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

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TO-MORROW.

The setting sun, with dying beams,
Had waked the purple hill to fire,
And citadel and dome and spire
Were gilded by the far-off gleam;
And in and out the pine trees crept
Full many a slender line of gold;
Gold motes athwart the river swept,
And kissed it as it onward rolled;
And sunlight lingered, loth to go.
Ah! well, it causeth sorrow
To part from those we love below;
And yet the sun as bright shall glow
To-morrow!

The tide was ebbing on the strand,
And stooping low its silver crest;
The crimson seaweed lay at rest
Upon the amber-ribbed sand;
Dashed o'er the rocks and on the sand
Flung parting wreaths of pearly spray,
Then fled away; yet turned once more
And sent a sigh across the bay,
As though it could not bear to go.
Ah! well, it causeth sorrow
To part with those we love below,
Yet thither ward the tide shall flow
To-morrow!

Two hearts have met to say farewell
At even when the sun went down;
Each life-sound from the busy town
Smote sadly as a passing bell.
One whispered: "Parting is sweet pain—
At morn and eve returns the tide;"
"Nay! parting rends the heart in twain."
And s ill they linger, loth to go.
Ah! well, it causeth sorrow
To part from those we love below—
For shall we ever meet or no
To-morrow?

The Two Portraits.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed Earnest Lavalle, as, throwing himself back in his chair, he contemplated, with eyes half shut, a lovely countenance that smiled on him from a canvas, to which he had just added a few hesitating touches. It was but a sketch—little more than outline and dead coloring, and a misty haze seemed spread over the face, so that it seemed vision-like and intangible. The young painter's exclamation was not addressed to his workmanship—he was not even looking at that faint image; but through its medium, was gazing on lineaments as rare and fascinating as ever floated through a poet's or an artist's dream. Deep, lustrous blue eyes, in whose depth sincerity and feeling lay crystallized; features as regular as those of a Grecian statue; a lip melting, ripe, and dewy, half concealing, half revealing, a line of pearls; soft brown hair, descending in waves upon a neck and shoulders of satin surface and Parian firmness. Such were some of the external traits of lovliness belonging to

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food,"

who had completely actualized the ideal of the young Parisian artist, into whose studio we have introduced our readers. The fair original, whose portrait is before us, was Rose'd Amour, a beautiful actress of one of the metropolitan theatres, who had just made her debut with distinguished success. There was quite a romance in her history. Of unknown parents she had commenced her career, like the celebrated Rachel, as a street singer, and was looking forward to no more brilliant future, when her beauty, genius and purity of character attracted the attention of a distinguished newspaper editor, by whose benevolent generosity she was enabled to prepare herself for the stage, by two or three years of assiduous study. The success of his *protege* more than repaid the kind patron for his exertions and expenditure.

A word of Ernest Lavalle, and it shall suffice. He was the son of a humble vine dresser in one of the agricultural departments of France. His talent for drawing, early manifested, attracted the notice of his parish priest, whose earnest representations induced his father to send the boy to Paris, and give him the advantages afforded by students of art. In the great city, Ernest allowed none of the attractions, by which he was surrounded, to divert him from the assiduous pursuit of his beloved art. His mornings were passed in the gallery of the Louvre, his afternoons in private study, and his evenings at the academy where he drew from casts and the living model. The only relaxation he permitted himself was an occasional excursion in the picturesque environs of the French capital; and he always took his sketch book with him, thus making even his pleasure subservient to his studies. Two prizes obtained, for a drawing and a picture, secured for him the patronage of the academy, at whose expense he was sent to Italy, to pursue his studies in the famous galleries of Rome and Florence. He returned with a mind imbued with the beauty and majesty of the works of those great masters, whose glory will outlive the canvas and marble which achieved it, determined to win for himself a niche in the temple of Fame, or perish in his laborious efforts to obtain it. At this time he was in his twenty-second year. A vigorous constitution was his heritage; and his rounded cheek glowed with the warm color of health. His strictly classical features were enhanced by the luxuriance of his hair, which he wore flowing in its native curls, while his full beard and moustache relieved his face from the charge of effeminacy.

Ernest was yet engaged in the contemplation of the unfished work—or rather of dreaming of the bright original—when a light tap was heard at his door. He opened it eagerly, and his poor studio was suddenly illuminated, as it were, by the radiant apparition of Rose d'Amour. She was dressed with a charming simplicity, which well became a sylph like form, that required no adventitious aid from art.

"Good morning, Monsieur Lavalle!" said the beautiful actress, cheerfully, as she dropped gracefully into the *fauteuil* prepared for her reception. "You find me in the best possible humor to-day, thanks to this bright morning sun, and to the success of last night. *Mon Dieu*! so many bouquets! you can't think! Really, the life of an *artiste* begins to be amusing. Don't you find it so, as a painter?"

"I confess to you mademoiselle, I have my moments of despondency."

"With your fine talent! Think better of yourself. I hope, at least, that I have not been so unlucky as to surprise you in one of those inopportune moments."

"Ah, mademoiselle," said the painter, "if it were so, one of your smiles would dispel the cloud in a moment."

"Really!" replied the actress, gaily. "Are you quite sure there is no flattery in the remark? I am aware that flattery is an essential part of an artist's profession."

"Not a true artist's, replied Ernest. "The aim and end of all art is truth; and he who forgets it is untrue to his high mission."

"True," said the lady. "Well, then, *faites votre possible*—as Napoleon said to his friend David—for I am anxious that this portrait shall be a *chef-d'œuvre*. I design it for a present."

"With such a subject before me," replied the painter, "I could not labor more conscientiously, if the picture were designed for myself."

The sitting passed very rapidly, for the artist; and he was surprised when the lady, after consulting her watch, rose hastily and exclaimed, "That odious rehearsal! I must leave you—but you ought to be satisfied, for I have given you two hours of my valuable time. Adieu, then, until to-morrow."

With a smile that seemed natural to her, the beautiful girl vanished, taking with her half the sunshine of the room.

The painter continued his labor of love. Indeed, so absorbed was he in his employment, that he did not notice the entrance of a visitor, until he felt a light tap on his shoulder, accompanied by the words,—

"Bravo, *mon cher*! You are getting on famuously. That is Rose herself—as radiant as she appears on the stage, when the focus of a *lorgnette* had excluded all the stupid and *ennuyantes* figures that surround her."

The speaker was Sir Frederic Stanley, an English baronet, now some months in Paris, where he had plunged into all the gayeties of the season. He was a handsome man, of middle age, whose features bore the impress of dissipation.

"You know the original, then?" asked the painter, somewhat coldly.

"Know her! My dear fellow, I don't know anybody else, as the Yankees say. Why, I have the entry of the *Gaite*, and pass all my evenings behind the scenes. I flatter myself—but no matter. I have taken a fancy to that picture; what do you say to a hundred louises for it?"

"It is not for me to dispose of it?"

"You have succeeded so well, you wish to keep it for yourself—eh? Double the price and let me have it!"

"Impossible, Sir Frederic. It is painted for Mlle. d'Amour herself, and she designs it for a present."

"Say no more," said the baronet, with a self-satisfied smile. "I think I could name the happy individual."

Earnest would not gratify his visitor by a question, and the latter, finding the artist reserved and *distrait*, suddenly recollected the races at Chantilly, and took his leave.

"Can it be possible," thought the painter, "that Rose has suffered her affections to repose on that conceited, purse-proud, elderly Englishman? O, woman! woman! how readily you barter the wealth of your heart for a handful of gold?"

Another tap at the door—another visitor! Really, Lavalle must be getting famous? This time it is a lady—a lady of surpassing loveliness—one of those well preserved English-women, who, at forty, are as attractive as at twenty. This lady was tall and stately, with elegant manners, and perhaps a thought of sadness in her expression. She gazed long and earnestly upon the portrait of Rose d'Amour.

"It is a beautiful face!" she said, at length, "And one that indicates, I should think, goodness of heart."

"She is an angel!" said the painter.

"You speak warmly, sir," said the lady, with a sad smile.

Ernest blushed, for he feared that he had betrayed his secret. The lady did not appear to notice his embarrassment and passed to the occasion of her visit, which was to engage the young artist to paint her portrait—a task which he readily undertook, for he was pleased with, and interested in, his fair patroness. The picture was immediately commenced, and an hour fixed for a second sitting, on the next day. It was on that occasion, that the fair unknown encountered the actress, and they retired in company.

The two portraits were finished at the same time, and reflected the greatest credit upon the artist. They were varnished, framed, and paid for, but the painter had received no order for their final disposition, when, one morning, he was waited on by the two ladies, who informed him that they should call upon him the following day, when the two portraits would be presented, in his study, to the persons for whom they were designed. The artist was enjoined to place them on two separate easels—that of the actress to stand nearest the door of the studio, and both to be concealed by a curtain until the ladies should give the signal for their exposure. The portrait of the English lady, we will here remark, had, by her request, been hitherto seen only by the artist. There was a mystery in this arrangement, which piqued excessively, the curiosity of the painter, and he was anxious to witness the denoument.

The next day, at eleven o'clock everything was in readiness, and the painter awaited the solution of the mystery.

The first person who presented himself was Sir Frederic Stanley. He was very radiant.

"Congratulate me, *mon cher*," said he. "Read that."

Ernest took an open note from his hand, and read as follows:

"Be at the studio of Ernest Lavalle, to-morrow, at eleven. You will there receive a present, which, if there be any truth in man's vows, will certainly delight you. ROSE."

The astonishment and disappointment of Ernest was at its height, when his door opened, and the actress entered followed by a female, closely veiled.

"You are true to your appointment, Sir Frederick," said the actress, gaily, "and your punctuality shall be rewarded."

She advanced to the farther easel, and lifting the curtain, disclosed the features of the English lady.

"This is for you!" said she laughing.

"My wife! by all that's wonderful!" exclaimed the baronet.

"Accompanied by the original!" said Lady Stanley, as she unveiled and advanced. "Sir Frederick! Sir Frederick! when you were amusing yourself, by paying unmeaning attentions to this young lady, I am afraid you forgot to tell her that you had a wife in England."

"I thought it unnecessary," stammered the baronet.

"How could you disturb the peace of mind of a young lady, when you could not requite her affection?" continued Lady Stanley.

"It was only a flirtation, to pass the time," said Sir Frederic; "but I acknowledge it was culpable. My dear Emeline, I thank you for your present. I shall ever cherish it as my dearest possession—next to yourself."

"For you, sir," said the beautiful actress, turning to Ernest, "I cannot think of depriving you of your best effort. Take the portrait. I wish the subject were worthier." And she withdrew the curtain from her picture.

"I am ungrateful," said Ernest, in a low and tremulous tone. "Much as I prize the picture, I can never be happy without the original."

"Is it so?" replied the actress, in the same low tone of emotion; then, placing her hand timidly in his, she added, "The original is yours!"

Out of Doors.

Who can describe the pleasure and delight, the peace of mind soft tranquility which we feel in the balmy air, and among the green hills and rich woods of an inland village! Who can can tell how scenes of peace and quietude sink into the minds of pain-worn dwellers in close and noisy places, and carry their own freshness deep in their jaded hearts! Men who have lived in crowded pent-up streets, through whole lives of toil and never wished for change; men to whom custom has been second nature, and who have come almost to love each brick and stone that formed the narrow boundaries of their daily walks—even they, with the hand of death upon them, have been known to yearn at least for one short glimpse of nature's face; and, carried far from the scenes of their pains and pleasures, have seemed to pass at once into a new state of being, and, crawling forth from day to day, to some green, sunny spot, have had such memories wakened up within them by the mere sight of sky, and hill, and plain, and glistening water, that a foretaste of heaven itself has soothed their quick decline, and they have sunk into their tombs as peacefully as the sun whose setting, they watched from their lonely chamber window but a few hours before—faded from their dim and feeble sight! The memories which peaceful country scenes call up are not of the world, or of its thoughts or hopes; their gentle influence may teach us to weave fresh garlands for the graves of those we loved, may purify our thoughts, and bear down before it old enmity and hatred. But beneath all this there lingers in the least reflective mind a vague and half-formed consciousness of having held such feelings long before in some remote and distant time, which calls up solemn thoughts of distant times to come, and bends down pride and worldliness beneath it.

Broken Bottles.

The question as to what becomes of the oyster and cockle shells has long ago been solved. They are pulverized and used up for several useful purposes. The crushed cockle shell is invaluable as a bed on which to rest flower pots in the conservatory or forcing-house, and the oyster shell makes capital gravel for garden walks and "rubble" for builders' purposes. What becomes of all the pins is a question more difficult to answer. Millions of these useful objects are daily manufactured, and yet the demand increases. Export orders cannot possibly keep pace with the supply, and consequently the number absorbed for home consumption must be something fabulous. But what becomes of the broken bottles, may well be asked. Thousands of tons of bottles must be broken every year in London alone, and the difference between the value of the sound and the broken bottles must amount to something very considerable. Broken "wines" and broken sodas" are converted to many useful purposes, the latter especially. The best soda-water bottles come from Yorkshire, and the "gingers" from Derbyshire. The "sodas" are no longer sent to the metropolis packed in crates, as formerly. In the crate they were pilfered to a great extent en route to their destination, and the cost of carriage was higher. They are now transmitted in bags made of coarse canvas packed in layers of straw. Each bag holds eight dozen. The broken bottles are subsequently utilized for the manufacture of cheap jewelery, chimney ornaments, and inferior household glass for the manufacturing districts. They are also used for the manufacture of emery power, glass paper, etc. Some idea of the number of "sodas" broken in the process of filling, corking, cleaning, and distributing may be gathered from the circumstance that one great mineral-water manufacturer (Mr. H. D. Rawlings) sold last year 100 tons. The value of the "metal," as it is styled, is somewhere about 10s. per ton, but it varies according to demand. When the market for fancy goods is active, broken bottles command a better price. A revival of trade sets this particular industry in motion along with others, and broken bottles are enhanced in value. In fact broken glass and broken pottery serve many purposes, though it is only lately that economical science has learned how to turn them to account.

THE cattle plague—files.

The Marvels of Man.

While the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence whatever on the soft and delicate fibres of the living stomach, nor upon the living hand, but at the moment of death it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acids.

There is dust on sea, on land, in the valley and on the mountain-top there is dust always and everywhere; the atmosphere is full of it; it penetrates the noisome dungeon and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth; no palace-door can shut it out, no drawer so secret as to escape its presence; every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, yet that eye is not blinded, because under the eyelid there is incessantly emptying itself a fountain of the blandest fluid in Nature, which spreads itself over the surface of the eye at every winking and washes every atom of dust away. But this liquid, so mild and so well adapted to the eye itself, has some acridity, which, under certain circumstances, becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin and would rot away the eylids were it not that along the edges of them there are little oil-manufactories, which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eyeball washed clean, as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life-giving properties that to re-breathe it, unmixed with other air, the moment it escapes from the mouth, would cause immediate death by suffocation, while if it hovered about us a more or less destructive influence over heatlh and life would be occasioned. But it is made of a nature so much lighter than the common air that the instant that it escapes the lips and nostrils it ascends to the higher regions above the breathing-point, there to be rectified, renovated and sent back again, replete with purity and life. How rapidly it ascends is beautifully exhibited every frosty morning.

But, foul and deadly as the expired air is, Nature, wisely economical in all her works and ways, turns it to good account in its outward passage through the organs of the voice, making of it the whispers of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweetest strains of ravishing music, the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator.

If a well-made man be extended on the ground, his arms at right angles with the body, a circle, making the navel its center, will just take in the head, the finger-ends and the feet. The distance from top to toe is precisely the same as that between the tips of the fingers when the arms are extended. The length of the body is just six times that of the foot, while the distance from the edge of the hair on the forehead to the end of the chin is one-tenth the length of the whole nature.

Of the sixty-two primary elements known in Nature, only eighteen are found in the human body, and of these seven are metallic. Iron is found in the blood, phosphorus in the brain, limestone in the bile, lime in the bones, and dust and ashes in all! Not only these eighteen human elements, but the whole sixty-two of which the universe is made, have their essential basis in the four substances of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon, representing the more familiar names of fire, water, saltpeter and charcoal. And such is man, the lord of earth! a spark of fire, a drop of water, a grain of gunpowder, an atom of charcoal!—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Goldoni.

After Oliver Goldsmith, I do not know any figure in the history of literature that should take the gentle reader's liking more than the Italian comic dramatist, Carlo Goldoni. These two charming writers are not unlike in certain particulars of their lives. They were both children of that easy-going eighteenth century, of the period before its griefs began with the French revolution, and as Irishman and Venetian they might very naturally have been allied in temperament; the American traveler is nowhere more vividly reminded of a certain class of adoptive fellow-citizens than in Venice. Moreover, they had both the vagabondizing instinct, and were æsthetic wanderers, Goldsmith all over Europe, and Goldoni up and down Italy, to die after many years' self-exile in France. They were alike in their half-education for the medical profession, and alike in abandoning that respectable science for the groves of Academe, not to say Bohemia; Goldoni, indeed, left the law and several other useful and grave employments for these shades which are not haunts of flowery ease, after all. But these authors are even more alike in certain engaging qualities of mind than in their external circumstances. If the English essayist was vastly higher in the theory than in the conduct of life, poor Goldoni had his moral ideas too, and tried to teach in his comedies purity, good faith and other virtues which were foolishness to most of the world by whose favor he must live. He resembled Goldsmith in the amiability of his satire, the exquisite naturalness of his characterization, the simplicity of his literary motives; but he was no poet, though a genius, and he falls further below Goldsmith in this rather than in respect of the morality he taught. Perhaps Dr. Goldsmith would have been but little pleased to be compared with the Venetian dramatist, if the comparason had been made in his lifetime, for if he ever heard of Goldoni at all, it must have been in scornful terms from that Joseph Barretti who dwelt in London and consorted with Dr. Johnson, and had wielded upon his Italian brethren a *Frusta Litteraria*, or Literary Lash (as he called his ferocious critical papers,) that drew blood; Barretti despised Goldoni for a *farceur* of low degree, not being able to see the truth and power of his comedies, and used to speak of him as "one Charles Goldoni." Nevertheless, if the Venetian could have brought himself to leave the delights of Paris long enough to pay that visit to London which the Italian operatic company once desired of him, he might have met Goldsmith; and then I am sure that the founder and master of the natural school of English fiction would have liked the inventor of realistic Italian comedy. At any rate Goldoni would have liked Goldsmith. The *Spectator* was the fashion at Venice as well as at London in Goldoni's day; it had formed the taste for the kind of writing in which Goldsmith excelled, and the Citizen of the World would have found an intelligent admirer in a man who haplessly knew as much of the world as himself.—*The Atlantic Monthly.*

Alfa.

In Algeria, the tall, reedy grass, lending the otherwise airy plains the glow of mellow corn-fields, is the *Stipa tenacissima* familiar to botanists and the *alfa* of commerce. A handful of it, shown to me by the head of a large newspaper firm in London, looks like nothing else I know of in the vegetable world. The blades, between two and three feet high, are brown and wiry, and exceedingly tenacious in texture. A more unpromising-looking natural specimen it would be difficult to name; yet this ill-favored plant has already made the fortune of speculators, and is tending in no small degree to aid the progress of Algerian colonization. It may, indeed, be regarded as an exhaustible source of wealth, seeing that millions of acres are covered with it, that it requires no cultivation, and as soon as one crop is cut another begins to grow. A few years since, this desert grass was regarded as an obstacle to progress, but the happy notion occurred to some inventive mind that paper might be made of it, and so well did the experiment answer, and so rapidly did the invention spread, that enormous quantities are now exported to England and other countries. Many of our leading newspapers are printed on paper thus manufactured, the proprietors *Lloyd's Weekly News*, I believe, taking the initiative. In 1868 95,000 tons of alfa grass was exported to England alone, the quantity now exported having risen to 125,000 tons. The *Stipa tenacissima* grows in Spain, and has become an object of commerce in that country, but the preparation of it in Algeria seems to be better understood, and it is chiefly from the French colony that we draw our supplies. Within the last two or three years an enterprising firm have undertaken to construct railways between the plateaux and the seaports, receiving as sole indemnity from the Government the right of farming some hundred thousand hectars of the great alfa region. These new lines of railways are in progression, and by diminishing the cost of transport will greatly facliliate the commerce. In his speech before the Conseil Superieur of November, 1875, Gen. Chanzy, the Governor-General of Algeria, alluded to the exportation of alfa as one of the most promising sources of wealth in the country, and great prominence was given to it in the Exposition. Not only paper of first rate quality is manufactured from the *Stipa tenacissima*, but hair-brushes and other brushes, mats, artificial flowers and basket-work. It has also a medical use. A few grains of the ashes of the plant mixed with oil makes an excellent remedy for burns, and it also supplies capital tooth-powder. The net result of this commerce last year reached 8,814,230 francs.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Evening Damps.

One more fruitful cause of disease remains to be noted, and that is, excessive diurnal changes of temperature. The range of the thermometer from noonday to morning is not only greater in the country, but the heavy dews consequent upon this render the changes more perceptible and less easily resisted by the human system. During the day the heat is felt more severely than in the city, where shelter during exercise is obtainable for most of the day, and when evening comes on with its cool breezes, incautious persons expose themselves with little or no additional clothing. They came into the country to be comfortable they say, and they ride or sit in the open air till thoroughly cooled if not slightly chilled. At the same hour on the next day they are again chilled, and so on until intermittent fever or some one of its kindred diseases so cordially invited, steps in and takes full possession. We by no means repudiate the malarial origin of these diseases, but we do say that such a course of conduct strongly predisposes the system to the influence of that dread unknown destroyer.

Such checks of perpiration are also frequent causes of intestinal diseases, more frequent than any other; as is notoriously seen in the great prevalence of dysentery and kindred disorders when the contrast between the temperature of night and day is most marked. —*Dr. Searle.*

Mysterious Lights.

From time to time the west coast of Wales seems to have been the scene of mysterious lights. In the fifteenth century, and again on a larger scale in the sixteenth, considerable alarm was created by fires that "rose out of the sea." Writing in January, 1694, the rector of Dolgelly stated that sixteen ricks of hay and two barns had been burnt by "a kindled exhalation which was often seen to come from the sea." Passing over other alleged appearances in March 1875, a letter by the late Mr. Picton, Jones appeared in "Bygones," p. 198, giving an account of curious lights which he had witnessed at Pwllheli, and now we have a statement from Towyn that within the last few weeks "lights of various colors have frequently been seen moving over the estuary of the Dysynni river and out at sea. They are generally in a northern direction, but sometimes they hug the shore, and move at a high velocity for miles toward Aberdyfi, and suddenly disappear."—*Oswestry Advertiser.*

The Ottoman Greek.

The fault of the Greek character is love of intrigue, and a deficiency in the power of making individual interests subservient to the interests of the State. But it cannot be denied that very great progress has been made by Greece since her escape from Ottoman rule—far greater, in fact than would have been the case had she remained under it. The cause of this is not far to seek: unity of religion, and unity of social habits among the subjects make them more easy to govern than if they were of opposite religions, and under the influence of fanatical hatred. Moreover, in Greece there is no inquisition of foreign intrigue to foster insurrection and thwart every attempt at reform, such an exists, in Turkey: and last, not least, there are more able and educated men to meet the wants of the Government. The Greeks complain that the area of their country is too small to develop the great administrative talents which they possess; but I much doubt whether, if it were extended to a Bayzantine Empire, their habits of intrigue would not create divisions which would break it up into small and independent States. One thing they have learned of late years which will tell to their advantage, and that is, that Russia has hitherto made use of Greece simply for her own purposes, and that Pan-Seavonic and Pan-Hellenic schemes are forces acting upon the same line, but in opposite directions. Amid the late disturbances under which Turkey has been laboring, Greece has shown one encouraging symptom of power, and that is self-control. This proves that the Government has a hold over the passions of the people, and is also alive to the real interests of the country. A rising of Greek-Ottoman subjects, supported by an attack from Greece proper would certainly prove a painful thorn in the side of Turkey at the present moment, (January, 1877.) but, *cui bono*, it could only end in promoting the views of Russia at the expense of Greece. Greek lives and Greek money would have to support the rebellion, commerce would be obstructed, massacres would excite the interference of foreign powers, and Greece would be reduced to her former limits—a poorer and a wiser State. In traveling along the Macedonian frontier it is painful and melancholy, but not unnatural, to find the bitter feeling which has been left among the Greek-Ottoman subjects by the horrors produced by retaliation during the war of independence. The town of Niausta—in a lovely situation about 2 000 feet up Mount Bernius, and overlooking the whole of the Macedonian plain and the sea beyond—suffered more than any other in this way. I was there last year, and was led by an old man to a beautiful green sward in a grove of walnut trees just above a precipitous rock, over which fell a clear stream in successive cascades for about 1,000 feet until it reached the wide plain below. Mountains and woods rose at the back, and I was basking in the beauties of nature, when I was aroused by details of the hideous conduct of man. "It was here," the old man said, "that when a boy I saw all the male population of Niausta brought to execution. The Turkish officials stood here, the executioner there. One by one the Christian Greeks were led out. The question was put to them. 'Giaour, wilt though save thy soul by following God and the prophet?' The answer was 'No, Effendim; and the executioner did his work. But there was one young man, so grand, so noble, so handsome, that they paused, then reluctantly put the fatal question, and he firmly answered 'No.' Go back, Giaour, and think over your refusal for an hour.' Again he was brought forth, and again the same answer. Still loth to take so fine a life, they offered him a third and last chance for repentance. 'What now, young Giaour, wilt thou accept the terms and live?' 'By God's help, never,' he replied, and boldly met his fate." Truly, these were Christian martyrs, and their race should be capable of great deeds. The demoralizing effects of such horrors are not confined to the moment, but leave their track behind. This I witnessed on visiting the house of a Greek shortly after this old man's recital. A pretty child came into the room, a boy of about 5 years of age, and upon my taking him on my knee, and making my usual remark that he was a fine boy for his age, the father said, "Georgie, tell this gentleman how many Turks you will kill when you are a man." There was much behind that question. In the small Greek towns on the Black Sea coast very little complaint is heard of Turkish misgovernment, but on the Macedonian frontier it is the chief topic of conversation. The Greeks take more kindly to brigandage than any other of the Ottoman subjects, Circassians excepted, and most of the bands which used to infest the mountains which divide Thessaly from Macedonia were composed of scoundrels from that nation. Mehemet Ali Pasha, (by birth a German,) by his energy and perseverance, dispersed the whole of these bands when in command of the district, three years ago; but since the anarchy produced by the late rebellions he has been called to the seat of war, and brigandage has again appeared. Here again is another instance of the difficulty under which Turkey labors, of not being allowed time to set her house in order. —*Baker's Turkey.*

To Young Men.

It has been said, and truly, that a man is a bundle of habits. It may be said, with equal truth, that bad habits are our worst enemies. How they steal on us almost unconsciously and securely fasten themselves to us! What tremendous efforts it takes to rid ourselves of them when once we have yielded. In one of the great churches of Naples I looked upon a form of marble that I shall never forget. The statue is called "Vice Convinced," and represents, in life size, a man struggling with tremendous efforts to break loose from the network of evil habits with which they have completely enveloped him. The net is represented by a cordon of open work marble about him. A master hand was wrought out this wonderful piece of statuary. A strong man in the prime of life finds himself completely encircled, bound hand and foot by bad habits. The net work is complete. There seems to be no possible escape from its meshes. But under the inspiration of a new purpose, that seems to have come to the man from the face of a beautiful angel, with a mighty effort he has succeeded in breaking asunder the coils that are about him. Every muscle is at a tenison, every part of the entire form seems convulsed in the fearful struggle. But he has been successful, and a radiant smile of joy and relief light up his face. Never before had I so fully realized the power and tyranny of a habit, how utterly impossible it is to break loose from a bad one. Every day I meet, on these streets men, who, though rich, would give all their treasures in a moment could they rise above the power of an evil habit. Only the other day a citizen fled away from our city to a distant part of the country, hoping, as he said, to get rid of the temptations that were about him.

The formation of correct habits in early life is comparatively easy. in a word: if you would become model characters you must discard all bad habits, all odd habits, all that is ungracious or ungrateful in word or deed, or manner. In order to do this you must study constantly yourselves, and, if possible, be under the influence and shadow of good men and women. Read, in hours of recreation, good books. Shun, as you would a deadly poison, the impure literature that is more or less abroad. Pass by on the other side, always, when invited to take a social glass with a friend. Bear about with you the conscious dignity of manhood, not in a vain but a modest, yet positive way. Never sacrifice principle for place. Embark in no business scheme that has not a fair promise of moderate returns. Never spend that which you have not got. Don't discount the future, it may not be yours.

The First Champagne.

It happened that about the year 1668 the office of cellarer was conferred upon a worthy monk named Perignon. Poets and roasters, we know, are born, and not made; and this precursor of Moets and Cliquots, the Heidsiecks and the Mumms of our days, seems to have been a heaven-born cellarman, with a strong head and a discriminating palate. The wine exacted from the neighboring cultivator was of all qualities—good, bad, and indifferent, and with the spirit of a true Benedictine, Dom Perignon hit upon the idea of "marrying" the produce of one vineyard with that of another. He had noticed that one kind of soil imparted fragrance and another generosity, and discovered that a white wine could be made from the blackest grapes, which would keep good, instead of turning yellow and degenerating like the wine obtained from white ones. Moreover, the happy thought occurred to him that a piece of cork was a much more suitable stopper for a bottle than the flax dipped in oil, which had heretofore served that purpose. The white, or as it was sometimes styled, the gray wine of Champagne grew famous, and the manufacture spread throughout the province, but that of Hautvillers held the predominance. The cellarer, ever busy among his vats presses, barrels and bottles, alighted upon a discovery destined to be far more important in its results. He found out the way of making an effervescent wine—a wine that burst out of the bottle and overflowed the glass, that was twice as dainty to the taste, and twice as exhilarating in its effects. It was at the close of the seventeenth century that this discovery was made—when the glory of the Roy Soleil was on the wane, and with it the splendor of the court of Versailles. The king, for whose especial benefit liqueurs had been invented, found a gleam of his youthful energy as he sipped the creamy foaming vintage that enlivened his dreary tete-a-tete with the widow of Scarron. It found its chief patrons, however among the bands of gay young roysterers, the future *roues* of the Regency, whom the Duc D' Orleans and the Duc De Vendeme had gathered round them at the Palais Royal and at Anet. It was at one of the famous *soupers* d'Anet that the Marquis De Sillery—who had turned his sword into a pruning-knife, and applied himself to the cultivation of his paternal vineyards on the principles inculcated by the cellarer of St. Peter's—first introduced the wine bearing his name. The flower-wreathed bottles, which, at a given signal, a dozen of blooming young damsels scantily draped in the guise of Bacchanals placed upon the table, were hailed with rapture, and henceforth sparkling wine was an indispensable adjunct at all the *petits soupers* of the period. In the highest circles the popping of champagne-corks seemed to ring the knell of sadness, and the victories of Marlborough were in a measure compensated for by this grand discovery.—*London Society.*

Self-Reliance Necessary to Success.

Self-reliance, conjoined with promptitude in the execution of our undertakings, is indispensable to success. And yet multitudes live a life of vacillation and consequent failure because they remain undetermined what to do, or having decided that, have no confidence in themselves. Such person need to be assured, but this assurance can be obtained in no other way than by their own successes in whatever they may attempt themselves. If they lean upon others, they not only become dissatisfied with what they achieve, but the success of one achievement, in which they are, entitled to but partial credit, is no guaranty to them, that, unaided, they will not fail in their very next experiment.

The greatness of a man not to be faultless is, but to be raised above the faults which yet are his.

A Veteran and His Queue.

The order, in 1801, to cut off their hair, issued by Brigadier General James Wilkinson, then general in chief, caused great indignation among the veteran officers, who looked upon it as a "French innovation." It was as follows: "For the accommodation, comfort and health of the troops, the hair is to be cropped without exception, and the general will give the example." This was followed by another, which said, "whiskers and short hair illy accord; they will not, therefore, be permitted to extend lower than the bottom of the ear. The less hair about a soldier's head the neater and cleaner will he be." Of these orders, the first, as to the cropping of the hair, is still in force. The second, as to wearing whiskers in any other manner than thus prescribed, was not rescinded until 1853; and then it was prescribed and still is the regulation that "the beard may be worn at the pleasure of the individual, but must be kept short and neatly trimmed." For the corps of cadets there is still the regulation, which is strictly enforced, that "the hair is to be short, or what is generally termed cropped; whiskers and moustaches shall not be worn." In 1801 there was an old and distinguished officer, Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Butler commanding the Second Regulrr Infantry, who had entered the Second Pennsylvania Infantry as a 1st lieutenant in 1776 (St. Clair's Regiment, Jan. 5,) served through that war with honor, having been wounded, and again twice wounded in St. Clair's defeat in 1791. He solemnly declared he would not cut off his much-prized queue.

General Wilkinson did not then press the matter, but issued the following order: "Lieutenant Colonel Commanding Butler, at his particular request, and in consideration of his infirm health, has permission to wear his hair. On the subject of this order the general will briefly observe that it has been sanctioned in America by the first military characters of the British and American armies; that it has been recommended by the ablest generals who have lived, and has been adopted by the best troops in the world, and that the cut of the hair is as essential a part of military uniform as the cut of the coat or color of the facings." Afterward Wilkinson withdrew the indulgence, and as Colonel Butler persisted in a queue, he sent him in 1803 before a general court martial of his own appointment, on this, for disobedience of orders and other matters. He was acquitted of the other charges, but sentenced to be reprimanded, which gave Wilkinson an opportunity to indulge in invective and sarcasm, and to again order Colonel Butler to cut off his hair. The latter in a personal interview refused (Wilkinson to Secretary of War, Washington, Oct. 25, 1804, War Department file), and having gone to New Orleans and assumed command, committed anew the breach of orders. At this time an artillery officer, writing home, said, "Col. Butler wears his hair, and is determined not to cut it off." (New Orleans, Nov. 10, 1804, Lieutenant Colonel Constant Freeman.) For this, Wilkinson sent him before another general court martial, "for wilful, obstinate and continued disobedience of orders, and for mutinous conduct." The court sentenced him to suspension for one year, but before the order was issued the veteran had been gathered to his fathers, and was buried with his queue.—*Mag. of American History.*

Two Russian Cathedrals.

Among the greatest glories of St Petersburg are the two magnificent cathedrals—St. Isaac's and Our Lady of Kazan. In their construction and finish both display an enormous outlay of money, imposing architecture, costly materials and exquisite interior decoration. It will suffice to give some idea of the former, which is the most stupendous of the two. In the first place, the cost of sinking the piles on which the foundations rest was $1,000,000. The building, which is in the form of a Greek cross, is of Finland granite, and supported by over one hundred polished pillars, sixty feet high and seven feet in diameter. The cupola is surrounded by thirty more of these pillars of large size, which support the gilded dome, sixty-six feet in diameter, with a miniature cupola above. Then the whole is surmounted by a gilt cross, the top of which is 336 feet from the ground. The exterior decorations are huge bronze figures and doors, as well as Corinthian capitals and biblical groups in the facade. Inside the effect is most impressive. Here again are great pillars of polished granite, as well as ten of iron covered with malachite and two with lapis lazuli. The walls and floors are of glistening granite and marble of different colors. Pictures of sacred subjects adorn the walls; images loaded with jewels and gifts are met at every turn; the altar is resplendent with bronze, gold, silver, jewels, light and trappings; gold and silver chandeliers for hundreds of candles are hung from the lofty ceiling, and everywhere shrine lights and burning tapers meet the sight to complete the impressive grandeur. During service the effect is heightened. The Greek Church employs vocal, but not instrumental music. The responses are chanted at St. Isaac's by a large body of choristers without accompainment. The candles in the chandeliers are all lighted; several priests and altar boys appear in gold and silver vestments, and the people—all standing—are constantly crossing themselves or bowing their heads to the marble floor—the whole constituting a scene of profound devotion to the Supreme Being that can never be forgotten. On account of irreconcilable differences between the Catholic and Russo-Greek churches, Russia still uses the old style Greek or Julian calendar, which is twelve days behind the new style Latin or Gregorian calendar.

—A Maryland peach-grower is said to have shipped twenty barrels of peach kernels to Dayton, Ohio, recently to be used for "chemical purposes."