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THE DAWN OF LOVE.

Many a castle I've built in the air,
With pure white turrets that gleamed in the light,
And pinnacles soaring so stately and fair
That heaven was almost in sight;
My birds of promise in gardens sweet,
Have fluttered away into tender song,
And nestled down with their dainty feet
On the amber hills of dawn.

It was years ago that the golden age
Of a twilight drifting cloud of sail
Hung low on the face of a silver sea,
In the flow of the sunset's trail.
The sunlight had melted upon the wave
Into purple and silver and amethyst,
And drifting away in the molton pearl
We sailed by the peaceful isles of rest.

The spirit of gladness came floating down
Over the waves of the silent deep,
And the sunset swept to her distant isles,
Where the birds were fast asleep.
And still we sailed on through the distance dim,
Mooring at last by the islands of love,
Where the night winds whispered a vesper hymn
To the sobbing stars in the depths above.

She was as pure as a lily of gold
Asleep on the breast of a crystal stream,
And her voice as sweet as the song of a bird
In the hush of a summer dream.
Her eyes were as blue as a violet's heart,
Fringed over and vailed by a delicate lid;
And back in the depths of her golden hair
The pinky tips of her ears lay hid.

Through the deepening shades the starlight fell
On the pure, rapt face of my dreaming love,
And the soft perfume of a thousand flowers
Came drifting down from the isles above.
Over the marge of the golden sands
The rills of the mountains with laughter sweet
Slipped into the breast of the pulsing sea
That murmured beneath our feet,

My heart was crowned with a new found bliss,
As her pure, sweet lips to my own were pressed,
For there in the rapture of love's first kiss,
We had found a tranquil rest.
O'er the rim of the boundless starlit sea,
The moon sailed up like a spirit bride;
Our sails were set for the hour of love
Had passed away with the eventide.

OUR SONS.

We had once four little boys,
Who used to play with books and toys,
And fill the house with fun and noise.

Besides these four, two others came,
Just lived, received a Christian name,
And vanished like a blown-out flame.

The other four, too, ceased to be
The children that they were, and we
Our little boys no longer see—

But in their places four youths so tall
And strong, we can no more recall
The noisy boys that were so small.

And having learned what time can do
On four I wonder how the two
Have fared and changed whom God withdrew

O, in their everlasting state
There must be powers which operate,
Transforming small things into great!

And they must have increased and grown,
Though how is not at present known,
But will at last be fully shown.

THE BOY.

I can see that day. White cumuli were heaped over the wood tops, but the middle sky was blue and clear. Though I was dozing on a saloon step, this day of beauty got even through my wavering sight. Perhaps I sat there an hour, perhaps an age, in which the blinks I got were the recurring days.

It suddenly occurred to me that such a long continuance of fine weather ought to be enjoyed more actively. But the world whirls as everybody knows. I mumbled a number of jokes on nature as I staggered abroad. After a tiresome journey I came upon an alloy and a group of boys travelling through a game of marbles on their knees, like penitents stumping to Jerussalem. And in their midst was Billy. Billy was a noble boy. I paused and tried to get in position to look at him. I felt a maudlin pride in Billy. He had Nora's blue eyes.—(Blessed Nora! She was gone where she couldn't be cursed any more; poor little broken-hearted thing.)

As Billy photographed himself in my eyes, his bright hair blowing, his lusty fingers gouging a pit for the centre marble, the contrast between what he and I were born to be, and what we were, struck me like a bullet.

I had tried to reform. Oh, yes. And every failure was a link in my chain. I was utterly given over to the snakes and the furies.

Now here was Bill, walking in my vagrant steps; a vicious Arab under a beautiful Caucasian guise.

"Say, Bill," begged one of the tribe, casting a covetous eye on his industrious jaws, "let me chaw your wax awhile."

Bill, with graceful generosity and contempt of gain, tossed it over, saying:

"There, you can take it and keep it; I don't want it no more."

When I stood in drunken dolor against the fence, the group whirled up suddenly into a maelstrom. The centre toward which they were all sucked, was a steadfast rock with churning fists and a yellow top.

"Bill!" I shouted in fury, "come here, you young scoundrel!"

Hearing my voice over the broil, he dashed through the boys and came, crying, bloody and ruffled.

"What are you fighting about?" I asked, standing in tremulous judgment over him.

"I can't tell you, father," he answered bravely.

What! Even the boy despised and dared me! I lifted my hand, and felt that I could kill him.

"Take that, then—and that, you little wretch, I'll show you how to be a bully, and turn against your own father."

My muscular hand brought a frightful blood gush out of his bruised face.—I thought he should feel that his father was a solid man in one respect, if the rest of my body was a mass of moist wretchedness.

The boy, the boy. I groan when I remember it.

"Oh, don't, father," he begged, wringing his little dirty hands. "Oh rather, please, don't strike me, and I'll tell you all about it. The boys said you was a drunken old blost. And I'll fight anybody that calls you that, father; I will if you kill me for it."

I sat prone down on the ground.—That was the hardest blow I ever had.

"Get up, father," said Billy, casting a bloody and warlike glance behind him, "and I'll help you along."

I took hold of him, but a weakness not born of rum, kept me at his cracked, stubby little feet. There was no one in the world who cared whether I rose or went down only him. He cared. I put my arms around the boy and cried against him. No more drunken glazing repentance for me. Every tear was hard as a pearl with resolution. The good Christ appeared that instant in his love and long suffering, through the boy, as plainly as he appeared to dying Sir Launfal through the leper. When on earth, He was always going about picking up the abominable, and since he has left the earth, He sends for them by messengers they cannot help knowing..

Men should respect in me that spark which the boy respected. I would show him what a grand and overmastering thing is that soul which the God of glory values.

"Don't cry, father," requested Billy. while he ceased not to paint bloody sunrise on his face. Better than a sunrise was that little face to me. His eyes looked bluer and more heaven-like than the sky.

"Do you love your father?" I asked, holding to him like a woman.

"Yes sir, I'll lick anybody that calls you names," the bright, tender firmaments in his face gushing with another shower.

A horizontal hail of mud and pebbles hit us while he was speaking. Billy reared up like a charger snuffing the battle afar off. But I made him retreat from the enemy's lines.

When the boy and I were laid at night in a low tavern which was our only home, I asked with my face turned from him: "Billy, will you help your father to try once more?" Upon which he bounded up and pumped my arm with all the vigor and familiarity that the street had put in him.

"Yes-sir-ee! I will that, you bet," vowed Billy.

A very few minutes after he subsided, I heard his soft breath going in and out the doors of his lips in regular cadences. While he slept and started up to fight his skirmishes over, I flogged my weak brain to work, and planned and planned and planned.

When I look back at that wretch in soiled tavern sheets, glaring into darkness with watery eyes, my legs tremble under me, though they have gone stoutly these many years. It was such a very straight path up from that place, and I came so near falling, time after time.

The next day I got work on the railroad. From the gutter I could not go directly back to the bar, since drunkenness is one of the vices which is not tolerated in lawyers. It was hard to shovel dirt in the hot sun. I sat down half fainting. A good natured Patrick came slyly with a bottle, and bade me "whist at it," which I put forth the will to do—like a weak beast—when Billy swooped down from a passing freight and squared himself before that Irishman, while the very tatters at his elbow bristled with wrath.

"Look here, now!" threatened he, sending the bottle far over a track, "if you get my father a drinkin again, I'll kick you."

It would have been so very hard for the boy to fulfill the threat with his baby legs, on Patrick's high breeches, that my Irishman took jolly compassion on him, and roared a vow nevermore to put his slimy temptation to my face.

After I had delved awhile, Billy had a new suit, a set of books and school privileges. Then a situation as copyist was opened to me. The boy and I fell into the habit of striking hands and going to church on a Sunday. Some of my old friends began to notice me. Oh, I tell you, it makes a man's heart swell like a green bulb to have an honest hand come seeking his.

Finally I got into practice. Sometimes the thirst came on me and I stormed up and down in my office, and twisted out little locks of hair, as if the curse hung to the roots of that. Once I locked the door and threw out the key and was a prisoner till my associate came.

Passing a saloon one evil time, the clinking of glasses and the breath of mine enemy penetrated my senses. The saloon-door just sucked me half way in, when I was shocked through my coat-skirts and quite knocked into the street.

"Here father," pleaded Billy, charging me with a second jerk, "come out of this—come out of this, *we're* a-going to make men of ourselves, father."

"Yes, men, Billy," I subscibed. So I didn't run into that side track, because I had such a faithful tender.

Coming up socially, often does much for a man morally. Cases multiplied, and I seemed to grow with my trust. The boy and I had smart lodgings up town. He rose in school. I was so proud of him. I've heard how women love their children with close, peculiar devotion.—I think I must have loved him with a mother's love. There is no other way of expressing how dear the boy is to me.

When he came from school and met me on the streets, he was often carrying the satchel of a smooth-haired, dark-eyed girl, to whom he would exclaim, as he loyally touched his cap: "That's my father!" with such a proud accent that the blood leaped in my veins.

"Oh, my good fellow, it's a glorious day for you when your child is proud of you.

We live all together, now; Billy, his dark-haired Nora, the little rowdies and I, in a home with no end to verandas and vines. The respectable handle of Judge is set to my name, but Billy's children, who give the echo to his former street training, stand in no more awe of it than they do of the venerable Roman handle to my countenance. We tumble like wild colts in the grass. But they have no idea that their ancestor ever lay in a lower bed.

Blessed be enduring love.

I think often I may be in my dotage, for quiet matron Nora often looks up from her baby in surprise at my walking the veranda and maundering in a sort of ecstacy:

"The boy! The boy!"

Elder Evans, the Shaker, now in London, had a ready wit at all times. On being asked the other day, which were the qualities most appreciated in the females at Mount Lebanon, he replied, "The woman who maketh a good pudding is always more valued by us than she who maketh a tart reply."

The sum of five thousand dollars has been subscribed in shares of ten dollars each, to test the salt indications in Warkworth. A good strong brine is found at the surface.

Thanksgiving day and turkey seem to be identical in youthful minds—and, indeed we think the idea is not altogether confined to children, but that Thanksgiving as a day specially devoted to the contemplation of our numerous blessings, and to the rendering of an extra amount of gratitude, is giving place to one in which the outward expression of thanksgiving is rapidly disposed of, in order that we may spend our time with our friends around the social board, and do ample justice to the feast which is, whether we admit it or not, the crowning glory of the day.

"Don't catch me goin' to church Thanksgivin' Day!" exclaimed a little urchin last year—"I'd rather stay home and smell the dinner a cookin'"—and little folks and big, seem to be similarly affected on this—the one day in the year set apart for the offering of thanks to a great and good God.

We almost pity the minister who is obliged to officiate on this day—especially in the New England villages. The men in the audience look anything but interested in the discourse. Their faces have a blank expression, and their eyes a far-away look—they have come out to church because "the house must be represented;" and they sit upright in their pews, and exhibit so much more patience than usual, that their very manner impress you that they have a disagreeable duty to perform, and have screwed up their courage accordingly. The women we scarcely miss on such a day, for the idea of their coming to church to give thanks when they have so much company to see at home, and such a big dinner to prepare, would be preposterous, and we do not expect their presence. Now and then, we see a man handling his watch nervously—he is wondering if he has correct car-time, and if he will reach the depot in season to meet his friends. He thinks it doubtful as the Divine shows no signs of stopping. He tries his boots to see if they squeak,—they *do*, of course,—consequently he makes up his mind it is his duty to remain, and he braces himself against the back of the seat, making it crack with this fresh resolve. And as the minister continues with his "feast of reason," who can deny but that the whole audience is thinking more of the first, second, and thirdly of a more substantial bill of fare. A Thanksgiving sermon, though is seldom criticised otherwise than favorably, we feel so happy to think we have done our duty, and that the remainder of the day we are free to enjoy as we choose, that we button up our overcoats hurriedly—nod familiarly to this one and that of our friends—"fine sermon"—"able man," &c.,—and hasten to our cozy little homes and the inmates thereof. We do not wonder that the original object of the day is, in a great measure, a failure.—As a *national* observance we like this setting apart of a special day for thanksgiving and praise; but so far as real thanks and gratitude are concerned, there is too much formality to render them much but mere ceremonial offerings. A person feeling a sense of indebtedness towards another for kindnesses bestowed is very apt to give immediate expression to it; and there is a certain heartiness in his manner which one appreciates, but would often find lacking, were the manifestation deferred to any set time. We think *there is no better time for being grateful than the present.* We like one who shows his appreciation when occasion requires, rather than one who requires an occasion to remind and make him duly appreciative.

But the day in itself is not a failure by any means. It is a day when the heads of households gather around them the members of their families and are united once more in their home circle. The children—though perhaps scattered far and wide—allow no obstacle to hinder them from being at home on this the jubilee day. Grand-children find their way to grandfather's heart and grandmother's pantry, and "wish it was always Thanksgiving." We dine early in the day, but the lights are brought before we are ready to do duty in the parlor.—Not that we eat to excess, however rare the delicacies, but when the cloth is removed, old times are talked over, old stories re-told. The father's eyes shine with a peculiar light as he dwells with paternal pride on some boyish act of his son, who, though now grown up, listens to it just as eagerly as though he had not heard it a hundred times before. This brings up other incidents, and the mother adds her share, her face all aglow with her love for her children. Old and young join in the conversation—interesting to all—because concerning all. We sympathize with 'the stranger within the gates' on such a day, for however politely he may be treated, however hospitably entertained, he cannot but feel his place is anywhere but here in this family communion.

We are ready to rise from the table. A hush—a sudden stillness comes over the little company, and the earthly father with bowed head, returns thanks to the Heavenly Father for His great goodness unto us, for the broken circle, for the preciousness of true and loving hearts. for His *every* blessing, and implores that as the years pass, and one after another is gathered to Himself, that we may form a united family around His throne, giving Him praise, honor and glory in one eternal thanksgiving.

But though dinner is through, and the night has found us, Thanksgiving is not yet over. Our voices are not celebrated for their musical qualities, but their are none to criticise, and one and all down to tiny three-year-old, who knows neither tune nor words, join in the time honored song of "Auld Lang Syne." And as our minds dwell on the sentence "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," the words thrill us through and through, and heart draws still nearer to heart. Other songs follow—national hymns that we sing with an enthusiasm unequalled, though our voices may be excelled. One song more—and then good night! What shall it be? We pause but not for long. Our boy at the piano strikes up "Old Hundred," and simultaneously our hearts and our voices join in the grand old doxology:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye Heavenly hosts,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

And with God's blessing resting upon us, and heart's over-full we separate for the night, praying that if it is God's will, another year will bring to us another Thanksgiving.

NASTY KNOTS.

In everyone's life there is one of these nasty knots, at the very least. This, at first, may seem a somewhat sweeping announcement, so we may qualify it by saying that in the lives of most people, no matter how humdrum, unromantic, and plain sailing their temperament and how even the tenor of their way may be, there are one or two little complications on which they can look back and say, "Well, that *was* a mess," or "There it all *did* seem in a hopeless tangle." Some people's knots are worse than others; but the great distinguishing feature between knots and knots is just this that some come undone or are pulled out and smoothed out somehow; others and these are the nasty ones, get tighter and tighter in spite of every thing, and end by becoming hopeless, intricate masses, defying all efforts at even loosening them, and must either remain making unsightly bumps in the line of life, over which all the succeeding traffic has to jolt, or else they must be cut, and then that leaves a wide, very often a deep, rent that takes a long while darning, very often will never thoroughly mend, and is to be seen plainly and distinctly from the beginning to the end of the day's march. No doubt if in the beginning, when these knots were slowly forming, when the threads were just beginning to pucker, wrinkle and tangle—a process which, unfortunately, is often not noticed by their proprietors till the mischief is done beyond remedy, and the ugly obstacle that has begun to block up the way must, like the snow-ball, become bigger and bigger as it slowly rolls on—if, as I say, just this stage, if only some friendly bystander, some unmalevolent looker-on, would quietly stretch forth a *wise*, kind, and gentle hand, and smooth out the rebellious atoms, all might be well; and sometimes this does happen; but more often those who thus look on either shrug their shoulders in selfish contentment, ejaculating, "Nay, nay, 'tis not our yarn; let be, and see how great strain the threads will bear; see how much longer they will run uneasily, crookedly on" until the last uneven jerk pulls the whole lot into the long expected knot so easily run into sometimes, so hopeless to untie—or if these bystanders do interfere, it is likely enough, only in a half-hearted, half earnest way, not only wholly sure whether they mean to do a good turn or a bad one—to make or to mar, to tie or untie, and this uncertainty of action loops the whole thing. While the pros. and cons. of being a good Samaritan or priest and Levite are being weighed, the die is cast, and, for good or evil, the threads are knotted that will change the course of perhaps one or two, perhaps many, lives. Others, again, do try to avert the catastrophe; they rush in where angels would fear to tread, and then these delicate cords, sometimes frail as a spider's web, are hurried on their ruin by those who meant to save. There are, again, others—let us hope they are becoming extinct and dying out from among us—who for no motive but malice, no desire but sheer innate vileness, not only see the impending smash, but aid and abet it by all in their power; it they see a prospect of even one thread among the number righting itself, contrive to give it so vicious a drag that it puckers up instantly and hopelessly for ever. Ten to one such as these in the first instance laid the nest egg for the knot by some nasty little thrust among the many crossing threads.

But those who occasion the most knots, who are the most perfectly unaware of what they are doing, and who would be no doubt the most sorry if they only knew one-half what they did, are the people who, meaning no harm, go bustling, rustling, and poking about, little recking in what dangerous labyrinths they are treading, or how many fine promising lines they are irremediably defacing. There is no more likely be ginning in the world for a knot, and a troublesome one, than some word heedlessly dropped by these scatter-alls, and let tumble down in amongst the most delicate of weaving—some indiscreet allusion made too soon—thereby causing each thread owner to withdraw his or her venture from the loom, so proudly, as cause no end of misfortunes. Again, there may be, perhaps, some sentence transposed, added to, or taken from, that causes one cotton to be jerked up in a cruel manner, and occasions a most ugly loop. These, and such like them, are the knots caused by the fools of the world, who mean no harm, but must at all hazards gossip about their neighbors' affairs—sometimes these come right, sometimes they don't. But the worst, hardest, most determined of knots, is that one that is tied by no jerk or drag; but which, unknown to the sufferers, slowly and surely draws up into a tight mountain: this is the one that the shrewd and kind observer might, perhaps, in the beginning avert. It frequently takes place in the lives of the two people who in their hearts love each other best on earth; but they are proud, unbending, and doubtful—neither will give way one-tenth part of an inch. At first the two threads run as smoothly as a plam line; after a certain point is reached, however, this feature departs, and in one or the other there is always a slight pucker to be seen. It is always, "Shall I advance one ell when she will not give one inch?" "Shall I move one furlong when he doesn't one rood?" So each hiding, concealing, and trampling on their true feelings, with their own hands are preparing the noose for themselves, flattering themselves all the while that it will come right in the end, and that in the meantime they may both finesse with their pride to their heart's content. This is the moment when in this kind of knot a sudden jerk would save them—it would pull out these two unmanageable cords, and force them to amalgamate; but if the jerk doesn't come—if no sorrow, anxiety, or suffering brings these two, against their wills, but in accordance with their hearts, together—all is lost; the cold fog of misunderstanding, bitterly felt and resented by each, goes on increasing, the threads pucker and contract till both are irremediably and firmly knotted, and then, when it is too late these unskillful spinners discover and stand aghast at what they have done—it is too late to repair it now—the knot or the rent are there—and what matter? Only the matter of two lives on God's fair earth being bruised and crushed out of all shape unto eternity—of two good vessels shipwrecked thus early on their voyage, and having to sail to the end in a maimed and mastless condition. Ah? let those who might avert these tangles of fate, who might straighten these twists in some lives, and who, from envy, hatred, or malice, cowardice, or carelessness, pass by on the other side, when, by a finger they might save, take heed to themselves, and believe that while the busy-bodies of the world help sometimes to tie knots by injudicious meddling, to untie such as these, or prevent them coming to such a precarious condition, is "loving thy neighbor as thyself." If only as much happiness were helped on in this world as there is mischief and unhappiness, how much pleasanter it would be! Things would be very different if only people would sometimes just look round and see how many fates are just hanging like a stone on the top of a hill, only waiting for a good-natured push for some one who could give it *en passant*, very often without the slightest trouble or even exertion, to roll them into the haven where they would be!

HIS RECOMMENDATIONS.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he in a short time selected one, and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame, old man, showing he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger-nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet like that handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket.

Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do, and would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes, than all the fine letters he can bring me."—*Little Corporal.*

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.—A dealer in pork had a precocious son who was expert in cards, and in playing with his young companions was seldom on the losing side. He began at first to bet on the game, and ere long would play regularly for money with any of his age disposed to accept the risk. He came home one day, bringing several dollars which he had acquired in his small way of gaming, and exhibited his gains to his father with quite an air of triumph.

The thoughtful parent shook his head and told his son that the money was not honestly acquired.

"But I did not cheat," said the boy.

"I hope not," replied the father, "but did you give the loser any equivalent at all for it?"

The boy hung his head, and the parent added:

"Money is honestly acquired where there is an exchange of products or of services, and the receiver gives an equivalent for it. To take another's money or property and give no equivalent for it is to rob or cheat him."

The writer of the above adds that a few months after, the father came home from the Produce Exchange with an elated aspect, and announced that he had settled his speculative contracts in pork by the receipt of $50,000.

His son eyed him thoughtfully for a moment, and then asked, "What did you give the other man, father, as an equivalent for the money?"

A THOUGHT.—It is reasonable to expect that with the improvements in mechanical appliances and the proportionate reduction of manual labor, to say nothing of the superior results secured by machinery, there would be less mental friction of excitement, and a consequent tendency to that nervous harmony which is essential to successful thought. A man being able, by the assistance of the unerring and tireless fingers of steel, to accomplish in one quarter of the time that which his unsteady hand was capable of doing before the friendly automaton lent its help, should find that cerebral calm which is not generally incident to fatiguing toil and opportunity for prosecuting studies which give breadth to the mind and perspicuity to the judgment. Thus should those who enjoy the highest benefits of civilization enjoy the best physical health and the happiest moral condition.—*Drayton.*

A SCENE ON THE CARS.—A gentleman from New York addressed a gentleman from Ontario a few days since, asking him if it would not be for the interest of the Dominion to be annexed to the United States. He was asked by what would the Dominion be benefitted? His answer was that it would infuse enterprise into the country. He was reminded, in reply, that possibly it might, but he should remember that one person in Montreal owned more Steamships than the Americans owned on the whole Atlantic slope; and that American jurists of the United States admitted that our laws were better, and every man admitted that they were better administered. The reply appeared to be a settler.—*Montreal Gazette.*

COMETS.

The approach of Encke's comet to the field of our vision will give interest to a few remarks on these remarkable and eccentric bodies. Their extraordinary appearance caused them to be regarded in ancient times with superstitious terror and as prognostications of war and other great disasters. Their ominous aspect is heightened by their visiting our part of the heavens from all directions, and crossing the usual west to east course of the planets at all possible angles. Moreover, the train of faint light which they leave behind them is a substance so extremely thin that the smallest stars may be seen through it; and it is so slightly ponderable that the proximity of a comet of 200,000,000 miles in length seldom disturbs the equilibrium of any body near which it may happen to pass.

But that it has weight we have evidence, for the velocity of comets diminishes, a fact which also determines that the ether of illimitable space is a resisting medium, sensible to a body of such inappreciable tenuity. However, the matter in a comet is so small in weight that the comet of 1770 was involved, as it were, among Jupiter's satellites for some months, without any disturbance of either to the slightest degree. The comet of the year 1770 is an exception to this rule. In that year it was seen to be moving in the usual elliptical orbit, having a period of 5½ years. But on calculating its time, astronomers found that it had passed very near the planet Jupiter, the attraction of which immense body had disturbed its course to a remarkable degree, and this accounted for its being unrecognized by the scientific world, its period, previous to the perturbation, having been 48 years. It returned to the sun in 1776, but was not visible to us. Again in 1779, it was so attacked by the same planet that its orbit was changed into one of 16 years, with a peribelion, or nearest to the sun, distance of 300,000,000 miles; and it has never since come to our view. The period of revolution of Encke's comet has diminished, by about 3 days, in 80 years, that is, in about twenty five revolutions.

The great discovery that led to a comprehension of the nature of the orbits of comets was made by Dr. Halley, that eminent astronomer asserting that the great comet of the year 1682 was identical with those of 1607, 1531, and 1456, and foretelling its reappearance in 1759. It was retarded, however, between one and two years, and reappeared in 1835. Its next visitation will be in the year 1912, or thereabouts. History mentions appearances of this comet as far back as the year 11 B. C.

There is little reason to doubt that the earth passed through the tail of the comet of 1861. Mr. J. R. Hind, the British Astronomer Royal, predicted that the transit would take place on Sunday, June 30, of that year, and Mr. Lowe, another English astronomer, reports that, on the evening of that day, "the sky had a yellow auroral, glare-like look; and the sun, though shining, gave but feeble light. The comet was plainly visible at 7.45 p.m., during sunshine, while on subsequent evenings it was not seen till an hour later. In the parish church, the vicar had the pulpit candles lighted at 7 o'clock, which praves that a sensation of darkness was felt even while the sun was shining. The comet itself had a much more hazy appearance than at any time after that evening."

LIVER COMPLAINT.

Many dark-complexioned people, and some others, are always troubled with "bilious turns." When inquired of as to how they live, we generally find that they eat candy pretty liberally, a pound or two a week. They drink strong coffee and make it very sweet; they eat griddle cakes for breakfast, with syrup and butter, and thus they overload the system with sugar and fatty matter. They use vinegar pretty large, because the system seems to crave something in opposition to the sugar and fatty matter. and the torpid liver yearns for something to give it a start. All through the spring these persons are eating green stuff, radishes, and, by-and-by, cucumbers, because of the vinegar they eat with them. They worry along through the summer until the miasma of the autumn begins to prevail, and then down they go with bilious fever. A six weeks' release from labor, and the struggle with disease and the doctors brings them to their feet on the approach of cold weather. By the time fresh pork, buckwheat cakes, and fat poultry are ready to be consumed, they have appetites like wolves, and for three months they gorge themselves again with the bilious-producing articles of food. By the next August they have made themselves ready for another bilious attack. These people wonder why it is that Providence so afflicts them. They buy pills by the box, and their whole life seems to be a series of errors in eating and drinking.

In the bilious regions of the West, where the fatness of the soil engenders fever and ague and other forms of bilious disease, the people live on pork, and articles with which molasses and sugar are largely used. A person who is well informed in regard to physiology and diet will sit at the same table with those who live unwisely and eat such articles only as are wholesome; will work in the same shop or store, and will neither have a sick headache nor a bilious attack of any kind; will not lose a night's sleep or an hour's work; require a particle of medicine or suffer a pang from illness for five years. Providence is on the side of knowledge, self-denial, and hygiene; and punishes gluttony, drunkenness, laziness, and bad habits of every kind. But some will not learn wisdom though Providence "bray them in a mortar."—*Prov.* xxvii. 22.

At Chatham the other day, two men, a joiner and a cabinet-maker, tried a race at making ten panel doors, moulding on both sides. The lumber being planed for them on one side, and each having a foot machine to do the mortising. The result is as follows:—The joiner finished in four hours and fifty-one minutes, the cabinet-maker in five hours and thirty-seven minutes. This is considered quick work.

The Council General of the Seine has voted in favor of establishing a compulsory system of education.

The vine was planted in California by the first missionaries nearly one hundred years ago, and the species most grown, and the favorite variety for wine-making still bears the name of the Mission grape. Every variety of grape flourishes in that State, and each vintner selects that which he deems the best adapted to his locality and purpose. It is estimated that there are 30,000,000 vines growing in California, while new vineyards are planted every year. The cost of land, setting out vines, and other necessary expenses are estimated at $150 per acre; and the average return, when bearing, is from 50 to $90 net. A vast area of mountain land, too dry for growing grain, is well adapted for the vine, and the wine made from grapes grown in such places is superior to that grown in the moist and more fertile soil of the valleys. Los Angelos is the oldest and the leading county in viniculture. In 1869 it had 3,925,000 vines, which yielded 1,132,300 gallons of wine and 26,000 gallons of brandy. Sonoma county is next in the importance of its vintage; in the same year it had 3,249,520 vines, with a product of 350,280 gallons of wine and 7987 gallons of brandy. In this county vineyards produce from 350 to 400 gallons of wine to the acre, worth at the vineyard from twenty-five to thirty-five cents a gallon. The productiveness of the vineyards already in bearing may be expected to increase greatly with age, as a large proportion of the vines have not yet attained maturity. With the improved methods of culture and manufacture which will naturally follow an increased experience, the wine interest of California, is likely to assume magnificent proportions.

The most important point established by the reported discovery of an open polar sea, by a German expedition, is the apparent confirmation of the theories propounded by Dr. Petermann, a distinguished German geographer, in relation to the influence of the Gulf Stream, in high latitudes, and the proper course to be taken for Arctic exploration. Lieuts. Payer and Wyprecht of this German expedition sailed in a small vessel to seventy nine degrees north, passing between East Greenland and Nova Zembla, and reaching an open sea, which they followed from 42 degrees to sixty degrees east of Greenwich, an extent of eighteen degrees of longitude. There they found a state of ice toward the north, indicating the most favorable route to the North Pole. On a chart of the Gulf Stream published in 1870, Dr. Petermann had drawn, after Dr. Bessel's observations in the steamer Alert, 1869, the Gulf Stream, as far north as seventy five degrees and seventy six minutes, showing there a temperature of four degrees Reamur, forty four Fahrenheit, which is a higher temperature than had been found to exhibit on the surface in the same latitude. The name Gulf Stream and the arrow on the chart point directly to the spot, latitude seventy nine north, longitude forty three east, which Lieut. Wyprecht now announces as that of the most favorable ice relations for the probable connection with the open polar sea toward the east, and for the most practicable route to the North Pole. Of course this is regarded by Dr. Petermann as a great triumph.

Rice culture in South Carolina and Georgia, formerly an important agricultural interest has made but little progress since the war, the great difficulties in the way of its successful prosecution being want of capital and the unsettled condition of labor. It is hoped, however, that by the introduction of labor-saving machinery the crop may yet be made certain at figures that will pay. In 1859 the product of Georgetown county, S.C., was 95,127 tierces, constituting nearly two thirds of the entire crop of the State. This was the yield of about forty six thousand acres then cultivated, showing an average of over forty bushels to the acre—a remarkably heavy crop. At the present time there are less than eighteen thousand acres, cultivated for rice in the same county. The wet weather during harvest time has materially damaged the rice crop throughout Georgia and South Carolina this year, as at least two-thirds of it has been wet at some point between cutting and stacking in the yard; while delays in harvesting, consequent upon bad weather, have caused a considerable portion to become over-ripe.

A gentleman in Canada, who has given close attention to emigration to America and Canada, writes that he is astonished at the lukewarmness shown by the Governments of America and Canada in relation to Scottish emigration. He says Canada has only lately sent an agent to Scotland, and the United States has no such agent at all, and, taking into consideration the fact that Scotland is ripe for the work of an agent, he says it seems anomalous. All kinds of servants or help can be had from Scotland, if, he says, you will show them that you want them, and he thinks the country is one in which the best ploughmen and domestic servants can be obtained.

It seems probable that there will be trouble between the Chicago grain receivers and the railway companies about grain burnt in cars and elevators prior to its delivery to the assignees. At a meeting of the receivers held on Friday evening to consider the matter, the chairman announced that the officers of the North Western and Illinois Central railways, in reply to an inquiry, said they should refuse to pay for the grain lost in their hands. A committee was, we believe, appointed to circulate a paper for signatures by those who desire to prosecute the railways, they expressing their willingness to have a test case tried.

RECIPE FOR A COUGH SIRUP.—Take 1 quart thick flaxseed tea, 1 pint of honey, ½ pint of vinegar, 2 spoons saltpatre. Boil all together in a new earthen pot that is well glazed, until it becomes a pretty thick sirup; keep stirring while boiling, with a pine stick; if fresh from a green tree the better.

Dose—One tablespoon three or four times a day. If there is any patent mixture for sale as good as this for a hoarseness or cough, I have been unable to obtain it as yet.

Somebody told Jerrold that George Robins, the auctioneer, was dead; "and of course," added the gentleman, "his business will go the devil." "Oh, then he'll get it again," said the wit.

Man never gains anything so valuable as a good wife, nor anything worse than a bad one.

"Jim, how does the thermometer stand to-day?" Our's stands on the mantle piece right agin the plasterm."

"Fortune's hand," says a poverty stricken writing master is remarkable for it's heavy down strokes."

A man who has repeatedly tried them says that all the short cuts to fortune are horribly overcrowded.

A Providence man is informed by a suffering neighbor that his snore would answer excellently as a fog horn.

"Old Crow" is a Columbus, Ga., drink so-called, perhaps, on account of its furnishing the caws of so much drunkeness.

Louisville undertakers are selling their summer coffins n order to make way for the "unique and handsome winter styles."

A benevolent man down South takes care that no hungry beggar will leave his door without a bite—by keeping a cross mastiff.

A Texas editor complains that attempts to shoot him him have become so numerous lately that the thing is getting monotonous.

During a hunt in Kentucky a pointer came to point on a railroad track just as the train was approaching and his instinct cost him his life.

A subject for triumph—"What have you been crying for, George?" "Coth mama wouldn't dive me thpunge cake, coth I've dot a thtummach-ache!" "Ah, ah! I've got a 'punge cake and a tummach ache, too!"

The importation of cattle into England from Ireland will probably be prohibited, it being found that the cattle disease now spreading throughout the grazing countries has been imported by the Irish steamers to Bristol.

"Mr. Brown, you said the defendant was honest and intelligent. What makes you think so? Are you acquainted with him?" "No sir, I have never seen him." "Why, then, do you come to such a conclusion? "Because he takes the *C. P. Herald* and pays for it in advance." Verdict for defendant.

A Hartford Editor having twitted an editor in a neighboring city of being bald, subsequently apologized and explained that, "as long as——can fold his ears over the top of his head, he doesn't need any hair anyhow."

A little girl who is constantly practising her music lessons or needle work, very soon learns to be very good at either of them. Practice makes perfect, and the more you practice, the quicker you will learn.

A sensible old soldier, is that who lives near Louisville. Whenever a quarrel with his wife is impending, he takes his tent and frying pan and some provisions, and camps out until his wife hunts him up and effects a reconciliation.

An Edinburgh undertaker, noted for his thrift, having occasion to take the corpse of an old lady to the family burying place in the Highlands, brought back his hearse full of smuggled whisky. On being arraigned for the offence, he said to the magistrate, "Won mon, there's nae harm done. I only took awa' the body and brought back the speerit."

Flys, says Billings, morally considered, are like other human beings; they won't light on a good, helthy spot on a man, not if they can find a place on a man that iz a little raw. I beleave they are of temperate habits; and altho they hang around grocerys a good deal, i never see a fly the wuss for liquor, but i have often seen liquor that was a good deal the wuss for flies.

Prior to the period of steam navigation the Forth was crossed by a ferryboat, which plied between Leith and Kinghorn. A person on board the vessel during a stormy passage was in the utmost consternation. A fellow passenger called on him to trust in Providence. "So I do," was the reply; "but if I once get ashore, I shall next time be independent by takin' the brig o' Stirlin'."

They have just opened a new hotel in a southern State capital, one of the newspaper men who "assisted", writes: "It is a beautiful house. Amid its bowers, its frescoed, grand, glittering parlors, the members of the legislature, at nine dollars a day, can have his Heaven, and listen to the music of a sixteen string band and the voice of his nightingale, and enjoy the felicities of the only paradise that perhaps, will ever be his.

Chicago and the Northwestern States are not alone in their misfortunes. Chattanooga has fallen a prey to the flames. A dispatch from that place says half the business portion of the city was destroyed on Saturday. The fire was the work of incendiaries. It was kindled in three different places, but in only one did it obtain headway before it was discovered. It is stated that fifteen supposed Chicago desperadoes arrived in the place the previous evening, and suspicion points to them as being the perpetrators of the outrage.

One of the Brooklyn judges took a "new departure" on Saturday morning, and passed heavy sentences on three members of that class of the community engaged in the business of "shoving the queer," or in plain English, making and circulating counterfeit money. James Quimby got five years, W. H. Rhody 8 years, and Ernest Kopt, two and a half years imprisonment at hard labor. There are several more gentlemen (?) of this same class about New York and Brooklyn who should receive the same polite attention at the hands of those who dispense justice to the multitude.

A pair of stockings knit with two balls of yarn and two pair of needles attracted great attention at a fair in Galt recently. It is said that German lady, who never saw the singular pair of stockings exhibited, but only heard from her father that such an article had been shown and greatly admired by hundreds of visitors, had also discovered the mode of knitting two stockings at the same time. In a few hours afterwards she exhibited her work to her instructor who with great pleasure acknowledged it to be on the same principle as that exhibited in Galt. The young lady has received a handsome present from her father for her discovery.