Companions.

Smile farewell to Sorrow;
Give to Joy good-morrow,
And charge him to continue
His quiet reign within you.

Smile farewell to Gladness;
Take the hand of Sadness,
And wistfully beseech her
To be your tender teacher.

So shall both befriend you,
And to the grave attend you;
There Sorrow from you sever;
Joy go with you ever.

DROLLERIES IN REASONING.

When railways were projected about half a century ago, all sorts of whimsical reasons were given why they should not be tolerated. They would seriously lessen the number of horses; the noise made by the trains would so greatly terrify sheep and cattle in the adjacent fields as to lessen the breeding of these animals and enhance the price of butcher-meat; they would ruin small towns; country gentlemen would have their peace awfully invaded, and their estates would be next to worthless. We remember all these and many other absurdities being uttered. How the fears apprehended by small-minded persons have been signally falsified! Horses are more in demand and dearer than ever. Sheep and cattle have learned to pay little or no attention to passing trains. Small towns are everywhere growing and becoming prosperous. Country gentlemen—who once did all in their power—sometimes in a shabby way—to prevent railways coming near their properties, are now glad to have them in their neighbourhood, and have become quite alive to their value in raising the rent of land.

It is amusing to recollect that the learned authorities of Eton went the length of instructing Sergeant Merewether to oppose the passage of the Great Western Railway bill, on the ground that if the railroads were made, the Thames would be choked up for want of traffic, the drainage of the country through which it passed would be destroyed, and Windsor Castle itself left unsupplied with water; while London would pour forth its most abandoned inhabitants to pollute the innocent minds of the Etonians, and the boys would run up to town in play-hours to mix in all its dissipations, returning before their absence was discovered. The bill only passed by its promoters inserting a clause providing that no station should be built near Eton, and that men should be specially detailed to warn the schoolboys off the line. Even so lately as 1871 a Frenchman petitioned the Corps Legislatif to refuse its sanction to the construction of any more railways, because the smoke from the engines killed the roses and neutralized the perfume of the acacia and the jasmine.

Paltry fears, real or pretended, concerning progressive improvements have been demonstrated, we suppose, since the beginning of time. In all ages there are certain weak, captious-minded individuals, eccentric in their notions, who seem to take a pleasure in differing from everybody else, and in opposing everything, no matter how advantageous it is likely to be to society. The opposition to railways was matched by the opposition to the use of carriages a hundred years earlier. The luxurious indulgence of keeping a coach was inveighed against as being destructive of good housekeeping and conducive of all manner of evil; and especially to be reprobated by reason of the new vehicles shattering the casements of the house they lumbered by, and making such a confused noise that dwellers therein could neither sleep, speak, hear, write, nor eat their meals in comfort; to say nothing of their propensity for toppling their occupants down hill and over the bridges, breaking arms and legs, and running over the old, the young, and the crippled. The appearance of stage-coaches on the king's highway caused tradesmen and inn-keepers to unite in petitioning the Crown to put down the monstrous innovation, on the plea that the new mode of travelling would lower the value of farm produce; and, alarmed by there being as many as half a dozen stage-coaches on the road in 1762, John Crossett of the Charter-house insisted upon their summary suppression, arguing that they caused gentlemen to visit London upon every small occasion; nay, the convenience of the passage often made their wives come to town—who, rather than dare such a journey on horseback, would stay at home, instead of rushing to the capital, where they must don fine clothes, go to plays, and get such a habit of idling, and such a love of pleasure as to make them uneasy ever after.

In all the juries we happen to have been upon, one or two persons have taken a pleasure in seeing things quite differently from the others, and been a great plague in arriving at a unanimous verdict. Such cross-grained individuals usually hit upon some small point on which they say they are not clear, and appear to be really incapable of judging from the leading and really important facts in the evidence. People of this obstinately eccentric nature are often seen to explain events by far-fetched causes, instead of by the plainest deductions of commonsense. We once heard a crotchety individual observe that there had been no good weather since the passing of the Reform Bill. That measure finished the good old English weather. Just as wisely did the journalists of Vera Cruz lay the rising of the red men to the account of the government for permitting freemasons and spiritualists to live in the state. But reasoners of this sort are common everywhere. The fetish priests of the Gold Coast looked upon the small-pox as the outcome of the people persisting in cracking palm-nuts in order to extract oil from the kernels, as some folks in England believed the cholera was invited there by the issue of the so-called godless florins; and the old Scotswoman insisted that the grouse disease was heaven's retribution on the lairds for letting their moors to the Southrons.

An inconsequent reason has the advantage of being unanswerable. The lady who preferred sculpture to painting because it took a better polish; the old captain, who was content of experiencing nasty weather because one of his male passengers parted his hair in the middle; and the stage-carpenter who declared they might talk of Henderson, Kemble, and Kean, but give him Bannister as Hamlet, "he was always done twenty minutes sooner than any one of 'em," as effectually precluded contradiction as the Detroit, butterman, who, upon a fair customer inquiring how he could have the conscience to charge her thirty-two cents a pound for butter, replied: "Well, ma'am, you see the grocers can't carry much of a reserve, and we can't turn our collaterals at a sacrifice. If the government calls in the bonds this year, and the imports of bullion tend to ease the money-market, butter must find its level, like everything else. It is very panicky just now, but I think the worst is over." The lady was satisfied. That is more than could be said of Captain Speke, whose complaint that his servants were charged more for tobacco than any one else, was met by Sheik Said with the remark that his friend was a big man, and therefore ought to pay a big price.

The Sheik thought the compliment would make amends for the robbery, as did Captain Burnaby's Osman in a similar predicament. Reproached for charging his master shillings for what he had paid pence, the artful rogue said: "The Effendi's horses are not like other horses; they eat more and work more. We, and he too, like large chickens. The Effendi is rich and he pays; he is big and he eats a great deal. I give the people what they ask; it would not do for me to be mean with my lord's money!" Upbraided respecting the consumption of sugar, Osman replied: "Effendi, I like tea, I like sugar; but what I like most is to hear my lord's liberality praised. Whenever I am drinking tea, and the village people see me putting much sugar in my glass, they honour me; in this manner they honour my lord." Your Eastern Christian is not easily disconcerted. "How is it," asked Mr. Kinglake of his servant—"how is it that you, a Christian, lie to me, ane rob me on every occasion, while my Turkish servants neither lie nor steal?" "It is probably because their religion does not permit them those advantages," was the prompt reply of the unabashed rascal.

Men, and women too for that matter, never want for reasons, more or less excellent, for perpetrating matrimony when they have a mind that way. But of all reasons ever given for entering the holy state, the oddest is that given by "A Sufferer," who thus airs his particular grievance in the columns of a country paper. "My first wife," says he, "was a worthy member of the Church of England; she died, and was buried in the consecrated portion of our public cemetery. My equally worthy second wife was a Roman Catholic; and of course I laid her remains in the Roman Catholic portion. I am neither a Churchman nor a Romanist, yet I would like to lie in the grave with my first or second wife; but our local authorities say no, unless I agree to the religious ceremony. Must I buy a third grave, and lie buried alone in a cemetery where I have already purchased two graves, and in which are my two deceased wives? I would be thankful for a silent burial in either of my wives' graves. If there is no relief I must marry a Dissenter, and then in our deaths we shall not be divided." This worthy, who so strongly objects to lying alone, makes sure apparently of surviving his third venture, and would scout the possibility of the lady perversely frustrating his pretty plan, by burying him instead, and electing to share the grave with her second choice.

An Irish member opposed the Peace Preservation Act of 1875, on the ground that it encouraged murder, by granting compensation to the relatives of the murdered man. Not much better at argument was the Scotch gentleman advocating the abolition of marriage by banns because the practice prevented people marrying, and proved his case by telling of a couple dispensing with all ceremony because the man could not raise sufficient cash to pay the fees any give the usual entertainment. That the impecunious pair might have foregone the usual entertainment instead of the marriage ceremony seems not to have entered his head. He proved too much; like the Brooklyn boy who inveigled another to go fishing, and then sent a letter to the schoolmistress a-coming from the truant's mother, running: "Miss Day. Pleas excuse Sam as he has a stummick cake, thought I would keep him home to mind his little sister who is awful sick with the kolera infanticide, and he has to taik her to the dokter to be vaxinated, besides i don't feel well myself, i hardly kno what ails me 'cept it's worrit about Sam who sais ha has a awful pauc."

When the good people of Slickville proposed to raise their minister's salary, the honest man would not listen to the proposition, saying: "First, you can't afford it, nohow you can fix it, and I know it. Secondly, I aint worth it, and you know it. Thirdly, I am nearly tired to death collecting my present income; and if I have to dun the same way for that, it will kill me"—silencing his would-be benefactors as effectually as the Icelander silenced an inquisitive traveller, who, not satisfied with the information that there were no carriages because there were no roads, asked why they had no roads. "Because," replied the badgered man, "we have no carriages." The Icelander would have held his own with the lady clerks of the Treasury at Washington, whom General Spinner declared to be ten times as acute in detecting bad notes as the male clerks. "A man," said he, "always has a reason, forty maybe, for pronouncing a note bad, and is wrong half the time. A woman is always right, but never has a reason for it. She says it is counterfeit because it is counterfeit; and couldn't tell how she knows it if she were to be hanged for it."

Suggestions about Serving Dinner.

The table should be carefully laid,—folds of the table-cloth in line, two large napkins placed at the head and foot of the table with corners to the centre, every plate wiped before being set upon the table, the glass clear, the silver polished, the salt-cellars filled with fresh-sifted salt. (A little stamp upon the salt improves the appearance.) When the plates are laid, two forks should be put on the left hand, a knife and a soup-spoon on the right, large spoons crossed at each salt-cellar, and salt-spoons on the top; tumblers and wine-glasses on the right hand at each plate, a napkin folded with a piece of stale bread within its folds, the soup-plates placed in the plate at the head of the table, and the napkin in the upper one. Soup-ladle, gravy-spoon, and carving-knife and fork go before the mistress; fish-trowel (if there is fish for dinner), gravy-spoon, and carving-knife and fork before the master; if there is no soup, no ladle; if no fish, no trowel; if but one dish of meat, but one carving knife and fork. If you have neither fruit nor flowers, a bowl with bits of ice makes a pretty centre.

The side-table should be laid with a white cloth, the silver, plates, finger-bowls, that will be needed during dinner, arranged tastefully upon it; the castors, a pat of butter with ice upon it, and one or two spare napkins, making it a pretty object.

When the soup is on the table, let the waitress come quietly and say, "Dinner is served." A good waitress makes no noise. She will stand at the dining-room door till the family has passed in, and then take her place by her mistress to hand the soup. When the soup course is over, the waitress takes off the plates, one in each hand, and takes them to the pantry, or to a tray outside the door. Permit no piling of plates as they are taken from the table, nor allow the soiled plates to be placed on the side-table. As the soup is removed hot plates should be ready for fish or meat, and as the waitress places the hot plate before the diner, she removes the cold plate to the side-table. Fish should be served alone, no vegetables. Salad is the only thing allowable with fish. If fish be broiled, a lemon, cut in quarters, should be handed, to be squeezed upon the fish, unless fish-sauce is preferred. With salmon, thinly cut slices of cucumber, dressed with pepper, salt, and vinegar, should be served. Before the fish is removed, the fish-trowel and spoon should be taken off on a tray or plate; before the meat is removed the carving knife and fork should be carefully taken off on a plate or tray. After the meat and plates are removed, the unused silver should be taken off, then the salt-cellars. The table being cleared, the crumbs should be taken off with a crumb-knife or with a napkin upon a plate; then the spread napkins should be taken off by the four corners.

Place upon the table the dessert-plates, and spoons, and forks, if for pudding or sweets of any kind; if for fruit, a plate with a coloured doily, a finger-bowl, and a silver knife and fork. If coffee is served, it should be placed on a tray, with coffee-cups and sugar, at the head of the table. The old fashion of a polished and bare table for fruit is gone out, except where an elaborate table and men-servants are kept.

A Beauty-Preserving Tea.

(From the London Globe.)

The cup that cheers but not inebriates is threatened with a rival possessing properties which must render it first favourite among the fair sex. The produce of the *Ilex Paraguayensis*, mate, or Paraguay tea, has often been suggested as a substitute for the more orthodox infusion of the leaves of the thea, or tea-plant, but this would stand no chance in competition with the new candidate for public favour. Paris it is said, has just awoke to the virtues, of "a new kind of tea," called Serkys tea, "which has the virtue of preserving the brilliancy and beauty of early youth up to the ripest age;" it is composed "of exquisitely refreshing and balsamic plants"—the leaves of the plants are probably intended—"growing on the foot of the mountains of Mecca and Libanus." The beverage in question claims an antiquity greater than that of the modern tea whose name it borrows. It is said to have been discovered in the time of Osman I., who introduced it to the ladies of his seraglio, and it has ever since remained the favourite beverage of the Sultanas. In outward application its effects are as marvellous as when taken internally, and the leaves stewed down after infusion, if thrown into the bath, will contribute to preserve the freshness of the complexion in a manner which Mme. Rachel's preparations could never equal. Serkys, whatever it may be, will no doubt become the rage in Paris, where its virtues are, we are told, devoutly believed in. There is only one little difficulty in the matter, and that is that the wonderful properties of the drink should ever have been forgotten when once known, as Serkys is said to have been familiar to the ladies of the French court. "In France it was known during the reign of Louis XIV., and perhaps it was owing to this preparation that all the women of that period were young and beautiful!"

A Mysterious Countess.

The gossips of "society journals" are very busy about "who is she?" in the case of the countess of Lichtenstein, who died in Borsthale, in Styria, on the 28th of last month, and who was so long the admired of Holland House and its guests as Miss Fox. She was really the daughter of a French nobleman of very ancient name, whose wife, her mother, died at her birth, and Lord and Lady Holland adopted her, stipulating that she should take the family name of Fox. This was, of course, fully explained to Queen Victoria and the Austrian court before she was received, and to Cardinal Manning, who married her, Earl Granville giving her away, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, and nearly all of the royal family, being present. The Prince Lichtenstein, who was attached to the Austrian legation, met her at the garden parties at Holland House. She has left three children.

"Somebody's Coming When the Dewdrops Fall," is said to be a very beautiful song. "Somebody's Coming When the Note Falls Due," is not so enchanting.

"Do you know 'When the swallows homeward fly?'" asked a young man of his "inamorata," as he leaned over the pianoforte. "Of course I do," she replied, in a voice as far apart as the teeth of a barber's comb. "They fly home when they want their grub." And then she began to sing, "Would I were a bi-r-d."

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

Value of Manure.

A cord of average manure, as shovelled from the barn cellar, weighs somewhat over four tons. The average of eighty-six reports of premium crops, as given in the *Agriculture of Massachusetts*, shows twenty-eight loads or seven cords, or probably twenty-eight tons, of dung, applied in order to obtain the average estimated crop of eighty-one bushels of shelled corn. This would indicate a value for the manure, as applied by these farmers, of about three bushels of corn to the ton, or less, if calculated as it should be, on the increase, instead of on the crop gained from the natural fertility of the land *and* the dung.

Is this correct? It is certainly claimed that this method of calculation is proper, and that there are two values to dung, the one chemical and the other agricultural. Thus a ton of manure produces one bushel of increase in wheat, etc.

For our own part, we don't believe that we can assign to manures any value which we can define as agricultural as distinct from chemical. Give a sample of fertilizer to twenty chemists, and they will agree upon its chemical value. Give fertilizer to twenty farmers, and no two will value it alike. One may call it worthless, and no two will assign the same crop-product on to its use. We might as well come to the conclusion at once that the agricultural value of a fertilizer depends upon who uses it,—on the land, on the crop, and on the judgment of the user. Give a ton of superphosphate to this man to grow corn, and let him use it on land unfitted for corn, and the fertilizer is condemned. Give it to that man who applies it to corn land, and it is pronounced good. A hundred weight of fertilizer or dung applied to one field may produce double the crop of another field upon which one hundred pounds of the same fertilizer has been strewn.

The only true basis for testing fertilizers is the chemical one; but this valuation of the chemists must be correctly interpreted. It is not sufficient to know how much nitrogen is in a sample, but also how this nitrogen occurs, and how it is mixed with other elements of fertility, etc., etc., and so for the other elements. Do we ignore field trials? By no means. It is only through field trials that we can learn the action of fertilizers; but to accomplish this, the trials must be made by men who are willing to devote study to their interpretation.

Have manures and fertilizers an agricultural value? Certainly they have. But what is it? Only the chemist, who interprets the influence of constituents and combinations, and the other conditions termed physical and physiological, can give it; and then when this chemist arises and gains enduring fame by giving it in its completeness, no two farmers can obtain the same value, nor the exact value that he assigns. Do not call our words contradictory, for, remember, the man who rules the conditions of his farming the best prevails over another who rules not at all; and further reflect that the MAN is indeed a prime necessity for the successful farm, and not merely the labourer, nor the dung, nor any other one factor can organize the highest success.

Bone Dust and Super-Phosphates.

Very little progress has yet been made in Canada, in the use of bones and various fertilizers made from them. This is much to be regretted, as the advantage from their use can hardly be over-estimated.

It is now about sixty years since ground bones were first used by farmers in England as a manure. On the first introduction of this powerful agent the modes of preparing them for the soil were rude in the extreme. They were principally broken by hand with sledge-hammers, and applied in large quantities to the land. Subsequently, however, mills were erected and the bones ground and a much finer powder obtained. In this state bone dust was used at the rate of about eighteen bushels to the acre. It remained, however, to Baron Liebig to discover the now popular method of preparing them by dissolving them in sulphuric acid; and it is found by actual experiment that one bushel of bones treated with one-third its weight of acid is fully equal to four bushels of the dust. Nor is this the only advantage gained. Turnips, for which these dissolved bones are chiefly used, reach the growth to which they obtain, when thinned, from fifteen to twenty days sooner than when either simple bone dust or bara-yard manure is employed, thus defeating the ravages of that terrible pest so ruinous to this crop, the turnip beetle. Super-phosphate is eminently the manure for this climate, and especially for this crop, because, although guano is found to be equally good in humid or moist climates, it does not act near so quickly during dry weather.

Applying Super-phosphates.

EDS. COUNTRY GENTLEMAN—On page 775 there is an account of some experiments with fertilizers by T. Sharpless. The result was quite different from those in my experience. I have used super-phosphate for several years to grow my corn crop on sod and have never failed to get pay for the fertilizer and all cost of application, in the increased crop, and many times I get quite a profit. It has sometimes increased my crop 33 per cent. I think the reason Mr. Sharpless received so little benefit was the result of his method in applying the fertilzer. In order to receive the most benefit to the first crop, all fertilizers, whether special or farm manures, should be applied on grass lands, as early as September the fall previous; or if not a that time it should be applied on the surface after the land is ploughed. I believe, as John Johnston long ago said, "that a rich sod contains all the elements for a good crop of corn." Some years on sod land the young corn requires stimulating a little until its roots get hold of the sod, and super-phosphate, if applied in the hill, will do this. It generally puts the crop two weeks ahead early in the season, which is very important in this section. I always apply super-phosphate in the hill on sod land at the rate of 250 or 300 lbs. per acre—never more than the above amount—and it has never failed to pay well. On old land the result has not been as favourable. As a general rule, I am in favour of surface application of all fertilizers. HENRY LANE, *Addison County, Vt.*

Bone Dust.

An intelligent English farmer, writing to the *Mark Lane Express*, states his experience with bone dust and super-phosphate made from bones. He believes bone to be the "cream of the cream" as manure. On pastures land, in Cheshire, where he lived seven years, he found it indispensable. In Wiltshire he found it developed the best grasses and produced a superior herbage; it produced the best roots, and on the wheat crop, in the shape of super-phosphate, it secured a good stand. He used $2,500 worth of it, and believes it to be the best worth a farmer's attention of any outside manure. He found on clay lands impregnated with oxide of iron that until the land had been limed the bone had no effect, but so soon as lime was applied bone was used with success. Finally on experimenting with it on sandy soil he found it perfectly useless, and even in quantities of 700 lbs. per acre applied to old pastures or young grass lands it had no perceptible effect during many years.

——In the statement of experiments with phosphates by Mr. T. Sharpless, he says he sowed it upon the sod and ploughed it under six inches deep. It is a wonder that it had as much effect as it did. It should have been applied upon the surface after ploughing, or as near the seed as practicable and not prevent germination. What would be the result if just food enough was given to a young animal to preserve its existence and cause a feeble growth until it had reached sufficient age to forage for itself? An irreparable injury would be the result. The same principle applies to plants. The first stages of their existence are the most important ones, and if they ever need any extra food, that is the time.

There are thousands of tons used in Western New York. It is destined to come into general use in this section and add greatly to the wealth of farmers. It is important that it be rightly applied, and should not be condemned when not applied properly. For the small grains it gives the best results when drilled with the seed by means of a fertilizer attachment to the drill. Where corn is drilled with one of these drills, the fertilizer may be drilled at the same time, but all the tubes should be allowed to discharge; or at least one on each side of the row of corn, which should be at least forty inches apart. Where corn is planted in hills it may be applied where the hills are to be, and around them, or may be applied upon the surface of the hills soon after planting, but in either case another portion should be sown broadcast upon the surface, as the roots of corn soon extend beyond that applied to the hills. For grapes the soil should be ploughed and turned from the roots early in the spring, then sow the fertilizer broadcast at the rate of 400 or 600 lbs. per acre. J. M.

Penn Yan, N. Y.

THE employment of Artificial Manures for promoting the growth of our crops has become such an established practice, that their assistance is now justly regarded as essential to remunerative farming. The more frequent growth of similar crops upon the same land, whilst it has proved to be profitable to the farmer, has demanded from the soil a greater supply of fertilizing matter than it is capable of yielding, even with the assistance of any ordinary supply of Farm Yard Manure. This change of system has also been accompanied by strong practical evidence that abundant crops are alone profitable to the producer. In this way we have an increased demand upon land—a demand which it cannot meet without artificial help—and the result has been to establish the employment of Artificial Manures as a necessary part of the practice of every good farmer. It has yet to achieve its triumph; many stages before it exerts full influence upon the prosperity of Agriculture.

EVERY farmer should look upon his farm as a bank; every crop he takes off it is a draft upon the strength and fertility of the soil, and must be returned to it in properly prepared Manure, containing those elements of vegetable life which the crops abstracted therefrom, otherwise the land will degenerate in quality and value. Few farmers produce sufficient farm-yard manure to keep up the condition of their land, hence the necessity of some other stimulant. In growing our crops we find that the substances most likely to be exhausted from the soil, are Phosphate of Lime, Potash and Ammonia. This led to a demand for a fertilizer containing these substances in a concentrated, quick and effective state. To meet this demand Artificial Manures possessing these properties have arisen; they, unlike farm-yard manure, carry no weed seed to the soil, and the value of them has been amply verified during many years of experience in Europe, and the Southern and Eastern States, in rapidly restoring worn out lands to fertility, enriching poor soils, creating abundant crops, and improving farming generally.

Women's Commercial Honour.*

(From the Chicago Times.)

Not long ago, in a neighbouring city, one of the belles of society accepted the matrimonial proposition of a worthy young gentleman, and was asked by him to name the happy day. She consulted her parents—who had previously given their consent to the match—and a family council was held. The decision reached was curious, as well as characteristic of our century and age. The father and mother agreed that the social position of their daughter required a grand wedding. The father, however, announced that misfortunes in business had brought him to the verge of bankruptcy; that he was, in fact, preparing to make an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. To this the mother replied that the grand wedding being of primary importance, it must of course take precedence of the assignment for pecuniary reasons easily understood. And it was so ordered. The marriage occurred amid a blaze of glory, duly chronicled in the newspapers, and a few days afterward Mr. Smith's paper went to protest, and his creditors took possession of his limited assets.

Not long ago, considerably nearer home, a fond husband informed his loving wife that his financial affairs were in that condition which indicates a speedy and disastrous collapse. The wife said little, but thought much. She result of her meditations was that the next day she went down town and bought a sealskin sacque and a set of diamonds. She told a female neighbour, who knew of the impending calamity, that the sacque and diamonds "would last her a lifetime; that if she did not get them now she never would, and so she got them." The collapse came in due season, and it is hardly necessary to remark that the sacque and jeweller are whistling for their money.

These two incidents are true. They are only two out of the many, equally true, that we could find their way into the uncongenial and unwelcome atmosphere of print. They illustrate a rascally tendency which is doing more to unsettle the foundations of commercial confidence and destroy commercial honesty than any other we know of. They indicate, indeed, that in some quarters of "the very highest respectability," commercial honour and honesty are already dead and buried. Taken in connection with the familiar process known as "breaking with a full pocket," they show that paying one's debts and buying nothing you do not expect to pay for, are becoming exceedingly unfashionable. Our fathers—and a good many of their sons hold the same views, we are glad to say—considered that a man who would not strain every nerve and make every sacrifice to pay his honest debts was little better than a scoundrel; and that the man or woman who bought anything without expecting to pay for it was little better than a thief. Yet, one can scarcely cross the streets of a great city without being splashed with mud from the carriage-wheels of elegant bankrupts, who ride, while the people they owe are obliged to walk. Persons live in fine houses, wear fine clothes, and give fine entertainments, who, if out of debt, would be as poor as the poorest of their creditors. Fashionable society encourages and patronizes this fashionable rascality. The one sin which fashionable society will never forgive is poverty—even though that poverty is the result of unflinching honesty. A prominent Boston merchant—an ex-governor of Massachusetts—has hanging in his counting-room a photographic portrait, under which is written, "An Honest Man." The Honest man thus honoured had simply paid his debts in full, after having been compelled to compromise them at a heavy discount. The ex-governor insisted that the hero of such a remarkable deed should have his picture taken. So taken it was, and there it hangs—a sad commentary upon the rarity of that old-time virtue, honesty.

What is Russia?

Who and what is Russia? Not the name of a complex and multiform society of intricate configuration, such as is our own; but a vast mass, comparatively inorganic, still nationally young and simple in its forms of life. We may regard Russia, for the present purpose, as including three elements, three forces only. First, the Emperor; secondly, the people; thirdly, the official, aristocratic, and military class, which last may be said to make up there what, both there and here, passes under the name of "Society." Of these three factors, distinct estimates have to be formed. The present Emperor of Russia has, during a reign now approaching a quarter of a century, given ample evidence of a just and philanthropic mind. No greater triumph of peaceful legislation is anywhere recorded than the emancipation of the Russian serfs, which he has effected. It is true that he gave to England assurances about Khiva, which he has been unable to fulfil. But the military measures taken against the Khan apparently had in view the real necessities of peace and order in that region, from which plunder and kidnapping had to be expelled. There is little in their accompaniments, either of profit or of power, which would warrant the imputation of an unworthy motive. It is more just to ascribe the Emperor's original promise of entire abstention to an honourable anxiety for the friendship of England, and as an over-sanguine expectation, than to denounce as an act of bad faith a resort to force which has every appearance of reason and justice. In the great matter of the war with Turkey, I avow my belief that the Emperor was prompted by motives of humanity, which drew additional force from the special sympathies of race and of religion. Justice seems to require a similar admission in regard to the Russian people. They are a peaceful and submissive race, whose courage in the field is that of a determined and unscalculating obedience. Domestic in their habits, rural in their pursuits, and fighting the battle of ordinary life under hard conditions, they are little open to the evil influences of what is here termed Jingoism; the conscription has for them no charms; and war summons them to little else than privation.

A SUM of $140,000, consisting of remittances to Europe from merchants in Mexico, has been captured by fifteen brigands on the railroad between Puebla and Vera Cruz. About a dozen brigands took third class tickets, seated themselves in a carriage next the baggage car, and about half an hour after starting severed all the cars behind them. Leaving these on the track, they forced the engineer to continue at full speed up to a point where twenty-five armed men on horseback ordered a halt, whereupon the whole party carried off the money on mules, killing the conductor and seriously wounding an inspector of the line.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Two Kisses.

When I made a visit home,
And stole up-stairs, good fortune leading,
I saw, or rather thought I saw,
My sister in the study reading.

With noiseless tread I forward crept,
With scheme of mischief most imprudent;
And leaning o'er the arm-chair's back,
I softly kissed the gentle student.

She turned to fly with burning face,
As if a brother's kiss polluted—
Rapture! 'Twas not my sister Lu,
But Cousin Amy I'd saluted.

Of course I then began to beg
She wou'd excuse my having kissed her,
Protesting that, upon my word,
I really thought it was my sister.

A conversation followed next,
Whose theme, be sure, was not the weather;
And then a very blissful pair
Seated—well, rather close together.

And Amy with her roguish way,
When for the second time I kissed her,
Said, archly looking up to me,
"Are you quite sure it's not your sister?"

Little Nicholas; And How He Became a Great Musician.

Nicholas Paganini was born at Genoa, Italy, February 18 1784. When he was only four years old his father put a violin into his tiny hands, and made him practice upon it from morning till night. Sitting at his parent's feet on a little stool, Paganini obediently scraped away, learning his scales and intervals. He entered into the work cheerfully, and took great interest in his studies, but this did not lessen his father's rigor. The slightest fault was punished severely. Sometimes food was denied the little fellow in punishment for a mistake which any learner might have made. The delicate, sensitive constitution of the child was injured beyond repair by such treatment.

His mother, also ambitious for her son, worked upon his imagination and excited him to ever-renewed exertions by telling him that an angel had appeared to her in a vision, and had assured her that he should outstrip all competition as a performer on the violin.

Even at this early age the bent of Paganini's mind was toward the marvellous and extraordinary,—that is, he did not merely imitate those who before his time had played the violin, but struck out new ways for himself, making his instrument a greater puzzle to the unlearned than ever it had been before; and he astonished his parents and received their hearty plaudits when, in departing from the common methods, he produced entirely new effects. His musical instincts seemed to have been only sharpened and strengthened by the close application imposed upon him.

At eight years of age the little Nicholas performed in the churches, and at private musical parties, "upon a violin that looked nearly as large as himself." He also composed, at this time, his first "Violin Sonato." A year afterward he made what was considered his first public appearance, or *debut*, in the great theatre of Genoa, at the request of two noted singers—Marchesi and Albertinotti.

Paganini's father took him, about this time, to see the celebrated composer, Rolla, who lived at Parma, hoping to obtain for the boy the benefit of Rolla's instruction in a little while. But the composer was sick, and could not see his visitors. The room in which they were seated was next to the sick man's bed-chamber, and it so happened that he had left his violin there, together with the copy of a new work he had just finished. Little Nicholas, at his father's request, took up the violin to see what the music was like. He began at the beginning and executed the entire work at sight without a single mistake, and so well that the sick composer arose from his bed to see who the boy was that mastered had given him so agreeable a surprise. Rolla, on hearing the object of their visit, assured the father that he could do nothing to the young artist's acquirements, and recommended other noted teachers.

Nicholas and his father then went about the country through the principal cities of Lombardy, after which they returned to Genoa, where the youthful performer was again subjected to those daily toils which had been forced upon him before with such heartless rigor; but this bondage was not to be prolonged.

At fourteen he was allowed to go on a short tour with an elder brother, and at fifteen he ran away and began to travel on his own account. Relieved from the control of his too-exacting father, his mind reacted from its long slavery, and he fell into bad ways of living. But after a while his affection for his father led him to return home. Having saved a sum of money equal to about fifteen hundred dollars, he now offered a portion of it to his parents. But his exacting father demanded the whole, and Paganini, to keep peace, gave up the greater part of the hard-earned money.

The young man now began another tour, visiting many parts of Italy, and everywhere meeting with unbounded success. But I am very sorry to say that he allowed his great popularity to turn his head, so that he became very arrogant, he drinking, and, in various ways, led an unworthy life.

There are four strings on a violin, as everyone knows, and ordinary players find it necessary to use them all; but Paganini astonished the world by his performances on only one string,—the fourth, or largest. Upon this he could produce three perfect octaves, including all the harmonic sounds, and from it he brought forth the sweetest melodies.

After travelling through many countries, creating the greatest wonder and admiration wherever he went, he returned to his native land. He suffered all his life from ill-health, and although he had become a very wealthy man, his last days were sad enough; for he was greatly troubled with law-suits and ill-health.

The precious flame of life was too dearly expended on a perfection that allowed nothing else to be perfected. In becoming the absolute master of his instrument he became its slave. But the success of his life's purpose was complete. He accomplished his one object, and history declares him to have been the greatest of all violinists, past or present. He died at Nice on the 27th of May, 1840, leaving a fortune equal to nearly three-quarters of a million dollars.

An Operatic Debut in Italy.

First you pay a fee of about 100 francs to an agent; 100 francs there is equal to $100 here. The agents, as a rule, are publishers of musical papers, which they oblige you to subscribe for. The agent sends you to some little town, and if you do not please the impresario, he protests you, and back again you are sent, and lose your 100 francs beside. From beginning to end the re is a perfect system of extortion and robbery of foreign music pupils in Italy. It does not quite offset the advantages to be gained there, but it is a serious objection to studying in that country. In the first place, the teacher will accept you as a pupil whether you have a voice or not. His specialty may be coaching in operas, and you may be a beginner and in need of thorough vocal training; nevertheless he will take you and your money, no matter how poorly he may be qualified for the task. Then comes the doctor, if you are in Milan, and the agents who, as do the other publishers of musical papers, make you take their journals or else abuse you in them most unmercifully. Why, there are four or five insignificant papers of this sort in every small town in Italy. They know that the majority of *debutantes* want press notices to send back to America or England, so they levy blackmail upon you. If you consent to subscribe for a month to these dirty little sheets, they will write a few favourable notices about you, but after that you must pay for every line of mention they insert. Having once got you in their toils, they will ferret you out, no matter what part of the country you go to, until at last you become almost frantic with the quantity of dreadful musical papers that pursue you everywhere. Then there are other systems of extortion, such as this: A girl will go to a small town to make her *debut*, and will be met by a man who tells her that for 500 or 300 francs he will station men about the theatre to give her an ovation, but that if she refuses to pay the money the men will be sent to hiss her down.

Female Education.

Women are admitted this year for the first time to all the examinations and degrees of the University of London without exception, on precisely the same terms as men. At the winter matriculation two weeks ago there were nearly six hundred candidates altogether, and eleven of these were young ladies. One lady presented herself at the examination for the degree of bachelor of laws. These are the first twelve ladies who have been admitted to the regular examinations of any English university.

PERSONAL.

LUCCA is to appear as *Elsa* and *Carmen* at Vienna.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI will sing six nights during this month at the San Carlo, Naples.

THERE is a large probability that Madame Teresina Singer, who has startled Rome and Naples with the vocal and dramatic vigour of her *Norma*, will appear in America next season.

THE Crown Prince of Austria has written a book entitled "Fifteen Days on the Danube." It contains shooting adventures, and is said to be distinguished by an accurate knowledge of natural history, and by keen observation, which, considering the extreme youth of its author, make it a noteworthy performance, and distinguish it favorably from most royal productions. The book is printed for private circulation only.

Mr. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, Philadelphia's distinguished banker, alike well known for his great wealth and large though unostentatious benevolence, has recently been interested in building in the outskirts of Philadelphia 385 small houses for working-people, which are sold to them on the lowest terms and the most easy payment, so that the humblest working-man by industry can hope to have a neat and comfortable home. There could not be a more beautiful charity.

Mr. WESTWOOD, of Mount Auburn, Ohio, was worth $35,000 when his first wife died. Her industry and management had been to a great extent the cause of his prosperity, and he gratefully spent $1,400 in putting a monument over her grave. He soon married again, and his second wife rapidly wasted his fortune until he had no property left except the monument. According to the new Mrs. Westwood's advice, he had it removed to a marble yard, effaced the inscription, and offered it for sale at half its original cost.

A RUSSIAN lady, Mme. Helene Gajewska, who was charged with obtaining advances on paste diamonds and other bogus jewellery, and disposing of similar articles to unsuspecting dealers, was recently acquitted at Berne, Switzerland; but, in the meantime, she had been imprisoned four months in Australia, awaiting proceedings for extradition, and nine months in Switzerland, pending preparations for her trial. There was no case against her, but she had no redress for the wrong done by her arrest and imprisonment.

MRS. GEORGE GROTE, who died a few days since near London, was in every respect a superior woman. The London *Academy* says she should be held in honour, "not for her own sake alone, but for her happy suggestion to her husband to undertake the history of Greece. She it was that negotiated for its publication, and aided its progress as the successive volumes slowly issued from the press. Rarely indeed has a wife been more intimately connected with the labours of her husband. From the date of their first acquaintance she endeavoured by patient study to qualify herself for fit companionship with him; and the spirit which animated her during those tedious years of courtship may be truly said never to have deserted her through their more than half a century of married life." An admirable edition of Grote's *Greece* is published by Harper & Brothers.

BISMARCK is an image-breaker. According to his biographer, Dr. Busch, he had a great contempt for Von Humboldt, whom he called "a conceited, insupportable chatterer and a disgusting glutton." M. Thiers he speaks of as a wide-awake, amiable man, witty and intelligent, but without a trace of a diplomatist—too sentimental for that business. His is a higher nature, doubtless, than Favre's. But he is not fit to be a negotiator—no, not to be a horse-chauntier. He allows himself to be "bluffed" too easily; he betrays his feelings; he lets himself be pumped. As to Humboldt, we are quite willing, as against Bismarck, to take the opinion of that distinguished American, the late George Ticknor, who was on terms of intimacy with him. Mr. Ticknor says: "Humboldt, of all the men I have known, is in some respects the most remarkable, the man on whom talent and knowledge have produced their best and most generous effects."

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century*, tells us something curious about novel-reading. He says that there has grown up a custom lately among tea-dealers to give away a certain number of books to their poorer customers—one book given to so many pounds of tea bought. The other day 18,000 volumes of Dickens' works were ordered for this purpose. "The bookseller suggested that a little novelty might be expedient. Would the benevolent tea-dealer like to vary his presents? But, no! The tradesman knowing his business, and being anxious above all things to attract, declared that Dickens was what he wanted. He had found that the tea-consuming world preferred their Dickens." This is a practical commentary—though not meant as such—on Mr. Trollope's just remark upon Thackeray and Dickens, that Dickens has tapped a stratum lower in education and wealth, and therefore much wider, than that reached by his rival.

CALEB CUSHING, although a grave scholar and not much given to light amusements, was one of the most voracious of novel-readers—indeed the most so of any literary man in America. It mattered little as to the style or object of the fiction, or whether written in English, French, German, or Spanish, though French of the time of Louis XIV. were his favourites. It is said he could remember long passages from