrificed 18,000 victims to his ferocity, stands to the Druses in the place of God. It is death to a Druse to reveal any secret of his religion, and death to a Christian to discover anything in relation to their theology; they believe in the abstract unity of God, but believe him to ever remain in a passive state. They believe that there will be no other incarnation of the Deity until Hakim shall appear again at the day of judgment. They also believe in the transmigration and re-existence of souls, and that men existed and fell in a previous state. They believe in the creation of a fixed number of souls, who are to be saved, and that these are the souls of Druses. As a consequence, they desire to make no converts. In practice, they are free-mason, and they are sworn to support each other; it is for this reason that they rush to warfare with such readiness at the call of their leaders. They believe in the blood revenge, and many instances are on record where they have carried out this principle to its fullest extent. They are, however, generous and hospitable, and he with whom they have eaten bread always sure of their friendship and support. In 1852, when the Arabs were murdering and plundering Christians around Damascus, a Druse sheik took several of the Christian villages under his protection. Such are the people who are now arranged in hostile array. The Maronites more numerous—the Druses more warlike. At Damascus it was not the Druses, but the Moslem mob that murdered and slaughtered the Christians. Thousands of the Maronites—defenseless women and children flying from their foes have sought security at Beirut, and now they depend for bread upon the Christian residents and the Christian missionaries.

During the sitting of Court in Connecticut, not long ago, on a very cold evening a crowd of lawyers had collected around the open fire that blazed cheerful on the hearth in the bar room, when a traveller entered, benumbed with the cold; but no one moved to give him room to warm his shins, so he remained in the back part of the room. Presently a smart young limb of the law addressed him, and the following dialogue ensued:—

"You look like a traveller?"

"Wal, I suppose I am; I came all the way from Wisconsin! What a distance to come on one pair of legs!"

"Wal, I done it anyhow."

"Did you ever pass through hell, in any of your travels?"

"Yes, I've been through the outskirts."

"I thought likely. Well, what are the manners and customs there? Some of us would like to know."

"Oh, you'll find them much the same as in this place—the lawyers set nearest the fire."

NOT BAD.—First class in oriental philosophy stand up. Tibets, what is life? "Life consists of money, a horse, and a fashionable wife."

"Next. What is death?"

"A paymaster who settles everybody's debts, and gives the tombstone as receipts in full of all demands."

"What is poverty?"

"The reward of merit genes generally receives from a discriminating public."

"What is religion?"

"Doing unto others as you please, without allowing a return of the compliment."

"What is fame?"

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Love hailed a little maid,
Romping through the meadow;
Heedless in the sun she played,
Scornful of the shadow.
"Come with me," whispered he;
"Listen, sweet, to love and reason,"
"By and by," she mocked reply;
"Love's not in season."

Years went, years came—
Light mixed with shadow;
Love met the maid again,
Dreaming through the meadow
"Not so coy," urged the boy;
"List in time to love and reason,"
"By and by," she mused reply;
"Love's still in season."

Years went, years came;
Light changed to shadow;
Love saw the maid again,
Waiting in the meadow.
"Pass no more; my dream is o'er;
I can listen now to reason,"
"Keep the coy," mocked the boy;
"Love's out of season."

The Road to Ruin.

"That young man is walking the road to ruin," said a lawyer, as he sat in his office door, and fixed his eye on a very smart looking person passing.

The remark arrested my attention, and as I looked upon the fair brow, the elegant figure, and the elastic step of that young man, a rapid train of thoughts passed through my mind.

"Walking the road to ruin?" Could it be possible? Were all the loves, the hopes, the purposes, which rested on his life, to be disappointed? Was he with that bold brow and fearless step, walking into the whirlpool of destruction, the shadows of despair? I felt a thrill of horror, and an impulse to call after him, and warn him of his danger, but he passed round a corner, and disappeared from my sight.

Turning to the gentleman whose remark had so stirred me, I said, abruptly:

"What do you mean, sir? What have you seen in Frank Johnson to warrant such a thought?"

He said very slowly:

"He dresses too well, and keeps too much company."

"And pray sir?" I replied, somewhat indignantly, "is this all the reason you have for your remark? I feared you had discovered him to be addicted to drunkenness or gambling—or—I did not know what terrible evil."

My friend was not one of those croakers who are always grumbling about the degeneracy of the times, and prophesying evil of the young, and his words surprised, while they grieved me. He read my thoughts aright, and continued:

"I think it is bad enough, however; for he is just as surely on the road to ruin as if he were addicted to the vices you mention. I do not say he is as far gone; but what does that amount to? Of all who are in that road you cannot tell who will land in perdition first. You look on the old toper, bloated and staggering, and say he is well-nigh there, but he may creep on and you, a dashing young fellow, now so far behind, may pass and distance him before you think of it."

"You certainly cannot think it a little thing that a young man spends more than he earns, or that he—whatever his circumstance—makes his expenses exceed his income? Such a course opens the very flood-gates of temptation on his soul and places him in a position where the devil has nothing to do but to lead him captive at his will. A fearful step is he taking in the road to ruin, who is contracting pecuniary liabilities which he has no means to meet."

INITIATION OF A WIDE AWAKE.—All who enter the Black Republican Wide-Awake Clubs, it is said, have to pass through a certain initiatory service, and be submitted to the following catechism:—

Q. Do you believe in a supreme political being? Q. I do; the almighty nigger.

Q. What are the chief objects of the Wide-Awake Society? A. To disturb democratic meetings, and to furnish conductors for the underground railroad.

Q. What is your opinion on the great question of the day? A. I believe Abraham Lincoln was born, that he built a flat boat, and split three million rails.

Q. Do you drink lager? A. I am passionately fond of that commodity.

Q. If you are admitted as a member of this society, do you promise to love the nigger, to cherish him as you would a brother and cleave unto him through evil as well as good report, and hate the Democrats as long as life lasts and water runs?

A. All this I solemnly promise to perform, so help me—Abraham.

The candidate is then invested with cap and cape, somebody gives him a slap on the side of the head and tells him to be Wide-Awake!

He who kneels and staggers most in the journey of life, takes the straightest cut to the devil.

If you think it an easy thing to square a circle, just go and settle your wife's bill for hoops.

This man who travels a thousand miles in a thousand hours, may be tolerably quick footed; but he isn't a touch to the woman who keeps up with the fashions.

It is said that the Tartars invite a man to

Italian Girls.

The idea of a girl in Italy is indissolubly connected with that of being devoid of all moral sense, infallibly preferring wrong to right, and who can only be kept from harm and evil by the most increased watchfulness. A mother's whole maternal duties towards her daughter, seem considered in Italy to be comprehended in the one act of vigilance. "My daughter has never been twenty minutes at a time out of my sight," said an Italian countess, boastfully; and by this declaration she appeared to think that she merited to rank in the world's esteem with the mother of the Græcehi.

A girl belonging to the upper ranks of life in Italy is practically a prisoner until she marries. Into society she must not enter; neither in the morning *gala* nor the evening dance is she permitted to display her charms and graces. An occasional walk with father or brother is permitted; but she must not go out of the house unless accompanied by her nearest kindred. To be seen alone, even but a few yards from her father's door, would entail upon her the deepest disgrace, and heaviest censure. Kept under a perpetual surveillance, every line she writes, and every line she receives, are subject to rigid scrutiny.

The girl belonging to the humbler classes of society shares also, in a great degree, in the same restrictions on her liberty. The grown-up daughter of a woman keeping a lodging house in Florence could not profit by my offer to take her to see the ceremony of the Lavanda, at the Pitti Palace, solely because she was unable to procure escort to the best part of the town to the place where I resided. A work girl going to her employer's house has to provide herself with some companion; and, in emergencies, I have sometimes seen a little child do duty as a duenna for the occasion.

In the country the same rule prevails; no peasant-girl is ever to be seen alone; and equally in the higher as in the lower classes of society, would any infringement of the social code, in this respect, be fatal to matrimonial expectations. Under these circumstances, the proceedings of unmarried English ladies excite the wonder and envy of their sex in Italy. Often have I been amused at the way in which the most commonplace exploits have been magnified into heroic actions; and not unfrequently did I find myself elevated to the dignity of a heroine, when utterly unconscious that I had in any way merited the name assigned to me.

A CHINESE GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE.

He first took us to his country house, now uninhabited. It was the perfect residence of a Chinese gentleman. There was a very large garden with bamboo hedges and large fish tanks, edged with walls of blue bricks and perforated tiles. His pigs were in admirable condition, and as beautiful as the Prince Consort's at Windsor. About the grounds were netmags, mangosteens, plantains, coconuts, barks and small creepers, trained into baskets and pagodas. Inside the house, the drawing-rooms had doors sliding across circular openings. We then went on to this good gentleman's private residence, entering by a Chinese triumphal gate. He tells me he has ten miles of carriage road round his estate. It is on a fine undulating tract of land, reclaimed from the jungle, and laid out with rare taste. In the outskirts a tiger killed a man the other day. In his garden I found Jacko, living in a cane cage, next door to a porcupine; there were also some rare birds. Further on, some very small Brahmin bulls, a Cashmere goat, and a family of young kangaroos. There were all sorts of unknown beautiful flowers placed about in enormous China vases. Here I first saw the tea plant growing. It is of the camelia tribe, three or four feet high, perhaps, and bears a small white flower, like an open dog rose. Also I saw shown the "moon flower," a kind of rounded convolvulus that only opens at night. There was a bower of "monkey cups," the pitcher flower, which collects water, and from which Jacko refreshes himself in the jungles. The fan palm produced water by being pierced with a penknife, of a clear, cold quality. Several minute creepers were trained over wire forms to imitate dragons, with egg shells for their eyes; and there were many of the celebrated dwarf trees—the first I had seen—little oaks and elms, about eighteen inches high, like small withered old men. The house here was superbly furnished in the English style, but with lanterns all about it. At six the guests arrived—mostly English—all dressed in short white jackets and trousers. The dinner was admirably served, in good London style and all the appointments, as regarded plate, glass, wines and dishes, perfect. The quiet, attentive waiting of the little Chinese boys deserved all praise. After dinner we lounged through the rooms, decorated with English prints of the Royal family, statuettes, "curios" from every part of the world, and rare objects in jade stone and cracked China.

A "CONFIDENCE MAN."—The man who thinks he can help a good-looking servant girl to place the slats in a bedstead, without exciting the suspicion of his wife.

A CHAP UP COUNTRY, speaking of the rainy season the year he was married, said: "It rained when he went courting, rained when he got married, and *spilled* the same night as he went after the doctor."