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## Poetry.

### By and By.

What will it matter by and by
Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light,
Under a gray or golden sky,
When I look back on it, by and by?

What will it matter by and by
Whether, unhelped, I toiled alone,
Dashing my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel nigh,
Bidding me think of the by and by?

What will it matter by and by
Whether with laughing joy I went
Down through the years with a glad content
Never believing, nay, not I,
Tears would be sweeter by and by?

What will it matter by and by
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain
Close by the pallid angel, Pain,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh;
"All will be elsewhise by and by.

What will it matter? Naught, if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God,
Questioning not of the how, the why,
If I but reach Him, by and by.

What will I care for the unshared sigh,
If, in my fear of slip and fall,
Closely I've clung to Christ through all
Mindless how rough the path might lie,
Since he will smooth it by and by?

Ah! it will matter by and by
Nothing but this: That Joy or Pain
Lifted me skyward, helped to gain,
Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all, by and by!

## Miscellany.

### Sir Samuel Baker in Central Africa.

When Sir Samuel Baker's expedition reached Gondokoro, on the White Nile, he opened out to the chiefs the objects that had brought him to their country, viz., the suppression of the slave trade, and the establishment of commercial relations between their people and the rest of the world. To one chief he "preached almost a sermon" upon the evils of the slave trade, and the chief appeared to be profoundly affected by the discourse; his emotion, however, was but transient, for at the end of the sermon he offered to sell his son for a spade, which, in the dearth of iron in that country, is an article of considerable value. This story Sir Samuel Baker gives an instance of the people's obtuseness; the best proof of friendship is, in their estimation, that you should help them to kidnap the women and children of some other tribe.

At Masindi Sir Samuel found about eight thousand men, among whom could not be seen a single woman. This was regarded as a bad sign, for whenever you saw plenty of women among the natives you were pretty sure of peace; the absence of women was a sure sign of hostility. Accordingly the king, a very bad fellow, behaved most treacherously, killing some men who had been sent back to Fattiko, and sending into the camp jars of a sort of native cider, which was poisoned. The result was that forty of the troops were lying on the ground at one time, suffering acutely. The next morning the expeditionary force was attacked by seven or eight thousand negroes. Baker's men—four hundred Egyptian troops—being well drilled, protected the camp effectually, and the fifty Snider rifles with which they were armed saved the expedition. With their rockets also they set fire to and destroyed the whole town. Unfortunately the king escaped. This young man had distinguished himself by murdering his family, under these circumstances: When a king dies, his body is placed in a sort of huge gridiron, and then is toasted by a fire kindled beneath. The body then lies in state unburied, and is the signal for civil discord. The sons fight until one of them is victorious, and he sticks his spear into the body of his parent as a symbol of victory. Then the funeral rites take place, corresponding with those recorded of the ancient Scythians.

A large pit is dug in which some of the deceased king's wives are put, and the corpse is lowered down till it rests on its knees. Then there is a raid on some neighboring villages, and the people captured are brought to the brink of the pit, where their arms and legs are broken, and in this mutilated condition they are thrown down to the corpse beneath. Then the earth is piled upon them, the people stamp it down upon this mass of writhing humanity, and the horrid rites are complete. Such had been the ceremony observed at Masindi, and the son who had succeeded to the throne then invited his relations to dinner and caused them all to be massacred.

On their arrival in the territory of Rionga Baker Pasha "exchanged blood" with the chief—a process which consists in drawing blood from the arm of each of the contracting parties, who takes a drop of his friend's blood on his tongue. This ceremony not only gives you an ally, but renders him faithful unto death; you belong thenceforth to his family.

### The Last Words of the Dying.

The last words of the dying are eagerly sought after, and enshrined in memory's bosom, by loved ones. The hero, standing upon the field of battle, amid the booming of cannon and the rattle of musketry, is stricken down, and, dying, he utters some sentiment, which tells the living he fought bravely, and died loving his country. His words, thus uttered, are chanted in his praise, pass immediately into history, and are preserved to be handed down from generation to generation.

The mother, bending over the couch of her dying child, eagerly listens for its last words. As the heart's pulsations grow feeble, the respirations become more laborious, she silently listens. Now the pale lips are parted, and she draws nearer, until her ear comes in contact with the cold breath, when she catches the last faint murmur of the dying one. Oh, how she treasures in her pure heart that last "Good-bye," that last token of going home to heaven!

The husband, through weary days and nights, has been watching at the bedside of his darling wife, until, now, the dread moment approaches when she shall be wafted beyond the river of death. Under no pretence will he now leave her, and why? Ah! he is waiting, and listening, for the last whisper. As she speaks, her words echo and re-echo through the chamber of his soul, and remain there throughout the mystic future.

As a young lady reads over the list of the slain in battle, and her weeping eyes rest upon the name of her lover, almost her first thought is, "Did he leave me a dying message?"

The sweet sister of a shipwrecked brother impatiently awaits the arrival of some one rescued from the wreck, to learn if her brother, as he was swept beneath the dark waves, sent her a dying word.

Yes, dying words are those most sought after and cherished by the human heart. Amid all the cares and disappointments that may surround us in life, we never can forget the last faint whisperings of the dying.

**One of the most curious of natural productions is said to be a woman who is not curious.**

### THE IRON MONK.

Drip, drip, drip, the rain is plashing into the tiny lakes and rivers in the sodden gardenbeds. Through the open window comes the faint, sweet smell of the damp earth—that moist, spring-like odor, which nothing else resembles. A soft twittering comes from under the leaves, where the happy little feathered lovers—who yesterday were flying about in the sunshine, building their wee house have taken shelter. Under my window a great black snail is leisurely promenading. In the kitchen Jean is whistling (all out of tune) some popular air. Lisette has been scolding him. Good stupid Jean stares at her, says nothing—and goes on whistling. These good people love one another; but Lisette is quick, eager, self-reliant—Jean is slow and plodding. "He has no thought," she says sharply, in her quick, brisk utterance. Jean smiles doubtfully, and goes off to his work. I speak of his goodness, his kind heart, and Lisette's black eyes filled with tears.

Yesterday, I found two slender sprays of the fragrant lily of the valley—the wood will be full of them soon. They sway about in the soft air, their tiny waxen cups filled to the very brim with sweetness. My grandmother dreamed of them the day she died, waking suddenly, with an exclamation of delight. "What is it?" I asked. "Ah! mon enfant," she answered, with a sigh, "I was gathering lilies at the old chateau." The last disappointment in a life of sorrow! Do her hands gather their sweet blossoms in the gardens to which she has now gone? I hope so, indeed.

I am not so young as I was, and this quiet life suits me. When the heart is content, it needs little to give us pleasure. It is happiness to breathe the sweet air, and listen to the soft patter of the rain. How steadily the drops fall on the gravel, and with what petulant laughter they splash out upon the stones. What a day to be lazy in! Jean can not possibly ask me to-day. If Lisette will but let me alone—she looks with an evil eye on those long quiet hours of dreaming. Ah, me! my fate is coming; I know it in the firm decided sound of the advancing footsteps.

"Will Mademoiselle please enter the salon?"

Once there, I listen patiently to her exclamations of horror over the dust, and the filmy webs with which generations of spiders have bestowed the old pictures. At last, I am brought to confess that Jean is idle to-day, and I consent to his dusting the dirty faces of my ancestors, if it so pleases him. It does not please him—but it pleases Lisette, and I am released. Lisette is happy. A ladder is brought—brushes, clothes. I retreat in dismay, carrying with me the remembrance of a face which, it seemed to my fancy, looked reproachfully down upon me. A man in the prime of life, with bold, haughty features, an eagle eye, and a firm, proud mouth. He is in full armor, over which hangs a monk's robe, and in his mailed hand he holds a crucifix, grasping it like a sword. The "Iron Monk" he is called. The face haunts me; fiery passionate, it accords ill with the humility of the monk's habit. "What a history that man has!" I say to myself. My eye falls upon the little leather box, my grandmother's words recur to me; "In it you will find the life secrets of many of your race." Why not that of the Iron Monk? I open it eagerly. Under many others, I find a paper in my grandmother's writing; the ink is faded, but I read the title, and joyfully draw forth my prize. The rain is still falling gently. I settle myself back in my chair and begin

THE LEGEND OF THE IRON MONK.

There are many legends concerning the Iron Monk in which truth and error are so mingled that it is almost impossible to separate the real from the false; but this I have tried to do, thinking that some one besides myself may wonder over the strange story of this unfortunate man, so deeply sinned against.

Once—I do not know the year—there were twin brothers born at the chateau. Their father, proud and fiery, was slain in some fierce quarrel within a month after their birth. His gentle wife soon followed her lord, leaving her children to the guardianship of a distant relative, then in Paris. Ten years passed. He brought his motherless daughter to the chateau; after that he seldom left it. Crafty, subtile, he soon saw that with the bold Victor his influence was little. The young lord knew his power, and was jealous of interference. His proud lips would curl with a contemptuous smile while listening to the commands of his cousin, not one of which he ever obeyed. From the first they hated and mistrusted each other. Meanwhile, over the gentle Louis the guardian's power increased day by day. With passionate sorrow, Victor saw his brother drawn farther and farther away from him. Weak, easily flattered, Louis soon yielded himself heart and soul to his wily kinsman. And Victor—too proud to complain, yet suffering intensely—lavished his warm love on the little Antoinette. Four years older than she, he was the protector as well as the playmate; brother changed to lover and life smiled once more on the young Victor.

The cross was raised, and the earth shook with the tread of armed men; bugles were ringing, pennons flying, and from every hill and valley came the shout, "For the cross! For the cross!" With the blood of his race leaping hotly in his veins, Victor prepared to join his countrymen. He was of age, none sought to stay him, and it was in the soft eyes of Antoinette alone that he saw grief at parting. Proudly, coldly, he bade adieu to the home of his fathers. With a firm step he crossed the court. His brother started forward as if to throw himself into his arms, but a hand detained him; a few whispered words and he stood motionless. Victor's hand was on his horse's bridle, his troop was waiting, when a light step sounded behind him, and Antoinette flung herself sobbing on his heart. A dark scowl settled on the face of Louis, Tenderly Victor soothed her, as with trembling hands she fastened a rich scarf about him, on which she had embroidered the word, "Toujours."

"Ah! Mignon," he said, sadly, "will you love me always?"

"Always, Victor."

Twelve years passed. One day in summer, in the twilight, a tired horse slowly climbed the hill overlooking the chateau. His rider, a knight with his visor down, looked eagerly from side to side. Lights were beginning to glimmer among the trees. A workman passed him singing.

"Tell me, good friend, who lives yonder," said the knight, pointing to the gray walls beneath him.

"Our good lord and lady," answered the man, gazing curiously at the tired horse and his armed rider.

The knight started. "Who is your lord?" he asked, huskily.

"Count Louis," said the man, wonderingly.

"He had a brother?"

"O, the brother, God rest his soul, was killed in battle; though some say, added he, mysteriously; "the devil flew away with him.

The stranger laughed harshly. Throwing the man some gold, he set spurs to his horse, and galloped down the hill. That night the monks in the neighboring monastry were roused by a loud knocking at the gate. A strange voice demanded speech with their Abbot. Bolts were drawn, bars unbarred. A tired horse was stabled beside the Abbot's well-fed palfrey and a strange guest at the Abbot's table. Midnight had tolled long since, and still the Abbot and his guest sat talking, in low, earnest tones.

"And now, good father, for your story," said the knight, lifting his flagon of wine to his lips.

"If it would be your pleasure, my lord,"—and the Abbot hesitated.

"It is my pleasure," was the authoritative answer, and shading his face with his mailed hand, he signed to the Abbot to begin.

With a nervous tremor in his voice, the churchman obeyed.

"Four years after you had left us, my lord, there was a private marriage at the chateau. How it came about, I know not, but so it was. You were gone, and the Lady Antoinette's memory was short. Tidings of you came but seldom. Occasionally some wandering minstrels sung of daring deeds.

"'He will be killed, one day,' said your kinsman.

"A twelvemonth afterward a messenger arrived. He bore tidings of your death. Count Louis commanded masses to be said for your soul, and took possession of your lands.

"One evening, a lady, thickly veiled, sought speech with me. She placed a packet in my hands. 'By the love you bear Count Victor, send this to him.' Her voice trembled with emotion.

"'Lady,' I said, gravely, 'does your husband sanction this?'

"She shuddered violently."

"'You will keep my secret? You loved Count Victor—you are his kinsman—for the love of God pray him to return.'

"I sent the packet by the hand of a wandering friar."

"It never reached me," said the knight, hoarsely.

"I guessed as much. Your cousin died, died as he had lived," and the Abbot crossed himself. The fearful and appalled Count Louis, as he is called," and he looked deprecatingly at his companion.

"Call him so," said the knight with a bitter smile.

He is haunted by the fear of your return. He has grown old before his time. Three children have been born to him; two are dead. Life is a burden, and death is feared.

The knight sighed heavily.

"Are you fatigued, my lord," said the Abbot kindly; remove that cumbrous armor."

"Good father," interrupted the knight. "I made a vow to doff it not until I enter my father's halls. We shall not part company for many a long day, methinks."

The Abbot started. "But, my lord, bethink you—"

"I have bethought me," and he rose as if to end the conference. "I have bethought me. The man yonder"—and he shook his clenched hand toward the chateau, whose walls rose faint and dim in the gray of the morning, "is not kith nor kin of mine, but I can not bring disgrace upon my father's name."

Nothing more was heard of Count Victor; but one day the Lady Antoinette found upon her table a blood-stained scarf, on which she traced the word, "Toujours."

When the leaves began to fall, "a new brother" was admitted to the Order of St. Benedict.

The villagers around the chateau whispered together, as the Iron Monk strode past their doors, his stern face shaded by his cowl. And as ever and anon they caught the glimmer of steel beneath his flowing robe, the more fearful they crossed themselves devoutly. None questioned him. "I have made a vow," he said, simply, when any one marveled at this strange attire. Fearful tales were told of crimes committed in the Holy Land. When they reached his ears he smiled scornfully.

One day, pacing slowly up the dusty village street, he saw a gay cavalcade issue from the gates of the chateau. Drawing his cowl further over his face, he paused to let it pass. The eyes of Count Louis turned curiously upon him; he, too, had heard of the Iron Monk.

"I pray your blessing, good Father," he said, with a courteous smile.

"Benedicite," muttered the monk, hoarsely; and the Count's cheek blanched as those fierce eyes burned upon his face. Had he looked back, he would have seen a steel-gloved hand clinched threateningly.

One day came the tidings that the lord of the chateau was dying. His confessor was absent. "I will go," said the Iron Monk.

The Abbot started, but said nothing. Drawing his cowl over his face, the monk followed the messenger. Entering the room of the dying man, he closed the door. What passed between them, none knew. As he again crossed the threshold, the Lady Antoinette placed herself before him. He threw back his cowl.

"Victor!"

He passed on; but she flung herself on her knees, and grasped his robe.

"Victor, pardon!"

"Woman, pray to God!" was the stern answer.

She signed to an attendant, who placed her baby in her arms.

"Victor, do not curse my child," she said, pleadingly.

His face softened. Taking the infant in his strong arms, he gazed long on the tiny features. The baby opened its blue eyes and smiled. Signing the cross upon its forehead, he pressed his lips to the sacred symbol, then gave back the infant to its kneeling mother.

That night the death-bell tolled for Count Louis.

The Iron Monk was absent from the midnight prayers. In the morning he was found kneeling by the narrow casement, his face turned toward the chateau, where, dead alike to praise and blame, with clay-cold lips and fast shut eyes, his brother was lying. Death, the great peace maker, had united the brothers again. Together they had entered the world, together they had left it, and the fair-haired baby in his mother's arms was heir to the broad lands.

**The celebrated enamel artist who has retired with a fortune of half a million dollars, was addicted to coating to some purpose.**

### The French Galleys.

A French Protestant, who, on account of his religion, served ten years in the galleys at Dunkirk, and was finally released at the instance of Queen Anne of England, wrote an account of his servitude (1700 to 1710), and of galley slavery in general. From this old volume we learned that an ordinary galley was about one hundred and fifty feet long and forty feet wide. She was provided with masts and sails and fifty rowers' benches, twenty-five on each side, and was armed with five cannons, all of which were placed in the forward part of the galley. The oars were fifty feet long, thirty-seven feet without and thirteen feet within the galley. Between the benches there was a passage-way three feet wide. The handling of oars was very hard work. Each rower stood with one foot on his own bench and the other on the bench before him, then he reached as far forward as possible, raising his oar and dipping it in the water, then he leaned back, with his foot braced, until he came down on his own bench. If these movements were not made with regularity, the rowers were in danger of hitting their hands on the oars before them.

The narrator says that this labor was sometimes exacted for twenty-four hours, which, however, seems too much for human endurance. At some times, he says, a piece of bread soaked in wine was, at intervals, put into their mouths. If one of the rowers gave out, he was beaten as long as there were any signs of life in him, and then, without further ceremony, he was thrown overboard. Their daily fare consisted of bread and beans; their dress, of a shirt, breeches, red stockings and cap, and a blouse, all of the coarsest material. So long as the galley was under way no one was allowed to sleep; if she lay at anchor or in a harbor the rowers crouched down between their benches and slept. In winter, when the galley was dismantled, their only bed was a board. At this season of the year, they were variously employed, and never allowed to be idle. If any one of note visited the galleys, the convicts were put through a series of manœuvers as humiliating as they were ridiculous.

At the first sound of the whistle—a whistle was used in commanding them as the trumpet is in commanding dragoons—they all laid aside their caps, at the second their blouses, at the third their shirts, when they were ready for the farce to begin. At a given signal they now lie down between their benches so that no one could be seen; then, at given signals, they showed, first, a finger above the benches, then an arm, then the head, and so on, until they stood each in his place, when they were put through a variety of manœuvers, better calculated to disgust than to amuse the spectator.

The punishment usually inflicted was the bastinado. The unfortunate, after being stripped to the waist, was made to lie flat down, while two galley slaves held his hands and two his feet and another laid on the blows. The latter was also stripped; and behind him stood the captain also with a bastinado in his hand, which he used on the back of the executioner if he showed any disposition to spare the criminal. After the tenth or twelfth blow the culprit was almost always speechless and motionless, still the punishment was continued. From twenty to thirty blows was the usual sentence for trifling offenses. The maximum number was one hundred; this punishment, however, few survived. For exceptional offenses the criminal was sentenced to have his feet bound to two different vessels, which were then put in motion in opposite directions, and he was torn to pieces.

### A Comedy of Errors.

A good many years ago, in a Vermont country village, lived two gentlemen who looked very much alike. One was a minister, and the other a violin-player, whose gifts and skill were at that day in much request. This position of things gave rise to the following "comedy of errors."

As the minister was one day leisurely walking the streets, a couple of negroes approached him. One of them remarked to the other:

"Dat's him now—I know him, for I'se seen him often."

"Well, speak to him 'den," says the other.

"No, Pete, you speak to him."

Noticing that they wished to hold some intercourse with him, the dominie turned round and said:

"Do you wish to speak to me?"

"Yes, sar; we want to know if you be particularly engaged next Monday evening?"

"No, I believe not," replied Mr. N., the idea of a wedding fee presenting itself, which was not to be slighted on account of the color of the parties; "what is it you want?"

"We want you, if you are 'customed to 'ficiate for colored persons who are willing to pay, next Monday evening, to the Red House near the toll-gate."

"Oh, yes. It's not my practice to refuse any one on such occasions. At what hour do you wish me to come?"

"Early candle-light, massa, if you please. We've not had anything of the kind in a good while."

"Very well I'll be there," replied the dominie as he turned upon his heel thinking that the remark that they had nothing of the kind in a good while meant that no wedding had transpired among them in some time.

True to his appointment, dominie N. was at the house designated in good season. The door opened into the principal room of the house, around which sat some twenty or thirty of Africa's sable children, dressed in their best. According to the instructions they have received from one of their number, they all rose at his entrance. He took a proferred seat, which was behind a little desk at one end of the room, for a moment, and then remarked, if the parties were all ready they had better immediately take their places.

In a moment all was bustle and confusion. While some removed the chairs from the room, eight couple formed as if for a quadrille. The dominie stared round in utter amazement, when he who had been spokesman in engaging him at the village a few days before, coming up to him, his mouth grinning from ear to ear, said:

"Massa Fuse, haben't you brought your fiddle with you? We haben't got one here."

"Fuse! Fiddle! What do you mean?" exclaimed the dominie, the whole affair beginning to dawn on his already quick mind. "Isn't it to be a wedding?"

"O, no, Massa Fuse; we should hab the dominie here fust, if we hab a wedding."

The dominie saw at a glance that he had been sold, and simply giving his name and occupation, which had about the same effect on the darkies as if a bombshell had suddenly dropped among them, he rushed from the house. *Bright Side.*

**One of Judge Waite's ancestors was Thomas Wayte, a member of Parliament in Cromwell's day, and one of the judges who beheaded King Charles. The family seem to have been addicted to the judiciary business for a long time.**

### An Improved Illuminating Gas.

The London *Mining Journal* of a late date speaks highly of an apparatus recently devised and tested in London for the manufacture of illuminating gas. It is devised as simple in construction, yet of extraordinary efficacy in accomplishing its work of doubling the volume of gas now obtained from a given amount of coal, rendering the gas of a much higher illuminating power, while its purity is increased, the process also effecting a great saving in labor. The virtue of the process is in saving much of the refuse which now goes to waste, decomposing it and uniting the constituents with the gas given off by the usual process of roasting the coal in the retort. Three retorts of iron or clay, though a greater number may be employed if required, are placed in the ordinary manner in a setting, and coal is charged in to the bottom one, the next retort being filled with chalk, and the upper one with coke. The three are connected, so that the gas eliminated in the lower one is made to pass through the chalk and coke retorts and finally after leaving the coke into the hydraulic main. The gas as it issues from the bottom retort, coming through the incandescent chalk in the intermediate retort, has its constituents, tar and ammonical water, lost in its usual process, converted into illuminating gas. A steam boiler heated by the same furnace which is used for the retorts (and the fuel for which may be said to cost nothing) is placed alongside, and is conveyed from it into the intermediate retort through a pipe placed in the fire and of sufficient length to thoroughly decompose the steam, resolving it into its gaseous constituents, which act as carrying gases. This drives the tar and liquor out of the chalk, the carrying gases and the dry steam reabsorbing them and carrying forward the highly illuminating properties they are known to possess. The coal-gas and water-gas combined then pass through the incandescent coke in the top retort, where the steam, having facilitated the union of all the illuminating elements eliminated from the coal, passes on. Tests made at temporary works show that the illuminating power is greatly increased, while the gas is almost wholly free from sulphur and without ammonia. The labor is diminished one-half, and part of the plant and apparatus is dispensed with, so that the cost of works is essentially cheapened, and the wear and tear greatly reduced. Coal gas consumers will rejoice that they are to be freed from the chronic evil of poor gas, and have a material lightening of gas bills.

### The Living Fire.

When night fell on Jerusalem, and the tide and hum of business had ceased and one after another the lights were extinguished, and all fires quenched in the sleeping city, one was kept alive—the fire that burned on God's holy altar. "It shall not be put out." Fed by such logs as blazed on the hearths and roared in the chimneys of olden times, yet this had not been kindled by man's hands, or blown into flame by his breath. Like God's love in a lost world, or His wrath on the head of His dying Son, it had descended from the skies. "There came," it is said, when Aaron and his sons were offering their first sacrifice, "fire out from before the Lord and consumed the burnt-offering and the fat, which, when the people saw they shouted and fell on their faces." Whether slumbering in its ashes or flaming with the fat of sacrifices, the fire burned up night and day on the altar, nor was it till after the lease of nearly a thousand years that it went out—quenched, hissing in the blood of priests who fell in defence of the temple at the first captivity. Now in that old altar on which the sacred fire was always burning, but where sacrifices were not always offering, we see the heart of a devout believer. He is not always praying; but within His bosom there is a heaven-kindled love, fires of desire, fervent longings, which make Him always ready to pray and often engage Him in prayer. And thus he who engages in devout meditations, and holds communion with God through His word and also through His works, may, in respect of his habitual prevailing frame of mind, as well as of his frequent prayers be said to "pray without ceasing," "always to pray;" he is like an Æolian harp, on whose strings, by night or day, the wind has but to breathe to wake up sweet and plaintive music.

### Cape Breton Driving.

Our conveyance was a one-horse wagon, with one seat. The horse was well enough, but the seat was narrow for three people, and the entire establishment had in it not much prophecy of Baddeck for that day. But we knew little of the power of Cape Breton driving. It became evident that we should reach Baddeck soon enough if we could cling to that wagon-seat. The morning sun was hot. The way was so uninteresting that we almost wished ourselves back in Nova Scotia. The sandy road was bordered with discouraged evergreens, through which we had glimpses of sand-drifted farms. If Baddeck was to be like this, we had come on a fool's errand. There were some savage, low hills, and the Judique Mountain showed itself as we got away from the town. In this first stage, the heat of the sun, the monotony of the road, and the scarcity of sleep during the past thirty-six hours, were all unfavorable to our keeping on the wagon-seat. We nodded separately, we nodded and reeled in unison. But asleep or awake, the driver drove like a son of Jehu. Such driving is the fashion on Cape Breton Island. Especially down-hill, we made the most of it; if the horse was on a run, that was only an inducement to apply the lash; speed gave the promise of greater possible speed. The wagon rattled like a bark-mill; it swirled and leaped about, and we finally got the exciting impression that if the whole thing went to pieces, we should somehow go on—such was our impetus. Round corners, over ruts and stones, and up hill and down, we went jolting and swinging, holding fast to the seat, and putting our trust in things in general. At the end of fifteen miles, we stopped at a Scotch farmhouse, where the driver kept a relay, and changed horse.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

### Love of the Beautiful.

Place a young girl under the care of a kind-hearted, graceful woman, and she unconsciously to herself grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going, straightforward business man, and the boy becomes a self-reliant, practical, business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, and scenes, and actions always impress. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules, nor by stern example alone, but in a thousand other ways that speak through beautiful forms, pretty pictures, &c., so they will grow. Teach your children, then, to love the beautiful. If you are able, give them a corner in the garden for flowers; allow them to have their favorite trees; teach them to wander in the prettiest woodlets; show them where they can best view the sunset; rouse them in the morning, not with the stern "Time to work," but with the enthusiastic "See the beautiful sunrise!" Buy for them pretty pictures, and encourage them to decorate their room in his or her childish way. Give them an inch, and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege, and they will make your home pleasant and beautiful.

### A Russian Bath.

Men never can understand why women have a disinclination to new-fangled baths, Turkish baths, Russian baths, and the like. Women are naturally cleanly; *ergo*, they ought to like bathing; *ergo*, they ought to like baths which bring the cleansing process up to a point of absolute perfection, and which enable the bather to luxuriate in a sense of delightful ease and comfort, much more than ordinary bathing. The process of reasoning is all right; one naturally replies, "Of course they ought." Then says the reasoner, who has gradually become exasperated, "Why—don't they?"

Softly, good friend. There are three reasons why women have not as yet taken very kindly to the foreign methods of bathing which have been introduced in our midst. One is that they are afraid of everything to which they are not accustomed; another, that they have no hereditary inclinations or instincts to gratify by so doing (baths of any kind are a modern improvement in America); and, third, they have not much money.

I confess to sharing the general lazy disinclination to being subjected to the drying or steaming process, and only yielded a reluctant assent to trying the Imperial Russian baths because I felt stupid and had a cold and a headache and was going to a ball. A brisk walk on a bright morning stimulated me somewhat, and my courage rose as I entered the handsome establishment, but sunk again as I followed the attendant down-stairs through narrow passages lit with gas to one of the many little rooms which are used for dressing and undressing. I noticed, however, the finish of the panelled wood-work, the softness of the velvet carpets, the perfect cleanliness superadded to the elegance of the fitting-up and general surroundings, and concluded that it was not so bad, after all. There was a tempting little lounge in the dressing-room, and, after disrobing, I was tempted to lie down and "make believe" I had had my bath, but the attendant knocked at the door, and I folded my sheet tight about me and followed her along the dimly-lighted corridor. The misty atmosphere and my scant white drapery suggested the difference between myself and the Ghost in "Hamlet;" but while I was endeavoring to solve the conundrum we plunged into a sea of vapor, and my mental as well as physical organs of vision became more obfuscated than ever. I weakly climbed up on a slab, as I was told, lay down at full length, like a small cod in a fish-kettle, and silently resolved that if I got safe out of this it would take more than the ordinary inducement to bring me back again. The attendant supplied me with a can of cold water and a sponge to place to my mouth and occasionally bathe my face, and went away saying she would be back shortly. I entreated her to make her absence very short, as I did not think I should continue to exist over five minutes; but at the end of that time I found myself very comfortable; in fact I rather began to like it, and had made up my mind that steaming was not at all a disagreeable operation. Then I had to take up a recumbent position on another slab and be brushed—"curried" I suppose would be the proper term—all over with a fine lather, which is afterwards washed off with tepid water. Then I was taken to the cold-water room, and having a fancy to see all there was of it, I requested that it might be "turned on" without limitation. But, good gracious! I had no idea from how many different directions cold water could be made to come. It spouted up through the floor; it fired at me like shot-guns from the walls; it poured down in torrents over head and shoulders, until I cried Hold, enough! and went to work with dry towels vigorously. Then came a period of delicious repose in a curtained apartment enveloped in sheets and blankets; then a rubbing and a kneading and a bending of the joints, which reduced them to a condition of wonderful flexibility; then a syringing all over with delightful perfume; then a prosaic dressing, but a feeling of marvellous lightsomeness and content.

I went out into the fresh air; my headache had disappeared, I felt amiable, and might have been brilliant had there been any one upon whom to exert my recovered vivacity. I will not say how much I enjoyed the lunch that followed, the dreamy afternoon *siesta*, and the ball in the evening—but I would seriously advise women out of sorts, young ladies going to balls and who love to dance, to prepare for it by taking a Russian bath. It is quite a new luxury, and that is a good deal in this *blasé* age, when so many girls exhaust life before they have entered upon its cares and duties.

### Real Meaning of the Bankrupt Law.

A correspondent of the Providence *Journal* thinks that in the present state of business it may be a relief to the community to know what the Supreme Court of the United States has decided the bankrupt law to mean with reference to sales and mortgages made by a person who, within six months after, goes into voluntary or involuntary bankruptcy. In the case of Tiffany against Lucas, the court says that "all sales are not forbidden. The interdiction applies to sales with a fraudulent object, not to those with an honest purpose. It is for the interest of the community that every one should continue his business, and avoid, if possible, going into bankruptcy; and yet how could this result be obtained if the privilege were denied a person who was unable to command ready money to meet his debts as they fell due, by making a fair disposition of his property in order to accomplish this object. It is true he may fail, nothwithstanding all his efforts, in keeping out of bankruptcy, and in that case any sale he has made within six months of that event is subject to examination. * * * * * Two things must concur to bring the sale within the prohibition of the law: The fraudulent design of the bankrupt and the knowledge of it on the part of the vendee, or reasonable cause to believe that it existed."

### A Foor "Robinson Crusoe."

A South Sea Islander, the "monarch of all he surveved," was recently found on the small island of Bellinghausen, in the South Pacific. The man could not speak a word of English, and was, therefore, perfectly unable to explain to his rescuers how or in what way he had become a Robinson Crusoe. He had received some injuries, which tend to the supposition that he had been brought from one of the cluster of the Polynesian Islands, and left to famish after being first maltreated. He had lived by eating cocoanuts and oysters, and but for his discovery would probably have been able to sustain nature some time. He was taken to London and thence transferred to Liverpool, where he is now working as a laborer at the docks.

## Youths' Column.

A LITTLE MUSICIAN.—A hundred years ago it was that an old wheelwright in Bohemia used to play his harp on holiday evenings while his wife sang the songs of her girlhood, and both of them watched with wonder and delight to see their little five-year-old Joe run for a stick and a bit of board, and fiddle away in time with the music. The father and mother laughed sometimes, in spite of themselves; but the little musician was solemn and earnest, and never made the smallest mistake in time or cadence.

"Wonderful!" said his cousin, the old schoolmaster and organist. "Give the boy to me and I will make him a great musician."

The parents were glad of the chance; and poor little Joe was given over to the tender mercies of the crusty old schoolmaster, who gave him plenty of floggings, but very little to eat or wear. He would have run away, but for the music he loved so well.

The Dean noticed his clear voice, and when his friend Von Reuter, the musical director of St. Stephen's Cathedral came from Vienna to visit him, he sent for little Joe to sing before him. The hungry little fellow cast such longing looks at a plate of cherries upon the Dean's table, that Von Reuter's heart was touched with pity; and, emptying them all into his hat, he bade him sing his best, which you may be sure he did in a voice so clear and sweet that Von Reuter cried, "Well done!"

It all ended in Joe's going to Vienna to sing in the choir of St. Stephen's, and receiving the best of instruction in violin and piano-forte playing. With plenty to eat, no more floggings, and his beloved music from morning till night, he was as happy as a boy could be until, at sixteen years of age, his voice suddenly failed him, and he was sent from the choir in tears and distress. But his courage did not fail him. He managed to earn a little by giving music lessons; and while he lodged in a garret, and lived upon bread and water, he faithfully studied the works of the great masters, and practiced composing melodies, which made him forget cold and hunger. He made himself master of the Italian and Latin languages; and at last the path of fame and honor was fairly open to him. His reputation became world-wide and his wonderful oratories seem divinely inspired.

So the little boy who was starved and flogged at Haimburg, and won by a gift of cherries, who struggled through difficulties and misfortunes without losing his trust in God, is known all over the world as Joseph Hadyn.

HOW WOULD you have liked being a guest at a feast in Pompeii, eighteen centuries ago? Let me see: The hour would have been about four in the afternoon, and, if you were a lady, you would have passed the whole morning at your toilet, assisted by a retinue of slaves, each of whom had a separate duty to perform. If you were a gentleman, less time would have been necessary; but even then you must have slaves to wash you, rub you, scrape you with a little curry-comb, and perfume you with unguents; the barber to shave you, clip and brush your hair, and, above all, to attend to your nails with pincers and penknife; for no Roman with the least self-respect would have trimmed his own nails. The dignified Horace condescends to make sport of an eccentric fellow who used to pare his own nails. When you reached your friend's house, you would have left your shoes at the door, had your feet and hands washed by a servant, and taken your place upon an elegant couch, before which was a table, upon which the slaves placed one dainty after another, and served each guest a portion, laid upon a piece of bread. Put it in your mouth with your fingers, and then throw the plate upon the floor, where a slave waits to gather it up. So the feast goes on; and, after each course, the slaves bring you a bowl of water, into which you dip your fingers, and then wipe them on a napkin which you brought in your pocket; or, if you be dainty, on the hair of your cup-bearer. When the feast is over, all the guests strip off the wreaths from their heads, throw the leaves into a goblet of wine, and pass it around for all to taste.

DON'T be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners, and find out all the disagreeable things. Half the strength spent in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your share of the troubles, and bear it bravely. You will be very sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirk yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing, and you can do it, never mind about the other boy who ought to have done it and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps, and smooth away the rough spots, and finish up the jobs that others leave undone, they are the true peace-makers, and worth a whole regiment of growlers.

BEWARE of that cunning rascal, "*Oh, Had I!*" Learn to make the best of what you have, and not lay the blame of careless, clumsy work upon your lack of tools. The most exquisite fabrics that the world has ever seen, are made in eastern countries with the simplest of looms, and the clumsiest contrivances for spinning. You will find that the people who are always wishing for something more and better, are the very ones who make the poorest use of what they have. Haydn composed some of his most wonderful melodies with no better instrument than an old, cracked piano.

THERE is an egg-shell in the Museum of the Jardin des Plantes which holds eight and three-fourths quarts; and a French merchant claims to have seen, in Madagascar, one which held thirteen quarts. Prettier than these, if not quite so rare, are the eggs of the Brazilian humming-birds, which are of the size of a small white bean. The dainty little nest which holds them is woven of fine, silky fibers, and feels like down to the touch. The young birds are only of the bigness of bumble-bees, and sometimes fall a prey to the ugly spiders, that drag them off for a juicy feast.

TOT is at the window pane,
Watching little drops of rain;
Down the glass they pitter-patter;
Totty wonders what's the matter.
Thoughtfully she lifts her eyes
Upward to the darkened skies;
Earnestly and long she gazes;
Very sad her little face is,
As she turns and questions, "Why,
Mamma, do the angels cry?"

## Varieties.

Idleness is never a virtue.

If you wish to strike high, aim high.

The Carlists have that little Bil, but they'll surely find it a boa.

Yale University has this year 79 instructors and 970 students.

Colored hosiery is coming into favor among the New York belles.

A Lincoln monument is to be erected in London, at a cost of $35,000.

The first white men who trod on Pennsylvania soil, came down the Delaware.

A naughty boy recently referred to some of his sister's music as her "whining sheet."

Although the father of our country never told a lie, he could be at times very cutting.

A poor unfortunate who was "assisted" out of doors the other night says he has no objection to his wife putting her foot down, but he wishes she wouldn't take it up.

Comparison of our present estimates of standard works of literature with those formed by us in earlier life, is recommended by Proctor as the best general test of the growth of mind.

Royalty not unfrequently gives evidence of cravings of mind which empty honors cannot satisfy. King Oscar, of Sweden, has invented a fire-escape which has proved a success.

Howard Glyndon maintains that the truth of the epigram that "woman's work is never done" depends very much upon the fact that women do not train themselves to economize either their strength or their time.

The Saracens are credited with originating the custom of weaving orange blossoms into bridal garlands. The orange branch was to them an emblem of pros