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BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
it matters but little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterances prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands! O beautiful sleep!

A Legend of the Thames.

"Father," said Ned Moffat, "Charley and I have been having a day's fishing in the Thames, and the young fellow Banks, who took us out in the punt, was *such* a character! I'm sure you would have liked him. He told us all sorts of stories about the place, and the people, and the fish, and all about himself when a boy, and how he had been a teetotaler all his life, and that the spot near the weir where we fished for barbel was called Marcus' Deep—Why, father, are you ill?"

"I shall be well directly, Ned. Let Malcomb take away the dessert and throw open one of the windows. There, there; I am better now."

Mr. Moffatt was a retired West India merchant, a widower with two sons, for whom he seemed to live, and they returned his love with all the fullness of filial affection. They were home for the holidays from Harrow, and their father was incessantly devising schemes for their pleasure during the few days left of their vacation.

"And was Charley as pleased with his sport and the fisherman as you were, Ned? What did you catch?"

"Oh, we got such a lot of all sorts of fish—gudgeons on the shallows, perch and roach in the quiet water; but the big fellows, those barbel, they did pull so—we got them in Marcus' Deep."

Again Ned noticed a shadow, a twitch, a spasm, or a compound of all, pass over his father's face, which this time, it was apparent, he attempted to conceal by turning his back, and covering his face with both hands.

"Father!" cried both boys, for Charley had noticed the sudden change in his parent likewise, "what can we do for you? Will you see Dr. Seton?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Mr. Moffat; "it is merely a passing pang from an awakened memory, the recollection of which is too horrible to recall without anguish. Draw your chairs closer, and I will tell you what has disturbed me so. You will be the first to whom I have whispered it, for I did not even make your dear mother the repository of my secret."

Ned and Charley, struck dumb by the serious voice and visage of their father, mechanically did as they were bid.

Well, boys," began Mr. Moffatt, "I was about 30 years of age when I fled this country for the West Indies, making over my affairs to the agency of a friend, to whom I stated neither reasons nor excuse for my sudden departure or rather my flight. My affairs at the time were prosperous, and therefore no prejudicial suspicion attached to my resolution; at the most, perhaps, among my acquaintances, it was thought to be attributable to a love affair. No; at that time my heart was as free as air, and every circumstance tended to heap fortune and happiness on my head, until one fatal morning! You will perhaps be surprised to hear that, at the period I speak of, the only resource I cared for from the anxieties of business—which, I must say, went smoothly and easily with me—was angling, the art, the love for which you appear to have inherited from me, and to which attachment I have scarcely ever trusted myself to allude until now. Saturdays were the days appropriated during the season to my favorite pursuit. In order to follow it to the full, I rented and furnished a little cottage on the banks of the Thames. There I used to run down on the Friday nights, be up with the sun in the morning, and find my fisherman ready with tackle, punt, and all things needful to get afloat. This was now the happiest portion of my life, for the confinement of the previous part of the week in murky London, prepared me for a pleasure keen and intense. Then the calmness and sweet peace of the succeeding day more than armed me for the recurring city routine. Well, the last Saturday that I ever held a rod or saw the morning mists clear off from the Thames, I was out long before their dews were dispelled, and found my man, as usual, punctual, and waiting for me. After I had got on board, however, I recollected that I had left some tackle I should require, and, throwing my bunch of keys to my fisherman, bade him hasten and fetch it from the cottage. He was longer gone than I expected, and when he did come back, I noticed that he was the worse for drink. His speech was thick and incoherent. He was more than usually loquacious; and a something of disrespect towards me, which I had never before noticed in his mode of address, assured me he had been drinking while absent on his message, and thus had broken a sacred pledge he had made to me to abstain from liquor. This promise he had hitherto observed with exemplary fidelity. I made no comment upon his condition as he sprawled, rather than stepped into the punt, hoping the fresh morning air and the hard exercise he must undergo against the current before we got to the weir would restore him to sobriety. As we took advantage of the back eddies to get to a particular spot where we purposed to tie the punt to the stanchions of the weir, a trout of fabulous size threw itself high out of the water, and came down with a heavy splash, the noise of which could be heard over the roar of the fall of the weir.

"Do you know," he remarked, with a hiccup, "that the whole of the time, man and boy, I've been a Thames fisherman, I never caught a Thames trout! I get preciously joked by my fellows, as most of 'em have had some, and many of 'em their half dozen of that fish. There he is again! If he's one he's twelve pounds, and I intend having him or—" And here followed a savage oath

"We had now got close to the piles of the weir. The man, however, instead of putting my rod together, as he always did, prepared it with spinning bait for my use, and seeing me fully at work before he did anything else, deliberately arranged his own tackle, muttering the while: "Ah! I intend to have that trout—Bill Smith and Harry Jones shall have no more shies at me on that hook—or," etc.

"Thus far I let him have his own way. But when he began to stagger about the punt, and nearly caught me, now in the face and now by the legs, with the row of hooks, in his clumsy attempts to cast the line, which he stumbled over, trod upon, and got entangled about him, I thought it time to expostulate. This was useless. He had got it into his besotted brain that I was some "pal," as he called me, whom he had honored by bringing out to see him catch his Thames trout. I then insisted upon his putting me ashore, for our position, as the punt swung round in the boiling waters, threatening now and then to suck us beneath the fall and swamp us, was more than critical. But he was deaf to all threats or persuasions. The trout he must have or meet the fury of another element. Under these circumstances, I did what I had often done before on less urgent occasions—I got out, and, steadying myself by the timbers, mounted the sill or fixed beam of the weir itself, which having no guiding rail, the footing depended entirely upon a steady eye and firm nerve, the more as the running water over it had, although but ankle deep, a constant inclination to carry one off his feet. Here with my spinning rod, which I had with some difficulty managed to bring upon the weir, I had every advantage, and, casting very far down the stream, spun my bart, a small bleak, slowly back; and, when about half the line was gathered in, I felt a tremendous rush, which carried nearly all my line off the reel. I was therefore at once conscious I had hold of a formidable trout, and I played it with my usual coolness and skill, for such prey were not strangers to me, either in that river or in other waters. My operations had up to this point been unobserved by my man, who was otherwise occupied. The beautiful creature, however, throwing itself out of the water in one of its noble efforts for freedom, attracted the fisherman's attention. He uttered a loud curse, threw the rod down in the punt in evident rage, then to my intense surprise, floundered out of the punt on to the apron of the weir, and commenced scrambling up to the top of it. This was an event I certainly did not anticipate. That it was this mad man's design to contest with me the capture of the fish I was soon made certain of by his very gestures. And now my fear was that the fellow, in the state he was in, would not be able to keep his equilibrium—that he would fall over, get washed off the apron before he could recover himself, and be plunged into the pool, from which, if he once got among the dead water under the swirl, nothing but the greatest presence of mind and a full knowledge of the peculiar nature of the currents could possibly save him. Still he came on to me with his arms outstretched, balancing himself upon the narrow and slippery beam which formed the crown of the weir, like a boy walking on a rail. When he got within arm's length of me I warned him to keep his distance, and earnestly besought him to recollect that he was jeopardizing two lives by his desperately rash and unaccountable conduct.

"Give me the rod!" he shouted, with an awful imprecation. "The fish is mine. I will have it; I spotted it first. Give me the rod, I say!" He now literally foamed at the mouth with excitement. He clutched me with one hand by the shoulder, and I felt the gripe of the maniac (so tenacious was his grasp) take up the muscle witn my clothes. With the other hand he made a snatch at the rod, which was on my left, which he had to get partly in front of me to reach. I would have resigned the tackle willingly at this juncture. It was too late. In his exertions to seize the rod he had thrown himself out of balance, and, feeling himself going over, he seized me by the waistcoat with the hand at liberty, and the next moment we were both rolling over and over and down the apron. A heavy splash, and all was blank. Being, however, a skillful swimmer, and life at that moment my first consideration, I kept my head downward, as my only chance to rid myself of the embarrassing hold of my companion, which at once relaxed, when I became free to act. Knowing that if I attempted to rise to the surface in the spot I was I should only be carried under again, and that if this was repeated two or three times I should become exhausted, I struck for the bottom, and there found it dark and comparatively still. Here a thought flashed across my mind, by no means reassuring, for I had often reflected that if I ever reached that spot, the probability was that I should be sucked under, and never come up again. Instead, therefore, of attempting to rise, I crawled and swam a dozen yards or so on the shingle, until I saw the sheen of day above, which I knew from its transparency to be the still water of the eddy between the lashers. Now or never! and up I went, rising, as I expected, in the eddy, which whirled me several times round, and then carried me into the run of the water. At this moment my alarm was great at finding I was tightly fastened to something. I summoned courage, and ascertained that I had got entangled in my line, but, thanks to the confidence I had acquired from my swimming-master in what he called ornamental buoyancy, I threw myself on my back, and, after a little manœuvring, the current carried the line clear. Then a few vigorous strokes took me into the back eddy, and I swam into wadeable water. I may here tell you that to try to rise in any other way in such an emergency is hopeless. Several persons have been drowned in the pools of these weirs on the Thames, and their bodies have been invariably found in the cavity worked by the water, with their hands stretched out, as if endeavoring to push themselves off, but were held there by the suction."

Here Mr. Moffat paused, took a long breath, and, finding that his two boys were perfectly transfixed with painful suspense and attention, proceeded·

"Well, directly I could look back, I scanned every portion of the waters, but could not see anything of poor Marcus."

"Marcus!" exclaimed the boys—'Marcus Deep!"

"Yes, that was the poor fellow's name and I have had his death lying like a frozen chill upon my conscience ever since."

"But, father," interposed Charley.

"I know, my boy, what you would say; that it was the man's own fault; that he might have been my murderer as well as his own. I have thought of all that. But it affords no consolation as, knowing the state the man was in, I ought at once to have surrendered the tackle, and given way to his whim. No; the man was not responsible for his actions, in one sense, and I cannot shake off from myself the feeling of guilt.

"And now, boys, you have heard the story of poor Marcus, whose untimely end has been on your father's conscience for many a year."

That night, as Ned and Charley lay in bed together, they talked in bated breath over what they had heard, and pitied their father from their innermost hearts.

"'I'll tell you what, Charley," said Ned suddenly, "I must know more about this affair. No harm can be done if I don't talk about it, but I am determined to learn more by the water-side. Look here, Charley—was Marcus' body ever found?"

"I think you had better leave the body alone," said Charley, with a movement between a yawn and a shiver; and the next minute he was fast asleep.

Ned kept awake that night, thinking, and the more he thought, the more was his course the only one that offered any solution to the mystery, if any, of the sad story. As soon as the morning dawned he was out of bed, dressed, and off with his fishing-rod and basket by the first train. He found the fisherman in his front garden, digging worms for his eel-pots, and as he was not otherwise engaged for the day, he was ready to go afloat. So, after providing a small hamper of refreshments at the inn, they were soon panting against the stream for Marcus' Deep.

"How long, Banks, do you say it is since you have not drank beer, or that sort of thing?" asked Ned, as he saw the fisherman take a swig of cold tea after his exertion.

"Ever since I was that high," replied the man, placing his hand about a couple of feet above the gunnel of the punt; "ever since I was six years old; and I'm wonderfully thankful to this very place we are now fishing for that, though it did no good to some one else."

"No good to some one else," thought Ned mentally. "Suppose, Banks, we have two or three more balls of ground bait in. Did the anglers fish here much after the fisherman was drowned?" with as much indifference as he could affect.

"There has been no fisherman drowned here that I ever recollect, although one was very nigh to. A gentleman was. But even at this time of day—for it's twenty years ago—it don't do for me to speak of it, and if you please, sir, I'd rather not talk about it."

"But it's called Marcus' Deep because a fisherman of that name—"

"Well, sir, you'll excuse me, but I never speak about it more than I can help, and I'd rather not."

"But," continued Ned persistently, "do I understand you to say that there was no fisherman drowned here, but that a gentleman was?"

"I don't know how I have come to say so much," said Banks, with evident emotion; "but when I tell you that there are persons living who might get into very great trouble if I was to gabble any more, I am sure, sir, as a gentleman, you will excuse my holding quiet.'

Ned, whose whole anxiety was for his father, tacitly acquiesced in the wisdom of silence.

That day, at dinner, Ned much startled Mr. Moffatt by telling him that he had been again to Marcus' Deep. Indeed, his father was shocked to learn that the recital of his secret should have had so little effect. Ned, seeing what was passing in his father's mind, without further preface or preparation, remarked "Why, father, I have heard to-day that instead of the fisherman being drowned in that weir pool, it was the gentleman.'

"The gentleman?"

"Yes, indeed; it was the gentleman, and not the fisherman."

"Are you certain of this, Ned?" ejaculated his father, starting to his feet. "Can this be true? The very possibility of that poor man having escaped has never occurred to me. No, no," he added, and sinking into a tone of deep sadness, "he could only have been saved by a miracle."

"But, father," urged Ned, "Banks, the fisherman, told me he knew all about the affair. He told me the fisherman was not drowned, and the gentleman was. If he is correct—which you can now easily ascertain—you have only to make yourself known in confidence, and Banks, I am sure, will tell you all. When I left him, I begged him not to engage himself for to-morrow, as I meant to bring a gentleman down with me to fish who, years ago, used to be very fond of the place."

"Meaning me?" observed Mr. Moffatt, his hopes again reviving. "We will go to-morrow, Ned; it is a matter that I cannot delay an hour unnecessarily."

Next morning found Mr. Moffatt and his two sons afloat with Banks; and Ned, watching his father closely, saw how greatly the scene of the weir and its turbulent waters affected him, although it was so many years since the event had occurred which had thrown its shadow over the whole of that period.

When properly moored, Mr. Moffatt's impatience being wrought to the highest, he broke the subject at once, and was induced, as the best plan of getting at the facts which Banks could render, to tell him he knew the gentleman supposed to have been drowned, and that he was alive, if not well. Banks' delight at this revelation was great, so unbounded, indeed, and expressed in such grateful and vivid terms, that it even exceeded that of Mr. Moffat, who began to see plainly that this manifestation closely concerned his own happiness. Banks, therefore, now having no longer any cause for taciturnity, related all he knew of the occurrence. But we will let him tell his own story, almost in his own words.

"My father, Marcus Banks—better known as Marcus the fisherman—was a great favorite with a gentleman who used to come down in the summer to that little white cottage you see near the ferry yonder. I believe my father equally liked his customer, for by his influence he had become from being often unable to go out with gentlemen from too much drink, a regular, sober, steady man, respected by his neighbors, spoken well of, and often recommended as the best man in the village by our gentleman. One night—the last I saw my father for years; I was then but a snap of a lad—he told me he expected the gentleman down from London, and that he had been all the afternoon getting baits and other things, so as to have a good day's sport. It was late before he came to bed, and he was then as sober as usual; and I recollect no more than being slightly disturbed when he got up at twilight in the morning and left me to fall asleep again. I don't know what time it was when I was suddenly awakened by the door being burst in and father, dripping wet, his hair on end, his eyeballs starting out of his head, and his whole body trembling as if he had the palsy, throwing himself with a wild scream across the bed. I started up in my fright and listened with horror to my father accusing himself of murdering—coldly murdering his customer by throwing him off the weir. His wailings and writhings were fearful. He seemed wholly unconscious of what he did. One moment he would stand up and declare he didn't do it, with the most awful appeals to heaven: the next, he would fall on his knees and beg for mercy. 'Don't hang me, don't hang me!' he would scream; and then he would sob like a child, as though his very heart were bursting. For some while—an age to me—he seemed not to know of my being there, and then, when he did so, he seized me in his arms, kissed and fondled me, and asked me what was to become of me when he was gone. Then he pushed me away from him, and screamed again: 'I will tell you all; but don't hang me; spare me, spare me, for my poor lad's sake! Look here. Gentleman wanted something from the cottage. He gave me his keys. I opened the wrong cupboard, and there a bottle of brandy toppled over, and broke at the neck. Some of the cursed spirit fell on the shelf, and was dripping off. I caught it in the palm of my hand and drank it—the first I had tasted for years, as heaven is my judge. One supled to another, and I filled a teacup again and again, and drank. I know of little more but that the punt was full of my mates trying to cheat me out of a large trout I had gone out to catch; they jeered and mocked at my attempts to get it, and one after another got out of the punt to avoid me, on to the weir, where I followed them; and I struggled to get the fish with the first fellow I came up to, and—and, as I went down in the water, I saw it was my customer I was drowning.

"These were his words, gentlemen, as near as I can remember. Then he started up again, and muttered that he must be off—that the police were after him—and rushed to an old chest of drawers, scrambled up together a few clothes, and the next moment I was alone, rubbing my eyes, thinking all was a dream. There was plenty to eat in the house, but all that day I should have choked had I attempted to swallow a morsel; and as night drew on and my father did not return, I began fully to believe that he had committed some frightful offense, and that I was deserted. In the latter respect, however, I was wrong, for the latch was lifted, and a woman entered the room and said she had come to fetch me. I was so bewildered, and thinking perhaps she was going to take me to my father, I made no objection; and she took me to a pretty little cottage about three miles from this, on the common. There I was well clothed and fed, and when old enough was sent to school as her adopted child. I did all I could to show my benefactress that I was grateful, but I always yearned after the water and my father's pursuits. So, as I was considered able to manage a punt, one was bought for me, and I was set up in the house in which I was born as a fisherman. I am sorry to say my benefactress is since dead."

"Poor Jane Scott," sighed Mr. Moffatt, "she was housekeeper to my friend whom your father supposed to be drowned. And of your father!"

"Well, sir, I heard that he went wandering about for some months under a feigned name, living the best way he could, and that now and then he used to come over to these parts in disguise, to get a look at me. One day, about two years ago, old and worn and ragged as he was, he was known by something he let fall in his inquiries at the bar of a beer-house, and a few of the villagers hearing it, took pity on him, kept his secret, and got him into Moffatt's almshouses."

"Moffatt's almshouses!" exclaimed both Ned and Charley.

"Yes," went on the fisherman, "they were founded by a gentleman in the West Indies, who is said to have done so in gratitude for some reason or other we never learned the rights on."

"Your father is living, then?" asked Mr. Moffatt, eagerly.

"That he is, sir; and he is hale and hearty, but bowed with the weight of the secret he fancies his life depends upon the keeping. You will see him, sir, waiting for me on our landing, for this is the day in each week he comes down for a dish of soda to treat the old men and women at the almshouse."

We need not dwell upon the meeting of the two "drowned" men, nor attempt to describe the exquisite joy of all concerned, as the way was led by the fisherman's son up to Moffatt's almshouses, where the founder shared for the first time in the happiness of the recipients. He now learned from Marcus Banks himself that he was miraculously saved from drowning by his coming up to the surface between the stanchion of the weir and the punt—that he had clung to the latter for some time before his weakness and condition permitted him to get into it, which accounted for Mr. Moffatt not being able to see him, and presuming him to be lost. Having got into the punt, he lay for some time insensible; but when he recovered, and had realized the awful nature of his situation, he hastened ashore, sought his home in the state his son described, and fled, to follow a vagabond and precarious, and infinitely worse, a haunted life for years.

The bells of the village church were set ringing that evening, rejoicings were general as well as at the almshouses; the next Sunday the Vicar improved the occasion by a sermon on the events. The cottage was again set in order; and Mr. Moffatt, now more than in his younger days, seeks with his sons, when they can be spared from their studies, and with young Banks, the pleasure round and about the once dreaded, and supposed fatal, Marcus' Deep.

Common Sense and Comfort.

Very much has been said about the injury of heavy and tight-fitting dresses, and very little has been said about the fashion of shoes. It would seem to be presumptuous to try by pressure to improve the human form. It is a fact that ignorant people think it can be done, and begin in infancy the work of fashioning a slender waist, and they do the same with the foot. If we examine the foot of the Apollo Belvidere or the Venus de Medici, we find that the great toe stands off from the one next, so as to leave a space of half an inch between them. The small toes are not cut off at a sharp angle, but form a graceful curve; nor are the toes piled one on top of the other—the home of corns. A child's foot, in its natural state, has the same formation. It is broadest beyond the joint of the large toe, where it forms with the rest of the foot a reentrant angle. The shoe should be the broadest beyond this joint; there should be a curve for the small toes, otherwise the foot presses inward. In addition, high heels give another weight of woe, and the result is the bunion—a lasting sorrow. We shall have better health and milder tempers when our feet are free from the foolish sway of fashion.

Why Men Smoke.

No habit adopted by a whole race of man, indeed by all races of men, but must have a *raison d'etre*. The dhudeen of the Irishman, the chibouk of the Asiatic, the calumet of the Indian, the cigar of the white American, would not exist simultaneously on every part of the globe, if in the use of tobacco there did not slumber some spell of great potency over men. The lazy man it seems to make lazier; the nervous man, it makes more nervous; the brain worker it inspires, and on the artist it bestows visions of beauty. All lecturing against it has proved vain. The habit spreads with population over Australia and Polynesia, and in a couple of centuries from now smoking will be as universal as eating. It behooves us, then, to see that something is done to insure the rehabilitation of the better qualities of tobacco, which seem deteriorating so fast. Manilla is ceasing to produce even a decent cheroot, tobacco culture dying out there like wine culture in Madeira. One thing is certain, that the substitution of the cigarette for the cigar is exceedingly dangerous.

A LADY TOURIST'S

Three Months in Europe with Professor Loomis.

No. 5.

From Brienz, by steamer on the lake, and a short excursion by rail, we went of course, to Interlaken, where every tourist pauses more or less satisfied with its resemblance to the visions portrayed by raving poets and correspondents. Without one exception our party was disappointed in this anticipated gem of all Swiss views. It was very tame after Lucerne and Brienz, and with but one admiring glance at the Jungfrau, we devoted our energies to the devouring of a "good square meal" preparatory to the ecstacies expected of us on Lake Thun. The lake scenery was indeed beautiful and more extended than one could imagine for a Swiss lake. We are so accustomed in our American schools to limiting geographical dimensions to the seeming small proportions of the little green wedge in our atlases called Switzerland, as compared with the great collection of parti-colored squares called United States, that we are apt to underestimate the expanse of Swiss ground one may cover in a month's travel and not then do justice to its varied and grand scenery. Days and nights we journied by steam-boats, steam-cars, carts and carriages, row boats and omnibusses, and came far short of thoroughly "doing Switzerland."

Landing at Thun in a pouring rain, we hurried into an express train that carried us to Berne, where we ran about pell mell to the no small astonishment of the sober inhabitants. Through the arcades of the quaint city and along the middle of the market streets we ran like a crowd of school-girls to be in time to see the famous old clock strike the hour of five. And we were all crowded together in the middle of the square, Bedeker, Murray and Harper in hand, while the little old rooster flapped his wings and crowed, the bears marched in grave procession, and Time with his hour-glass made some suggestive evolutions. When the performance was ended, lo! a crowd of Bernese citizens had gathered round us, and were quite as much entertained as we by our mirth and hasty scamper back to the hotel, where tea was already on the table for us. Taking the train for Lausanne we arrived late at night in the fine old city, and were conveyed in three omnibusses, five horses each, up the long street from the depot to hotel Gibbon, the former villa of Gibbon who finished his great work here in 1787. The gardens, terraces and adjoining grounds command a magnificent view of Lake Leman, and only the fact that we must breakfast at sunrise and set out for Chamouni reconciled us to retiring to sleep.

A glorious sunrise greeted our waking eyes, and we started on the day's journey in good condition to enjoy it. As we purposed returning by the lake, we took the fast express train on the lake shore road for Martigny, where we found ten mountain carts awaiting us, with two good stout horses in each, to pull us up the Forclaz. Such a scramble and strain on the poor beasts! Covered with tiny bells that rung merrily as we flew through the villages at the foot of the Great St. Bernard, the drivers cracking their great long whips to startle the villagers and bring them in haste to the doors and windows to see our gay procession; the faithful creatures galloped with all their might and main, till we reached the steep mountain roads, and then on, on, up, up, higher and higher, they climbed and dragged us, till Martigny was a pictured village far below us, and Tete Noire reared his black head above the surrounding mountain peaks into the very clouds, vouchsafing not one gleam of encouragement to make the descent into the gorge of the mountain, where torrents were tumbling and roaring from sliding glaciers, and many a path was made hazardous by the overflow of swollen streams. Not to be daunted by frowning Black Heads, we put the brakes on the wheels, and down we rushed by a road like the Switch Back, at Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, and so wild was the scene, so deafening the noise of bells and cataracts, that I wished Gustave Dore might illustrate the journey, at least as far as the hotel Tete Noire, where a group of Mount St. Bernard dogs jumped and fawned about us as we alighted from the carts, evidently pleased to receive such an unusually large crowd of "unprotected females."

Only time for supper, and all were mustered for a fresh start. We must reach Chamouni by midnight, and only Providence could have saved us from the dozen accidents that threatened us on narrow bridges, where a heavy cascade leaped on the backs of the horses, and a rapid torrent roaring below checked the frightened animals, as they sprung from under the cold shower bath.

Many a shrine and convent gate we passed with thankfulness for these evidences of human habitation in the terribly gloomy mountain gorge on the darkest of dark nights. We slept clinging to each other, to avoid falling from the carts at a sudden start or stop of the horses. The loud cracking of our drivers' whips and the swift gallop of our teams wakened us at last to the fact, that we were in Chamouni, that Mont Blanc was wafting us an icy breeze, and beds were all ready for us in the comfortable old hotel Royal.

E. D. WALLACE.

No Dog or Pig in Portugal.

In some parts of the country, it is a positive solecism to talk of a dog; the animal must be named apologetically as a puppy, a "cachorro." No Portuguese of any class will name that shocking animal the pig. If he must be alluded to—and it is necessary sometimes, seeing that the Portuguese are very fond of him cooked, he is called "the fat animal," "cevada;" and if a Portuguese is driven into a corner and absolutely forced to employ the word, he will use the diminutive "porquito," a little pig, and even that only under his breath, and with the phrase, "by your leave." I have been amused by reading the translation into Portuguese of a French savant's account of a fossil bone cave, in which had been found, among other remains, abundant bones of swine. The Portuguese translator ingeniously eluded all direct mention of the animal; and as often as science clearly demanded the plain word "pig" he would have recourse to one ingenious paraphrase, such as a familiar mammal, which we will still employ as food and so forth! If this foolish prudery applied only to the two animals held abominable by the law of Islam, it might be traced to the influence of the Moors; but it applies to a hundred other words, things, and ideas, which the Moors never dreamt of interdicting; for instance, no one in Portugal ventures to speak of a certain migratory bird, which both Shakespeare and Moliere have mentioned allusively, although I believe no other nation in Europe thinks it wrong to speak familiarly and even lovingly of the bird in question. Moreover, the modern Portuguese dislike of calling a spade a spade by no means prevailed during the best period of Portuguese literature which was two centuries after the Moors had left the country. The present fastidiousness dates from a time when letters, as well as morals, began to degenerate; a period in literature which is, oddly enough, as Mr. Matthew Arnold may think, designated "Culturismo" which would probably, by its admirers, be translated, "culture;" a period during which it was thought well to stimulate an over sensibility of emotion and an over-refinement of expression. This grew into effeminacy and ended in absolute decadence. These influences have, unfortunately, never ceased to have sway in Portugal. Among the prose writers of the present day are many unmanly sentimentalists, or rhetoricians; and any true poetical utterance in the land of Camoens and Ferreira, of Miranda and Bernardes, is rare, if not altogether absent.—*Latouche's Travels in Portugal.*

Obligatory Military Service.

Is general obligation to military service something entirely new, either to the world in general or to this island in particular? or rather, is it not simply something very old under a new exterior—a *renaissance* of the old feudal and municipial system out of which our modern civilization has developed itself? The renowned English bowmen who fought at Crecy and Poiteirs were not a whit more volunteers than were the Pomeranians or Saxons who fought at Gravelotte and Sedan; nor were they in any respect inferior as soldiers to the British infantry who fought at Busaco, Vittoria, and Waterloo, and had been brought into the ranks through the agency of money and beer. This feudal system was no doubt incovenient to kings and princes, who could only then bring a force into the field when the nobles and burgesses brought them men and money. Gradually, and after long and severe struggles, the royal supremacy was established, mainly by the aid of hired soldiers, who were frequently foreign mercenaries, and partly also by that of the great towns and cities, which in their turn were gradually deprived of their independence in proportion as they themselves neglected the privilege and duty of personally fighting their own battles, and transferred both to hired mercenaries. On the breakup of the feudal system there followed what is known to military students as the Condottieri period, when, especially in Italy, the cradle of all modern municipial institutions, these hired forces frequently fought sham battles with each other, and sold for ready money the interests they had been hired to defend. And it was during this period that the ground was prepared and the foundation laid for standing armies which depended wholly on the royal authority. What lay historians call "breaking the power of the nobles" means, for the military man, the transition from the old system of territorial and national forces through the Condottieri period to the plan of maintaining standing armies of soldiers, whose services were purchased in detail from each individual recruit instead of *en bloc* from a military *impresario*.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Native Trade in India.

The native trade of Calcutta and of its main arteries—the Ganges, the Brahmapootra, and others—is marvelous almost beyond conception. I have stood for hours from midnight by the side of the Ganges, some miles from Calcutta, and counted hundreds of boats passing in an hour, the oars splashing to the leaden melancholy of that strange song which assists to make an Indian river so dismal in the rains. By day and by night that song and splash never cease. I had afterward several opportunities of seeing the trade far up the Ganges, and in one case, by the courtesy of the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, Sir Richard Temple, had the advantage of hearing the boats hailed one by one, and questions put as to cargoes, length of voyage, ownership, and so on. The scope of the replies seemed to take in nearly all India. The Lieutenant-Governor was himself astounded at the vastness and variety of the trade, although he had been organizing, with great energy, convoys of grain of such magnitude, and under circumstances so difficult, as almost to defy description; certainly, at all events, the full fact never has been overstated by any one, nor more than bare justice done to the great efforts made. We found at that time from fifty to sixty native vessels at the mouth of the Gunduck River, and 200 more in a steam run of thirteen miles on another affluent of the Ganges. A hundred and five more, mostly from Benares and Mirzapore, and in many cases from forty to fifty tons burden, were anchored at a small place called Khagaria, which would have been the centre of operations if the Bengal famine had continued another year. Some were laden with rice, some with fodder, some with salt, linseed, wheat, gunny-bags, cotton, oat-straw, oil-seeds, tobacco, hardware, sugar, and so on. The astonishment with which one views the number of these boats on the sacred river is increased when one runs for hours up the small-nullahs, or creeks, and still finds no limit to the wonderful industries, which are never more markedly seen than in course of transit by the river. On the banks of the river, or rivulets, you see tobacco plantations, mostly European; a landscape at places beautiful and green as an English park, at others bearing marks of the devastation of the floods, or the caprice of the stream, which often in a day removes the landmarks of centuries. Everywhere you see that you are not among an idle but an industrious and wealth-producing people. How little we know of all this.—*John Routledge.*

The Heart.

A popular error of countless ages of duration has assigned to the heart functions which it has not, and cannot have and the language of nearly all nations has concentrated this delusion. In the heart it places the passions and feeling of the mind, and a 'hard heart,' a 'bad heart,' a 'kind heart,' expresses in brief terms the amount of the error, which is ascribed to a hollow muscular organ, insensible under ordinary circumstances, the great and noble, tender passions which ornament or dishonor humanity. But although such delusions have been long exploded—with the scientific world—enough of interest attaches to this organ to render it worthy of all attention. Its mysterious, unceasing rhythmic action, hitherto unexplained; the strength and peculiar character of its muscular fibres; its supply of nerves and nervous power from a force which seems to remove it, and does remove it from the control of the mind or will, and the unknown ways by which notwithstanding, it betrays the secret feelings of the soul, becoming the telltale of that of which it can know nothing; all these are points which give to its anatomy an interest second only to the brain itself.

—Brook Farm, near Boston, has been bought by Mr. G. F. Burckhardt, and is to be used as a home for orphans, under the charge of the German Lutheran Church of Boston.

YOUTHS' COLUMN.

Stove Plants.—Don't huddle around the kichen stove, boys, these cool mornings. I suppose you get chilled getting up in a cold room and washing your delicate fingers in cold water; but you, great big boys, almost as big as your mother, surely you would not go shivering and cowering around the the kitchen fire and in the way of your mother, who is busy at work getting your breakfast. What shall you do, then? Why, go out of doors, without hat, mittens, or muffler; play ball, practice gymnastics, or take a good run, fast enough to make you warm, and long enough to get you in a fine glow, and, my word for it, you will find it far better than cooking over the stove. The warmth will remain longer and you will enjoy it more, so much more, that if you are at all wise, you will get up early enough every morning to secure such a benefit.

It is poor practice to warm yourself by artificial heat. If you are obliged to sit still, of course artificial heat is better than none; but the more you depend upon it, the more tender you will be; the less you exercise out of doors, the more you will shiver miserably over the stove indoors.

It would be a good plan for both boys and girls who have no work to take them out of doors, still to go out, especially when they feel lazy and inclined to coddle over the stove, and have a good run, play tag or hide-and-seek, or go some errand for mother and get warm over it.

The Boy's Room.—We wish, especially to urge upon mothers the propriety of giving up to the boys, as soon as they reach the age of twelve or fourteen, one room (not a bedchamber), for whose (reasonably) good order they shall be responsible, and which they shall consider wholly their own. The floor should be uncarpeted, of oiled wood: the furniture of the same material. Let it be papered, curtained, decorated according to the boysown fancy; if the taste is bad, they will be interested after awhile in correcting it. There should be plain book-cases, a big solid table in the center, by all means an open fire, and room after that for Joe's printing-press, or Charley's box of tools, or Sam's cabinet of minerals; for chess and checker boards, or any other game which is deemed proper. To this room the boys should be allowed to invite their friends, and learn how to be hospitable hosts even to the extent of an innocent little feast now and then. Father, mother, and sisters should refrain from entering it except as guests; and our word for it, they will be doubly honored and welcomed when they do come.

Be Thorough.—"Pile it up carefully, Johnny," said his mother, as the little boy threw down the wood in a corner and turned to leave the room.

"Pshaw! that's good enough," said Johnny. "It don't make any matter; it will soon be gone."

"What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, my son," said his father, who overheard him. "I once knew a little boy whose mother had taught him this proverb. He was a poor boy, and hired as an errand-boy by a merchant. He tooks pains to do everything well. This pleased the merchant, and he gave him something better to do, advancing him, as he grew older, from errand-boy to under-clerk, then to head-clerk, and finally admitted him as a partner in the business, until he became at last owner of the very store where he first began by doing the little things well. Be thorough in everything. The boy who takes pains in the little things he has to do is far more likely to be thorough in important duties than he who slightingly says in regard to any half-done, work, 'Pshaw! that's good enough.

Little Pedro.—Pedro is a little Italian boy, who lives in Chicago. When I first knew him, he was roaming about from house to house, playing on the fiddle, and singing.

Sometimes kind persons gave him money, and then he always looked happy. But many times he got nothing for his music, and then he was very sad; for he lived with a cruel master, who always beat him when he came home at night without a good round sum.

One day last spring, he had worked very hard; but people were so busy moving or cleaning house, that, when night came, he had very little money. He felt very tired: so he went home with what he had.

But his cruel master, without stopping to hear a word from the little fellow, gave him a whipping, and sent him out again. He came to my gate, long after I had gone to bed, and played and sang two or three songs; but he did not sing very well, for he was too tired and sleepy.

Fable of Discontentment.—A canary and a gold fish had their lot thrown together in the same room. One hot day the master of the house heard the fish complaining of his dumb condition, and envying the sweet voice of his companion overhead. "Oh! I wish I could sing as sweetly as my friend up there!" whilst the canary was eyeing the inhabitant of the globe. "How cool it looks! I wish my lot was there!" "So, then, it shall be," said the master, and forthwith placed the fish in the air and the bird in the water; whereupon they saw their folly, and repented of their discontent. Of which the moral is sooner drawn than practised—let every man be content in the state which Providence has placed him, and believe that it is what is best fitted for him.

And a Little Child Shall Lead Them.—In old days there were angels, who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the City of Destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction. A hand is put into their's which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

The Witchery of Manner.

Almost every man can cite scores of cases, within his knowledge, where pleasing manners have made the fortunes of lawyers, doctors, divines, merchants, and, in short, men in every walk of life. Raleigh flung down his laced coat in the mud for Elizabeth to walk on, and got for his reward a proud Queen's favor. The politician who has this advantage easily distances all rival candidates, for every voter he speaks with becomes his friend. The tones in which he asks for a pinch of snuff are often more potent than the logic of a Webster or a Clay. Polished manners have often made scoundrels successful, while the best of men, by their hardness and coldness, have done themselves incalculable injury; the shell being so rough that the world could not believe there was a precious kernel within. Civility is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It captivates people *instanter*, while the opposite quality excites as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament, worth more as a means of winning favor than the finest jewels ever worn. The graffest man loves to be appreciated, and it is often the sweet smile of a woman, which we think intended for us alone, that bewitches our heart, and lays us at the feet of her whom we afterwards marry.