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B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

The Lady Claire's Secret.

The Lady Claire died yesternight;
Indeed it was a sorry sight
To see her look so pale;
Her face so pallid, yet so fair,
And all her wealth of golden hair
Glittering 'neath her veil.

What killed her? Well, we dare not tell;
It was a sudden mystic spell
That turned her roses white—
The bright pink roses in her face,
That daily lost their tinted grace,
Until they faded quite.

Her gladsome step grew sad and slow,
Her laughter lost its silvery flow,
Her eyes were full of tears,
And yet she never let them fall,
But still smiled sweetly on us all
Despite her crushing fears.

Ah! me; it was a sorry thing
The way she drooped her snowy wing,
Our dove with pinions white;
She might have soared to realms of bliss,
Made strong by love's divinest kiss,
And reached a heaven bright.

Dear generous soul, she gave her all,
And only asked a pittance small,
Just for her hunger's sake;
The heavenly manna never fell,
She starved for love; ah! well, ah! well,
I fear her heart did break.

We must not speak of this too loud,
Nor tell it to the gaping crowd,
For women strive to hide
These nourishful secrets in their breast,
Scarce even to themselves confessed;
For such is woman's pride.

And if we spoke this matter loud,
I think she'd move within her shroud,
And blush for very shame;
These women are such foolish things,
Just as if hopeless love o'er brings
Clouds on a woman's fame.

Miscellany.

A Utopian Metropolis.

So complete are the reforms lately effected that the metropolis of Utopia is now the one city in the universe where the sun shines without oppressing summer revellers; where the wintry rains fall to clean, not to soil, the streets; where mud is never formed, because the materials to make it are not permitted to collect; where the smoke of chimneys, instead of polluting the homes of the rich, helps to comfort those of the poor—since the consequent economy of its methodical consumption has reduced the price of coal; where there is a government to rule localities, not a wrongly constituted local board to misgovern; where the vestrymen are the only occupants of the workhouses they once helped to fill; where the poor-rates aid the poor, for there are many poor, though only the deformed in body or mind are paupers. Sanitary legislation, which once only consisted in providing comfortable sinecures for an army of "inspectors," now penetrates the homes of the multitude; nearly four million souls, who once dwelt in ignorant security over a volcano of sewer gas and boiler steam, now court the breath of life instead of battling with the poison of death; the most extensive system of town drainage in the world has been systematically ventilated, yet not before the disadvantages of non-ventilation were successfully proved by the death of many innocent persons, because, although ventilation was theoretically known to be a necessity, nothing used to be accepted or discarded by Utopian society until it had been practically tested. To be one of a dinner-party now is an agreeable treat, since the guests no longer sit on each other's laps, nor, in the absence of other air, inhale the contents of each other's lungs; the clubs are now places for the social enjoyment of the members, not for the exclusive profit of speculative proprietors; the courts of law still disinfect the land from moral plague, but they are no longer plague spots themselves. In the church the worshippers can see and hear, and understand both "storied pane and animated bust;" and since people have gone there exclusively to obtain spiritual consolation they have ceased to take interest in the dissensions concerning stoles and chasubles, chalices and candles, tables and baldachinos.—*London Builder.*

Liszt Leading an Orchestra.

This week has been one of great excitement in Weimar, on account of the wedding of the son of the Grand Duke. All sorts of things have been going on, and the Emperor and Empress came on from Berlin. There have been a great many rehearsals at the theatre, of different things that were played, and of course Liszt took a prominent part in the arrangement of the music. He directed the Ninth Symphony and played twice himself with orchestral accompaniment. One of the pieces he played was Weber's Polonaise in E major, and the other was one of his own Rhapsodies Hongroises. Of these I was at the rehearsal. When he came out on the stage the applause was tremendous, and enough in itself to excite and electrify one. I was enchanted to have an opportunity of hearing Liszt as a concert player. The director of the orchestra here is a beautiful pianist and composer himself, as well as a splendid conductor, but it was easy to see that he had to get all his wits together to follow Liszt, who gave full rein to his imagination, and let the *tempo* fluctuate as he felt inclined. As for Liszt, he scarcely *looked* at the keys, and it was astounding to see his hands go rushing down the piano and perform passages of the utmost rapidity and difficulty, while his head was turned all the while towards the orchestra, and he kept up a running fire of remarks with them continually. "You violins strike in *sharp* here." "You trumpets, not too loud there," etc. He did everything with the most immense *aplomb*, and without seeming to pay any attention to his hands, which moved of themselves. He never did the same thing twice alike. If it was a scale the first time he would make it in double or broken thirds the second, and so on, constantly surprising you with some new turn. While you were admiring the long roll of the wave, a sudden spray would be dashed over you, and make you catch your breath. No, never was there such a player! The nervous intensity of his touch takes right hold of you. When he had finished everybody shouted and clapped their hands like mad, and the orchestra kept up such a *fanfare* of applause that the din was overpowering. Liszt smiled and bowed, and walked off the stage indifferently, not giving himself the trouble to come back, and presently he quietly sat down in the parquette, and the rehearsal proceeded.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Whatever it is that the soul in distress does offer to God in promise, be not slack to perform, for many times answers of prayer may delay till we have performed our promises.

A TWELFTH-NIGHT CHARACTER.

"Sixth of January—Twelfth-night, is it?" said Mr. Robert Kennedy to his friend Mr. Charles Crackshot, as they were taking their ease in as snug a little country hostel as one would wish to find, after a stiffish day's campaign with the snipe, in the pleasant County of Hants. "Whiskey punch, ashen fagots, motley characters, fine old English customs, and all that sort of thing. Suppose we have some—I mean the punch."

The proposition was one which Mr. Crackshot did not care to controvert. It was, he said, a thoroughly orthodox and seasonable beverage; and the sooner they had it the better, as he (Mr. Crackshot) was fatigued, and did not feel at all like sitting up into the small hours. The landlord of the Kennedy Arms (Mr. Kennedy's family had long been considerable proprietors in that part of Hampshire) formerly in the private service of the late lamented Mr. Gridling, Mr. Kennedy's uncle, was no mean hand at a hot brew. Having manufactured the punch to the best of his ability, he brought in the china bowl, deposited it on the table, and was about respectfully to retire, when Mr. Kennedy suggested that he should taste a glass of the compound that he had himself so cunningly devised.

"My respects to you, sir," said the landlord of Kennedy Arms; and he made an obeisance the to both the gentlemen before him.

"And good luck to you, Spriggs, and Mrs. Spriggs, too; and many happy years may you have in your house; and never again such a Twelfth-night as that which you had—how long? Six years, isn't it, ago?"

"Six years exactly, sir. It was not pleasant at the time, sir; but I owe what I have now to it—that is, to your kindness," Mr. Robert."

"A good fellow that," said Mr. Kennedy meditatively, as the discreet Spriggs left the room; "a good fellow, and a devilish useful one, I can tell you. And this is decent punch; and, on the whole, I am as comfortable as I wish to be."

"How about that mysterious Twelfth-night six years ago—A.D. 1867 it must have been, Bob? What was it?" asked Mr. Crackshot, who had pulled himself together, and acquired sufficient energy to charge his pipe once more—and his glass.

"My dear Charlie," was the reply, "you will pardon me if I tell you that you are the most inquisitive man I ever met. I don't say this in disparagement of your many excellent qualities; I simply mention it as a fact. I will back you to ask more questions in the course of ten minutes than I ever asked in my life. However, I don't mind answering you on this occasion, and I will tell you; only I shall have to bore you for about twenty minutes."

Mr. Crackshot settled himself comfortably down, and said, "Go ahead;" and Mr. Kennedy commenced his narrative

"You see, six years ago matters did not stand exactly with me as they stand now. I was myself more or less dependent—well, we will say on circumstances. My uncle George had not yet *abiti ad plures;* and, not to put too fine a point upon it, the principle of *habeas corpus* was not observed so strictly in a certain class of lawsuits as it is in this era of social and legislative reform. Candidly, I was down on my luck; and unless certain relatives exerted themselves, I clearly foresaw a disagreeable amount of personal notoriety, not altogether unconnected with the Insolvency Court, awaiting me in the immediate future. My uncle, Mr. Gridling, had disappointed me. He said I had disappointed *him.* Still I managed to preserve a fairish front, and consoled myself with the philosophical reflection that matters might have been much worse. I might have been residing by compulsion in the neighborhood of Chancery lane, or an exile across the sea; might have had to take up my quarters at Boulogne. The prospect which I had to face was not a lively one. I was down and I was dull. I had eaten my Christmas dinner at the club. Ever dined at the club on Christmas Day? No; take my advice, then, and don't. You go there, we will say, about half-past four, and find the hall-porter, who has gorged and drunk two hours previously to something more than repletion, asleep in his box. He wakes, more or less, at your inquiry for letters, and resents your appearance as an intrusion. As you cross the hall, *en route* for the morning-room, you see two or three small page boys, with very flushed faces, and a couple of waiters, talking and laughing in a manner which argues neither sobriety nor intelligence. Of course, beyond the domestics there is not a soul in the club. It is just possible that as you sit down to your dinner, Mr. MacGrowler, who has quarrelled with his wife, and who is not tolerated by his family, takes the table at the farthest end of the room. Tepid soup, iced fish, lukewarm entree; fuddled servants; shrieks of wild laughter from the subterranean regions of the still-room and kitchens; fires allowed to go out; sulkiness; discomfort generally—that is what dinner at the club on Christmas Day means.

"However, I survived the ordeal. It was two or three days after the new year had come in that I had a letter from my respected uncle Gridling, dated from what he was pleased to call his country house in the Surrey hills, some twenty-five miles from Cheapside. Its contents formed an agreeable oasis amid the desert of, to speak euphemistically, 'business communications,' which lay two or three feet deep on my table. Why had I not come to him? Would I not come? Did I forget that I was his nearest relative? Surely this was not the season at which uncle and nephew should keep apart from each other. I had been foolish, but then I had been young. The errors of youth were pardonable, if they were not confirmed. And he had heard with much satisfaction of the manly efforts I had made to put myself right. That was all he wanted. Nothing could be better than the accounts which had reached him from Mr. —— (his solicitor) of my efforts at retrenchment and reform. For himself, each Christmas as it passed caused him sensibly to feel the fact that he was not so young as he had been. This was the kind of letter, and a pleasant surprise it was, as you may imagine. To cut a long story short, the epistle wound up with a request that I would come to Fairfield as soon as I could. He (my uncle) was alone, and was anxious to see me before the Christmas season had altogether passed away. On the morning of the 6th of January, the day which I had fixed to arrive at Fairfield, I received a document of an exceedingly disagreeable character. It intimated that unless a certain sum of £75 9s. 8½ d. were paid by noon that day the law must take its course, and my person must satisfy a claim for which my purse was unequal. Messrs. Moss & Mofuz, of Jermyn street, were, I knew, men of their word, but I was in too good spirits to think much of the threat. Besides, before the shades of evening fell I knew I should be twenty-five miles removed from their clutch, and in a position not impossibly of comparative solvency. As I got into the train at Charing Cross, I certainly did observe an exceedingly suspicious-looking individual, who had watched me get out of the cab, bestow upon me a glance which seemed to indicate that he took a personal interest in my physiognomy and my welfare. But I thought no more of the circumstance, and as I sat down to lunch at Fairfield, exactly two hours after I had left my own chambers, I felt fairly master of the situation and completely happy.

"Cordiality and affection characterized my reception by my uncle. And as the day wore on, there was, I found, something more than his manner with which I had reason to be pleased. The only other guest was Mr. ——, his solicitor, of whose friendship and good services I was assured. Mr. Gridling was fond of his siesta after lunch, and Mr. —— and myself took a stroll.

"As your uncle's professional adviser, Mr. Kennedy, I am not at liberty to be explicit to you; but this I may say, that there is at least reason why I should congratulate you. It is more agreeable to me than you may suppose to be able to inform you that the impression which once existed in his mind as regards your habits and tastes has been effectually dissipated. As an earnest of his intentions I should not wonder if you were to find on your dressing-table this evening something that may not be unacceptable as a New Year's present. There is one thing I would warn you. That at the present moment there may be claims upon you, to an amount in excess of what you can conveniently liquidate, I am well aware. I think it will be imprudent, however, to insist too much upon this in any conversation which you may have with your uncle. Your best plan will be on my return to London to call on me in Gray's Inn, and I will see what can be done. It would be a thousand pities that your chances—and I tell you, Mr. Kennedy, they are bright ones—with your uncle should be injured, possibly lost, in consequence of any financial effects of which the causes are no longer is existence. Mr. Gridling has the idea that you have touched *terra firma.* I am not acquainted sufficiently with your affairs to feel it my duty, or indeed, within my power, to inform him otherwise.

"If Mr. —— had not been a lawyer, he ought to have been a Jesuit. A pleasant surprise on my dressing-table; my chances more than bright! Certainly my star was in the ascendant; and as for Moss & Mofuz they might go hang. Why, I should probably be able to settle their claim myself to-morrow. It was getting dusk, and we were turning our steps towards the house, I lingering on the gravel walk outside a few minutes, to finish a cigar. I heard the sound of a horses hoof, and presently a man, riding up at a brisk trot, inquired whether I was 'Kennedy Esquire.' It was a letter sent by train, with instructions for 'special and immediate delivery,' from the man who superintended my chambers. The fellow had done me a really good turn. The note stated briefly that Messrs. Moss & Mofuz had been as good as their words—that the writ of *ca. sa.* was out; that the representatives of the Sheriff of Middlesex had been at my chambers that day; and that it seemed they knew my present whereabouts. He therefore thought it his duty to inform me as soon as possible of this. I don't think that in my life I ever felt more completely upset than by this brief epistle. Still I attempted to assume an air of indifference.

"'This I suppose,' I said to the messenger, 'came by the 3:40. Do you know whether any London passengers arrived by that train?'

"'Two, sir,' said the man, 'and they wanten a fly to come to Fairgeld. But as this was the only 'oss that Mr. Meadows had in, they couldn't have it till I returned. They did say, sir, as how they would take the letter to you themselves; but the station-master, he didn't know them, and he wouldn't hear of it; and curious customers they look, sir.'

"'My good fellow,' I replied, 'if that is the case, ride as slowly as you can to Stagford'—the station some four miles distant—'and here's half a sovereign for you.'

"There was no doubt who the two passengers from London were. A pretty dilemma, in truth, I was in. I had probably about an hour yet before me, and at the expiration of that time, so far as I could see, I must be inevitably arrested, and that in my uncle's house, and taken back to London to spend my Twelfth-night in the charming vicinity of Cursitor street. I walked into the passage and up-stairs into my room. There Spriggs was unpacking my portmanteau.

"'Very glad to see you here, sir, again,' was his greeting, 'and to know that all this right, between master and yourself. And master said I was to come to his study in a couple of hours, as he wanted to send to you or see you—I forget which, sir.'

"In a couple of hours! Why, in that time I should be—Heaven only knew where. I suppose my countenance betrayed signs of distress, for Spriggs asked me whether I was unwell.

"The truth is, my good Spriggs,' I said, 'I am in the deuce of a mess; and plunging *in medias res,* I told him the whole complication.

"Spriggs listened attentively, and gave me his opinion that matters were very serious indeed. Would it be impossible, he asked, to 'square' these emissaries of the law, or at least to induce them to wait at Stagford till next morning? Quite, I told him. It was not a quarter to five, and at best there were only twenty minutes to spare. It is no exaggeration to say that on the tactics which I adopted in that brief interval entirely depended my future chances, so far as my uncle's will was concerned. Anything like an arrest for debt, and that under his own rooftree, Spriggs agreed with me in thinking that Mr. Gridling would not tolerate for a moment, and would effectually ruin me with him. Spriggs meditated for some minutes, and at last he spoke.

"'Mr. Kennedy,' he said, 'sir, you have always been a good friend to me. You say that, to the best of your belief, these bailiff fellars don't know you by sight, sir, but that you fancy some one did watch you as you were leaving Charing Cross this morning. That was no doubt a man sent to identify you; some understrapper who would describe your appearance to the pair who have come to Stagford.' (I wondered what was coming.) 'Now, sir, you and I are about the same height, size, and figure; you shall lend me that light greatcoat which you wore this morning, sir, and for the next twenty-four hours I will be Robert Kennedy, Esq.

"I asked Spriggs to explain himself still farther.

"'What I mean is this, sir. I will walk down the drive to the lodge gate, and wait till the fly with this lot comes. They will see me stop. "Mr. Kennedy," they will say, we want a word with you;" and off we shall go to London. The mistake won't be found out till we are twenty-five miles off, and then there will be no more trains to-night. My belief, sir, is that the letter which you will receive from master in an hour's time will make you able to settle this matter a good many times over the first thing to-morrow morning.'

"It was a sufficiently startling proposal. I did not know what to say to it, but there was no time to hesitate. In five minutes I had accepted Sprigg's offer, and Spriggs had left disguised as Bob Kennedy. For some little while I sat meditating matters. I took out my watch; it was twenty minutes past five. By this time Spriggs must have come up with my pursuers. I reflected again; again I took out my watch. It was now close on six, and by this time Spriggs must have been on the point of entering the railway carriage of the last train to town, unless, indeed, by some accident the stratagem had been discovered, and the officers of the Middlesex Sheriff were again on their road to Fairfield. In the midst of these meditations I was interrupted by a knock at my door. My worthy uncle entered, with a letter in his hand.

"'Robert,' he said, 'I did not know you were here, and had intended to leave this on your dressing-table. I told Spriggs to take it, but I can't find him. I suppose he has gone out. There, my boy, open it presently.' And so saying, my uncle departed.

"The envelope contained a check for £500.

"As for the confusion which Sprigg's unexpected absence created in my uncle's household, I will say nothing of it. We had a convivial evening enough, but I own I rather expected the door to open every moment, and some myrmidon of the law to lay his hand upon my shoulder, informing me that Spriggs had been arrested by mistake. Let me pass over this. By eight o'clock next morning I was at Stagford Junction—four miles nearer London than Stagford terminus. Before nine I was in London. At ten minutes past nine my uncle's check was cashed; and after that, swiftly as hansom could take me from the Strand to Chancery Lane, I was with Spriggs in his temporary confinement in Cursitor street. Strangely enough, so admirably had Spriggs filled his *role,* the mistake had not been discovered. I paid the sum, with expenses, and at eleven I was at Fairfield once more. Spriggs contrived to explain his absence to my uncle's satisfaction. Later in the day I went into business matters with my uncle's solicitor, and an arrangement was soon after arrived at. Since then I have been able to thank Spriggs in the substantial manner he deserved. I set him up in this hotel—a slight recompense enough for the Twelfth-night character which he assumed in my interest."

"Is this a true story, Bob?" asked Mr. Crackshot, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"True, every word of it," was the reply. "Ask Spriggs, if you doubt."

And the landlord of the Kennedy Arms, who that moment entered to see whether the two gentlemen required anything further, confirmed, in a few emphatic sentences, the narrative.—*Belgravia.*

Etiquette at Foreign Courts.

The objection on the part of several British ambassadors to perform the Kotou, or personal prostration before the Emperor of China, on the reasonable ground that it would be a tacit acknowledgement of the superiority of that "Brother of the sun and Moon," led to difficulties, in 1792 and 1817, which have only lately terminated by the Emperor's consenting to a reception of diplomatic representatives without any such degrading ceremonial. The King of Siam, as was recently announced, has abolished the prostration of his own subjects, and in this followed the judicious example of the Mikado of Japan. As yet, the Sovereign of the Burman Empire has made no such concession. The rule at his court is, that all who enter into his presence shall have their shoes removed, and shall kneel down. Perhaps the arrival of a French diplomatic mission may lead to a modification of this humiliating etiquette. If not, it may be fairly anticipated that the French embassy will leave Monchoboo (the Burmese capital), without seeing his "goldenfooted majesty," for France, whether republican or imperial, is sensitive on such points. The first Napoleon, however, declared in 1817, on the return of Lord Amherst, British ambassador to China, who positively refused to submit to the Ko-tou, that he should have followed the same etiquette as was practiced by the princes and the chief mandarins before the Emperor of China, in Pekin, and that his Majesty had a right to require it. He ridiculed the idea of attempting to regulate the etiquette of the palace of Pekin by that of St. James. "In negotiations as well as in etiquette," he said, "the ambassador does *not* represent the Sovereign, and has only a right to experience the same treatment as the highest grandee of the place." This, it should be noted, was spoken in St. Helena by a discrowned Emperor. In the Tuileries, it may be safely conjectured, Napoleon I. would have held different, views and used different language.

Venice—Its Commerce.

Rome is not the only city which has been awakened from the sleep of ages, and is putting on the garments of modern civilization. It has taken longer to stir up old Venice than it took to stir up old Rome; but even the city of the doges has taken a start, which is surprising to the city of the popes. A recent letter from Venice gives an interesting account of the changes that are in progress there. Vast basins have been constructed for the largest vessels, which are brought close to the cars, so that their cargoes can be discharged and immediately sent to the interior. New docks have been built; ship-building is flourishing; costly improvements are in progress at the railway station, and there is a prospect of a branch railroad which will bring the city in immediate communication with the Brenner pass. The commerce of Venice has already greatly increased, and she is securing, at least in some measure, the commercial relations she had with the Oriental world during the middle ages. Through the city at large numerous changes are in process of execution; and those who have gazed on the glory of St. Mark's will be glad to hear that the miserable little shops which have clustered about the Campanile for centuries have just been torn down. If the unification and liberation of Italy be offensive to the Pope, they have certainly been the means of elevating the condition of the Italian people.

Something to Wear.

The St. Louis *Globe* is brave enough to print the following:

We have studied the woman of the future in many of her aspects, and have realized to ourselves with tolerable definiteness the details under which these aspects will present themselves; but one important question—a question which, so to speak, covers the whole subject, the question of what dress the woman of the future will wear—remains as yet chaotic, or, at least, nebulous. We know that nothing short of the most perfect equality will mark the happy era; that in addition to the blessed privilege of standing up on the horse-car, woman will take her place on the platform, and be avenged for many wrongs by yelling through an inch of front door-way, to unoffending man in the remote corner, "Say, put yer fare in that box, will yer." It will be hers to mount the swiftly gliding dray, and fleck the persuasive black-snake around the ears of the recalcitrant mule. She will be the terrible Judge, the gentlemanly and accomplished conductor, the urbane and popular policewoman. Her place will be neither above man nor below him, but by his side and as his equal, and in these capacities she will clear the forest, build the bridge, steer the ship, and ship the steer, play bull-whackee, teamster, and all through the game of life make the honors easy.

But what dress is she going to wear while engaged in these varied and delectable occupations?—a riddle more dangerous than the sphynx's, which a few men and many women have tried to solve, but, guessing wrongly, have endured worse than death in bombazine trousers and tunics of amorphous cut, and yet it is a riddle which must be solved; the breeches which separate woman from her full sphere of usefulness will never be closed up until a full and satisfactory system of clothes philosophy has been elaborated, and the world of advanced thinkers is now waiting for the master mind which can grasp the whole subject, lay bare its first principles, and build up on scientific grounds by the aid of reason, enlightened by genius, a philosophy of woman's dress, fixed, final and absolute. This may be called not only a *desideratum,* but a *ne plus ultra,* and even a *sine qua non* and an *e pluribus unum.* It is evident at the first glance that the present garb of woman will not permit of that free development at which she aims, and going back to last month or to last year, we fail to see anything more promising. Who would respect a policeman with a *pannier?* What judge could calmly weigh the evidence of the witnesses when he had the evidence of his senses that his chignon was coming off? Would any one engage a wood-chopperess with a Watteau wrapper on her; and if he would not, what are we going to do about it?

Before woman can do her work she must put on her clothes, and before she puts on her clothes she must make them, and before making them she must know what they are going to be. She cannot stand, like the Englishman in the fashion-plate, attired in only a bolt of cloth neatly turned over the left arm. She cannot continue the eccentricities which make the fortunes of milliners and linen-drapers, the bifurcated integument which has been adopted by the other sex will be ever fraught with memories of the oppression of bygone days. What course remains to choose? The more we study it the more appalling becomes the conviction of our insufficiency. The history of costume throws no light on it; it only tells us what woman has found convenient and becoming and elegant to-day, she has pronounced frightful and rejected with scorn the day after. The only thing which has pleased her in any costume has been the conviction that it was the newest thing out, and that her dearest friend had not yet gotten one like it. The one thing constant has been the constant change, and her only function as a clothes-wearing animal is such as would justify a mathematician in calling her a function of a variable. Where she has already achieved equality, she has only walked up to the edge of the gulf over which she must leap. In what attire can she best clear the interval?

In the daring feats of the "*perche perilleuse,*" in the inimitable impersonations of "Mazeppa" and of the "French Spy," and in the lighter walks of the burlesque drama, woman has asserted her equality to man, but this assertion has been accompanied by an approximation towards the costume of the common mother of the human race, against which we must protest for the sake of the vested interests imperiled by it. It would destroy at one blow the manufacturing industries connected with weaving, spinning, bleaching, dyeing and other operations of that nature; it would deprive all seamstresses of their livelihood, and it would be likely to give a very bad influence to those who adopted it, and a bad influence to those who merely looked on; as a costume for every-day wear, it would not answer, and yet it is all that woman has produced towards a solution of the dark riddle, "What shall we wear? We take a lower view of the subject yet when we read in the papers how practical and eminent women have taken hold of the subject, and how little they made out of it. The Dress Reformers of Vineland, N. J., held a meeting a few days ago, and the boldest effort at conquering the difficulty was that made by a Mrs. Butler, who suggested that they should all take off their corsets and cut off two inches from the ends of their skirts. But even this bold spirit was cowed by a voice, which said: "Why, Mrs. Butler, you have on an overskirt!" Mrs. Butler endeavored faintly to deprecate the impeachment. "It was not for vanity, dear knows; it was for saving, not for fashion." But this miserable explanation failed to go down, and when the chairwoman brought forward for inspection two young women from Vineland who had cut two inches off the ends of their skirts, and whom she introduced as having never worn corsets, the others, thought they had seen enough, and wanted to go home. Five Dress Reformers did, indeed, sign a promise to "wear our dresses from the ground, provided twenty-five or more ladies can be found to co-operate with us in the reform;" but it is safe to say that if they find twenty-four they will not be anxious to find the twenty-fifth. Mrs. Butler will find excuses for wearing overskirts (the best goods are always the cheapest in the end, my dear); the young women who never wore corsets will get corsets, and (we hope) husbands; but the question, What will the woman of the future wear? will remain unanswered.

An English baronet, Sir St. George Gore, worth half a million per annum and still unmarried, is waking the echoes of the Tennessee forests with his shot-gun. Forty or fifty of the Memphis belles are thirsting for gore.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

Queen Victoria's Dominions.

"The Queen of England rules over 234,762,593 souls; her people dwell in 44,142,651 houses; the area of the lands they inhabit is 7,760,449 square miles." These are the stupendous figures disclosed by the "imperial census" of the British dominions taken in 1871, but only now fully tabulated. How insignificant appear the extent and population of our republic compared with the territory and the people over whom Queen Victoria, or the clique of gentlemen who rule in her name, reigns supreme! We have an area of 3,034,459 square miles, she has more than twice as much; we have a population of 40,000,000, she is the ruler over six times as many. Her dominions are in Europe, in North America, in Central America and the West Indies, in Africa in the Indian seas, in Australasia, and in Asia. Less than 40,000,000 of the Queen's subjects are Christians; there are 36,000,000 Mahometans; 98,000,000 Hindoos, more than 2,000,000 of Buddhists, and 58,000,000 of "others"—"heathen" of this kind or the other kind, for the sects of heathendom are as numerous as the divisions of Christianity. Imperial Rome, at the summit of its glory, exercised dominion over 1,600,000 square miles of territory and 120,000,000 of people yielded obedience to her sway. But Victoria rules nearly twice as many people, and is the sovereign of a territory more than six times as large. To count the people in England and Wales alone on the third day of April, 1871, required 32,543 census-takers, who were supervised by 2,195 registras and 626 superintendents. They did their work in a single night, and it was so well done that not a man, woman, or child escaped them. They counted a population of 22,856,164, and they found to the indelible disgrace of the Englishmen that while 39 out of every 100 men between the ages of twenty-five and thirty were unmarried, there were 1,246,000 women between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one were unmarried. The "professional class" in England comprised 680,000 persons; the "domestic class," wives, mothers, hotel and lodging-house keepers, and servants, more than 5,000,000; the "agricultural class," 1,600,000; the "industrial class," 5,137,000; the class of "rank and property," 168,000, and there were 7,500,000 children.

Crossing the Channels to Europe, the Queen's subjects are found in Heligoland, in Gibraltar, and in Malta; but all of these numbering only 77,000 souls, do not amount to as many a are counted in an English town of the second class. In Canada and the Bermudas there are 3,787,690 British subjects, with plenty of elbow-room, since they inhabit an area of 3,376,925 square miles. In the British West India Islands there are about 1,000,000. On the continent there are British Honduras and British Guiana, with a population of 218,000 souls. Coming to Africa and the adjacent islands, Queen Victoria finds herself the ruler of 236,860 square miles and of 1,813,450 persons. These dwell in Ascension Island, St. Helena, Sierra Leone, the Gambia settlements, the Gold Coast, the Cape, Griqualand, and Natal. In the Indian seas she has the Mauritius, with 330,460 people. West Australia, with 978,000 square miles of territory, has only 24,785 inhabitants; South Australia, with 760,000 square miles, has 189,000 people; Victoria, with only 88,000 square miles, has 731,528 inhabitants; New South Wales, on its 323,437 square miles, has 503,981 residents; Queensland has 120,104; Tasmania 99,328; and New Zealand has 293,893.

Finally comes India, the greatest and most splendid division of the British empire. There are twelve provinces in British India over which the Queen Viceroy rules supreme. These provinces number 101,307,070 souls; they occupy an area of 938,366 square miles, and they live in 487,061 towns or villages. The provinces of Bengal and Behar have a population of 56,000,000, and it is here that the famine is raging; the northwest provinces have 30,769,000 people; Oude has 11,220,000; the Punjaub, 17,596,000; the central provinces, 9,066,083; British Burmah, 2,562,825; the Madras Presidency, 31,000,000; Bombay and Sind, 14,000,000. And the islands of Ceylon and Hong Kong, the peninsula of Kow-loon, Singapore, Wellesley, Penang and Malacca, have together a population of 2,837,287.

A Fight with a Lynx.

Some few miles east of East Hampton, Mass., is a large and lonesome tract of land covering over an area of eight or ten hundred acres, and is familiarly known as the Perkins woods. On the east side of these woods runs a large stream; near this stream two persons recently discovered a lynx in the top of a large hickory. One, a lad who has not seen sixteen summers, bold and daring, never known to flinch in any emergency, and with the courage of a Putnam, volunteered to climb the tree. Both being destitute of guns, it was a bold undertaking to venture to capture this large beast of the forest. Young Dan, buoyed up with the hope of killing this beast with a club, quickly ascended the tree; the density of the limbs almost placed the beast out of his sight, but by the help of his knife he succeeded in lopping a few of the branches, which placed the animal in full view of him. Its back was arched up, the froth dripping from its mouth, its tail though short was elevated, its eyes flashed, pawing with its fore feet, one after another, bark and splinters flew. On the side hill Dan's companion managed to make a desperate pass with his club at the beast; at the same time the animal made a spring, landing on the ground in his stunned condition. Hoadley grappled with the maddened animal, and they struggled together down a declivity. Both plunged into the water. The eagerness of the lynx to press through the water and the young man's unsuccessful attempt to drown it created such a splashing noise as fairly echoed through the ravine. At length the man and animal reach the opposite shore in an exhausted condition. Our young hero was already there, and had the satisfaction of completing the destruction of the savage beast.

A Wonderful Art.

The manufactory in Rome where pictures are copied in mosaic, being thus rendered almost everlasting, or time-proof, is the most celebrated establishment of the kind in the world, some of its productions being little less than miracles of artistic genius, beauty and skill. The mosaic is formed of tiny bits of opaque colored glass of various shades, amounting, it is said, to the almost incredible number of 30,000 different and distinct shades, themselves so arranged as to form a picture perfect in every detail—in light, shadow, shade and color. It is described as corresponding, in some measure, to the pictures formed in Berlin wool. The various pieces of colored glass are placed in their pre-arranged order on a table covered with a sort of cement, and when this tedious process is over—for there are many thousands of pieces in each picture—the surface of the picture is then smoothed and polished. These are the main features, mechanically considered, of this wonderful art.

Cord makers feel the string-ency severely.

Youths' Column.

THE BEGGAR BOY OF LUCERNE.—More than half a century ago, before the walls were built about the old city of Lucerne, certain Austrian noblemen formed a great conspiracy to conquer town and land for Hapsburg. Now the emerald-green waters of the Reuss flowed swiftly past the town. They have had a long journey from their home among the awful glaciers that bolt and bar the glories of the Alp-land. They have bounded over barren rocks, sprinkled the moss and heather above the realm of beast and bird, leaped fearless down the black Devil's Gorge, dashed over and around the boulders with which the giants used to play, and so ever on and ever down have held their course, till the Wonder Lake, the Lake of the Four Cantons, has received the panting fugitives. She has washed them clean of the earth-tint with which they were born. Her depths, the color of daintiest robin's eggs, quietly hide the wanderers' imperfections and send them on their way, glad in their purity, loudly singing their untranslated song. Down by the bed of the Reuss there stood an old arcade, dim and obscure, fit place for murderous council. Here the scarlet-sleeved conspirators met in the darkness of night. After much consultation it was finally determined that with the swords and daggers with which they were armed, the mayor and councillors of the city should be slain. Before day shall break the doomed town shall be in their power.

Silently starting on their deadly mission one of the noblemen discovers a poor boy lying upon a bench in the darkness of a corner. He is only a beggar boy, and he has no home, no friends. So the hand of the heavenly Watcher, whose glance pierces the veil of night, had led him here to guard the town. He had listened to the treacherous plot, and determined to reveal it as soon as he could escape undiscovered. But suddenly he is seized by the desperate men. They declared that they will instantly kill him. The sword is raised, but the boy, wild with terror, entreats their mercy, and promises he will never reveal to any man what he has heard. Believing the promise, with many threats they let him go.

Out into the dark the boy dashes. He sees far off the light in the cot of the village butcher and hastens toward it. There is careless feasting and merriment here, and a group of men are telling stories of daring in the olden time. The boy, with breathless haste, rushes into the room. The tears are rolling down his cheeks. He looks not into the face of any one, but hurries to the great stove and cries:

"O stove! what I have promised never to tell to any *man* I must quickly tell to thee! O dear, good stove! I was compelled to swear; but listen well while I show to you the danger of the beloved city. The murderous are hastening even now to slay the rulers and to conquer Lucerne once more. They ——!"

But not only the stove is there to hear the story of the bright, sly boy. The strong men have quickly taken the alarm; very soon the conspirators are seized and hastened to justice. The foes of the good town are driven out with strong hand, and still Lucerne is free.

They sought for the child whose loyal cunning had saved them, but they never found him. Even to this day the Switzers tell the story with admiring gratitude in their tones, but no man knows his name. The senseless stove that heard the warning is still preserved in the old hall where the butchers' guild was wont to meet.

What think you of the bravery and artifice of the nameless beggar boy of Lucerne?"

A WHOLE DAY TO DO NOTHING.—"If I could only have a whole day to do nothing—no work and no lessons, only play all day—I should be happy," said little Bessie.

"To-day shall be yours," said her mother. "You may play as much as you please; and I will not give you any work, no matter how much you may want it."

Bessie laughed at the idea of wishing for work, and ran out to play. She was swinging on the gate when the children passed to school; and they envied her for having no lessons. When they were gone, she climbed up into the cherry tree, and picked a lapful for pies; but when she carried them in, her mother said:

"That is work, Bessie. Don't you remember you cried yesterday because I wished you to pick cherries for the pudding? You may take them away. No work to-day, you know."

The little girl went away rather out of humor. She got her doll, and played with it awhile, but soon tired. She tried all her toys, but they didn't seem to please her any better. She came back and watched her mother, who was shelling peas.

"Mayn't I help you, mother?" she asked.

"No, Bessie; this isn't play."

Bessie went into the garden again, and leaned over the fence, watching the ducks and geese in the pond. Soon she heard her mother setting the table for dinner. Bessie was quite cheerful during the meal; but when it was over, and her father away, she said wearily:

"Mother, you don't know how tired I am of doing nothing. If you would only let me wind your cotton, or even sew at that tiresome patchwork, I would be so glad!"

"I can't, little daughter, because I said I would not give you work to-day. But you may find some for yourself, if you can."

So Bessie hunted up a pile of old stockings, and began to mend them; for she could darn very neatly. Her face grew brighter; and she presently said:

"Mother, who do people get tired of play?"

"Because God did not mean us to be idle. His command is, 'Six days shalt thou labor.' He has given all of us work to do, and has made us so that unless we do just the very work that he gives us we can't be happy. He has very hard work who has nothing to do."

"PAPA," said a little philosopher, "I've lost my place in class!"

"Ah!" said papa, "where were you?"

"Down foot; and Minnie missed a word, and I spelled it, and lost my place!"

"What was the word?" asked papa.

"*Scratch,*" said Frankie. "Minnie forgot to put the *g* in!"

At a dinner party not long since, a gentleman accidentally knocked the foot of his opposite neighbor, who made an exclamation of pain. "I beg your pardon," said the first gentleman, "was that your foot?" "No apology is necessary," replied the other, "I acknowledge the corn."

Varieties.

Undue speculation leads often to peculation.

Truth sometimes tastes like medicine but that is an evidence that we are ill.

The tears of our misery often prevent our eyes from seeing the mercy close at hand.

Repentance, without amendment, is like continually pumping without mending the leak.

Respect to age, and kindness to children, are among the tests of an amiable disposition.

Who prolongs his work to as great a length as possible, and still completes it in time? The ropemaker.

Be anxious to search out the narrowest path to Heaven, rather than to seek how far you may go without condemnation.

Waynesborough, Pa., boasts of a haunted distillery; which is just the place where one would naturally look for spirits.

One who wishes the world to know what he knows about farming, says that the best way to raise strawberries is with a spoon.

**Somebody got a breakfast