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B. F. SCHWEIER,

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NO. 2.

TOO BEAUTIFUL FOR EARTH.

An angel in the book of life
Wrote down an infant's birth,
Then added ere he closed the page,
"Too beautiful for earth!"

And when the reaper Death passed by,
He read the words and smiled,
Then folded to his arms
The lowly little child.

The mother wept, but angels sang
In soft and sweet accord,
And welcomed the transported flower
In the garden of the Lord.

The mother wept, but will not weep
When all her days are run,
And at the gates of paradise
She meets her little one.

An infant soul, all pure and bright,
From every earth spot free;
A babe to bless that mother's sight
Through all eternity.

Theodora.

Mr. Lisle was thought to be a wealthy man, but in settling up his affairs, after his death, there was found to be a mere pittance left for his widow and family.

Mrs. Lisle was a lady of culture and refinement, and had never before had to think of supplying her own wants, much less to provide for the necessities of a family.

Poverty is a stern teacher, but it often develops a power of bringing out some unsuspected talent, which shines forth in diamond-like brightness, even as the uncut gem only shows its splendor after it has been subjected to the lapidary's art.

So it was with Mrs. Lisle. She had spent years upon the continent, and had now in this time of need she drew upon the store of memory, and depicted in terse but vigorous language some of the curious and oft-times touching incidents which had attracted her notice in her travels.

Her efforts were rewarded with success, but wants were many, and her earnings fell short of the sum which would have supported them in comfort.

Her eldest daughter, Theodora, watched the lines of care as they gradually deepened on her mother's forehead, and made up her mind that she could and would help her.

So, one morning, while Mrs. Lisle was busily engaged in copying a manuscript upon which depended their living expenses for the week, Theodora stole to her side and said, prefacing her words with a kiss—

"Mamma can you listen a moment? I have a plan."

"Yes, dear, but tell me quickly, for this article must go to-day without fail."

Theodora knelt by her mother's side, and took her hand earnestly.

"Now, mamma, you must say no. Remember, whatever I may do, the 'blue blood' still runs in my veins."

"You must be thinking of something very serious, Theodora, you prepare the way so carefully."

"It is just this, mamma. You remember I have been a member of the 'Entre Nous' society for several winters, and I propose to be a useful one now—that is, to myself—instead of one of those 'roll ups', neither do they spin. In plain English, I want to apply for the position of pianist. They pay ten shillings an evening, and that sum would be a great help to the Lisle exchequer."

Her manner was playful, but an intense earnestness was evidently underlying it. Her sister Clara's expression showed evident disapproval of the plan.

"Theodora," she exclaimed, "are you in earnest? What would Clifford Marsden say? You know he is expected to arrive home every day."

"A faint blush stole over Theodora's face at her sister's words, but she said—

"It must not make me act differently, even if my best friend should disapprove. I feel guilty to lead such an idle life, and see our mother wearing herself out in this weary struggle for bread. I can do it, and I shall, unless I am positively forbidden by you, mamma."

"But think of it, Theodora, the girls of our set would, maybe, cut you."

Theodora replied with a dignity which silenced Clara.

"My mother's comfort is more precious to me than the loss of friendship which makes no sacrifice. May I write to the managers of the Sociable mamma?"

"Act as you think best, my dear, only take time to think well of it before you decide. I know that you will always endeavor to do what is right."

The mother's eyes had a wistful tenderness in their expression, as they rested upon Theodora's face.

"Thanks, mamma," was the cheerful answer. "I have thought of it days and days. I only feared to speak of it lest you would disapprove."

It was the evening of the first Sociable. Dr. Arnold's drawing-room was fragrant with flowers and brilliant with light. In a deep alcove stood the piano, almost concealed from view by tall tropical plants which had been brought from the conservatory for that purpose. The rooms were filling rapidly, when the music commenced in a soft, weird prelude, which soon held the gay throng in charmed attention.

After a time it merged into Strauss' beautiful introduction to the German, and soon a group of young people were threading its graceful mazes.

Clifford Marsden had arrived in the last steamer, and had taken his friends by surprise by appearing among them. He excused himself from dancing on the plea of fatigue, and stood watching the changing scene.

He had taken his station by the alcove in a position where, through the leaves of a blossoming azalea, he could see the musician seated at the piano, with her back towards the guests. The slight, graceful figure, the proud pose of her head upon the small, round neck, the abundant hair wound simply about her head, all formed an attractive picture.

For some time he had watched her white fingers fly over the keys, but be-

fore he had caught a glimpse of her face he was surrounded by a merry circle of girls, who commenced to rally him upon his abstraction. So he did not discover that Theodora was the young musician who had so strangely interested him.

After a while the guests, or rather several of them adjourned to the music-room; and, when Clifford Marsden entered, he was still surrounded by a bevy of young ladies, and, though he listened to the soft voice of a lady who was singing a plaintive ballad, and was enchanted with the brilliant playing of the young pianist, he still failed to see himself from those who surrounded him or even get a glimpse of the features of the fair musician, whose face seemed to be turned persistently from him as her fingers rolled over the keys of the superb-toned instrument.

Later in the evening a group of young people were assembled in the dressing-room to put on their wraps. They were chatting about the events of the evening.

"Is not Clifford Marsden improved?" said Susan Dismore. "He always was nice, but now he is perfectly splendid."

"I give you fair warning, Mamie Livingstone; I shall contest the supremacy with you next time. You had the monopoly of him this evening."

"All's fair in love," you know."

Mamie tossed her pretty head, and said, disdainfully—

"You are welcome to him. Such an absent-minded escort never fell to my lot before."

"Where were you at supper-time? I missed you from the dining-room," asked Durant.

"Mr. Marsden brought me a note, and we made believe that that giant acacia was a rural belle, but even that did not make him thaw, though I did my best to captivate him."

"I wonder if he knew who presided at the piano. Did he glance that way?"

"No, not he; he stood like a statue, gazing into vacancy. It's a shame that such a handsome specimen of the 'genus homo' should be so stupid."

"He must have changed, then. Maybe he was disappointed at not meeting Miss Lisle. Report says he was hard hit in that direction before he went abroad."

"Hark! hark!" said Allie Durant.

"Susan, I'm ashamed of you! Of whom do you take lessons?"

"Susan was Allie's cousin and took the reproof good naturedly. Making a deep courtesy to Allie, she answered—

"I have learned that purely classical phrase from my respected cousin, Mr. Miaturn Durant. He acquired it most probably in the fastidious society of his club."

"At this moment Theodora appeared at the door, and her friends clustered around her.

"You dear, brave darling!"

"You naughty little girl, to keep yourself so completely out of sight."

"Are those tender fingers completely worn out?" and other similar exclamations saluted the ears of the few strangers as they viewed the scene.

Theodora was white as Parian marble, and a suppressed quiver about her sensitive lips told of mental suffering. She had left her position at the piano, thinking the parlors deserted, but as she came forth into the glow of light she found herself face to face with him whose whispered words had once made her heart's sweetest music.

Instead of hastening to meet her he had stood like one in a dream. Theodora understood the pause to mean re- nunciation of the past, and, without glancing at him again, drew her slight figure to its utmost height, and with all of the dignity of her proudest days, swept by him and disappeared up the broad staircase. This was their meeting.

And it was for her sweet sake that Clifford Marsden had thrown off the fatigue of travel, thinking that one pressure of her little hand would bring him rest, even in the midst of the fashionable throng.

But a trifle light as air had separated them. A word of explanation un- derstood, and a well of doubt and mistrust was woven out of materials as impalpable as the mist, yet perhaps as enduring as time itself.

The understanding between them in the old time had not been ratified by an engagement, so they had not corresponded, and Clifford had received but meagre news from home. So he was still to hear of the Lisle's reverses.

After this disastrous ending to the first evening of Theodora's experiment, her life went on shadowed by this new sorrow, but made endurable by a cycle of faithfully performed duties.

It was Sunday. The soft rustle of dresses and the sound of entering feet had ceased. The last note of the organ voluntary was trembling upon the air when a voice of marvellous sweetness took up the strain "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

With one impulse the congregation rose and stood spell bound, while the pure, young voice rendered this wonderful strain.

After the services were ended and the crowd of worshippers emerged into the open air, there were many inquiries as to the identity of the newly-engaged soprano.

One member of the church had no need to inquire. He well knew the voice as one whose rich tones had charmed his heart from his keeping in by-gone days, and each note as it rang out in that sacred place, seemed to re- awaken hope's sweet music in his soul as he resolved to make another effort to break through the barrier that had arisen between Theodora and himself.

He had found out her place of residence, and had called several times without being able to gain admittance. This occurred so many times that he had at last concluded Theodora did not wish to see him, and chose this method of showing her indifference. He had tried to banish her from his thoughts, but in vain.

Since his return poor Theodora had fought a hard battle with her wayward

heart. The mere mention of his name would send the blood tingling through her veins tumultuously. She knew that she loved him, but she had succeeded in keeping her mother and sister in ignorance of her weakness.

One day she was seated at the piano, ostensibly practicing; but the listless manner in which she touched the keys betrayed a mind pre-occupied. She started as Clara entered the room suddenly with a note for her. Its direction was in a familiar hand, which in former days she had often seen on cards attached to baskets of flowers.

Her heart throbbed violently as she broke the seal and read—

"THEODORA—Will you grant me an interview, I—may I learn why I am denied your friendship? If any misunderstanding has arisen between us, it is my duty that I may explain it away. If, on the contrary, you have lost all interest in one whose whole future will be made or marred by his place in your esteem, it is but just to let me know the truth at once. I will call at eleven o'clock to-morrow (Tuesday) morning, and if you do not see me, I shall know the worst, and will spare you the pain of ever again meeting."

CLIFFORD MARSDEN.

If the young lover could have seen the kisses lavished upon his note, he would have been spared the long hours of doubt that intervened between its reception and the time of the appointed interview.

The next morning Theodora was awaiting her lover. As she heard his approaching footsteps the alternate flushing and paling of her face betrayed her emotion.

She arose as Clifford entered. One moment her fingers trembled in his clasp as eye met eye in a long, revealing gaze—the next she was folded to his heart.

"My own darling Theodora!" he murmured.

The tallness of stature, for a few brief, sacred moments, consecrated the room; then mutual explanations, sweet to the long-divided lovers, took place.

After a time Clifford drew Theodora to the piano, saying—

"It was hearing your voice in that glorious anthem which gave me courage to make one more attempt to see you. A voice said to me, 'Theodora, reveal your heart—the next she was folded to his heart."

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Children's Acting.

The passion for dramatic representation is inborn in human beings. The most savage tribes represent in their dances the feats of arms by which they have overcome their enemies, and children's plays are often little more than a representative imitation, with a good deal of make-belief, of the real actions of every-day life. The "dressing up" in which they delight is but a more advanced stage of their play; and no doubt some children, whose imaginations are vivid, are, for the moment, in their own thought, the persons whom they represent.

It is not the acting of children who are being regularly trained for their profession that we now wish to refer to. With them the dramatic instincts have been seized upon and is being developed in order to furnish the means of earning a livelihood. There is a good deal of acting now done by children, who certainly are not destined to appear on the public stage, but whose dramatic instinct is being cultivated for their own amusement and benefit and for the edification of their friends and relations. The question which has been raised in the minds of a good many people is whether this acting by children is a good thing to be encouraged or a bad thing to be put down.

Those who are the friends of the practice dwell for justification of their opinion on the undoubted existence of the desire for and power of making such representations. Further, they insist on the good effect which accurate learning of a part has in strengthening the memory, and they say that when the plays represented have been written by good authors the acquisition of the actual words of an eminent writer is a desirable thing to be encouraged. They also point to the fact that the appearance of children actors in a drawing room is no more a matter of display than the singing of a song or the performance of a piece of music, and no one objects to these being done before company, and they maintain that the results in improved carriage of the body, in increased readiness and presence of mind, and in cultivated power of action in concert with others amply repay all the trouble which the preparation costs.

On the other hand, those who object to allowing children to act seem to fear chiefly the encouragement of self-consciousness and love of display in the children, and further to be afraid of cultivating in them a love of acting which may afterward grow into a passion for theater going, and for all the dissipation which, to some minds, is represented by the word.

We confess that our own leanings are toward the first rather than toward the second of these parties of opinion. We have seen dramatic representations given by the children of a household, and by the pupils of private schools, before audiences of parents and intimate friends, and of these we do not hesitate to say that they were so conducted as to be entirely pleasurable and productive of good. Nothing could have been better than a dance of the kind which is so common in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"; nothing in better taste than some groupings in tableaux, for the arrangement of which an artist had made the designs; nothing more graceful than the delivery of the speeches which the young actors pronounced.

We grant that there are difficulties involved, and that in unwise hands, and with an unwise selection of the author to be rendered, much mischief might accrue. But then the same thing might be said of any other source of amusement—overdone or unwisely done, it had better be left alone. For our part, we think that in neglecting the dramatic powers of children we are casting aside capabilities of amusement—nay, even of education—which ought to be cultivated. The training of faculties called forth in acting would show young persons how high the quality of the most excellent. These are the work they must have passed through the "art of concealing their art." Such training would, we think, have a tendency to produce an appreciation of good art and contempt and dislike for its false imitations.

The Mexicans in San Antonio.

Everywhere about the outskirts of the town are innumerable low huts built of sticks and mud and an old drift roof, with that coming almost to the ground, and presenting an appearance of the most squalor. These are the Mexican jacals. The chimney and its oven are usually in a cone of baked and blackened mud a little removed, and under a rude awning or a tree the whole family is usually to be seen, with mules, donkeys, chickens, and a horde of dogs, among the latter a hideous, hairless animal, promiscuously intermixed. Dogs are largely in the majority of the population in San Antonio, and their baying divides the noise of the night with the cackling that resounds from hives to jacals, from farm to ranch, and rises on the ear in broad surges of sound like the waves of the sea. If you should glance into one of these jacals, you would find an earthen floor cleanly swept, a bed neatly and brightly covered, and a place garnished after its sort; and although the general idea is that it is a nest of filth, to the casual eye it seems clean and orderly, but poor to the last degree of poverty. Yet the Mexican jacal lives on less than any. In the summer the corn and onions and peppers of the garden patch meet his needs; in the winter, even when he owns his bit of land, a spenny soup bone and one sweet potato comprise his usual market. But poor as he may be, his household does not go out to service; his mother wraps her ribs—that remnant of the Spanish mantilla—about her with a grand air; and he himself, although in rags, salutes you on the street with the grave courtesy of a Spanish don. Making exceptions of the proud old Mexican families of lineage and repute, who live in seclusion, it is not possible to feel that these people who are known as

Mexicans have any claim to the name as we use it. They are simply a gentler Indian, accepting a sort of civilization, now and then with a fairer tint, now and then with a wave in the hair that tells of darker blood, and always with a high cheekbone, following them to the tenth generation. The proud Castilian has but small part in them, the gentler Mexican race perhaps the less. One having these two status in his veins—the Spanish, with his honz-zuman, representing the ancient and rightful empire of the continent—ah! well, it would seem, other than these low-browed faces stamped in their dumb and sullen ignorance, whether you see them on the woman squatting on the brick floor of the cat edral, or on the men lounging in the plazas against anything which will uphold them, darker and more sullen for the shadow of their huge sombreros.San Antonio is, in fact, a Spanish town to-day, and the only one where any considerable remnant of Spanish life exists in the United States.—Barber's Weekly.Exportation of Wives. In the early settlement of Virginia, when the adventurers where principally unmarried men, it was deemed necessary to export such women as could be prevailed to quit England, as wives for the planters. A letter accompanying the shipment of matrimonial exiles, dated London, August 12, 1612, illustrative of the manners of the times and the concern then felt for the welfare of the colony and for female virtue. It is as follows: "We send you on the ship one widow and eleven maids, for wives for the people of Virginia; there have been especial care had in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good commendations. In case they cannot be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several house holders that have wives, till they can be provided with husbands. There are nearly fifty more that are shortly to come, and sent by our honorable lord and treasurer, the Earl of Southampton, and certain other worthy gentlemen, who, taking into their consideration that the plantation can never flourish till families be planted, and the respect of wives and children for their people on the soil, therefore have given this fair beginning; for the reimbursing of whose charges it is ordered that every man carrying them give 120 pounds of leaf tobacco for each of them. Though we are desirous that the marriage be free according to the laws of nature, yet we would not have these maids deceived and married to servants; but only to such freemen or tenants as have the means to maintain them. We pray, you, therefore, to be fathers of them in this business, not enforcing them to marry against their wills." Proverbs. Get all the credit you can, but never trust any one. By this process you can speedily acquire a fortune. Always put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, for by that means you will have time to think how to do it, and with the least inconvenience to yourself. Never do a man a favor. You will thereby be being poster with that superiority of false professions of eternal friendship, gratitude, and all that is balderdash. Take care of the cents and dollars will take care of themselves, provided you can get them. Never neglect to pick up a dollar in preference to a cent. Don't pick up either if you can't find them. If you borrow any money never pay it. You can console your conscience by the belief that if the lender had really needed it, you would not have had it; ergo, this money was of no use to him, and if you had not borrowed it, he would have spent it foolishly. The Proclamation of Persons Who Smoke. In a proclamation issued "as to the smoking public," by which we do not understand that it is meant to be intimated that the public is just now in a smoking condition, but merely to confine the address to those persons who use cigars, an association of cigar-makers have made it pretty plain that a good many of the cigars which are sold in the shops are chemically flavored counterfeits, a good many others are unwholesome, and a good many positively nasty. As the buyer and smoker of cigars is left in pleasing uncertainty as to what cigars are properly to be avoided as counterfeits, which are unwholesome and which are nasty, the present appears to be a particularly good time for a general "swearing off." Wise smokers will abandon the use of cigars and adopt the pipe instead, as the Scotch man refused to drink wine, preferring whisky—the more, he said, because there is nothing against it in Scripture. Perhaps still wiser smokers will abandon the habit altogether, as one which is in itself uncleanly and unwholesome. A Curious Case. A curious case as to the rights of the finder of lost property, whose owner is unknown, is reported from Rhode Island. The plaintiff bought an old safe and offered to sell it to the defendant. The defendant would not buy it but agreed to take it and sell it if he could, using it himself in the meantime. While it was thus in his possession, he found a roll of bank bills inside the lining. No one knew to whom they belonged. The defendant therefore concluded to keep them. The plaintiff, upon learning of the discovery of the money, demanded the return of the safe just as when delivered. The defendant returned it, but without the bank bills; whereupon the plaintiff sued for their value as money found. The Supreme Court held that the finder was entitled to retain the property as against the party who put the safe in his hands for sale; and the authorities generally maintain the right of the finder, in this class of cases, as against all persons except the real owner.

Japanese Laws.

The severity of the Japanese laws is shown by the fact that death is the punishment for every offense. In the fate of the offender his family is not unfortunately involved.

Death by decapitation at the hands of the common executioner, or by instant self-murder, is the usual punishment; and having twice two status in his veins—the Spanish, with his honz-zuman, representing the ancient and rightful empire of the continent—ah! well, it would seem, other than these low-browed faces stamped in their dumb and sullen ignorance, whether you see them on the woman squatting on the brick floor of the cat edral, or on the men lounging in the plazas against anything which will uphold them, darker and more sullen for the shadow of their huge sombreros.

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Decline of the Quakers.

Mr. Barclay informs us that there are at present only 17,000 Quakers in England and Wales, while in 1700 they numbered 60,000, and that their greatest losses took place in the period of their greatest moral triumphs. Was Coleridge right, as Maurice seemed to think, in supposing that the life is always of the tree, and only its bark is left? Various causes have been assigned for its decline, such as birthright membership—not an original principle of the system which led to the wholesale admission of nominal members, either careless about religion or hostile to Quaker ideas and traditions; the system of disowning members for slight deviations from "the Unwritten Law" in such trifling matters as dress and language; but, more important still, from marrying outside the Friends; the silent meetings which were very rare in the early history of the sect, and the absence of singing and reading the scriptures in public. It is hard to conceive, indeed, how a christian body can exist without some regular provision for religious teachings; and the fact that one of the greatest secessions from its rank arose out of a persistent refusal to supply a larger religious instruction seems to point to the inevitable extinction of Quakerism at no distant day.

Fleet Street—A Famous London Locality.

Just within the sight of Temple Bar, on the right of the street, is Child's Bank, which deserves notice as the oldest banking-house in England, still kept where Francis Child, an industrious apprentice of Charles I's time, married the rich daughter of his master, William Wheeler, the goldsmith, and founded the great banking family. Here, "at the sign of the Marygold" the quaint old emblem of the expanded flower, with the motto "Ainsi mon ame," which still adorns the banking-office—Charles II. kept his great account and poor Nell Gwynne her small one, so to speak of Prince Rupert, Pepps, Dryden and many others. Several other great banks are in this neighborhood, No. 19 is Gosling's Bank, with the sign of the three squirrels, represented in iron work on the central window, founded in the reign of Charles II. No. 37 is Hoare's Bank, which dates from 1680; the sign of the Golden Bottle over the door represents the flask carried by the founder when he came to London to seek his fortune. Fleet Street retains its old reputation of being occupied by newspaper editors and their offices, and is almost devoted to them. But it also contains many taverns, where lawyers and newspaper writers congregate for luncheon, and which are more frequent here than almost anywhere else in London, and many of these, of great antiquity, are celebrated in the pages of the Rambler and Spectator. It was next door to Child's Bank that the famous "Devil Tavern" stood, with the sign of St. Martin and the Devil, where the Apollo Club had its meetings, guided by poetical rules of Ben Jonson, which began—

"Let none but gods or clippers keep come: Let dances, treads or sordid mites be here: Let merriment, merry men be here: And nothing to the great of the game: More for the great than cost prepare the game."

We hear of Swift dining "at the Devil Tavern with Dr. Garth and Addison," when "Garth treated," and at Dr. Johnson presiding here at a supper party in honor of the publication of Mrs. Lennox's first book. In Shire Lane was the "Kit-Kat Club," (which first met in Westminster at the house of a pastry-cook called Christopher Cat), where the youth of Queen Anne's reign were wont to meet and drink away the night.

Thither it was that Steele and Addison brought Hoadley, Bishop of Bangor, on the anniversary of William III., and thence, as Steele dropped drunk and the table, the scandalized Bishop stole away home to bed, but was propitiated in the morning by the lines—

"Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits, All faults he pardons, though he some commits."

The members of this club all had their portraits painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller for Jacob Tonson, their Secretary, and the half size then chosen by the artist has always since caused the term "Kit-Kat" to be applied to that form of portrait. The pictures painted here by Kneller are now at Bayfordbury in Hertfordshire. Hard by, also in Shire Lane, was the tavern—the "Bible Tavern"—which was inappropriately changed by Jack Sheppard for many of his orgies, because it was possessed of a trap-door, through which, in case of

St. Petersburg.

On a first view of St. Petersburg a stranger, looking upon the imposing edifices and wide streets, asks where all the poor people live. He will find them in the cellars or in wretched buildings on the outskirts. It is a city of palaces, and stands on several islands, carved out by streams that diverge from the river Neva and by artificial canals. Bridges are therefore numerous, spanning these streams in every direction. The site of St. Petersburg was originally swampy, but its founder, Peter the Great, in the beginning of the last century, seeing the commercial and political advantages of the location, ordered piles to be driven for the stone foundations of buildings. The country around is flat and the soil is sandy.

St. Petersburg is in latitude 50 degrees, 56 minutes. At the same altitude on the American continent snow is almost perpetual, but at St. Petersburg the warm or mild days of the year average 194. The thermometer during July and the beginning of August often rises eighty degrees above zero, and sometimes ninety degrees. In winter it sometimes falls thirty or forty degrees below zero, averaging about twelve degrees below. Preparations for winter, by means of double doors and windows, are made toward the end of September, although the double doors and windows are only casually needed before November. The gigantic stoves of stone or brick, coated with porcelain, and rising in various architectural devices nearly to the ceiling, are also put in order in September. Fuel is cheap, and the dwellings have an internal temperature of summer. Great care is taken in regard to winter clothing and the air being clean and bracing, colds are almost unknown. Consumption of a serofulous nature is, however, common.

Snow usually falls in the latter part of October or early in November, and sometimes as late as the first week in May. The Neva and its branches are usually frozen before the middle of November, and the ice breaks up about the middle of April. At this there is a ceremony. The commandant of the fortress, having in state across the river, under salvoes of artillery, visits the Emperor in his palace, and gives him a cup of its water in token of restored navigation. The ice disappears by the beginning of May, and the vegetation becomes rapid. During June and July the days are very long, and the sun is only a short time below the horizon. Those who can afford to, betake themselves to the island and villages of the suburbs.

A feature of St. Petersburg is the equestrian statue of Peter the Great, erected in 1782. The horse, having rushed up a steep rock, is rearing at its precipitous brink, with its fore feet in the air. His height is seventeen feet, and that of the Emperor eleven feet. Falconet, the artist, told the Empress Catherine that he could not properly model a horse and its rider in that position without seeing models. General Melissino, a bold and expert rider, then offered to ride a horse up a steep mound prepared for the purpose. He did so, and accustomed the horse to halt at the brink and paw the air. After the horse became trained the General rode up the mound repeatedly for the study of the artist.

The Winter Palace, when occupied by the Emperor, contains 6,000 persons, in different ways connected with either his court or his household. The interior is filled with pictures and rare ornaments. Connected with the palace is the Hermitage, built by Catherine II., which contains picture galleries, a museum of arms, statuary and curiosities, and a large theatre.

The principal street is the Nevski Prospekt, four miles long and one hundred and fifty feet broad. In it is the cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan, richly adorned in the interior with church and silver gema. Another great church is similarly domed. The gold bazaar, with its 10,000 merchants, is also in this thoroughfare; also the military headquarters, the palace of the Archduke Michael, that of the metropolitan or head of the Greek Church, and the convent and church of St. Alexander Nevskoi, the latter of which contains a sarcophagus of pure silver, in which the body of the saint is preserved. In the cathedral is the burial place of Peter and St. Paul, with a tall slender, richly gilt spire, 298 feet high, which towers above its surroundings and is seen from every part of the city. It contains the Russian monarchs since Peter the Great inclusive. The population of St. Petersburg is about 750,000.

In Peter's museum in the Academy of Sciences is the effigy of Peter the Great in wax, habited in a court dress that was worn by him and shoes made by his own hands. The wig is from his own dark hair, clipped after his death. His eyes were black and his stature about six feet three, according to a rod shown, which is said to have been exactly of his height. The stuffed skin of his horse, ridden by him at the battle of Poltava, is also exhibited.

Why Flowers Have Different Hours for Blooming.

Sir John Lubbock alludes to the fact that at certain particular hours flowers close. The reason for it, however, is obvious, for flowers which are fertilized by moths and other night-flying insects would derive no advantage by being open by day, and on the other hand, those fertilized by bees would gain nothing by being open at night. The closing of flowers, he believes, has reference to the habits of insects, and it may be confessed that the opening and closing of flowers is gradual and that the hours vary greatly according to circumstances.

All habits grow by unseen degrees.