

MARRIAGE, AND THE CARE OF IT.

Johnny said to Mollie, in the Summer weather, As they pulled ripe strawberries in the patch together, "I have got some cattle, I've a little dwelling, Cabbages and berries, that are sure of selling, And I love you, Mollie—you've been long aware of it. What say you to marriage, marriage, and the care of it?"

"True, my house is lonely, we shall have no neighbour, Early morn and late at night we shall have to labor, Wedding's not all sunshine, and we shall have our [crosses];

Farming's not all profit, we shall have our losses: Life is full of trouble, we must have our share of it. Mollie, will you dare it, marriage, and the care of it?"

"Now the times are good, and the days are sunny, But we shall have storms, and we shall want money; And there's no insurance against wrong or sorrow, And we cannot say what may come to-morrow. Yet I love you, Mollie—you've been long aware of it. What say you to marriage, marriage, and the care of it?"

"No, dear John, I thank you, and I won't dissemble, What you say of marriage, puts me in a tremble. Just a single woman, I've enough of trouble, Should I not be foolish if I made it double? Though I love you, John, I had best beware of it. And 'thanks' for showing me all the toll and care of it."

"Ah! but Mollie dear, there's the sweet affection, There's the comfort, love, of a man's protection; There's our own fire-side, and dark or stormy weather, We will work, and hope, and live happily together. Take me, Mollie, darling! Just you make a dare of it—

Love shall sweeten marriage, and make light the care of it."

Then she laid her hand in his—said, "I'll take my share of it; When you speak of Love, dear John, I don't mind the care of it."

When you speak of home, of joy and grief together, I can walk beside you, John, fair or stormy weather, I have not a single fear—marriage, and the care of it, Is a burden light enough, if Love bear a share of it."

THE ETHICS OF VIVISECTION.

It is to be regretted that the question of "Vivisection" should still call for further discussion. It was reasonably hoped that after the result of the inquiry by a Royal Commission, and the subsequent legislation, physiologists might have been permitted to pursue their investigations, hindered only by the law as it now stands. This expectation was the more reasonable inasmuch as physiologists have loyally accepted the restrictions of the Act in question. But the anti-scientific agitation continues. Some opponents of physiological inquiry maintain that experiments on living creatures are altogether cruel, immoral, and disgraceful, and should therefore be entirely suppressed; others, yielding to the evidence of the importance and usefulness of these inquiries, but misled by a laudable dislike to the infliction of pain, would limit much more the sanctions of the law, and reduce these studies almost to a nullity; others, uninfluenced by either of these considerations, are opponents of vivisection, as they would be of all other scientific progress. Baking dogs alive! How horrible and disgusting! would be a natural exclamation. What purpose could there be in anything so cruel? This we shall see directly. Again, Lord Coleridge, apparently referring to these experiments on fever, says:—"I deny altogether that it concludes the question to admit that vivisection enlarges knowledge (of course not, but it concludes one important step in our argument). I do not doubt that it does, but I deny that the pursuit of knowledge is in itself always lawful; still more, I deny that the gaining knowledge justifies all means of gaining it. (Who ever pretended that it does?) To begin with, proportion is forgotten. Suppose it capable of proof that by putting to death with hideous torment three thousand horses, you could find out the real nature of some feverish symptom, I should say without the least hesitation, that it would be unlawful to torture the three thousand horses." Now, why, it may be asked, does Lord Coleridge, for the purpose of his argument, select horses, and why so large a number as three thousand? He must know that the horse has been but little experimented upon in the investigations respecting animal heat and fever, and then under the influence of ether, and therefore without suffering; the operation consisting in a division of the branches of the sympathetic nerve in the neck whilst the animal is insensible; so that the supposition of three thousand horses and hideous torment is an exaggerated supposition, out of proportion to facts—misleading, and in no way conducive to a fair judgment on the question at issue. From the expression "baking dogs alive" anyone unacquainted with the subject would suppose that experiments upon animal heat and fever involved hideous torment, and from Lord Coleridge's expression, "to find out the real nature of some feverish symptom," that these dreadful doings were for a trifling object. But a few words of explanation will put this matter in a different light. In the whole range of nature there is a no more wonderful fact than the uniformity of the temperature of the blood in health in the different warm-blooded animals. In man, dogs, cats, foxes, seals, &c., this temperature is uniform, whether they be living at the Equator or the Pole, whether in summer or winter, whether in activity or repose, whether fasting or recently fed, provided they are in health. In birds the natural temperature is higher by several degrees Fahrenheit than in warm-blooded quadrupeds; and it is a curious fact, that if the blood of the latter be raised to the temperature of the blood of birds, the result is fatal. For instance, if a dog be put into a heated chamber, and his blood be raised to ten degrees higher than in health (the natural temperature of, e. g.

a swallow's blood), the animal quickly dies; and the same happens to man, whether this increase of temperature arise through injury or disease. The animal or man is, under such circumstances, "baked alive." Now, yearly in this country, more than twenty thousand persons, children and others—mostly children—die of scarlet fever; and nearly twenty thousand more of typhoid fever; and one of the chief causes of this mortality is the high temperature of the blood, which results from the disturbance due to the fever process. To use Bernard's expression, "le fait le plus important de tous, celui qui domine tous les autres, celui qui constitue le véritable danger, c'est la chaleur." No wonder, therefore, that physiologists and physicians have anxiously and laboriously occupied themselves in investigating that mechanism of the living body which in health maintains so constant a temperature under varying circumstances, both internal and external, and which becomes so easily and fatally deranged in disease. Thanks to the very intelligent and exact experiments of Bernard, part of this complicated machinery has been traced out; but the whole matter is so beset with difficulties that the wonder is, not that physiologists have done no more, but that they have explained so much. Those who carp and cavil may perhaps ask why, if these experiments are so useful, have we not been able more certainly to control this fever state? The answer at present must be that the end is not the beginning; and that the complexity of one of the most wonderful of the many wonders of our frame is not to be fully unravelled in twenty years. The subtlety of nature in a living organism demands the labors of many and various intellects before we can hope to obtain even a small instalment of the reward of their labors. A living body is not a common piece of machinery, framed and fashioned from without; it is evolved from within, and every portion, even to the smallest, is a system in itself. Bernard, in these experiments on fever, sacrificed two pigeons, two guinea-pigs, less than twenty rabbits, and six dogs. One might think that the slaughter of even three thousand horses (if they were suitable for the purpose) by a process far less painful than that by which thousands are sacrificed in war, would not be unjustifiable if thereby the machinery for regulating animal heat could be fully discovered, and the power of controlling fever put into our hands. Granted that such a sacrifice of life would only be becoming under the sanction and direction of very high intelligence; that provided, it would not be an extravagant price to pay for the redemption of even a part of those who die annually of fever, as Miss Cobbe says, "baked alive." The twenty thousand deaths from scarlet fever, and the twenty thousand from typhoid fever, constitute but a small part of the annual deaths in this country in which the high temperature of the blood is a fatal factor. The febrile state must have arrested attention from the infancy of man. The mothers of a paleolithic age must have watched their children consumed to death in it, as do the mothers of to-day. The name of this fiery state is as old as literature. Physicians have never been weary of writing on the symptoms of it. The thermometer we now use at the bedside bears the name of Fahrenheit, who, a century and a half ago, in concert with the famous physician Boerhaave, made exact investigations upon the subject. But it is only during this century, through the labors of many observers both in this country and abroad, and prominently of Sir Benjamin Brodie, that the actual conditions producing and controlling animal heat are becoming known. This fiery furnace, with its uncounted millions of victims, science hopes to close. And it is quite reasonable to believe that the time will come when fever will be as much under our control as are the movements of a chronometer.—*Nineteenth Century*.

BULL-FIGHTS IN MADRID.

In every crowd and café you see the tall, shapely, dark-faced, silent men with a cool, professionally murderous look like that of our border desperadoes, whose enormously wide black hats, short jackets, tight trousers, and pigtailed of braided hair proclaim them *chulos*, or members of the noble ring. Intrepid, with muscles of steel, and finely formed, they are very illiterate. We saw one of them gently taking his brandy at the Café de Paris after a hard combat, while his friend read from an evening paper a report of the games in which he had just fought, the man's own education not enabling him to decipher print. But the higher class of these professionals are the idols, the demi-gods, of the people. Songs are made about them, their deeds are painted on fans, and popular chromas illustrate their loves and woes; people crowd around to see them in hotels or on the street as if they were heroes or star tragedians. Pet dogs are named for the well-known; and it was even rumored that one of the chief swordsmen had secured the affections of a patrician lady, and would have married her but for the interference of friends. Certain it is that a whole class of young bucks of the lower order—"Arrys" is the British term—get themselves up in the closest allowable imitation of bull fighters, down to the tuft of hair left growing in front of the ear. The *espadas* or *matadores* (killers), who give the mortal blow, hire each one his *cuadrilla*—a corps of assistants, including *picadores*, *banderilleros*, and *punterillo*. For every fight they receive one hundred dollars, and sometimes they lay up large fortunes. To see the sport well from a seat in the shade, one must pay well. Tickets

are monopolized by speculators, who, no less than the fighters, have their "ring," and gore buyers as the bull does horses. We gave two dollars apiece for places. Nevertheless, the route to the Place of Bulls is lined for a mile with omnibuses, tartans, broken-down diligences, and wheezy cabs to convey the horde of intending spectators to the fight on Sunday afternoons; a long stream of pedestrians files in the same direction, and the showy turn-outs of the rich add dignity to what soon becomes a wild rush for the scene of action. The mule bells ring like a rain of metal, whips crack, the drivers shout wildly; and at full gallop we dash by windows full of on-lookers, by the foaming fountains of the Prado, and up the road to the grim Colosseum of stone and brick, set in the midst of scorched and arid fields, with the faint peaks of the snow-capped Guadarrama range seen, miles to the north, through dazzling white sunshine.

Within is the wide ring, sunk in a circular pit of terraced granite crowned by galleries. The whole great round, peopled by at least ten thousand beings, is divided exactly by the sun and the shadow—*sol y sombra*: and from our cool place we look at the vivid orange sand of the half-arena in sunlight, and the tiers of seats beyond, where swarms of paper fans, red, yellow, purple, and green, are wielded to shelter the eyes of those in the cheaper section, or bring air to their lungs. No connected account of a bull tourney can impart the vividness, the rapid changes, the suspense, the skill, the picturesque, or terror, of the actual thing. All occurs in rapid glimpses, in fierce, dramatic, brilliant, and often ghastly pictures, which fade and re-form in new phases on the instant. The music is sounding, the fans are fluttering; amateurs strolling between the wooden barriers of the ring and the lowest seats; hatless men are hawking fruit and aguardiente—when trumpets announce the grand entry. It is a superb sight: the *picadores* with gorgeous jackets and long lances on horseback, in wide Mexican hats, their armor cased legs in buckskin trousers; the swordsmen and others on foot, shining with gold and silver embroidery on scarlet and blue, bright green, saffron, or puce-colored garments, carrying cloaks of crimson, violet, and canary. At the head is the mounted *alcazaril* in ominous black, who carries the key of the bull-gate. Everything is punctual, orderly, ceremonious.

Then the white handkerchief, as a signal, from the president of the games in his box; the trumpet-blast again; and the bull rushing from his lair! There is a wild moment when, if he be of good breed, he launches himself impetuously as the ball from a thousand-ton gun directly upon his foe, and sweeping around half the circle, puts them to flight over the barrier or into mid-air, leaving a horse or two felled in his track. I have seen one fierce Andalusian bull within ten minutes kill five horses while making two circuits of the rings. The first onset against a horse is horrible to witness. The poor steed, usually lean and decrepit, is halted until the bull will charge him, when instantly the *picador* in the saddle aims a well-poised blow with his lance, driving the point into the bull's back only about an inch, as an irritant. You hear the horns tear through the horse's hide; you feel them go through yourself. Ribs crack; there's a clatter of hoofs, harness, and the rider's armor; a sudden heave and fall—disaster!—and then the bull rushes away in pursuit of a yellow mantle flourishing to distract him.

The *banderilleros* come, each holding two ornamental barbed sticks, which he waves to attract the bull. At the brute's advance he runs to meet him, and in the moment when the huge head is lowered for a lunge he plants them deftly, one on each shoulder, and springs aside. Perhaps, getting too near, he falls, and turns to fly; the bull after, within a few inches. He flees to the barrier, drops his cloak on the sand, and vaults over; the bull springs over too into the narrow alley, whereupon the fighter, being close pressed, leaps back into the ring light as a bird, but saved by a mere hair's-breadth from a tossing or a trampling to death. The crowd follow every turn with shouts and loud comments and cheers. "Go, bad little bull!" "Let the *picadores* charge!" "More horses! more horses!" "Well done, Gallito!" "Time for the death! the *matadores*!" and so on. Humor mingles with some of their remarks, and there is generally one volunteer buffoon who, choosing a lull in the combat, shrieks out rude witticisms that bring the laugh from a thousand throats.

But if the management of the sport be not to their liking, then the multitude grow instantly stormy: rising on the benches, they bellow their opinions to the president, whistle, stamp, scream, gesticulate. It is the tumult of a mob, appeasable only by speedier blood-shed. And what blood-shed they get! A horse or two, say, lies lifeless and crumpled on the earth; the other, with bandaged eyes, and sides hideously pierced and red-splashed, are spurred and whacked with long sticks to make them go. But it is time for the *banderilleros* and after that for the swordsmen. He advances, glittering, with a proud, athletic step, the traditional *chigalon* fastened to his pigtail, and holding out his bare sword, makes a brief speech to the president: "I go to slay this bull for the honor of the people of Madrid and the most excellent president of this tourney." Then throwing his hat away, he proceeds to his task of skill and danger. It is here that the chief gallantry of the sport begins. With a scarlet cloak in one hand he attracts the bull, waves him to one side or the other, baffles him, re-invites him—in fine, plays with and controls him as if he were a kitten,

though always with eye alert and often in peril. At last, having got him "in position," he lifts the blade, aims, and with a forward spring plunges it to the hilt at a point near the top of the spine. Perhaps the bull recoils, reels, and dies with that thrust; but more often he is infuriated, and several strokes are required to finish him. Always, however, the blood gushes freely, the sand is stained with it, and the serried crowd, intoxicated by it, roar savagely. Still, the "many-headed beast" is fastidious. If the bull be struck in such a way as to make him spout his life out at the nostrils, becoming a trifle too sanguinary, marks of disapproval are freely bestowed. One bull done for, the music recommences, and mules in showy trappings are driven in. They are harnessed to the carcasses, and the dead bulks of the victims are hauled bravely off at a gallop, furrowing the dirt. The grooms run at topmost speed, snapping their long whips; the dust rises in a cloud, enveloping the strange cavalcade. They disappear through the gate flying, and you wake from a dream of ancient Rome, and her barbarous games come true again. But soon the trumpets flourish; another bull comes; the same finished science and sure death ensue, varied by ever-new chances and escapes, until afternoon wanes, the sun becomes shadow, and ten thousand satisfied people—mostly men in felt sombreros, with some women, fewer ladies, and a sprinkling of children and babies—through homeward.—GEORGE P. LATHROP, in *Harper's*.

THE STUDENTS AND THE YANKEE.

Some waggish students of Yale College were regaling themselves one evening at the Tontine, when an old farmer from the country entered the room, and, taking it for a bar-room, inquired if he could obtain a lodging there. The old fellow, who was a shrewd Yankee, saw at once that he was to be made the butt of their jests; but quietly taking off his hat, and telling a worthless little dog he had with him to lie under a chair, he took a glass of proffered beverage. The students anxiously inquired after the health of the old man's wife and children, and the farmer, with affected simplicity, gave them the whole pedigree, with numerous anecdotes regarding his farm, stock, &c. "Do you belong to the Church?" asked one of the wags. "Yes, the Lord be praised; and my father before me." "Well, I suppose you would not tell a lie?" replied the student. "Not for the world." "Now, what will you take for that dog?" pointing to the farmer's cur, which was not worth his weight of Jersey mud. "I won't take twenty dollars for that dog." "Twenty dollars! Why, he's not worth twenty cents." "I assure you I would not take twenty dollars for him." "Come, my friend," said the student, who, with his companions, was bent on having some capital fun with the old man; "now, you say you won't tell a lie for the world, let me see if you will do it for twenty dollars. I'll give you twenty dollars for your dog." "I'll not take it." "You will not! Here, let me see if this won't tempt you to a lie?" added the student, producing a small bag of half-dollars, from which he commenced counting numerous small piles upon the table. The farmer was sitting by the table with his hat in his hand, apparently unconcerned. "There," added the student, "there are twenty dollars, all in silver, I will give you that for your dog." The old farmer quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and, as quick as thought, scraped all the money into it except one half-dollar, and then exclaimed, "I won't take your twenty dollars; nineteen and a half is as much as the dog is worth. He is your property." A tremendous laugh from his fellow-students showed the would-be wag that he was completely "rowed up," and that he need not look for help from that quarter, so he good-naturedly acknowledged himself beaten. The student retained his dog, which he keeps to this day as a lesson to him never to attempt to play tricks on men older than himself, and especially to be careful how he tries to wheedle a Yankee farmer.

HUMOROUS.

VISITOR—"Sally, what time do your folks dine?" Sally—"Soon as you go away—that's Mamma's orders."

It is said the prairie dog will dig 200 feet for water. There are other sly dogs who will go as many rods for whisky.

A CINCINNATI man who had \$65 stolen from him, received a note with \$25, saying, "I stole your money. Remorse naws at my conscience, and I send some of it back. When remorse naws again I'll send you some more."

On'y a face at the window,
Only a swain with a lute,
Only an irate paternal,
Only a double soled boot.

Only a twang, as of tuning,
Only a door on the jar,
Only an awful collision,
Only a chuckling papa.

Stars of the Summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Boy with the muddy boot!
Which o'er the carpets creeps,
Gather yourself and scowl!
She sweeps!
My lady sweeps!
Sweeps!