

it is imperiously demanded by the condition of society.

We are, however, happy to know the great mass of womankind is not in sympathy with anything so unreal; but is, on the contrary, satisfied to remain enjoying the unmistakable privileges which God and justice have bestowed. TAT.

○ Correspondence. ○

THE COMET.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Knowing the lively interest you always manifest in the foremost questions of the day, I shall make no apology for introducing you to my subject at once. I have no theory to present for your consideration, but a simple statement of some well observed facts, whose truth carry conviction on their face.

Considering the chaotic state of knowledge in regard to comets and cometic action—for all such knowledge is only provisional, and theories built thereon are liable to change on receipt of new data,—I feel assured you will be pleased to receive some well-defined views about our present visitor; views that will not conflict with any theory of cosmical being however antiquated, or loaded with tradition. These celestial wanderers,—for no one has as yet constructed the universe in such a manner as to render them liable to law, or make them responsible for their course of action,—have paid us occasional visits from time immemorial. And some of them, having formed our acquaintance, have become regular callers upon the solar family. In ages less stoical than ours the visits of these knight-errants have been the occasion of considerable excitement and no little superstitious dread, and we are disposed to laugh at them for believing comets to be the portents of great events or disasters. One very memorable comet appeared at the time of the Turkish invasion of Europe. It brightened as the Moslem hosts swept on in their irresistible course, and during the siege of Constantinople it filled one-half of the sky. After some deliberation the Pope, in one bull, very justly fulminated his thunders, alike, against the comet and the “unspeakable Turk.” And, now, you will pardon me for digressing to add the moral. Be careful whom you select as associates; for had the comet appeared at any other time he would have escaped the ire of the Pope, and would

not have been excommunicated, and compelled to wander, as now he does, friendless and forsaken through the “void and formless infinite.”

Our present visitor is a gentleman comet; for it is upon record, and let him who denies, remember the *onus probandi* is on him, a fact sufficient to warrant the assumption of the original proposition. Like most of his class he possesses “a long hair-like-appendage, called a tail,” and doubtless like the rest he has the rare facility of carrying it, sometimes before, sometimes behind, the new theory that the so-called tail consists of distinct solid masses,—stones, rocks, and lumps of metal—flying through space, and seen by reflected sunlight under certain conditions to the contrary, notwithstanding, and if you ask for proof, I refer you to your astronomic lectures on the subject. The comet wished to woo our earth, a fact not readily proved by direct argument, but most easily established by an appeal to intuitive beliefs. Perhaps to prove that Tellus is of marriageable age is more difficult, but can be best accomplished by analogy. Every effort to extract a direct confession of her age has proved fruitless. So like a woman! Some would say she is a very young girl, a romp, whose spontaneous activity betrays itself in earthquakes and volcanoes; others that she is a weazy, phthisicky, palsied old woman, with false hair and no teeth, subject to asthma, and soon to be superannuated. But the latter class are invariably found to be pessimists, and therefore cannot be believed. The better part, truthfully place her in the position of one who has barely escaped her “teens,” not a hoyden, but held in check by a sweet natural sense of feminine grace, vivacious, bewitching, in possession of, perhaps, perennial youth, happy to dally her children on “ten thousand hills,” and spurning you would think to notice such a swoll as a comet. If Tellus was so old and decrepit, ought not the same signs to be manifested in her progeny? But who will say that such signs display themselves? Man, the most perfect of her offspring, has here an unfulfilled mission, and Beaconsfield tells us, that “men with missions do not disappear until they have fulfilled them.” His improved means of locomotion, his telegraphs and electric lights are but the earnest of new discoveries and conquests in the future, and tell us plainly man's mission on earth has but begun. Then, too, being of one family, she cannot be so very old, when Jupiter gives scarcely an indication of orderly conduct, to say nothing of any attempt to make