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THE PROGRESS MAGAZINE.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

We will not weary with a long preface. The PROGRESS MAGAZINE is now before the public. It is not so complete in all details as might be desired. We will try to make it better as we go onward. To this end we ask the co-operation of all who desire the diffusion of good literature among the people. If our efforts are appreciated we shall enlarge. If not, we shall do the best we can to create a taste for and interest in our work. This once accomplished, we will have no fears for its future.

THE PUBLISHER.

Summerside, January, 1867.

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THE

Progress Magazine.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1867. NO. I.

A Weary Tramp.

The following narrative of "moving accidents by flood and field," is from private letter of a member of Co. H, First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, to the editor. It was, of course, never intended for publication; but as it is perfectly reliable in all its details, and was written by an Islander, then in the U. S. service, we think it deserving of a corner in the PROGRESS MAGAZINE. The letter from which this narrative is taken, bears date of February 6, 1864:—

I promised to give you a sketch of our operations last summer. It can't interest you much, but will help to fill up my sheet if nothing more. I kept notes while on the tramp, but have since destroyed them, and can therefore give you but a bare skeleton, and must trust to memory for that.

When Lee made his bold attempt to invade the Northern States, the battalion of our Regt. (Co's. B, I, C, and H,) was stationed at Maryland Heights, and for several days rebel wagon trains could be seen moving towards Sharpsburg, on the Upper Potomac. Hooker and his army were in a fog—did not know which way to go (at least I judged so at the time). An attack was daily expected on Harper's Ferry and the Heights, and preparations the most ample were made to receive butternut company. Our battery, of 100 and 50-pounder Dahlgren guns was broken up, and the guns were hauled, by hand, at dead of night (raining like blazes all the time) to more commanding positions on the top of the mountain—were pushed up, inch by inch, to places where a Welsh goat would hardly dare to scramble. In the meantime, reinforcements of infantry and light artillery arrived — breastworks and rifle pits were thrown up, and everybody was on the *qui vive*, expecting the ball to open at any moment. Harper's Ferry was evacuated by all who could get away: the Union troops moved over to the Maryland side, and the pontoon bridges over the Potomac were cut away, and were soon, in piecemeal, heading for Chesapeake Bay. Thus we waited for a couple of days, vowing vengeance on the Rebels and daring them to come on. But Lee was not so silly as to attempt a crossing at that point. He chose a safer and more convenient place to get over the river, and how well he succeeded you already know. Soon we heard that the army of the Potomac were crossing at Point of Rocks, some miles below; and were astounded when an order came for the Heights to be evacuated, and all Government property that could not be got away in a hurry to be destroyed. Our battalion then had some hard work to do,

I tell you—and disagreeable work, too; for we had our mind made up to have a *peg* at the Rebels anyhow. We dragged a dozen or more brass howitzers, and twenty or thirty 30-pdr. Parrott guns, beside some 10-inch and 24-pdr. cohorn mortars, down the mountain, loaded them on board canal boats, and started them for Washington under guard of a brigade of Infantry, who footed it on the tow-path. Then we spent a day and two nights in destroying ammunition; and I should judge there was more than a million dollars worth at our battery alone. This we accomplished without accident. A Company of the 8th New York Artillery, who were temporarily stationed at Co. I's battery, were not so lucky. Their captain, thinking our men too slow, ordered his men (so it is said) to take axes and smash up the shell!—30-pd. Porrot percussion shell, all ready for firing! The result was an explosion that shook the hills for miles around, the death of 8 or 10 men, and mangling of 15 others, the captain included. Co. I's boys, knowing that such reckless ignorance would cause a catastrophe, wisely retired out of harm's way, and escaped unhurt. Piles of bacon, beef, sugar, coffee, hard bread, clothing, and other commissary stores were set on fire and destroyed. All the troops in the vicinity were then started for Frederick, Md., our company (H) being left alone on the hill, with the big guns and a few rounds of ammunition to cover the retreat! The Major, Quartermaster and Adjutant, went with Co's. B, I and C, which were temporarily attached to Kenley's brigade. On the 1st of July, Capt. Holt received orders to destroy the big guns remaining, and get his company to Frederick City the best way he could. Accordingly, about sunset on the first, we resumed the work of destruction, by spiking the pieces, knocking off the sights, chopping up the rammers, &c., *mashing* the carriages, and concluded by pitching the disabled guns over the precipice. We then (each man taking only a blanket and some *prog*) fell into line, and marched by a back road over the mountain to Sandy Hook, where a good many canteens were filled—*not* with water. We left all our clothing, except what we wore, our tents, &c., on the hill, and as we filed past the officers' quarters, each man *jabbed* the butt of his gun through the windows, by way of finish to the job. We marched until 12 o'clock, bivouacked, resumed our march in the morning, and got into Frederick about 3 p. m. A great many troops were concentrated there—the whole suburbs of the city was a vast military camp. Another night on the ground, and at 11 a. m. we started for Monocacy Bridge, whither the battalion had gone. Another tramp, footsore and weary, and we arrived at Monacacy in the evening. Here we spent the "glorious fourth" in very shabby style. I never could find out why we were ordered to Monocacy—there were no batteries there; our camping ground was low and wet; and the only "prospect" was the dull, muddy, sluggish river and patched-up bridge—the original structure having been burned by the Rebels the preceding summer. Our principal occupation, while in this bog, was killing pigs and hens, trying to keep out of the rain, and doing picket duty. On July 6, our Company (H) was ordered to pack up (that was soon done) and start in the cars for Harper's Ferry. Accordingly we marched to the railroad, and found five iron-clad cars, in which a few light howitzers were mounted, ready for us. Moving cautiously over the road (report had it all torn up) we reached Sandy

Hook, and the folks—the few remaining there—were "right glad" to see us. The Rebels in small force had passed through the place during our absence, and picked up all the horses, clothing, and every thing else they wanted—so the people were naturally glad to see U. S. soldiers again. The cars were pushed on a little further towards the Ferry, where we got out to reconnoitre. Whiz-whiz goes a bullet, then another and another, and a good many more. Only two men wounded, and those, singularly enough, not of our company. The rebels held possession of the Ferry, and the fellows who fired on us were posted behind the ruins of the U. S. arsenal buildings on the opposite side of the river. The cars were pushed up still further, and a few shell thrown at the rascals. We took a mountain howitzer from one of the cars, mounted it in a good position on a rock, and began to blaze away—not at the Rebels, but at the houses. Soon a white flag (it looked like a petticoat) was seen flying from the top window of an apparently tenantless house, and the captain ordered us to cease firing.

Only a few of us were engaged in the "bombardment"—the remainder of the Co. were using small arms at a furious rate and at ranges *a la* Gilmore. Everything that moved, and a good many things that did not move, was fired at. Rebels were seen everywhere by some, but I saw very few—an occassional puff of white smoke from behind a pile of bricks or stone pillar revealing their hiding places. Toward night the excitement died away,—then the rain came down in torrents, and we passed a miserable night in the mud and rain. Next morning (a good many troops having arrived during the night) we were told that a pontoon train would arrive that day, and a bridge be thrown across the river. So we were counted off in squads to guard the pontooners while at work. But the day wore on, and no pontoons arrived. The boys would persist in firing at every man and cow they saw, being positively sure he and it were rebels. Another shocking night, with mud to the eyes. Another day of waiting, wondering inquiry, and washing of clothes. At nightfall came an order to the captain for his Co. to occupy the Heights again, and man his battery!—when his battery and everything else had been knocked into a cocked hat! However, up the steep ascent we trudged, in that frame of mind peculiar to men who feel that they have been humbugged. Puffing and blowing we reached the top, and the sight of the place where our old quarters had been made me sad. It was desolation itself. I can appreciate the feelings of a man who, on returning from a journey, finds his house and property destroyed by the ravages of war. Another night on the ground: "Like mists of the morning" our tents and everything else had flown. Next morning we mounted an old spiked 24-pounder on a broken carriage, and commenced to unspike it, when an order came for Co. H to join the battalion at Middleton, Md.—that Kenley's brigade was going thither and we could overtake it on the road somewhere. We started instanter (9th of July, I think), trudged merrily along, joined the brigade, and marched, not to Middleton, but to Boonsboro'. Here the battalion was not to be found, so we fell into line of battle with the the brigade,—which was the first brigade, first division, first corps, of the Army of the Potomac,—determined to "go in" on our own hook, and Gen. Kenley—a little, rough-looking, red-headed, stubby chap (they say he was a "Plug" and used to run with a *masheen* in

Baltimore)—was "right glad" to have us—for we could use big guns or little guns, build breastworks and dig ditches. Capt. Holt heard that the battalion was at Williamsport, and wanted to go there with his Co; but the General told him if he attempted it he would certainly be "gobbled," as the Rebels held the place and roads in the vicinity. So we passed some hours in helping to fell trees and throw up "works" in anticipation of attack. But at dusk the scene changed again. Our Major (Rolfe) came riding into camp, and informed the captain that the battalion was a mile or two in the rear, in the Artillery Reserve Camp, and that we were to join it,—for which news we gave him a cheer, and trudged off again, found our companions, exchanged gratulations, cooked our coffee, singed our bacon, and *dumped* ourselves on the wet ground for a night's repose. Another rainy, miserable night. Next morning the whole army was in motion, and here I first saw what a vast, unwieldly machine a large army is, apparently, unless directed by some master mind. The light batteries had been thinned at Gettysburg, and forty odd men were detailed to fill the places left vacant,—the balance of the battalion were to act as Infantry—a sort of guard to Gen. Tyler of the Artillery Reserve. Soon we were on the tramp again, over wretched roads, towards Funkstown, where Lee was to be driven into the Potomac or brought captive to Washington. I must confess that when we halted everything indicated that a battle would be fought.—I had made up my mind for it. Lines of battle were formed, the artillery was limbered up, and everything appeared to be ready for the contest, when scouts sent out to "stir 'em up," returned with the news that the enemy had flown. Curses loud and deep, and criticisms not the most complimentary, could be heard on all sides. But Lee was safe over the river, and the next thing to be done was to give chase. So tramp again was the order, and away we trudged, through mud and rain, for Berlin, at which place a pontoon bridge had been thrown across the Potomac. The day before we reached Boonsboro, Pleasanton had quite a fight with the Rebels at a village called Benevola. Dead and dying horses, fences thrown down, houses sacked, wheat fields trampled, and such like sights, told plainly as we marched past where the battle had been. I saw a number of wounded at Boonsboro, many houses being used as temporary hospitals.

It took some time for the army to cross the river, so we camped at Berlin a day or two; and on the 18th July we crossed to the Virginia side, in pursuit(?) of the Rebels. I need not detail the daily marches, nor tell you of our discomforts, trials, incidents and fun,—for you know exactly how men behave in an enemy's country. Suffice it to say that Gen. Tyler took up his head quarters for a few days at the village of Union about 25 miles from the river—a dilapidated, gutted, poverty-stricken town—where we had a rest. The boys on the light batteries went forward to Snicker's Gap, and some of them were sent, with their guns, to New York to suppress the riot. At daylight one fine morning, after being aroused by the usual bugle call, we were ordered to pack and march towards the Potomac again. Our men detailed on batteries came in a short time after, and resumed their muskets, much against their will. We did not start until 9 a. m., and reached the Potomac before sunset, crossed the pontoon, and once more encamped at Berlin for the night. Next morning, bright and early, saw us trudging up the towpath of the

Chesapeake and Ohio Canal towards Harper's Ferry, which celebrated locality was reached before dinner-time. We found Union troops in possession—the Rebels had left for parts unknown—and business was going on as usual. In the afternoon, we were ordered to the Heights again—crossed the pontoon bridge at the Ferry, and again scrambled up to our former home. There was a New York regiment on the hill, and on going up, we met some of their men coming down, who, supposing that to be our first introduction to the place, voluntarily told us of the difficulties of the place, and what a tremendous amount of climbing we had yet to do before reaching the top,—which caused me, in not very gentle or agreeable tone, to tell them their information was not wanted,—that we *built* the d—d place, and knew all about it. We encamped not far from our old quarters that night,—next day shifted—next day shifted again, until finally we settled down in shelter tents a few hundred yards above where our battery of heavy guns had been. In a few days the other troops cleared out, and once more we had possession of the hill. Then came hard work again. Guns (30-pdr. Parrotts, one 100-pdr. Parrott, two 10-inch mortars, and brass pieces of different calibres) arrived from Washington at the Hook, and had to be hauled up by hand, which was not a very easy job in the warm weather. We lost one man accidentally while at this work. Then there was a deal of digging, cleaning up, building new magazines, &c., which kept us busy till we left in December. In the month of July we marched about 175 miles, and accomplished—nothing!

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.

How are Needles Made?

To answer this question we have consulted a variety of sources of information, the result of which, as far as may be sufficient to convey a general idea on the subject, may be given to our readers in the following account:

The manufacture of needles in ancient times, or among uncivilized nations even at the present day, exhibits a rude attempt to form, in bone, ivory, &c., an instrument for sewing or stitching together of garments. The Esquimaux women, with their needles of bone, and with thread formed of the sinews of the reindeer, split into different sizes, sew and stitch with considerable neatness their deerskin dresses and water-tight boots and shoes. A rude kind of needle of bone or ivory has been found in British barrows: while needles of bronze are preserved in many museums. The early history of needles in the mother country appears to be lost, but the introduction of "Spanish needles," and their manufacture in England, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, are chronicled by Stowe, who states that, "a negro made fine Spanish needles in Cheapside, but would never teach his art to any." After the death of this negro the art appears to have been entirely lost sight of, but was again recovered in or about 1650.

The needle manufacture is carried on principally at Redditch, a village in Worcestershire, about fourteen miles from Birmingham. Why this village became the seat of the manufacture is unknown; no local traditions, as far as we know, assign a cause for it; yet from this obscure place, in the midst of an agricultural district, a large portion of Europe and the colonies, as well as England herself, is is supplied with needles.

There are about a dozen principal

factories in Redditch, in which the various processes of the manufacture are carried on. These factories are large, well-lighted buildings, supplied with steam or water power, for giving motion to the apparatus for grinding and polishing the needles. Many of the processes are, however, done by hand, and some of them at the cottages of the workpeople—processes which wonderfully enhance the value of the raw material, so that some of the finest needles are really "worth their weight in gold."

The raw material, as received from Birmingham or Sheffield, consists of soft, clean steel wire, in coils of various size and weight, numbered to correspond with slits in a small steel plate, or guage. Number 1 represents a wire 1-22d of an inch in diameter, and so on in diminishing proportion until 12 represents a wire 1-100th of an inch. The first process is to take the wires from a number of coils of equal diameter, and, collecting them in the hand, to hold them between the blades of a pair of shears, and so cut them into successive lengths, each being sufficient to make two needles. The number of pieces cut at once depends on the size of the wire; supposing the size No. 6 is being made, enough wire is unroiled to cut up into 25,000 or 30,000 pieces, each piece being about three inches long, or the length of two needles. But the pieces are all by this process more or less bent, and they must now be straightened. To effect this, several thousand pieces are collected within two broad and heavy rings, and then heated to redness. They are then lifted out, still in these rings, and placed on an iron plate. A workman then takes what is called a *smooth file*, which he rubs or rolls the wires backwards and forwards, until by friction against each other they are straightened. The noise resembles that of filing, but soon changes from a grating sound to a more subdued tone, which informs the workman that the necessary *[illegible]*, as this process is called, has been effected.

The next process is very injurious to the health of the workman. It consists in grinding the two ends of the straightened wire upon small grit-stones. These stones are set in rapid motion, while the workman takes a number of wires in his left hand and spreads them out, keeping them parallel by placing the right hand upon them, and moving it so as to make all the wires rotate backwards and forwards, in order that a perfect cone may be formed. Sometimes a piece of stout leather is used in pressing the wires against the stone. He now and then adjusts the points, and also dips them in water to keep them cool, for when they are in contact with the stone the friction produces heat and a stream of sparks. The minute particles of grit and steel which fly off form a dust, which enters the workman's lungs and produces an affection of the breath, known as *grinder's asthma*. This disease, when aggravated by intemperance, as is too often the case, becomes early fatal, so that the man is old at thirty, and frequently dies at thirty-five or forty.

The next process is the formation of two eyes in the centre. The eye of a needle consists of a small groove and a perforation, which must be formed by cautious operations, that the wire be not damaged: the eye is first produced by the stamping machine; and although the stamper has to adjust and stamp each separately, yet he can manage two thousand wires, equivalent to four thousand needles, in an hour.

The piercing of the eye is done by a number of boys by means of small hand-presses. And now, after the two eyes (one for each needle) are perforated in each wire, these wires

are ingeniously threaded on two thinner wires, which go through the eyes; the space between the eyes is then filed thin, and by bending the whole row backwards and forwards they are separated in the centre, leaving an eye at the end of each, which is the head of the needle. Many processes are now required for the purpose of straightening those that are bent, hardening, tempering, cleaning, drilling, point polishing, and sometimes gold-eyeing, as it is called, which is effected by dipping the eye end in a solution of gold in ether, which gives them a smarter appearance, makes them more expensive, but adds not a jot to their utility. After finishing the points they go to the polisher, and then are ready for papering. It is said that in and around Redditch as many as 70,000,000 needles are manufactured weekly.

In its manufacture the needle passes through many hands, to whom we believe it affords a tolerably remunerative employment; when fit for use it becomes the little home instrument so well plied by those we love and honor. But, perhaps, no article in daily use, had it the power of speech, could tell of the misery, starvation, and heart-breaking, consequent upon a day and night application to the toil of the needle. Can nothing be suggested for the amelioration of that most deplorable of all the daughters of man—the poor needle-woman?

Be True.

Thou must be true thyself
 If thou the truth would'st teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
 Another's soul would'st reach;
It needs the overflow of hearts
 To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
 Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
 Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
 A great and noble creed.

The Wreck
AND ITS LESSON.

The sun rose on the small island of Bergh (one of the Carolinas in the South Seas,) and shone upon the ocean, yet agitated by a recent tempest. The wild waves broke over the coral reefs which defended these islands, raised one above the other like the artificial terraces of a park.

Against one of the least elevated leant the mast of a sunken vessel, fragments of which were swept away by every wave. The vessel was the "Oceana," which had been overtaken on the previous night by the storm, and striking against these formidable barriers, had become a total wreck.

The passengers and crew had hoped to escape from death by taking to the boats, but these had shared the fate of the ship, and had been in a few minutes staved on the rocks. Four persons only, among all who were in the ship when she struck, were fortunate enough to reach the neighboring island; and when our story opens, they were grouped on a narrow promontory, from whence they contemplated the remains of the vessel, already nearly demolished by the waves.

They had been in fact saved by one of those chances which seem to disconcert all plans; for, excepting George Ridler, from whose courage and skill one might have predicted his escape, these persons seemed likely to be the first victims of the disaster which had caused the destruction of the "Oceana" and her crew. The first, Arthur Tarling, belonged to the peaceable and careful class of students, better adapted for classifying a plant than for struggling with the waves; the second, William Trot, had till then principally distinguished himself as a juggler and rope dancer; and the third was a poor invalid, Mrs. Keppel, who was almost deprived of the use of

her limbs, and who had been thrown ashore by the waves.

The first emotion of terror being over, the four shipwrecked persons, so miraculously saved, had assembled together, recognised each other, and had arrived at the mournful certainty that they alone had escaped after the tempest.

Mrs. Keppel was seated on the sand, with her hands joined, and her head bent down; William Trot was looking at the sea, and mechanically twisting his cap into a thousand whimsical shapes; while Arthur Tarling, who at first had looked round him with a feeling of despair, fixed his eyes involuntarily upon a new species of shell, which, from habit, he began to classify. George Riddler alone had turned his steps to the interior, in search of the resources which they hoped to find.

Riddler was a man of action in every sense of the word. For a long time addicted to poaching, then to smuggling, he had shipped himself as one of the crew in order to escape from the hands of justice, and had brought into his new profession his old character of audacity and insubordination. At the time of the shipwreck he was confined in the hold in irons, and owed his deliverance only to the loss of the vessel.

After having examined the island on which they had been thrown, and endeavored to form some estimate of its extent, he approached his companion, and said, abruptly—

"The others are drowned, so there's an end of them; but how shall *we* contrive to live without shelter, without arms, and without provisions?"

"Perhaps we shall find some resource," replied Tarling: "in these latitudes nature produces enough spontaneously to supply our necessities; there must be in the centre of the island cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees."

"Then let us try and find them," replied George, who had just torn up a bamboo to serve as a walking-stick; "this part of the island is the most barren; there is neither water, nor shade, and the sun will soon be scorching; we cannot think of remaining here."

The two men concurred in this, and advanced a step toward Ridler; but the sight of Mrs. Keppel caused Arthur to stop.

"And this poor woman, who cannot follow us, what will become of her?" said he to his companions.

"What, the praying woman?" rejoined George; "let God assist her, since she has such confidence in him; we cannot drag after us such a useless burden."

"What! abandon her to a certain death!" replied Tarling; "that cannot be, Mr. George Ridler."

"The gentleman may carry the old devotee upon his shoulders," replied the smuggler, sneeringly; "as for me, I find it difficult enough to keep a whole skin myself without meddling with other people."

"So you will not assist in this good action, George?"

"No, deuce take me if I do!"

"Well," rejoined the indignant naturalist, "I alone will take care of the unfortunate woman. The same disaster has overtaken us all, and we ought to unite our strength, as accident has united us in misfortune. As long as I can put one foot before the other, I will never desert those who are become my relations as it were in affliction."

"If the old lady is our relation we ought to assist her," replied William Trot, with his usual good humor. "I am the more attached to my new family, inasmuch as I never had any before."

Then, turning towards Mrs. Keppel, he said, as he took her hand, "Come, cousin, we must make an effort to find shelter; we will make a chair for you with our arms; but pray make yourself as light as you can."

Light, indeed, she was; so reduced by illness, that they were scarcely conscious that they were carrying her, and soon rejoined Ridler, who had just entered the shaded portion of the island. Their progress, which was at first so easy, soon became difficult amidst the jungle. In spite of the foliage, the heat became every moment more oppressive, and, exhausted by thirst, they at last found themselves entangled in so thick a jungle that they were unable to perceive an opening on any side. William was the first to be tired; he remained with the invalid while George and Tarling pursued their researches; but, after some useless efforts, they returned to the others.

They found Mrs. Keppel and the mountebank extended on the ground, unable to continue their route.—George pointed them out to Tarling—"You see that it is all over with them." said he, abruptly; "they must die like dogs. As you are more robust you must think of assisting me, and perhaps, by our united efforts, we may force a passage through this infernal jungle."

"I will go with you on condition that you will return with me and fetch the others, when we have found water and shelter," replied Arthur.

"And what will you do with them?" interrupted the poacher, sternly; "if we are condemned to remain on this island, what assistance can we expect from such companions?—a sick woman and a juggler!"

"Even if they should prove useless it would not be less our duty to assist them," replied Tarling; "let us seek an outlet through the jungle, as you propose; but whatever be the result of our attempts I shall return to them, that they may share our lot."

George and Arthur again tried to penetrate the thick herbage, but they soon met with a rock which closed the passage. Obliged to turn to the right, they were stopped by an impenetrable barrier, and at last returned, after desperate efforts, to the spot where they had left William and Mrs. Keppel.

They both sank on the ground, bathed with perspiration, their throats dry, and half dead with fatigue and thirst. All hope appeared to be lost; a burning fever consumed them; they had lost even the instinct of self-preservation, and waited for death to put an end to their sufferings.

Crouched together in the narrow space which was shaded by the branches from the burning sun, their faces resting upon their knees, all three maintained a despairing silence, when Mrs. Keppel raised her head and looked around her. Her delicate health had rendered her less sensible of the wants which tormented her companions; and having been accustomed to hot climates, she was enabled to bear the heat by which they had been overwhelmed. She half-raised herself upon her knees, and, inhaling the air, listened to the breeze. After having listened for some moments with a kind of indifference, Mrs. Keppel made a sudden movement; she raised herself more upright, and inclined her ear to the north. Nothing was heard but the raging of the sea, in the intervals of which the breeze whispered through the trees of the island; but the latter seemed especially to attract the attention of the invalid. All who love to listen to the "soughing" of the wind through the trees know these sounds vary according to the nature of the trees through

which they pass. To those who study these vague murmurings, each tree, agitated by the breeze, is like an instrument which emits distinctly the sounds peculiar to it. Now, in her hours of meditation and solitude, Mrs. Keppel had accustomed herself to distinguish these voices of the forest; so, after a long silence, in which she appeared to be employed in controlling her feelings, she suddenly exclaimed, "There is a grove of cocoa-nut trees at a short distance from us, and in that direction."

The three men raised their heads at the same time. "Cocoa-nut trees!" cried Arthur, eagerly; "if this be true we are saved."

"I am sure of it," said the invalid, whose finger was pointed with increased confidence to the north. "I have heard for five years the sound of those trees from the window of my sick chamber, and my ear has learned to distinguish them: the grove cannot be further distant than fifty paces."

Uncertain as this indication was, the three companions made an effort in the direction indicated. They had at first some trouble in making their way through a jungle of parasitical plants, which bordered the kind of prairie in which they found themselves enclosed; but they at last succeeded in finding an outlet, and perceived, on a slight elevation, the grove announced by the invalid.

Ridler at first uttered a cry of joy, which was soon changed into an exclamation of disappointment; the cocoa-nut trees were so lofty that the fruit was beyond the reach of the castaways.

"A fine discovery truly! this unfortunate fruit only serves to augment our hunger and thirst," cried he.

"How so?" inquired William.

"How so?" repeated George; "because of their great height we can only reach them with our eyes."

"Not so," interrupted the mountebank, with some degree of pride; "Will Trot has ascended greater heights than that for a penny, and we shall not lose our breakfast because the cloth is laid on the top of those *poplars*."

As he spoke, Trot, who had recovered all his good humor and a part of his agility, took off his girdle, with which he supported himself in the Indian fashion, and began to climb one of the cocoa-nut trees, from which he soon gathered some fine fruit.

After having satisfied themselves with the refreshing milk contained within them, the three castaways returned to the invalid, who, in her turn, satisfied her thirst; and Ridler himself assisted to support her into the grove which her indications had enabled them to discover.

In gathering the cocoa-nuts, William Trot had been able to survey the whole of the island. By his direction, they turned towards the right, and came to a spring, the course of which they followed to the foot of the rock under which it disappeared, and then fell into the sea. The spot, well provided with cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees, could not have been better chosen. It was, at the same time, sheltered from tempests, and in sight of the sea, on which their eyes were always fixed, in order to make signals to ships, if a fortunate accident should bring any near them. Ridler immediately made a hut with bamboos and palm leaves, in which they found an asylum before night closed. They then descended to the shore to see whether they could find some shell fish, and returned with a green turtle, which they had surprised among the rocks. William Trot had also succeeded in lighting a fire, by which they were able to cook this valuable

prize. All had recovered their courage. They supped cheerfully, and when they were going to sleep on their beds of leaves, Mrs. Keppel said aloud a prayer and thanksgiving for their deliverance. Tarling cordially joined in it; William contented himself with taking off his hat; while George Ridler sat down, shrugging his shoulders.

The following day was devoted to their domestic arrangements, and in searching for new resources. The three men surveyed the accessible part of the island, and ascertained what they had to expect. The shipwreck had unfortunately thrown them upon one of the smallest and least fertile of the islands of the Bergh. Fruit trees were not numerous, and besides these they only found a few sea birds perched on the summits o the rocks.

Ridler hoped that they might supply what was wanting by fishing. He made some lines with the fibres of the cocoa-nut, fashioned some hooks out of the shell of the tortise, and formed baskets with the leaves of the curcuma. But all these efforts scarcely sufficed to keep famine away from the colony. Ridler alone was strong and skillful, and all lived by his industry. He complained of this to Tarling, threatening to leave them to shift for themselves.

"Why should we maintain that old woman, who passes her time in singing hymns and weaving dry plants; and that rope-dancer, who sleeps all day in the shade, or loses his time in trying to tame a bird? A few cocoanuts only remain; the bread-fruit trees are completely stripped, and I have only caught three fish in eight days. Is it not folly to persist in feeding two useless mouths? I may even say three; for as to yourself, Mr. Tarling, what use is your knowledge of nature, except to make you spend the best part of the day in useless researches in these woods? But I protest things cannot go on in this manner; every one must maintain himself."

"No," replied Arthur, mildly, "every one must live for the others, and promote the welfare of the whole. Have a little patience, Ridler; the hour will come which will show that our strength and abilities are worth something; for there are no persons useless here below but the selfish."

But, notwithstanding these promises, George continued to furnish almost the whole of the daily sustenance. At last, one evening, after having passed many hours in fishing, without having taken anything, his line was carried away by the only fish that had bitten. While endeavoring to pursue it, his foot was pierced by a coral rock, which made a deep wound, and he retired to the hut with great pain and difficulty.

On the other hand, William, who had just returned with his tame bird, brought nothing; and Tarling was absent: he was probably botanising on the other side of the hill.

Ridler gave vent to his anger in cursing himself as well as others. If he had only labored for his own wants, he would have had sufficient, and could even have made a reserve; but he had had the folly of making himself a purveyor for others; for them he had exhausted the resources of the island and his own strength, and now he was condemned to die of famine, as the consequence of his own generosity.

William and the invalid listened to the reproaches in silence: for they a[illegible] were suffering with hunger. [illegible] two months of suspense they [illegible] themselves in the same situa[illegible] at the time of the shipwreck, [illegible] by a kind of divination, Mrs. [illegible]el had preserved them all from [illegible]. George continued to de-

plore aloud what he called his imprudence.

"Where is the naturalist now?" cried he, alluding to Tarling; "he is employed, without doubt, in counting the petals of a flower, or in drying a herb, in the hopes that I have brought him home a dish of fish for supper; I wish that one like him was hanging on every gallows in the three kingdoms."

"You are wrong, Ridler," said Arthur, who then just made his appearance at the door of the hut, "for the naturalist has been well employed all day."

"And what does he bring us?" asked the old smuggler, ironically; "a rare insect, a curious stone, or some plant decorated with a Latin name?"

"None of them, Ridler."

"What then?"

"Plenty for the present and for ever."

At these words Tarling drew from a basket, made of the bark of the *balibayo*, plaited by Mrs Keppel, some farinaceous roots, which, thanks to his long researches, he had at last discovered; these were the *papco* and the *baba*, *monocalyledonous* plants, much used by the South Sea islanders, and with which his previous studies had made him acquainted. He also found some *gapsquys* and *ignames*, which were near maturity. He explained to his companions their nutritive properties, and the method of increasing them by cultivation, so that they had no longer to fear a famine.

The unexpected good fortune restored hope to George, who suffered Mrs. Keppel to dress his wound, whilst William prepared the repast.

But the wound was more severe than Ridler had at first supposed. He was obliged to remain in the hut during several days, and, accustomed to live in the open air, and amid active employment, he soon became low-spirited. It was then that Mrs. Keppel became useful to him by her pleasing conversation, her attentive care, and above all, by her example. She taught him to be patient; she pointed out to him the many little compensations which long suffering had made known to her; she initiated him gently into pleasures that were until then unknown to him. The coarseness of his mind insensibly wore off; his heart became more feeling towards others—more expansive; it became sensible also of emotions and *pleasures, which*, until *then*, he had not suspected to exist. He no longer shrugged his shoulders when the invalid sang her hymns; on the contrary, he liked to hear that soft feeble voice which brought to his remembrance that of his mother. By listening to the prayers repeated night and morning by Mrs. Keppel, he, by degrees, recollected those which he had been taught when a child; and thus recalled to pleasing reminiscences, long forgotten, he would begin to speak of his early years, passed in the Highlands of Scotland; his errors, his scruples, and *his delights*. Thus, *unknown to* himself, the strong man became a child; and, while recalling to mind the pure impressions of youth, he began to comprehend them and to love them.

His foot got better, but the imperfectly healed wound prevented him for a long time from fishing. One day when he was lamenting his incapacity, and complaining with some bitterness of the awkwardness of his associates, Trot declared that he was now ready to take his place.

"You!" cried Ridler, "if we wanted any one to climb nutmeg trees, or walk on their head, I should believe you; but what have you done ever since your arrival besides finding

some birds' eggs, and losing your time with your stupid bird?"

"What, *Little John!*" cried William. "Up to this time we have been obliged to do everything for ourselves. I wished to have a servant, and I think I have not employed too much time in teaching one."

"And what can your pupil do?"

"I'll tell ye what, Mr. George; he fishes three times better than you do, and without nets or lines."

"You are joking."

"You may go to the shore and judge for yourself."

The four went to the beach, where *Little John* began his labors under the direction of Will Trot. In less than an hour the bird had filled with fish the basket brought by his master, who was prouder of his pupil than if he had caught them himself.

"Mr. Ridler can see that I have not lost my time," said he, with mock gravity, "although I have not employed it in the same way as he did. Everybody takes advantage of life in the way best adopted to his capacity; all that is necessary is to employ every one according to his own inclinations."

This last instance particularly struck the old smuggler, not because it was more conclusive than the others, but because it came after them.—George began to understand that no faculty ought to be despised, and that every one has his place in the great human community. He had despised the weakness of Mrs. Keppel; and he, as well as his companions, were indebted to her for their lives; to her he was also indebted for consolation in the time of his suffering and confinement. He had found fault with the science of Tarling, yet it was the source of the abundance they enjoyed at present, and their security for the future. In fine, he had despised the puerile tastes of Wm. Trot, and these tastes had procured them the services of an assistant as unexpected as they were valuable.

These successive lessons cured Ridler of his selfishness and pride. He understood now that the faculties he possessed, though more apparent at first sight, were not the only valuable gifts, and that all men who worked with a good-will could also lend their assistance. He resumed his pursuits, but with more humility.

In proportion as the advantages of associating together developed themselves among the four members of the little colony, they became more necessary to each other, and their union was more complete. George possessed the strength and courage of the little society, Arthur Tarling the science, William Trot the gaiety; as to the invalid, she was the charm and the cement of their union; she represented all the loftier instincts and feelings of the heart; she prayed, she sang; she spoke to each of the men of his mother; she maintained among them mutual good will; she was at once the priestess, the woman, and the poetess of this miniature society; each one found in her a moral judge and a second conscience. If Mrs. Keppel were pleased, they had acted well; if she were sad, they had done wrong. She seemed the living law of this family, whom she had softened by her piety, and whom she sustained by her affection.

Three years passed thus; they gradually came to look upon the little island as a new fatherland; their thoughts were scarcely turned, even at intervals, towards the world from which they had been so suddenly separated.

One morning, when Ridler was climbing the rock to descend to the shore, he suddenly perceived a vessel anchored a few cable lengths from the beach, and a boat, which had just

landed. He had scarcely time to make an exclamation, when some American sailors perceived him, and ran towards him with expressions of surprise.

Ridler conducted them to the hut, when Tarling related their story to the American captain, who took them on board immediately, and set sail. After a safe voyage they arrived at Boston, the place of their original destination.

Restored to the society from which they thought themselves cut off for ever, they resumed their duties, and prepared each to follow his own path. Their association in the isle of Bergh had been like an encampment of three years in the desert; but they were united by too many ties of gratitude and affection to separate from each other without regret. All four of them embraced each other tenderly. At last, Tarling, uniting their hands in his, and pressing them for the last time, said, "Farewell, my friends; let us go where our lot calls us, but whatever happens, let us remember the great lesson we have received; let us never forget that the most humble abilities have their use, and that there is always room in the world for those who wish well of their fellow-creatures."

A Yorkshireman, who had attended a meetin of the Anthropological Society, was asked by a friend what the learned gentleman had been saying. "Well, I don't exactly know," he said; "there are many things I could not understand; but there was one thing I thowt I made out; they believe that we hav come from monkeys, and I thowt how they were fast getting back again to where they came from."

Sleeplessness.

Theologians and poets, physiologists and metaphysicians have all endeavored to write profoundly on the phenomena of sleep, and have all more or less lost themselves in a subject which, whenever studied, takes a fixed hold of the imagination. The existence of a bodily condition which is not death, yet suspends mental life, which is consistent with motion, but not with thought, which can continue while half the mind is at work, yet ends if all begins to work together, suggests strange ideas on the oldest of all speculations, the connection between matter and spirit. The materialist has derived some of his best arguments from a state which shows every day that, whether or not the mind be the outcome of physical action within the brain, say a kind of voltaic pile working in the cells there, the moment that action is suspended, mind disappears. The spiritualist has no better proof of the existence of something independent of matter than the occasional but well known occurrence of complete mental operations, such as the solution of a geometrical problem, or the composition of a sonata, or the winning of a game at chess, having been completed while the body lay still in torpor. A grain of a drug extracted from the poppy juice will suspend mental power; how, then, can mind be immaterial? The mind will compel the tongue to speak while yet the rest of the body is powerless; how, then, can it be wholly material? The argument on either side is a thin one, the proof whether it is not the agent which is paralyzed instead of the master, remaining in all cases wanting; but it has occupied many minds. So, again, there has been writing for ever on the question whether men always dream, and only occasionally remember dreams, or

only occasionally dream and always remember that they have dreamt. If the former is true, as Sir Henry Holland supposed, then something in us is independent of sleep, wants no rest while it lives, a strange fact from every point of view; if the second, what is it that suddenly disconnects the slumber of the body from the slumber of the mind? Can the nerves *sleep and the mind act? and if so,* why should a concussion of the spine necessarily produce partial fatuity? Many Asiatics, and we have read somewhere, some tribes of Russians, have a ghastly superstition about sleep. They believe that people exist who, waking, can talk the talk of sleepers, who can whisper, that is, to sleepers in a tone which compels the mind to act without waking the body, can therefore pour ideas and facts into the brain, say of a king, without his ever knowing the source of his beliefs. That superstition is groundless, and was probably built on the observation that some men are awaked instantly by the human voice and sleep again the moment it ceases, but it is an expression of the truth that the mind can *acquire* while the body sleeps. Then do people ever wake? Sleep is not stranger than the cessation of sleep, and can this ever occur without external influence, light, or sound, or pain? Suppose a man accustomed to sleep in the dark kept *carefully away from light, and sound,* and new currents of air, would he not sleep on till awoke by the actual pain of hunger? If the will is asleep he ought not to awake himself, and the common experience of mankind suggests the possibility of such over-sleeping, but yet it also informs us that if we go to bed strongly willing to wake at a particular and unusual hour, we do so awake. Was the will half asleep, dozy, as it were?

Among speculations of this kind a much more vulgar, but also much more useful one, stands some chance of being neglected, has indeed been neglected, rather to the discredit of physiology. Sleep being a physical condition, is it not possible to induce that condition without the use of drugs? A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine*, not very long since, discusses that question, of course *without definite result, but he states* in a popular form the most essential datum of the proposal, one much misconceived by the public. It used to be believed that the cause of sleep, or rather the proximate cause, was the turgidity of the blood-vessels of the brain. They pressed on something too hard and the man went to sleep. Alcohol, it was said, made them turgid, visibly flushing the face, and alcohol, it was clear, produced sleep. *Unfortunately* for the theory, physiologists, when they came to examine the matter with their clean minds and sceptical criticism, doubted if the facts corresponded to it, found that it was exactly the reverse of facts. A woman got her head broken conveniently and was watched, animals' heads were opened remorselessly, and it was ascertained that the probable cause of sleep was low circulation in the arteries of the brain. They got pallid in perfect sleep, and flushed in imperfect or dreamy sleep. "The principal evidence as to the human *brain in sleep is derived from the* observation of a woman at Montpelier, a case well known and often quoted. She had lost a portion of the skull-cap, and the brain and its membranes were exposed. "When she was in deep or sound sleep, the brain lay in the skull almost motionless: when she was dreaming, it became elevated, and when her dreams, which she related on waking, were vivid or interesting, the brain was protruded through the cranial aperture. This

condition has also been experimentally brought about and observed in animals, and the same result has been seen, namely, that in sleep the surface of the brain and its membranes became pale, the veins ceased to be distended, and only a few small vessels containing arterial blood were discernable. When the animal was roused, a blush spread over the brain, which rose through the opening of the bone. The surface became bright red; innumerable vessels, unseen before, were now everywhere discernable, and the blood seemed to be coursing through them very rapidly. The veins, like the arteries, were full and distended, but their difference of color rendered them clearly distinguishable. When the animal was fed and again allowed to sink into repose, the blood-vessels gradually resumed their former dimensions and appearance, and the surface of the brain became pale as before. The contrast between the appearances of the brain during its period of functional activity and during its state of repose or sleep was most remarkable." Anything, then, that emptied the capillaries would help to produce sleep, and a false theory being out of the way, the facts were seen to bear out the new conclusion. Excitement, particularly the excitement of great mental toil or of an active exercise of the imagination, fills the arteries, and is, we all know, fatal to sleep. Let anybody work hard immediately after dinner, a very frequent practice with the literary class, and unless he works for hours, unless, that is, he fairly fatigues himself, or after working gives his brain an hour's rest in chat, or silence, or that reading which is not reading, but the most soothing of all mental occupations, an equivalent with many men for day-dreaming, he will toss for an hour before he sleeps. So he will also if he has become really interested at a theatre, though we admit that possibility is at present so raro as to be almost beyond the range of scientific experiment. His head, he says, "feels hot," or his "temples throb," or his eyes are dull and full of blood. Ice, again, applied to the head, has in many cases produced deep and apparently dreamless sleep, and a spirit like eau-de cologne rubbed on the head has in a minor degree the same effect. But alcohol? Well, alcohol does not, people's eyes notwithstanding, fill the arteries of the brain. Practical physiologists are inclined to say that on the contrary it empties them, irritating the sympathetic nerves till they contract the large arteries, and the capillaries or little ones get no supply worth mentioning. We do not say—we are quite incompetent to say—that the question is settled, but we are entitled to say that a balance of scientific opinion and a larger balance of circumstantial evidence suggests the belief that the cardinal condition of natural sleep is a reduction of the arterial activity in the brain. There are other conditions dependent originally on the nervous system of which far less is known. Morphia, for example, must act first of all on the nerves, but the main condition is this; and if this be it, then it must be within the range of possibility for science to discover modes of inducing sleep without resort to drugs, none of which act precisely alike upon all constitutions.

People have been trying to discover this secret empirically for ages, with wonderful little success, there being perhaps no subject on which the evidence of individual experimenters differ so greatly or is comparatively so useless. Nine-tenths of mankind believe that fatigue yields sleep as a sort of inevitable consequence, and so to most men it does, but there are

constitutions in which fatigue involves sleeplessness, to which sleep, until they have rested, is absolutely impossible. Some men appear to have a control over sleep almost as absolute as they have over their limbs, to be able, so to speak, to compel the faculties to go to bed whenever it is convenient. The present writer can very nearly do that--can, that is, unless under a strong mental emotion, rely on going to sleep in five minutes in almost any attitude, at any hour of the day, and under almost any conditions, a sermon being perhaps the one most decidedly favorable. Some men, again, seem to have almost an incapacity of sleep, cannot get it except in a perfect silence quite unattainable in London, or perfect darkness, or at some fixed time, or in some peculiar attitude after a long period of bodily quiescence. They are "bad sleepers," and sleeplessness is, we suspect, one of the most frequent and most annoying concomitants of civilized life. One man of this kind tries to sleep by repeating the multiplication table, to "fatigue the brain into sleep," says the *Cornhill* essayist, but, as we should think, to refresh the brain by giving it work to do which requires no exertion at all. Instinct is almost always true, and the man who tries this trick, instinctively repeats bits, say, of well known poetry, not of poetry which he remembers only by mental effort. A great missionary troubled with sleeplessness used to say that he always repeated the Lord's Prayer till Satan sent him to sleep to get rid of it, and he never found the receipt to fail. He rested the brain by a repetition which excluded thought and did not tax the memory, the Lord's Prayer being with most Englishmen, like the multiplication table, one of the very few things recalled without mental effort, or which often survive the decay of memory. This device operates, however, with very few, and a much better one, day-dreaming for five minutes, with still fewer. Some men find relief in washing, and that is sensible enough, the rough trituration of a towel, or still better of the flesh-brush, directing an extra supply of blood to the skin, to the great relief of the brain. The air-bath, once so strongly believed in, depends on the same principle. All Anglo-Indians assert that a cold head is the great condition of ready sleep, and if this is so, which is almost certain, a water pillow ought to induce it, an experiment, we believe, scarcely tried. The Anglo-Indians use pillows covered with a singularly fine cane, the glaze on which never heats, but the pillow itself should be cool. We suspect that the particularly nasty Western contrivance, the feather or down pillow, which heats the head, and while no amount of clean covers will keep really clean, is one cause at least of sleeplessnes. Hindoos, the mass of whom use no pillow at all, but either lie prone or sleep on the arm, seem to command sleep almost at will, repudiate most emphatically the Western idea that a man was meant to sleep seven hours out of the twenty-four. Of all empirical remedies, however, the most certain is food. An idea has become current in England for years, originating, we beiive, entirely in a social change as to the hour of meals, that eating is unfavorable to sleep, but the idea, as the *Cornhill* points out, is opposed not not only to analogy, but to experience. All animals, all children, all savages, and all races which take no wine sleep immediately after eating. Who does not feel sleepy immediately after lunch, if he is stupid enough to eat a meal invented in order that by eating without enjoyment one may lose a little of one's capacity for work.

Half the sleeplessnes of great cities is due to the absurd hours we select for food. A savage eats and sleeps as a dog does; a Hindoo, fortunately for himself, is compelled by his creed to eat just before he sleeps, being prohibited from cooking twice in the same sun; but a civilized man eats, then while digestion ought to be going on does half the work of his life, and then, just as the body becomes wakeful again, settles himself into a bed specially constructed to bring the blood to his head. Of course feeding time will not be altered for the sake of sound sleep, nor fashion yield to hygiene, but it is possible to eat something at bed time, if only a crust, and if men who take wine would take it then, instead of after dinner—a villainous unsocial suggestion—they would find half their difficulty disappear. Still even with this fact clear, much more is still required which science alone can afford. It must be possible to reduce the flow of blood to be brain and to still excitable nerves without drugs, and if we could do it the diminution of misery would be enormous. Any system which really increased the average capacity for sleep would benefit nervous disease, increase the habitableness of great cities, and probably diminish perceptibly the average of lunacy. There are physiologists working among us, painfully endeavoring to ascertain the laws which connect mind and matter; will not some one of them at once utilize his knowledge and earn an enduring reputation by a successful attack on the great foe of great cities—the habit of sleeplessness?

Some people are never conten. with their lot. Clouds and darkne . are over their heads. To them every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity.

The Eternal Fires of Baku.

A traveller residing in the city of Shamakia, at the foot of Mount Caucasus, on the western shores of the Caspian Sea, is generally induced, by the representations of the natives, to visit those little known Phlegræan Fields which eternally flame and smoulder in the vicinity of Baku. Probably no portion of the earth's surface is more replete with natural wonders. The summits and upper valleys of the Caucasus, in many parts as little known as the Mountains of the Moon, are said at times to emit flame and smoke, and to distil strange oleaginous substances, which, trickling down through rocky veins and crevices, ooze out of the earth at considerable distances, and are designated by various names. At the foot of the vast Paropamisan range, on which the Arabs bestow the name of Kaf, and regard as the girdle of the earth, a small peninsula, about nine miles in length by four and a half in breadth, projects into the Caspian, and is known among the natives by the name of Okesta. On this stands the city of Baku, whose origin is lost in remote antiquity. A body of legends, which would fill a volume, clings about the ruins of this antique dwelling of the Medes, and modified by credulity and superstition, has worked its way into the Islamitic mythology of Persia, and been carried by Parsee pilgrims to the shores of India, where it sparkles or glooms about the hearths of the fire-worshippers, many of whom, at the hazard of their own lives, have sought to obtain a glimpse of the sacred flame, ever burning clear and bright on the margin of the Caspian wave, around which their ancestors once knelt and worshipped in countless multitudes.

Along the neck of the peninsula runs a chain of mountain spurs, the valleys between which are fertile and carefully cultivated; but as you advance southwards, the ground becomes barren, consisting in some parts of shifting sand, in others, of dark mud, while elsewhere the naked rock, porous as pumice-stone, and almost entirly composed of the debris of sea-shells, crops out of the earth. Here and there are small conical hills, crested sometimes with tombs of saints in ruins, nodding over salt-lakes, or crumbling away particle by particle into the circumjacent

marshes. On one side, behold a cone of black naphtha looking like a mountain of pitch; on another, a hill of fuller's earth, through which, as through an artificial tube, nature forces up the clay in one huge cylinder, which, when it attains a certain height in the air, bursts by its own weight, and falls in a shower over the hill, the height of which is thus incessantly augmented. Down yonder, in a spacious depression in the plain, you observe an expanse of whitish sand, interspersed with heaps of grey ashes, and here and there tall bright flames, like immense gas jets, surging upwards everlastingly, sometimes with a low crackling sound, but generally in profound silence. About these fires, men, more or less in number, are congregated day and night, some for secular purposes, others with motives of devotion. The industrial divisions of the crowd are cooks and lime-burners, the former repairing thither from all the neighboring villages to roast and boil, and prepare pilaus for the wealthier children of El Islam; while the latter stack up over the flaming fissures heaps of stone, which, when they have been converted into lime, they bear down to the coast, to be shipped for Russia, Daghestan, and the country of the Usbek Tartars.

Near the largest of the salt-lakes stands a village, which, like many of the temples and cities of the ancient world, enjoys the privilege of sanctuary. Formerly, they say, while the caliphs of the race of Omar reigned at Bagdad, a prince of rare sanctity, but who entertained opinions somewhat different from those of the Commanders of the Faithful, fled from persecution, and took refuge beyond Kaf in the burning peninsula of Baku. Here, in a castle on the top of a rock, and surrounded by his attached followers, he lived to extreme old age; and when he died, was interred among the flags on the edge of the lake. Presently, an arched tomb, like those in which the traveller sits at night on the brink of the Upper Nile, rose over his remains, and by degrees a village was built about the tomb, with wall, and moat, and gates. Public opinion attached the idea of sanctity to this place, so that to pursue any one who took refuge in it was deemed an inexpiable offence. Nothing was required of the fugitive but to stoop and kiss the threshold of the gate, or to press his lips against the links of an iron chain which hung suspended from the archway within reach, and in time was almost worn away by the grasp and kisses of the pious refugees, aided perhaps a little by the action of rust. Once within the walls, he might taste of the sweet waters, which, through respect for the holiness of the dead saint, Heaven had bestowed upon the village. The good people of Okesra, little versed in geography, could account no otherwise than by miracle for the existence of a well of fresh water in the midst of salt pools and springs, fountains of naphtha, black and white, rocks dripping with bitumen, and veins of fiery gases bursting forth on all sides through cracks in the soil.

Persons of cool northern temperaments find it difficult to comprehend the state of mind which induces men to travel from the plains of Multan or the fertile valleys of Guzerat, expending large sums of money by the way, merely to sit down for weeks or months by an opening in the rock, through which a clear white flame, from fifteen to twenty feet in height, ascends into the atmosphere. Here, however, their ancestors in the remotest ages did the same, taught, it is said, so to act by that mighty legislator and philosopher, whose Oriental name of Zerdusht was transformed by the Greeks into Zoroaster. But the Parsees, wherever they reside, are only exiles in India; they may be beloved and honored for their charity, or knighted by the Queen of Great Britain for their wealth and enterprise, but the home of their spirit lies westward beyond the Sulimani range, beyond the Desert of Khorasan, beyond the peaks and forests of the Elburz, in the land of figs and pomegranates, of grapes and roses, of naphtha springs and eternal fires. To them, the followers of Mohammed are either sanguinary conquerors or base renegades, who may indeed be sufficiently powerful to keep them, the true rulers and owners of Persia, far away from their ancestral possessions, but who are dogs and infidels nevertheless, over whom they seem to triumph, hewing their way through their caitiff multitudes by the force of gold, they come back to the everlasting dwelling-place of fire, and bow and worship with

inexpressible reverence before what to them is the visible symbol of God. If you go forth, therefore, at night from Baku, and approach the plain of white sand, you will behold these disciples of Zoroaster either seated in deep meditation upon the earth, or bowing their turbaned heads before the mounting flame. In the background towards the west, rise the peaks of Caucasus, enveloped in snow, and clustered round with stars; to the east extends the Caspian, heaving gently in summer, as all seas do, deriving, it may be, their tremulous uneasiness from the rotatory motion of the earth on its axis.

Listen, and you will hear the accents of an unknown language—that which preceded the dialect of the Zendavesta—muttered by some banker or shipbuilder of Bombay, who in his own home on the Indian Ocean speaks English, and reads Milton and Shakspeare. But here in Okesra, in face of the sacred fire, he is another being, agitated by feelings and sentiments which have been wafted down to him over the waves of time from far beyond the Deluge, perhaps from the pre-Adamite period, when, as the Chevalier Bunsen teaches, the countrymen of Gog and Magog founded and governed empires on the table-lands of Central Asia. To study Gibbon, Burke, and Bacon, to read our novels, our journals, and our philosophical speculations, is found by the Parsee by no means incompatible with a firm and faithful acceptance of the ancient creed of the Medes. You may tell him what you please about civilization, about new faiths, and improvements in ethics; after attending politely to your discourse, his mind goes back with a bound to its belief in that formative principle, heat, caloric, fire, which in his view created the world, and still constitutes the soul of all living things. According to his theory, warmth is life, and cold is death. He has never in intelligible language revealed to the profane the ideas which float over his mind, when having come wayworn and weary from afar, he contemplates the surging and brilliant element, which escaping from the crust of our planet, points visibly to the stars, with whose substance it is obviously identical. Yet these luminous phenomena are only the external manifestations of God to the Parsee, the elemental sheath, so to speak, in which he involves his invisible power and creative energy. The vulgar processes of lime-burning and cooking, the fire-worshipper regards as so many gross misapplications, though perhaps necessary, of the divine element which pervades and vivifies everything, and flashes upon him brilliantly as he reclines or kneels on the white soft sand of Okesra. If you remain near at hand all night, you will behold a phenomenon nowhere seen but in Persia, which the fire-worshipper considers in the light of a confirmation of the truth of his creed. About two hours before daybreak, a mimic dawn appears in the east, where the saffron rays rise in a vast arch, and shooting up to the zenith, expand and kindle the whole sky, rendering the stars pale, and lighting up the summits of the mountains with a glow and splendor like that of the early morning. This, however, is the false dawn, which, after awakening the birds, and robing the earth with light, again fades away, and leaves the whole hemisphere above, and the face of our globe below, buried in darkness as before.

Generally, the Muslims are held to be a persecuting people—with good reason, perhaps, in one phase of their character—yet at times they are tolerant to a marvel. They despise the Hindus, they equally despise the Parsees; but they have traditions, more than half fabulous, which attribute to both those sections of mankind powers, acquired by magic or otherwise, which are denied, for good reasons, doubtless, to the believers in the Koran. When a Parsee, therefore, arrives at Baku, on his way to the eternal fires, all the true believers in the caravansary make place for him; first, because he inspires them with awe; and next, perhaps, because, wise as he may be in the wisdom of science, he is ignorant of that saving faith which belongs exclusively to their religion. Yet they have no objection to sell him food, or, in exchange, to take his fine Indian gold mohurs, or English minted rupees. As has been seen, moreover, they will repair with him to the place of flame, and convert his divinity into a kitchen-fire, or into the active agent of a lime-kiln. Still, they are not without a certain mysterious feeling on the subject of the inflammable gases, and have invented stories, too long and wild

to be here related, about the place whence, according to their interpretation, the brilliant white jets ascend. It would be useless to explain to them that beneath the thin shell of rock which forms the surface of the Okesran peninsula, there lie extensive lakes of naphtha, fed perpetually by subterranean streams from the Caucasus, inflammable exhalations from which, having made their way to upper air, were set on fire by accident, and have never since been extinguished. In certain places, however, where the springs *below are small and shallow, you may* play with the diety of the fire-worshippers with impunity. Of this the lime-burners are fully aware, and by way of amusing or surprising strangers, will pluck a few threads from their cotton garments, and putting them on the end of a long rake, and setting them on fire, will hold them over a cleft in the rock through which they know by experience that invisible exhalations ascend. In an instant, the gases take fire, and shoot up to a great height in the atmosphere. The traveller, perhaps, imagines that these flames also, like those he beholds elsewhere in the peninsula, will continue burning, but ere his amazement at their sudden appearance has ceased, they collapse and vanish. As a rule, these vapors are inodorous; but there is one hill, fortunately at some distance from the village, which emits a stench so unendurable, that travellers are constrained to hold their noses as they pass, which suggests to the Mohammedans the substance of many an offensive joke against the divinity of the Parsees, who, according to them, is anything but a desirable neighbor.

What perplexes them most, however, is the immense number of monuments of remote antiquity existing on all sides, especially the figures of lions, accompanied by inscriptions in an unknown tongue. Though they themselves are dwellers in Okesra, it is past their comprehension that persons opulent enough to select their own places of abode, should ever have established themselves in their fiery peninsula, amid sand and fuller's-earth, and fountains of black and white naphtha, and stagnant pools, fetid and noisome, and the crackling of flames, and the whirling about of dust and ashes by impetuous winds from the mountains. In fact, it is by no means one of the least curious phenomena of this place, that it should be frequently exposed to tempests so violent that it is matter of wonder they have not long ago swept all Baku into the sea. You stand perhaps on its battlements, enjoying the stillness of the air, and admiring the glassy surface of the Caspian, when suddenly a gust from the Caucasus fills your burnoose, tears off your turban, and lays your prone upon the earth, lashes up the waves into white foam, dashes the ships in the harbor against each other, and *ploughs up the sea in a straight line as* far as the eye can reach. Then the clouds gather overhead, and lowering themselves gradually from the peaks of the mountains, canopy the whole peninsula, while the loudest thunder peals among the rocks, and lightning so vivid flashes from east to west, that the flames from the rocks are as little noticed as those of a few farthing tapers in the noonday sun. But the storms of Baku are of short continuance. Bursting unexpectedly, and raging with unexampled fury, they clear away and disappear in like manner. Something similar is observed at Nice, where the *bise* from the Maritime Alps chills the whole atmosphere in a few minutes, and sends those home to put on their cloaks who came forth in the lightest attire to enjoy the sunshine, and the prospect of the calm sea. In spite of the changes of its climate, Baku, with all the surrounding country, was a favorite residence of the Medes, as well as of those fierce conquerors from Macedonia who subverted the Persian monarchy, and left so many traces of their rule over the whole of Asia, from the mouths of the Nile to the furthest waters of the Punjab. At Baku, the chisel of Greece was busily at work, and had left upon the face of rocks, and the facade of ruined palaces, numerous mementoes of its playful character, figures of men engaged in various amusements and games of chance. To the believers in El Islam, all those things are so many abominations. They hate images, they despise art and its creations, which to their minds suggest no ideas save those of gross idolatry. They can conceive no reason for fabricating the figure of man or beast, unless with the design to worship it. Occasionally they account for the ruin of great cities in which statues are found, by observing that

the inhabitants having been addicted to impure forms of worship, were changed by the wrath of Heaven into stones, and in that state left forever above ground, to be a terror and a warning to future generations. As to the lions who climb and grin on the walls of Baku, they were, say the Muslims, the gods of its ancient inhabitants, whom, when the day of trial came, they were found impotent to protect.

Like all regions impregnated with fire, this part of Persia produces exquisite fruit. Large and delicious figs have been still found on the trees as late as month of December, and the pomegranates which nature brings to perfection in the hottest months seem to be fuller of refreshing juice than in almost any other part of the East. When you arrive, therefore at a caravansary on a July noon, the first thing with which the attendant presents you, in a saucer of white porcelain, is a pomegranate—you break it, you inhale the delicious aroma, you sip the pinky juice, and your weariness vanishes like a dream. Along the volcanic rocks, the vine trails its tendrils, and early in summer is covered with heavy clusters, purple or golden. These the children of the Prophet, in spite of the Koran, often convert into wine, with which to regale themselves in their banishment beyond Kaf. Every one who has travelled in volcanic countries must have observed that the grape has there a far richer flavor than elsewhere, which appears at once to excite and allay thirst. This is particularly noticeable on the slopes of Etna and Vesuvius, but in the neighborhood of Baku it is perhaps more remarkable still. The wines made in this province are those chiefly celebrated by the Persian poets, who, because they drank them in the bowers of Shiraz or Ispahan, imagined they were the produce of the south. In the low marshy grounds close to the Caspian, you find water-melons, scarcely if at all, interior to those of Calamata in the Morea, which, when cut into slices, look like sweet water held in suspension by a net-work of fibres. These, with the apples of Shirwan, and the dates of Irak and Diarbekir, the Parsees prefer to all the fruits of India, the anana, the mango, and the mangosteen, because they detect in them the flavor of their ancient fatherland. As they eat, they dream of the past, when the sword of the Mede was a terror to the world—when he disciplined the finest cavalry, and erected the finest structures in Asia—when he was victorious wherever he marched—and when his sacred fire threw its glare on one side over the Nile, and the other over the Indus. It may be that Bomsetjee Cursetjee, as he prostrates himself before the eternal fires of Baku, dreams that days of equal glory may yet dawn upon his race, when he shall cease to twist ropes and build ships for white infidels from the West, when he shall be no longer a by-word to the Brahman or the Moslemin, but with the sword of victory in one hand, and the sacred fire in the other, shall drive the believers in the Book out of Iran, and enjoy a flaming millennium in the beautiful land which was the birthplace and cradle of his race.

The Catacombs of Rome.

The city of Rome is in nearly the same latitude as Hartford, Connecticut. Its circumference is about 15 miles, inclosed by a wall which has upon it 30 towers. Its catacombs were the excavations, where the early Christians lived, worshipped and were buried. They are cut through a kind of volcano stone and their extent is extraordinary. You descend to them through the church of St. Sebastian, which is two miles outside of the city, and they have been explored to the length of eighty miles. Other catacombs have been discovered, but this is the principal one. On the way to this church you pass the tomb of the Scipios, men of whom we have read in history, and whose relics, only found in 1780, have been buried 2,000 years. The passages in the catacombs are 8 to 10 feet high, and from 13 to 15 feet wide. These paths have tiers of tombs on either side, large and small cut into the rock and closed up with slabs of marble, covered with inscriptions.

[The following beautiful poem is the production of John G. Whittier (a Quaker poet), who resides near Newburyport, Mass. Mr. Whittier is the author of some of the finest productions of American poetical genius, which have won for him a world-wide celebrity.]

Our Master.

Immortal Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!—
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

Hush every lip, close every book,
The strife of tongues forbear:
Why forward reach or backward look
For love that clasps like air?

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps
For him no depths can drown.

Nor holy bread, nor blood of grape,
The lineaments restore
Of him we know in outward shape
And in the flesh no more.

He cometh not a king to reign:
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for him.

Death comes, life goes; the asking eye
And ear are answerless;
The grave is dumb, the hollow sky
Is sad with silentness.

The letter fails, the systems fail,
And every symbol wanes;
The spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

And not for signs in heaven above
Or earth below, they look
Who know with John his smile of love,
With Peter his rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is his own best evidence,
His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years;

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he:
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain,
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

Thou judgest us; thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight;
And, naked to thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of thy pure countenance.

Thy healing pains, a keen distress
Thy tender light shines in;
Thy sweetness is the bitterness,
Thy grace thy pang of sin.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to thee,
And thou rejectest none.

To thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong,
The wrong of man to man on thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates hates thee, who love becomes
Therein to thee allied;
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In thee are multiplied.

Deep strike the roots, O Heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God!

O Love! O Life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one:
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noon-day sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the Fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

The homage that we render thee
Is still our Father's own;
Nor jealous claim nor rivalry
Divide the Cross and Throne.

To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self thy service hath,
No place for me and mine;
Our human strength is weakness, death
Our life, apart from thine.

Apart from thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from thee is hell,
To walk with thee is heaven!

How vain, secure in all thou art,
Our noisy championship!—
The sighing of the contrite heart
Is more than flattering lip.

Not thine the bigot's partial plea,
Nor thine the zealot's ban;
Thou well canst spare a love of thee
Which ends in hate of man.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply follow thee.

We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone;
He serves thee best who loveth most
His brothers and thy own.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies,
The joy of doing good.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.

The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

The Bright Side.

Oh! let's look if we can to the bright side,
Though the dark one be nearest us still;
For be sure that that side is the right side,
If it helps us through sorrow and ill!
Though the cloud that has threatened may blind us,
When we'd hoped to have seen it go past;
It will not be the worst if it find us
Still trying to hope to the last.

Oh! the heart that with manful endeavour,
Still hopes in the midst of its woes,
Is the heart of a hero; and ever
Makes sunny the path where it goes.
Then each cloud, though it angrily lowers,
Has a silvery lining beneath;
And the thorns that lie hid in the flowers
Only heighten the charm of the wreath.

New-Year's Day.

There is but one step from the grave to the gay; the dirge of the parted year has hardly faded from our ears and we are called upon to greet his new-born successor. Like the Chamberlain of Louis XIV., who, breaking his staff of office pronounced, "The King is dead," and then seizing *another wand and waving it over his* head, exclaimed, "Long live the King!" so it ever is with a parting and a coming year.

For many centuries there was no agreement in regard to the day upon which the year should begin. The Chinese and most of the Indian nations commenced it with the first new moon in the month of March; the Persians in June; the Egyptians early in autumn, the first day coinciding with the rising of the dog-star. The Jews had a sacred and a civil year. The former began in March or April, and the latter in September or October, both varying with the lunation. The early Greeks had no settled year; when their descendants adopted one they commenced it at the vernal equinox. The Romans, like the Jews, had two years; the sacred one began on the first of March, and the civil on the first of January. The early Christians considered the vernal equinox as the time at which the year ought properly to commence. Among the Anglo-Saxons, as we have before stated, Christmas was regarded as the most appropriate time. So discrepant were opinions on the subject.

In 1654, however, Charles IX. of France determined by a decree, that henceforth, in accordance with the Roman calendar, the year should begin upon the first day of January; and at last all Christians concurred in adopting the latter day as the initial point of the civil year. For some time, it is true, England retained two years—a legal one, which began on the twenty-fifth of March, and a historic one, which began on the first of January—but after the adoption of the New Style, in 1752, the two were united, so that the first of January should henceforth be the commencement of the year. Some chronologists aver, we believe, that this day coincides with that on which man was created. Of the correctness of this averment we will not attempt to speak. It is, perhaps, more curious than important for us to know the exact date of the creation of Adam. Doubtless the "learned Theorists" who have investigated the question have arrived as nearly at the truth as the case will permit.

The Church begins her year at Advent—four Sundays before Christmas—"therein," as Dr. Hook remarks, "differing from all other accounts of time whatsoever. The reason of which is, because she does not number her days, or measure her seasons, so much by the motion of the sun as by the course of our Saviour; beginning and counting on her year with Him who, being the true 'Sun of Righteousness,' began now to rise upon the world, and, as the 'Day-Star on high,' to enlighten them that sat in spiritual darkness."

The year is naturally regulated by the seasons, as these are by the return of the sun to the tropics or equator. The *solar, tropical*, or *equinoctial year*, thus defined, contains 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 48 seconds; though the ordinary *civil* year consists of 365 days. Julius Cæsar, B. C. 45, established the year at 365 days and 6 hours, and to make it agree with the sun's course ordered a day to be intercalated every fourth year before the 24th of February, which, according to the Roman computation of time, happened on the 6th before the calends of March, and which was

therefore reckoned twice, and called *bissextile*. The error committed by Cæsar of making the year 11 minutes and 11 seconds too long was rectified under Pope Gregory XIII., in 1582; by dropping *ten* days from the month of October in that year, and omitting *one* day in every 400 years thereafter—that is, the *first* year of every *fourth* century is not a *bissextile* or *leap-year*. The amended calendar of Gregory was introduced immediately (1582) into all Romanist countries; into most others in 1710, and adopted in England in 1752. At the latter date the error had increased by 10 or 11 days. Accordingly by Act of Parliament 11 days were dropped from the year 1710 by calling the 3rd of September the 14th. This change constitutes the difference between *Old* and *New Style*. The former, however, still prevails in Russia, and is retained in the accounts of the Treasury of Great Britain.

New-Year's Day in the ecclesiastical calendar is the Octave of Christmas, or the Feast of the Circumcision. It is thus called because it occurs on the eighth day after the Nativity, when our Saviour was circumcised and named Jesus, according to the command of the angel.

"The institution of New-Year's Day as a feast or day of rejoicing," Haydn tells us, "is the oldest on authentic record transmitted down to our times, and still observed. The feast was instituted by Numa, and was dedicated to Janus (who presided over the new year), January 1, 713 B. C. On this day the Romans sacrificed to Janus a cake of new sifted meal, with salt, incense, and wine; and all the mechanics began something of their art or trade; the men of letters did the same as to books, poems, etc.; and the consuls, though chosen before, took the chair and entered upon the duties of their office this day. After the Government was in the hands of the Emperors, the consuls marched on New-Year's Day to the capitol, attended by a crowd, all in new clothes, when two white bulls never yoked were sacrificed to Jupiter Capitolinus. A great deal of incense and other perfumes were spent in the temple; the flamens, together with the consuls, during the religious solemnity offered their vows for the prosperity of the empire and the emperor, after having taken an oath of allegiance, and confirmed all public acts done by him in the preceding year." These ceremonies were followed by festivities that lasted several days and embraced all classes. It was a time of universal rejoicing, when presents were interchanged, and differences reconciled in a way which Christians would do well to imitate. The first day of the year was a day of good omen; a day "worthy to be marked with a white stone," and on which no unlucky word was uttered to mar the general joy.

The origin of the present observance of New-Year's Day has been traced by some to the Roman festival. The latter probably exerted an influence; but it must be remembered that nothing could be more natural than to celebrate the first day of the year; and that, accordingly, in all countries, traces are found of the custom having been in vogue from the earliest times. The feeling which prompts it is well described by Charles Lamb, in one of the charming essays of Elia:

"Every man hath two birthdays—two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth *his*. In the gradual desuetude of old observances this custom of solemnizing our proper birthday hath nearly passed away, or

is left to children, who reflect nothing about the matter, nor understand any thing beyond the cake and orange. But the birth of a new year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the first of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the navity of our common Adam."

New-Year's Day in England, in the olden time, being the central point of the Holidays, was celebrated by great rejoicings and merry-makings: among which, of course, the wassail bowl played a conspicious part. Of all the customs, however, which characterized this day none appears to have been more general than that of making New-Year's gifts.

The custom seems to have pervaded every country, and to have prevailed throughout all classes. On the recurrence of every New Year friends and relatives exchanged souvenirs, thus strengthening the ties of affection and kindred, and causing the hearts of all around to glow with kindly feeling. Loyal subjects also availed themselves of the occasion to present their respective sovereigns with gifts, which varied in quality and value with the position and means of the donors. Many of the presents made were curious "Honest old Latimer," said Hone, "instead of presenting Henry VIII. with a purse of gold, as was customary, for a New-Year's gift, put into the king's hand a New Testament, with a leaf conspicuously folded down at Hebrews xiii. 4, which, on reference, will be found to have been worthy of all acceptation, though not perhaps well accepted." Queen Elizabeth is thought to have maintained her immense wardrobe from the New-Year's contributions of her loving subjects and as the old lady never wore a dress twice, and left at her death about a thousand, to say nothing of jewelry, and whatever else goes to make up the *personnel* of a queen, it may be imagined what they amounted to. Indeed, from lists preserved, they were not less in number than variety. Some of them must have been of great value. We read of a fan set with diamonds having been presented to Queen Bess which must have rendered "fanning" quite an expensive amusement. The highest gift in money, £40, is set down to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The lists referred to contain pretty much every thing from "jewels" to a "glass of sweet water."

"Dr. Drake says," according to Mr. Hone, "that though Elizabeth made returns to New-Year's gifts in plate and other articles, yet she took sufficient care that the balance should be in her own favor."

But Queen Bess was not the only sovereign who received New-Year's gifts: the custom was long in vogue, and other instances of it could be quoted.

"New-Year's gifts," says Dr Drake, "were given and received with the mutual expression of good wishes, and particularly that of a happy new year. The compliment was sometimes paid at each other's doors in the form of a song; but more generally, especially in the north of England and Scotland, the house was entered very early in the morning by some young men and maidens selected for the purpose, who presented the spiced bowl (the wassail bowl) and hailed you with the gratulations of the season. The latter is, in fact, a continuation of the wassailing of New-Year's Eve.

New-Year's Day all over the world is a gala day, and is celebrated by the people of every nation in accordance with the manners and customs of each. The English are merry and jolly with feasting and fun; the French light-

hearted and gay—*tojuours bagatelle*; the Dutch mirthful, though quiet; and all joyous and happy.

New-Year's Day in the United States is distinguished by the gentlemen paying visits to the ladies of their acquaintance, and thus making up for all past delinquencies of that sort which they may have committed. The custom is a good one, and the observance of it reflects credit upon the taste of any people; for to begin the year with a renewal and interchange of social courtesies is a pleasant usage—one well worthy to be preserved and honored.

Welcome, a bright welcome, to the New Year! May it prove a happy one to all as time moves forward!

Years may roll on and manhood's brow grow cold,
And life's dull winter spread its dark'ning pall
O'er cherished hopes; yet time can not withhold
A precious boon which mem'ry gives to all:
Fond recollection, when a tale is told
Which forms the record of life's festival,
Recalls the pleasures of life's opening scene,
And age seems young—remembering what hath been.

Salt Lake.

All travellers, writes a correspondent, have mentioned with astonishment the peculiar buoyancy of the water of Great Salt Lake, and it is truly surprising. No danger of shipwreck need ever cross the minds of those who navigate the lake, for it would be simply impossible for them to sink if thrown overboard. With my hands clasped together under my head, and my feet crossed I floated on the very surface of the lake with at least one-third of my body above the water. Upon a warm summer's day there would not be the slightest difficulty in going to sleep on the lake, and allowing yourself to be blown about as the wind permitted; only one would need an umbrella to keep off the rays of the sun.

Brazil.

This fine country—heretofore little known—has been visited by Prof. Agassiz, who, in a lecture recently delivered at the Lowell Institute, of Boston, besides giving a partial exposition of his views concerning the glacial phenomena in that region, as well as some very interesting facts concerning the climate, soil, and vegetable products of Brazil. As introductory to his lecture, he gave certain facts and theories concerning the changes in the temperature of the earth, in order to show that the diminution in the temperature had not been gradual, but by oscillations; and then proceeded to give some further local evidence of the great extent of glacial phenomena in Brazil.

Taking the region about the provinces of Ceara and Rio for illustration, he said the whole country within the former province is flat; but from this plain rise hills of considerable height, some reaching as high as 3000 feet. These mountainous masses are composed of metamorphic rock, and present a remarkable degree of disintegration. This disintegration can be seen in the neighborhood of Rio penetrating at least 300 feet, even where the rock is continuous from the surface downward. The solid rock is not only affected by this disintegration, but the loose material show it, so that it is difficult to recognize their primitive condition, and to trace their relation to the original material on which they rest. After having critically and carefully examined the matter, Professor Agassiz said that he became satisfied that large masses of what we call drift rest on the tropical solid rocks, as well as upon the rocks in the northern regions; and that these are erratic is plain from the fact that they are not of the same mineral character of the rocks underneat'

them. In this connection the lecturer stated that it was a curious fact that wherever rocks have been moulded by the power of ice they present a rounded, domelike shape. The condition of these rocks and loose material is proof of the former existence of glaciers.

But we have more direct evidence of the existence at one time of local glaciers. In the vicinity of the hamlet of Mgrnova he had been struck with the character of the loose material, and upon examination had found that on both sides the valley on the steep slope of the mountains there were large accumulations of boulders. These boulders were firmly fixed on the slopes, but none were at the bottom of the mountains. Inquiring of the inhabitants of this region concerning these boulders, he had learned that they existed no where in the depressions, but were suspended along the valley on the sides of the mountains. He had moreover found this to be the case throughout the chain. Now if these had been brought by water they would have slid to the bottom, and could not have fastened themselves upon the sides of the mountains. After enlarging further on this subject, and giving further instances, Prosessor Agassiz said that in his mind these were proofs beyond the possibility of a doubt, of the existence of local glaciers deceuding from the summit of the hills to the plains posterior to the great extension of ice over the continent.

Again alluding to these boulders, the lecturer said that he had found these perch rocks on the summit of the mountains of an entirely different character from the rocks on which they rest. And these must have been brought by an agency none other than ice. If they had been brought by flood they would have bee thrown over the side of the hills. But if the boulders had been carried on the back of a sheet of ice, they would have been placed as they are: for when in course of time the ice began to wane, it would lessen in thickness nearest the prominent points underneath, and would gradually melt away from them, and drop the boulders on their summit, and in time leave them firmly stationed, away from its action. He concluded, then, from these facts that at one time in that now tropical region there was an immense sheet of ice moving over the valleys and mountain peaks, and that gradually, by forces previously described, it had melted away, leaving its marks and tracks behind.

The appearance of these glacial phenomena was next noted in the Sierra *dos Orgaos*—so called from the fancied resemblance of its peaks to the tubes of organs—which are situated to the north-east of Rio. These mountains are particularly instructive from their geological construction, and are beautiful to the eye of the gazer. The description of them, and the arguments given to show the action of the ice upon them, were minute and highly interesting.

Professor Agassiz said that from the facts developed the conclusion had been reached that there was a time when not only the northern and southern hemispheres, and temperate zones, were covered with fields of ice, but when the phenomena extended over the tropical regions. It might be said that one proof of the phenomena was wanting, for nowhere has he been able to trace the polished rocks But then nowhere [illegible] he seen rocks which had not been more or less decomposed, owing to the action of moisture and heat; so he could not say that he had in any case seen the natural surface of the rocks, and therefore it could not be

wondered at that the evidence of attrition was wanting. The other collateral evidence is full. and as extensive as in the northern and more temperate regions.

In speaking of the climate and vegetation of the Amazonian valley the Professor remarked that the climate of the basin differs from that of other regions in the same latitude, by reason of the great moisture prevailing there. The combination of heat and moisture, he observed, produces a more luxuriant vegetation than is to be found anywhere else. Though most persons are somewhat familiar with descriptions of this vegetation, derived from books of geography and travel, yet when one comes to live there, he is surprised at its extent and beauty.

The life and habits of the Brazilians are modified by the climate. There are not four distinct seasons, as with us; but perpetual summer reigns. There is more or less of rain throughout the year, but no such special period of great prevalence as marks the climate of other tropical regions, where a very dry season succeeds months of copious rain. The rains do not prevail over all sections at the same time, but beginning at the south, in September, they progress northward till they reach Guiana in March and April. As a consequence, when the southern tributaries of the Amazon are most swollen, the northern tributaries are at their lowest ebb, and vice versa, and thus a balance is maintained between the upper and lower parts of the basin.

Again, there is a difference between the course of the main stream at its most western origin, and its mouth. The swelling waters of the Maderia reach the Amazon in November or December. The northern tributaries pour in their waters at a later period. The great increase in the Amazon at its confluences, by temporary coincidences in the flow of its tributaries, is in or near the month of March, when the water rises a foot in each 24 hours, until it reaches a height of 35 feet above the ordinary level. The Amazon is lowest in October. Not only is there this difference in the rising and falling of the tributaries, but the character of the water also differs. Those from Bolivia and the adjacent region have a whitish hue, and are called "the white waters;" while those flowing from the table land are tinged with vegetable matter. That of the Rio Negro is the darkest, having the color of dark amber. That of the Topajos is more greenish, and not so dark.

Professor Agassiz said that the temperature of the whole valley was remarkably even, varying from the minimum to the maximum not more than 15 degrees. The temperature of the water of the Amazon is also even, the maximum being 84 degrees, and the minimum 78. Other streams show as little variation in this respect. In consequence of this evenness of temperature, there is a feeling of comfort most agreeable to the inhabitants.

In speaking of the extraordinarily profuse vegetation of the valley, Professor Agassiz said it covered the whole surface of the land, and encroached upon the water. Indeed, the quantity of water plants is as remarkable as that of terrestrial plants. The density of the land vegetation is so great that the only means of traversing the country is by the water courses, and when the traveller leaves these, he must cut his way with the axe; so that, however civilization may extend here, there can never be any extensive land communication, on account of the great expenditure which would be required for bridges.

There is a peculiar charm in these water paths. In some places they are only wide enough for the passage of a boat constructed of a hollow log, and are arched with foliage. In other localities they have sufficient width for the passage of ships. These streams so intersect one another that it is often difficult for the voyager to determine whether he is sailing in a branch or the main channel. There is no direct course in which the water finds it way; but it takes innumerable channels, sometimes at right angles with each other, and all containing an astonishing number of islands. The presence of islands in in the Amazon makes it impossible to see across the whole breadth of the stream; and even if there were no islands, the great width of the stream would prevent a view from shore to shore. Not till the traveller gets above the Rio Negro, 1200 miles from the ocean, can he see both sides of the river from the same point.

Professor Agassiz exhibited a diagram, taken by one of his party on his recent trip, to illustrate the compactness of the vegetation in the Amazonian region, of which he said it was impossible to give an adequate description in a few hours. Words were wanting to express the variety, beauty, and combinations of this vegetation. One of its most striking characteristics is its heterogeneity. There are not simply a few kinds found together, presenting sameness and monotony, as at the north. On the contrary there are hardly ever two trees of the same kind, or two plants of the same species, found side by side. The trees do not stand alone, in open spaces, but are clothed and interlaced with vines, creepers, and parasites, hard to penetrate. This character of the vegetation extends over the whole basin. In the lakes the aquatic plants grow so thickly that the traveller, threading his way among them with a boat, sails for miles without seeing either water or earth. Nothing, said the Professor, *is to be compared to this view*, especially when the water is covered for many miles by that magnificent water lily, the Victoria Regia, with its splendid whiteness. On these plant-covered waters, flocks of birds heighten the variety of the scene. Storks, herons, and other fowl run over them as if upon dry land.

Professor Agassiz observed that the most prominent feature of the Amazonian vegetation is the presence of innumerable palms, in the form of trees, bushes, and creepers. We look in vain for pines, maples, oaks, willows, and other trees familiar to us in the United States. The aspect of vegetation, the character of the trees, and their combinations, change as we travel. Of the palms, the Professor spoke at some length, describing their peculiar forms, the immense growth of some of the species, and the varied uses which the inhabitants make of them for shelter. One species rises to the height of 100 feet before sending out it leaves, which crown its top like a dome. Another variety sends out its leaves immediately from the root. The flowers and fruit of the palms also vary. Some of them bear nuts of peculiar form, others berries, and the fruit of some of them strongly resembles peaches, cherries, and grapes. Each region produces its peculiar fruit. Professor Agassiz exhibited some of the smaller leaves and fruit stalks of the palm, to give an idea of the immense growth to which they attain, and of their remarkable fecundity. The leaves of some of the species were so large that he had seen two men sitting in the axil of one of them. Some of these leaves measure 30 to 40 feet in length,

and 10 to 15 feet in width; and even when dry one of them was a heavy load for one man to drag.

An Old Hand.

Blue-veined and wrinkled, knuckly and brown,
This good old hand is clasping mine;
I bend above it, and looking down,
I study its aspect, line by line.

This hand has clasped a thousand hands
That long have known no answering thrill;
Some have mouldered in foreign lands—
Some in the graveyard on the hill.

Clasped a mother's hand, in the day
When it was little and soft and white—
Mother, who kissed it, and went away,
To rest till the waking in God's good light.

Clasped a lover's hand, years agone,
Who sailed away and left her in tears;
Under Sahara's torrid sun,
Its bones have whitened years and years.

Clasped the hand of a good man true,
Who held it softly and fell asleep,
And woke no more, and never knew
How long that impress this would keep.

Clasped, so many, so many!—so few
That still respond to the living will,
Or can answer this pressure so kind and true!
So many, that lie unmoved and still!

Clasped at last, this hand my own;
And mine will moulder, too, in turn,
Will any clasp it when I am gone?
In vain I study this hand to learn!

A Mother's Love.

The bird may leave its nestled young,
The sun may cease to shine above,
Man may forget his native tongue,
But who can change a mother's love?

The flowrets may withhold their bloom,
And gentleness forsake the dove:
Man may forget the blighting tomb,
But changeless is a mother's love.

Russia in the East.

What is Russia doing in the far East? Away in the heart of Asia, in the central regions of that continent which, for long centuries, have been as lost and hidden from the European eye as the similar regions of wild Africa—what are the operations of the Muscovite Power of which we are now beginning to hear so much? No impartial and definite report comes to us. The shouts of the conquerors, the plaints of the vanquished, die away in the vast inland solitudes, within reach of the ear of Europe—lost like the waters of the land, which are absorbed and disappear in the sands without reaching the outlet of the sea. Uncertain rumors of growing conquest are borne over the Himalayas to our Indian empire, by roving merchants who cross with their camels the lofty ridges of the Hindoo Koosh at Bameean, or who straggle down with their laden yaks through the narrow desolate valleys of Ladak into the paradise of Cashmere. And official reports of distant generals, with unpronounceable names, ending in vich or off, appear from time to time in the Gazette of St. Petersburg, carefully giving to the tale of conquest the diplomatic aspect of pacific development and commercial enterprise.

Only three or four Europeans have ever penetrated to that secluded region since Marco Polo, with daring courage, entered it six centuries ago. What we do know is that Russia finds there no unknown civilized States such as flashed and fell before the daring bands of Cortez and Pizarro. Once upon a time there might have been a different tale to tell. Balkh and Samarcand were great places in their day; and the great Macedonian conqueror thought it worth his while to lead his army of Greeks into those central parts of Asia to establish there his conquering power in a region then peopled and cultivated quite up to the average of Asiatic countries. But greatness, civilization and fertility have long since died away. The tents of the Golden Horde have disappeared, as well as the imaginary Court and empire of Prester John. Lawlessness and barrenness have usurped a region still strewed with the remains of former fertility and civilization. There is nothing there for the Russians to destroy which is worth preserving, unless it be that independence

of peoples which is a glory of humanity, although *there* it is but another word for the maintenance of barbarism and fanaticism. Mahomedanism, dying out, or at least losing its rigidity in the countries where it first became a power, lives in its worst and most aggravated form on the secluded plains of Upper Asia. Long ago that region witnessed the wars of the old Persians, celebrated in their great epic, with the pagan forces of Afrasiab; it was the stronghold of rude paganism, which defied and struggled against the growing might of spiritual religion. And now the same conflict is renewed in another form; petrified and intensified Mahomedanism is, in its most bigoted shape, coming into conflict with the arms and civilizing power of Christendom.

There has always been a religious propagandism in the conquests of Russia. The triumph of the Cross over the Crescent, however little it may weigh as an end in the councils of the shrewd calculating diplomatists at St. Petersburg, still as ever lies dear and close to the heart of the masses of the Russian nation. To these, if not to their court, the conquest of Constantinople is more thought of and yearned for as a triumph of Christianity over the Crescent than as a useful extension of Muscovite power. And there can be no doubt that Russia is destined to be the great Christianizing as well as civilizing Power in Central and Southeastern Asia.

But the official gazettes, the circulars of the diplomatists of St. Petersburg, say little of the religious character of their progress in Central Asia. Still less do they speak of their successes as either inspired by, or conducive to, the military ambition of their State. It is the interests of commerce only, they say, which has drawn their forces into that distant region. All that they want is to obtain safety for the caravans of Russian traders carrying the produce of Nijni Novgorod into the wastes of Khiva and Bokhara and Kokand; or of the caravans with goods from those places to Orenburg and the adjoining emporia of Russia. If there be a war waged there by Muscovite battalions, it is only, they say, in the interests of peaceful industry—to put down the lawlessness, violence and opposition of the khans and chiefs—and allow the people to cultivate the pursuits of commerce.

And no doubt this is partly true. Russia is becoming a manufacturing State and desires to become more so; and, as her fabrics will not bear the competition to which they are exposed in the markets of Europe, she seeks all the more eagerly to open a market for them in the semi-civilized countries of Central Asia. Even there—even in that most secluded of regions—she finds the goods of Europe, and especially of England, competing with her own. They penetrate to the markets of the Steppes through Trebizonde and Persia, and even find a way over the mountain girdle of our Indian Empire by Cabul and Ladak. Russia wants all Central Asia, north of the great mountain belt, for her own. It will be a fine field of expansion for her population and for her commerce; and once she is installed there as mistress she will take good care to exclude, by prohibition, the entrance of other European goods, or will saddle them at every point of entry, at every frontier post in the few roads which lead thither from Persia and India, with duties tantamount to prohibitory.

All this we know, or may know if we take the trouble to reflect. We may know the objects of Russia; we may desire the impulse which leads her forces into Central Asia; but what we long to know also is, what is she actually doing there? What success attends the progress of her arms? How far is her frontier actually advanced? How far is her power consolidated?

The Aral Sea, like the Caspian, is now a Russian lake. She has steamers and flotillas upon both; she has joined them by Cossack military settlements digging wells deep down into the arid, intervening steppe; and can now bring her power to act with effect upon the countries on their further shores. The great rivers Syr and Amu—which debouch into the Aral Sea, both flowing from the plains of the southwest, with their head sources in the Hindoo-Koosh and the Thian Chan Mountains—are the highways of her progress, the line of her advance. She has a light steamer or two on these rivers, and flat-bottomed boats for the navigation of their upper waters, and the green-coated uniforms of Russia now ceaselessly ascend and descend their courses. She builds forts and founds settlements on their banks, and, with mingled daring and prudence, seizes every possible oppor-

tunity for trading with and extending her influence over the adjoining States and cities. She carries on alternately negotiations or wars, establishing treaties with Khiva, Kokand and Bokhara, steadily encroaching upon them all. Within the last four years, inactive in Europe, she has pushed her advances in Asia; and soon her frontier will be contiguous with our own.

What then? So far as the general fortunes of the world are concerned, Russia's advance is unalloyed good. But we are an Asiatic Power. And we must consider the progress of Russia in the far East as it it affects the tranquility of our own dominions. True, she will never venture to attempt a regular invasion of India. The tremendous mountain defiles through which our frontier must be approached, the broad stream of the Indus by which it is covered, the lines of railway and the river flotilla available for its defence, render such a project too chimerical to be entertained. But Russia will avail herself of her position in Asia to disquiet us, whenever the Eastern question is reopened. Her approach to our Indian frontier, the probable attacks upon Herat, if not also upon Cabul, will be to us a diversion. Nevertheless, it will occasion to us no small embarrassment; and the result of it will be to retain in India a portion of our Anglo-Indian army, at a time when it will be wanted to operate in the valley of the Euphrates.

Arab Proverbs.

The tyrant is a dead carcase in the abodes of the living, but the benefactor has a living soul in the mansions of dead. A prince without justice is like a river without water. As the sick body is not profited by food, so the vain mind is not benefitted by admonition. Listen, if you would learn; be silent, if you would be safe. The false appearance of a proud man makes his ill wishers envious; but could his friend behold his heart, he would have cause to weep. A man who can neither serve his friends nor injure his enemies, is an unprofitable acquaintance. By six qualities may a fool be known: anger without a cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without an object, putting trust in a stranger, and wanting capacity to discriminate between a friend and foe.

Home from the Colonies.

THE ADVERTISERS.

Half-moon Street, Piccadilly, is not exactly a gay locality, but it is highly genteel. There is not a milkman's establishment, and far less a greengrocer's to mar its select exclusiveness. If it is not quite fashionable, it is at least something more than professional; and if barristers and doctors do inhabit it, sparsely, it is charitable (to the street) to conclude that they have at all events no practice. I was by no means, therefore, surprised to find that it had been chosen for a residence by the two gentlemen, X and Y, whose time was so entirely unoccupied.

The house indicated by their advertisement had nothing peculiar to distinguish it from its neighbors, except that flowers, and very charming ones, were arranged in masses outside the windows, and breathed a delicious fragrance as I stood at the front door in that summer evening: nay, not only a fragrance but a confidence, for it was surely next to impossible that professional garrotters, such as my waiter had darkly hinted at, should invest in floral 'cherry-pie' and 'lady's slippers:' mustard and cress they might have grown for the gross uses of the table, but mignonette—no, never. I rang the bell without a shadow of apprehension for my personal safety. It never struck me that a visitor at such an hour might be exposed to some slight suspicion on his own account, for in Motummorigee he is equally welcome, and quite as likely to arrive, at midnight as at noon

One of the gravest, not to say the most monumental of man servants replied to my summons. This class of person has excited, I perceive, the particular wonder of the emissaries of the French Press now sojourning in London, as it also excites mine. I do think that they have a greater austerity, a more colossal calm about them even than their high-bred masters. Their superiority and their affability are alike tremendous. I should much like to see a few of the most imperturbable of them amidst a stampede of bullocks. The great question of the power of the human eye upon wild animals would then receive a satisfactory solution. For myself, I cowered before the spectacle of this tremendous answerer

of bells; he stared at me with such stony Sphinx-like eyes, as though he would say: 'Rash mortal, perceive the Genius thou hast idly summoned. What wouldst thou at mine hand? Speak, speak, but beware!'

'I wish,' said I, in steady but, I hope, respectful tones, 'to see X and Y.'

The majestic being answered me nothing, but I perceived his eye roll up and down Half-moon Street in an unmistakably urgent manner. It was evident that he was looking for a policeman.

'You had better go away,' said he in awful tones; 'you had better go away before there's a row. None of your larks here, if *you* please.'

'I want either X or Y, my good man: look at this;' and I produced the copy of the *Times*, with the advertisement in it, which I had taken the precaution to bring away with me.

'Oh, *that's* your little game, is it,' observed the servitor; not without a touch of pity; 'why, you don't suppose that in our fifth year of credit we are going to be caught by such chaff as that! You must be a young 'un in the business, you must. You must have taken to it late in life, after failing as a gentleman.'

He pulled a bell which rang upstairs, and a young and cherry voice called over the banisters; 'Who is it now, John Thomas? You must shew the gentleman to the attic, for I suppose he's come to sleep. His friends have sat the bottoms out of all the hall-chairs already. What can he want at this time of night, when sleep is about to knit up the ravelled sleeve of care, and even tailors let us alone: a time when the very dun devotes himself to repentance and digestion.'

'It's a party as *I* don't know, sir,' replied the servant, regarding me with a sort of malignant curiosity, as though I were the Beast with a Bill itself; 'he has got some 'umbugging story about a Hex and a Why.'

There was a noise above stairs as though some person or persons were struggling with some internal emotion, such as laughter, and then a grave and almost solemn voice addressed John Thomas thus:

'Shew up our respected Advertisee at once, you idiot; then leave the house, nor venture to darken its door again till you have been powdered with ashes, and plushed in sackcloth.'

The discomfited flunkey led the way to the drawing-room, an apartment luxuriously rather than elegantly furnished; there were no knicknacks distributed with elaborate carelessness, no splendidly worked cushions protected by the hateful antimacassar, no traces of female tyranny of any kind. The sofas were meant for weary legs and *shoes*; the arm-chair to be lolled in; and there was also an exquisite aroma of tobacco-smoke which established the denomination of the male beyond a doubt. Two young gentlemen, of five-and twenty or so, advanced as I entered, and received me with much politeness. The one who introduced himself as X had a frank Saxon face, and an air particularly ingenuous; the other was a handsomer man, of an almost Spanish complexion, but with a jaded expression that scarcely ever left his features.

'You *do* not object to tobacco, I trust,' said the former.

I smiled my ready toleration of that weed, the virtues of which no man who has not lived in solitude, and hardships, and want of all social solaces can ever rightly know.

'He does not object to tobacco,' exclaimed Y, with a sigh of relief; 'then the rest of the negotiation will be comparatively easy.'

This second gentleman, to whom conversation appeared to be an almost intolerable exertion, here subsided on an ottoman, and waved his hand, as though to dissipate any remnant of responsibility that might be supposed to cling to *him* with respect to the business on which I had called.

'Very well,' resumed the first speaker, accepting the position thus imposed upon him, 'let X—it is like a charming equation, I declare—let X—*be the party* that is empowered to treat with—with Stokes, Esq. That is sherry, and this Madeira—the last of a most excellent bin; these are Havannahs, and these Manilla cheroots. Permit me to assist you with a light; complete combustion is essential.'

The young man dipped a silver sponge-holder into the flame of a spirit-lamp, and applied it to my cigar with all the care that a surgeon takes with a tender wound.

'My dear Y, our Advertisee was about to use a lucifer—a brimstone lucifer!'

The gent. on the ottoman shuddered.

'Yes,' said I, 'lucifers have always done well enough for me. I have often thought myself lucky to get them. Instead of tobacco, too, I have now and then used dock-leaves. We are not particular at Morumbidgee.'

'At *where!*' exclaimed Y, with an energy that I could not have believed was in him.

'The gentleman is speaking of his country-seat,' observed X, reprovingly.

'Yes,' said I, 'in South Australia. I am a rough, simple fellow, who have made my money over in that colony.'

'Good!' exclaimed X, taking out his note-book. 'How much, now?'

'A very considerable amount of money,' replied I, with pardonable pride.

'This looks like business,' observed X with a radiant countenance.

'Will you do us the honor of shaking hands with you?' cried Y from the ottoman. 'X, shake hands with Morumbidgee (if I may address him by his territorial title), for self and partner, will you?'

'And I am come back to England, gentlemen,' I continued, 'with the intention of spending this money like a man.'

'Y,' cried X, 'get up, and fill your glass, sir; the occasion is supreme. Let us drink the health of our Advertisee in some appropriate manner; with Highland honors and Kentish cheers. We are most unfeignedly glad to see him, to hear of his prosperity, to be assured of his honorable intentions. He may count upon our best endeavors to assist him in carrying them out, Morumbidgee (what a name!),let us understand one another. You have money we have only debts and a very, very little credit. On the other hand, you have had no experience whatever of civilized life, whereas we, alas! have seen much more of it than most people. Let us mutually supply our respective deficiencies. You will find us to be gentlemen. We shall not look for any very high standard in that respect in *you*.'

'What!' cried I, with all the blood of the Trevors rushing to my countenance; 'and do you suppose that it is lemon-colored gloves and languid airs which constitute that 'grand old name of gentleman, defamed by every charlatan, and soiled by all *ignoble* use?' I tell you that I have seen men unkempt, rough-handed, reeking with labor, splashed with the blood of the slaughter-house, yet better read, better cultured than most of your Mayfair butterflies, and in the hour of death and danger as brave as Nelson, as tender as Florence Nightingale.'

'Bravo, bravissimo!' exclaimed X; 'I like this middle-aged individual!'

'He's a perfect tonic to me,' cried Y, clapping his small white hands together; 'I trust he may be the Perfect Cure.'

'Young gentlemen,' observed I with some severity, 'I amuse you, it seems, without intending it. Doubtless, in your fine company I shall soon lose all admiration of the vulgar virtues of which I speak.'

'How dull he will be then,' murmured Y, soliloquising.

'I am a poor plain man,' I continued.

'No, no,' cried X; 'no false modesty: not poor, only plain.'

'And doubtless my manners require some French polish. You may be ashamed of me now and then among your fashionable folks—I like you better for not denying that the thing is probable—but I am good-natured and of a social disposition, although, as you may imagine by my presence here, I am in this country absolutely friendless.'

'Not now,' observed X, softly—'not now;' and in his deep-blue eyes I thought I could really read an honest pity. I felt myself drawn towards that lad as I have been to few men else in either hemisphere.

'I thank you, young gentleman. With regard to the mere pecuniary arrangements'—— As I pronounced these words, my new friends executed a simultaneous performance of which I had deemed them altogether incapable: they blushed. X helped himself at unnecessary length to wine; Y feigned to be employed in arranging an exquisite little nosegay in his button-hole. 'With regard to the money,' continued I, 'it is unnecessary to be too precise in particulars; but of course, while we three are companions, I shall bear all charges, while you will indicate the most agreeable methods for passing our time. A cheque at the week's end'——

'My very dear sir,' cried X beseechingly, 'that will do.'

'It will do most admirably,' echoed Y, but with the air of a gentleman who has been caught in the act of listening at a keyhole.

A few minutes ago, I had felt myself

at a disadvantage in the society of my new acquaintances, but now I was master of the situation. I had, as it were, taken the young couple into my service. They were now respectful indeed, but also distressingly ill at ease.

'My friends,' said I, 'it seems to me *that you are not in good spirits.* You must be aware that I engage you [how they shuddered!] with the tacit understanding that you will be elastic and agreeable in your behaviours. You have no conception how stupid you are become, Mr. Y.—That is better: I am glad to see that start; there is animation about you.—The cause of this alteration for the worse is obvious, even to a colonial mind. You are suffering under the sense of obligations to come.'

'Spare us,' cried X—'spare us; we will try and be jolly.'

'Yes, X will try,' exclaimed Y. The latter, poor fellow, had for his own part quite given up hope of recovering from his degradation. One end of his cigar was white and cold: he had lost his air of exclusive refinement and looked a good deal like a begging-letter impostor. 'It was I,' continued he, 'who persuaded X to advertise. We were reduced to do it, for we cannot live without our little elegances—I pay, for example, that is, I intended to pay, twenty-five pounds per annum to a florist for supplying this ornament for my coat every morning—and we had both of us spent all our money.'

'Yes, and a good deal more than all,' murmured X.

'We did it half in earnest, half in jest,' resumed Y. 'We did not think that anybody would be really fool enough to come.'

'Gentlemen,' said I, 'I am astonished at you. You offer certain terms to me, and when I agree to them, you begin to shrink from the bargain. It is true that you are poor, but what of that? Garibaldi is also poor. To have spent one's money is only to be regretted in case one has not received its equivalent. It costs a man five hundred pounds, I hear, to go to an English University, but does he not come away from thence with the capital letters B. A. appended to his name?'

'We are both B. A.s,' groaned X and Y despondingly.

'I can easily imagine it,' said I; 'I should think myself defrauded if you were not. That honorable distinction, then, enables you to profess to make B. A.'s of other people; to get back in teaching the money you have expended in learning. Similarly, a doctor's diploma enables you to train up human leeches. Having eaten, or at least paid for, a number of indifferent dinners in a certain place, and purchased a wig and *gown, you can exact premiums from* gentlemen who have not yet passed through these ordeals. Even if you have spent money in buying a commission in the army, the investment is not entirely thrown away; there are many pursuits, such as billiard-table keeping and horse-jobbing, for which, in Melbourne at least, a man is all the better qualified for being a captain. Since all experience fetches its price, how idle then is it to imagine that a knowledge of London life and good society—to attain which has cost you, I suppose, ten times the expense of any of these—is not to bear its market-able value. Is it reasonable that men about town alone are to have no return for their money, and health, and youth, consumed in dissipations that were often perhaps wearisome while they lasted, and the recollection of which is a positive reproach? Do you not perceive the injustice that you are thus inflicting upon yourselves? You can hardly imagine, I suppose, that the results of an experience of this sort are too sacred for barter, when even divines take very considerable payments from the young gentlemen who are so fortunate as to be their private pupils. Mere fashion can scarcely curl her lips, I say, at a practice indulged in by Law, by physic, and by Divinity. Be men of common sense. I am come here, it is true, to procure certain advantages which you happen to have for sale; but the bargain being concluded—as it is, and on my word I think I have the better of it—what need of further talk or thought of the matter? We shall be of necessity companions; who knows but that some day we may become friends?'

'—— Stokes, Esq.,' exclaimed X, slapping me on the shoulder with much heartiness, 'I shall never regret that we advertised.'

'Morumbidgee,' observed Y, with tears in his eyes, 'you are a gentleman born.'

I had succeeded in re-establishing my young friends in their own good opinion. The one recovered his natural enthusiasm, the other relapsed into his equally characteristic state of polite torpor.

It was arranged that on the morrow my luggage should be removed from my hotel into Half-moon Street, where a handsome sleeping apartment was alotted to me.

'Next week is a most fortunate one for your re-introduction to English life,' remarked X cheerfully; 'there is, to begin with, the Derby.'

Y uttered an involuntary groan. 'Never mind me,' exclaimed he hurriedly; 'I beg your pardon.'

'But what *is* the matter, my good sir?' inquired I, for I was really afraid that he had sat upon something very sharp.

'Nothing, Morumbidgee, nothing; I am your willing slave to hear is to obey. But if you only knew how dull that Derby is—even if you *have* any money left to lose upon it—and had seen it fifteen times, as I have done, you would groan also. The screwy posters and the solemn swells; the dust, the heat, the wicked words one hears; the funny gents; the dolls and pincushions; the Babel of Downs; the Legs, the Lords, the Fools; the luncheons on one's knees; the champagne spilt; and worse than spilt, the champagne swallowed'———

'But why all this? We could take him in a van, with evergreens and a barrel of beer,' interrupted X.

'That would be better fun,' replied Y gravely; 'but how would he stand the brass band and the drum?'

'I am entirely in your hands, gentlemen,' observed I. 'I will make a third upon a dromedary, if you think we shall enjoy ourselves better by that method of travelling.'

'Is he not charming?' cried X. 'Morumbidgee, we should have met you earlier. The Derby is on the fourth of June this year, upon which the Eton Regatta is always held. The pic-nic of the boys upon the banks of Thames; the long procession of their boats; the enthusiasm of the aristocratic British youth, who have not yet attained their yawning age, is a sight worth seeing, and has drawn kings to look at it.'

'Ah,' observed Y drily, 'I was an Eton boy once myself, and remember that entertainment well. It is the big boys only who eat, and throw the chicken bones at the little ones. There is no shelter except under the tables, and it is invariably a wet evening.'

'The International Exhibition begins its shilling-days on Monday,' suggested X.

'I am afraid,' returned I smiling, 'that that would indeed be too great a trial for our experienced friend. He has doubtless had a season ticket from the very commencement.'

'That is true,' returned X, 'but yet he has not exhausted the place either. The fact is, he has never been there. He invested his three guineas, not in the right of *entrée*, but in insurance against social annoyance. He remembered what those who had not been to the Exhibition of '51 suffered in society at the hands of those who had—how they got it all detailed to them, whether they would or no, from the description of the Koh-i-noor to that horrid bedstead that turned you out at all hours in the morning, and would by no means be put back again. 'My dear madam, or sir,' as the case may be, is his answer now to all similar assailants, 'you speak to a season ticket holder from the first; it would be hard to mention any one thing with which I am less familiar than with the rest. Do you happen to have remarked that exquisite little nut-cracker in the Hohenzollern department? If you have not seen that, you have really seen nothing.' This reply of his not only forms an admirable defence, but has given enterprising persons much employment in looking after the imaginary Teutonic wonder.'

'I can well believe it,' returned I; 'but Y must not be offended if, after this story of him, I receive any information he may be good enough to offer with some degree of caution.'

'Nay,' exclaimed Y with emotion, 'you do me wrong, I assure you. My duty to my neighbor, if he bothers me with interrogations, may be neglected or overdone; but in my allegiance towards my Advertisee, I trust I shall never fail. What say you, X—since he has absolutely seen nothing—to taking our friend to it [illegible] to-morrow?'

'It would be certainly delightful to see him there, only be sure that we do not go by the Flying Dragon.'

So I left my new-found friends for that evening, John Thomas too magnificent opening the hall-door for my exit with a very different air from that with which he had admitted me. He was still, indeed, a potent genius, but I was in possession of the talisman which he was forced to obey. He was the slave of my ring (and my double-knock) as long as companionship with his masters X and Y should continue.

'They talk of Fairyland, meaning I know not what,' said I to myself, as I walked across the park to my hotel; 'but is not my whole adventure of this evening like a leaf out of the *Arabian Nights?* It is this London, whose countless lights are now encircling me a thousandfold, which is the true city of enchantments after all. The millionaire awakes to find himself a beggar, his securities waste paper, and his mansion a mirage. The beggar, on the other hand, clutches untold wealth more suddenly than the goldfinder of the Macquarie. Young gentlemen (late) of fortune become *ciceroni, commissionaires*—gentlemen-ushers to cattle-tamers of the Australian bush. These transformation scenes were certainly not so rapid and complete a quarter of a century ago.'

For my part, however, I felt grateful that such things should be. Two hours ago, I had left my palace a solitary monarch, with subjects enough obedient to my purse-strings, but with not a single friend; the Great Desert of London had spread its golden sands before me, and I had walked upon them, casting a lonely shadow; but now, so gracious is the least touch of human sympathy, this Arabia Deserta seemed changed into Arabia Felix. I was no longer companionless and unregarded; two fellow-creatures yonder (not to mention John Thomas, into whose not unwilling palm I had just slipped five shillings) had some sort of not unkindly interest in me. My native land had began to welcome me in these two unknown ones, X and Y.

Amber.

Amber, so extensively employed as mouth-pieces for meerchaum pipes and segar holders, is believed to be a fossilized vegetable gum or resin. Anciently a fabulous origin was attributed to it. As it was found on the sea-shore after a storm, it was said to be the solidified tears of the sisters of Phaeton, or of sea nymphs. It is of a yellowish color, frequently streaked with milky white, the yellow color being semitransparent. Those specimens which have a clouded milky appearance are the most highly valued, as the clear yellow can be imitated by recent and cheaper gums. It is singularly electrical, when rubbed, developing negative electricity to such a degree, that in manfacturing it into the forms in which it is sold the workmen are sometimes affected with nervous tremors, and they are obliged frequently to change the pieces they handle.

It is found on the Baltic coast of Prussia, either washed ashore after a gale, or entangled in masses of sea-weed. Mines of it are also wrought in Prussia. It is found in America at Amboy, N. J.; at Gay Head, Martha's Vineyard; and at Cape Sable, in Maryland. Leaves of fossil plants and tropical insects are sometimes found imbedded in it, a fact that has given rise to some pretty poetical conceits. In the East it is highly valued, and has been used as a form of concentrated wealth, as are diamonds and other precious stones. When heated, it exhales an agreeable odor, and for this, among other reasons, is in great request as mouth-pieces for pipes.

Roman Women of Fashion.

If we closely compare some particular fashion of ancient days with the fashion of our own time, we shall be surprised to notice the slightness of the difference in taste.—Take, for instance, the mode of arranging the hair. But, before all, take the hair itself. Yes, take it, touch it, look at it, handle it, look at it long, till you make sure of its color. It is the very color we admire so much to-day—red hair, blonde hair, and blonde women were then as much admired and as much sought after as the choicest blonde blossoms of our drawing-room of to-day. So great was the preference given to blonde and yellow and red hair, that all sorts of toilet

artifices were resorted to to obtain from the drugs and ointments the one color which painters and poets still delight to picture in their softest dream of fair women.

The Pompeiian women obtained from the East an unguent with which they saturated their hair, and then sat for hours in the sun until the foreign substance was dried in, and the hair was transformed. Sometimes the process took days to be perfected, *and then if the lady had so large a* circle of acquaintances that she could secure no privacy in her city house, she betook herself to the country, and remained there till her hair was made more silken and more rich with golden hue.

The mode of dressing the hair varied as it varies with us, fashion being more of an arbiter than taste in that important detail of woman's costume. "Rats" and cushions were skillfully adjusted by the slave *coiffeur* to the head of her mistress, and we find some traces of the waterfall. Curls seem to have been the favorite style of dressing the hair for a time *—curls thrown back on the neck*, such as we call Grecian curls. Wearing the hair in a large knot on the summit of the head, or in short ringlets around the forehead, was also a favorite mode with the exquisites in those days of exquisite elegance. But what adorned most the head of the Pompeiian belles were the jewelled combs and the jewelled pins which they used to fasten their hair. Some of those are marvellously beautiful–not in color, but in poetical design. One of those pins found in Herculaneum, about seven or eight inches long, is surmounted by a Venus chiselled in gold; she is twisting her hair, and looks at herself in a mirror held by Cupid. Another is ornamented with a small figure of Psyche kissing Love.

Young girls in Pompeii wore nets, and exercised the charming capriciousness of their fickle taste in choice of color, texture, and style. Some of them were made of gold thread, studded with pearls and other precious stones.

Extreme care was bestowed upon the nails of feet and hands. There was one special slave invested with the responsibility of keeping the nails of her mistress properly pared, *cleaned, and tinted. Women never* wore gloves, yet they delicately cherished their hands and fingers. They kept them beautiful, not by idleness alone, but by a variety of cosmetics intended to render the skin soft, smooth and flower-like. And, as the customs of those days made the fingers of women speak eloquently in adroit gesticulation, the beauty of the hand could not be overlooked. Horace makes fun of some original wag independent enough to cut his own nails, and dispense with the services of barber or slave.

The Vice of Lying.

Lying is a mean and cowardly quality and altogether unbecoming a person of honor. Aristotle lays it down for a maxim, that a brave man is clear in his discourse, and keeps close to the truth; and Plutarch calls lying the vice of a slave.

Lying in discourse is a disagreement between the speech and the mind of the speaker, when one thing is declared and another meant, and words are no image of thoughts. Hence it will follow, that he who mistakes a falsity for truth is no liar in reporting his judgment; and, on the other side, he that relates a matter which he believes to be false is guilty of lying, though he speaks the truth. A lie is to be measured by the conscience of him that speaks, and not by the truth of the proposition.

The Year 1866.

Very few single years of the passing century that have transpired will show on the page of history a much brighter record than this. In this we do not forget or overlook the earlier years of the same, when Britian and France were in almost continuous grapple for the ascendency in Europe; nor the invasion of Russia by Napoleon I.; nor the decisive year of Waterloo that consigned *him* to his island retreat; nor the revolutionary years of France; nor the exciting seasons in political circles; nor the late civil war in the United States; each year of which was full of agony and excitement, and challenged the attention of the whole world. For probably not one of those years evolved so much that has had or will have a widespread influence upon the great future of the world as has either been perfected or set in motion in the present.

And it is of no small moment to us in looking over the events of the closing year that nearly all the agitation has been in or among the British, American, and German nationalities, peoples of cognate blood, similar in original thought, and similar in the general ideas of civilization; each with an enviable past history to be proud of, and with a glorious future to be looked forward to with animation and national pride. The rapid development of the other nations and principalities has gone on quietly but probably not less surely; and barbarism has held its sway and its peace, while waiting for the word from the first named races. The heart of Europe—Germany—with its right arm in Great Britain, and its right hand in the United States of America and the British Provinces will soon in the unanimity of their action indicate to the whole world its true line of progress.

In the Empire of Great Britain including its dependencies there has been no lack of public commotions, though none of so serious a nature as to threaten certain war, or even respectable anarchy. The terrible affliction of a short crop of rice in certain districts of India, particularly in Bengal, the most populous section of the rice eating population, has resulted in wide spread famine. How *many poor creatures will go down to* the grave from this sad condition of things will probably never be known, but from the tremendous density of population there, it is feared that millions will succumb before relief can be obtained. This sad calamity has not occurred in that country on so extensive a scale since about a hundred years ago. As it is the result in *part of superstitious veneration for* the unwise customs of the natives as to food, it may reasonably be hoped that the dispensation of sorrow will lead them to new views of life, and a change in the habits of the people.

But otherwise there has been peace and prosperity in British India and in all the other provinces under her sway in the East. In our American *Provinces there has been a speck of* war arising from the malicious invasion of a set of wicked or crazy fellows of *Irish blood*. *calling themselves Fe*nians, and pretending that they are seeking the liberation of Ireland from British sway. How they are to do this by murdering the peaceful people of the Provinces passes a wise man's comprehension. It looks like one of the famous Irish bulls we read of. It certainly illustrates their faults in the old saying that "the longest way round is the shortest way home;" and a few of the invaders realized the truth of the adage, for they found themselves soon at home in the jail, and perhaps will not escape going to a longer home. The machinations

of these wild fellows have seriously disturbed the border relations between the United States and Canada, but the prompt action of the former in setting her own soldiers at the work of stopping the invasion from its borders, gave it a quietus at once. These Fenians still bluster and threaten great things, of which the mightiest danger is that they will all die old men, swearing for the regeneration of Ireland, before one will dare set foot in it and unfurl the banner of revolt.

Ireland—poor old home of many dear and patriotic hearts—is somewhat unsettled in its affairs in consequence of the efforts of these malignants. And yet the general solid people of that green island are quiet, and attached to the throne of Great Britain. What can they gain from revolution? Only a harvest of bloodshed and social misery. Would anarchy be better for her than the protection of the United Kingdom? The poorest investment any people makes is in provoking war, or stirring up bad blood among otherwise peaceful people. The experience of Ireland for the last thousand years has taught a better lesson to her sober sons than a resort to war will indicate; for has she not been written or stained all over with blood from foolish rebellions? Have not the sword and the gallows done work enough in that island? Have the horrors of Cromwell's invasion been forgotten? Has the bloody result of Emmet's futile effort for an independent government been of no avail to deter the present generation from trying the same thing again? Has Ireland made no progress in thought during fifty years? If oppression still hovers over that people, why do they not emigrate by thousands and millions to these western shores where there is land enough, wood enough, and work enough for the whole population of that country, without crowding? That would be better than rebellion and civil war.

The British public have had their excitements on political questions. The dominant party last Spring refused to grant an extension of the elective franchise to about two hundred thousand persons more than at present enjoy that right. The people seemed to have cared but little for that particular bill because it proposed so little, but the idea of extended suffrage has seized upon the popular mind, and with John Bright as their great leader, and several others of less weight and influence than he for assistants, the reform party have made great demonstrations, in the shape of monster assemblages, that surprise from their greatness and frequency. But whether this popular agitation will end in securing what they wish for is a problem that the future alone can solve. But the history of British reform in the past lends encouragement to the idea that something will be done in the line of their demands. The good genius of the English monarchy always has showed itself in its timely bowing before the inevitable. When it appears that the people will have a certain measure, it is granted. The riot at the Parks in London was the only outbreak of the season that showed a disposition to upturn the peace of the kingdom. But the error that led to it was easily corrected, and a good lesson was learned by the Government agents, not to forget that the people own the public squares.

The island of Jamaica, having been cursed with an exhibition of malignancy not often visible upon the planet, has also figured quite largely at times in the public journals. The unwise conduct of a few blacks, resulting in a small riot and the murder of one or

two persons, seems to have been seized upon by the Governor as a pretext for outrageous severity, and about two thousand lives were reported to have been taken in a few days in punishment for the riot. A commission has examined into the matter, and the final decision is awaited with interest. It was thought by the friends of liberal ideas that such a destruction of life was purely wanton and useless, and indicated either cowardice or bloodthirstiness on the part of the Governor. And yet some of the most celebrated persons in England have espoused the cause of the Jamaica authorities. The circumstance was a misfortune if not a shame to the British name.

Another interesting feature of the year has been the quiet discussion of the Confederation Scheme in relation to the Provinces. This measure, so unpopular among the smaller Provinces, "drags its slow length along" with some prospect of final adoption by the Home Government. The advantages to our Island from absorption into a quasi-republic, are not so evident as to make the proposed change desirable; and time—the great conservator of the good which never dies, and destroyer of evil—may so elaborate the question in the near future as to spread it over with rainbow hues and cause our people to grasp at what may seem to be substance.

There has been during the year no lack of activity in the business interests of the Provinces. The fisheries have done well · the coal and lumbering departments have not languished; the mining question has not been severely agitated. For the frauds of some two years ago, when discovered, so damped the ardor of the people, that but little interest has been felt in the mining matters for the last two years, especially gold mining. The Pacific coast has had its own history in this department, and is quietly jogging along without much excitement.

Our neighbor, the United States, has presented a field of activity and general interest for the whole year. The rebellion closing in the Summer of 1865, so far as active hostilities were concerned, left the country with an enormous debt of some three billions of dollars, a deranged currency, a divided people, an unreconstructed Union, an accidental President, an uncertain state of affairs, and a million of men to be mustered out of service, and five hundred vessels in commission to be disposed of. The last winter session of Congress soon developed a divergency of views between the President and Congress, which grew worse as the session went on till about Feb. 20th, he vetoed an important bill perfected for the protection of the recently emancipated blacks. His speech to the company assembled on the 22d, at the White House, showed the rancorous spirit he felt towards the Republicans of Congress, and made the gap between them so wide that it has never been bridged, and probably never will be. His veto was sustained in the Senate by the defection of some four or five Senators who could not exactly see how the "cat would jump," but rather thought the President would win the battle. The quarrel went on with considerable fierceness, for the rest of the year, up to the closing elections in November. It was soon apparent after the President broke with the party that elected him, that the people would sustain Congress. In due time the "Civil Rights' Bill," so called, was passed, which gave to the freedman his civil rights denied him by some of the States, which bill the President also vetoed, but it was passed right over

his veto and became a law notwithstanding. This was the turning point in the fight; the President began to lose heavily in public support, and Congress began to gain. In a short time a new Freedmen's Bureau Bill was matured and passed, which was again vetoed, but was passed over the President's veto at once. Considerable angry discussion was kept up in the newspapers, of which one or two of the leading ones on the Republican side supported the President for awhile, and one till near the time the elections came off in the Autumn. But the country was with Congress. The President's plan or policy was to let the seceded States send representatives to Congress at once, leaving it for Congress to accept or reject these sent, thus giving those States a voice in their own punishment, as rational a plan as it would be to let the criminal sit on the jury that should try him for murder. His policy overlooked all the social evils that grew out of the rebellion; ignored the promises made by the government to the freedmen, and released the rebels from all questions as to the extent of their wickedness, and virtually put the government right into their hands by giving them the chance to block any legislation not acceptable to them. The South was exultant. The rebels were pardoned by thousands, and fees charged for the business that were disgraceful to the country. Their papers opened on the North in the old style, and one could hardly distinguish the difference between the talk before the war and since. The Congress was blackguarded in good round style; the North was twitted of her inferiority as of old. Slurs were thrown out about the war in every conceivabl eway. Covert threats were uttered that the war would yet be renewed, and so on, while some Northern Democratic papers echoed the vilest stuff ever put in print, and actually tasked a patient people to bear it. In the meantime Congress kept at work and brought forth its own plan of reconstruction, which was embodied in several proposed amendments of the constitution, which are now before the different States for adoption or rejection. These the President was not obliged to sign or veto and he could not prevent their going out to the States if he wanted to. The Southern States, with the exception of Tennessee, have rejected them with disdain, for they disfranchise the leaders of the rebellion. That is a hard pill, but they will have to swallow it. The country will never allow the men who led the South into rebellion to do it again by having the power in their hands.

The President during the summer, and while Congress was prefecting all these bills and amendments, growing more and more determined to rule or ruin, caused several members of the Cabinet to resign and got friends and supporters into their place. As soon as Congress adjourned he began to turn out the office-holders who did not echo his sentiments, in some cases removing men he had commissioned a little while before. No inconsistency seemed to trouble him. In many cases he appointed men that the Senate had rejected previously. In the early, autumn he took a trip from Washington via Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Detroit, Chicago, St Louis and Cincinnati, stopping at many other cities and towns on the route, and addressed the people at every opportunity, giving Congress hard raps, and boasting of his great services to the country. It was as fine a burlesque as ever was got up to please a crowd. Nero fiddling while Rome was burning was a little ahead of it, perhaps; but the people of the country felt aggrieved, disgraced, insulted and ashamed in consequence of the President acting the mountebank all over the country. At several places he received insults in return for the abuse he heaped upon the Republican party, that elected him, and he bandied slang epithets like the roughest of them. On his return to Washington he made the heads of officials fly off faster than ever; but in October last a half dozen large States voted for Congressmen and State officers, and to his immense surprise not a member was gained to his side but one or two were lost. Out of about seventy members elected his friends retained some ten or twelve. This was a damper to his policy. He experienced a conviction that he could not rule the country, that took away his impudence and caused him to pause in decapitating office-holders.

The final elections of November finished the category of misfortunes to the advocates of the Presidential policy. The result showed that about five-sixths of the new representatives in Congress were opposed to it, and that a majority

of near a half million voters had set their seal of condemnation upon it. The fortieth Congress is to be more radical than the present. The Southern States must come to the terms of their conquerors, and be thankful that they get so much generosity. The grand result will be the displacement of the former leaders by new and younger men. The men that led in the rebellion must go into obscurity. "There must be a new heavens and a new earth" to the South. There must be a regard for righteousness to which she has been a stranger hitherto. The constitutional amendments must pass and humanity must be recognized as such in all sections of the Republic. The President has learned that the people are getting jealous of their rights and will not submit to have one man manage the affairs without their voice in the matter. The position now held by the United States gives it the advance ground in the march of political and moral progress, as well as *physical*, for which last quality it has been renowned for years.

The condition of Mexico has been one of marked anxiety to the people of the United States for several years. The impudent benevolence of Louis Napoleon in giving the Mexicans a fourth or fifth rate German Prince for an Emperor was never fully appreciated while the Republic was struggling in the contest with the rebels; but as the rebels lost, the cause of the Empire waned in Mexico. The French Emperor was not long in finding out that the old European ideas could not flourish on the soil of the Tropics, especially in a country adjacent to the Great Republic. The influence of peace was soon seen in an agreement to remove the French troops, which is now exciting some attention in the diplomatic circles of the two countries, the most interesting feature of which was the sending of a telegram from Washington to Paris by way of the Atlantic Cable at an expense of thirty-five thousand dollars.

Speaking of the cable brings us to that topic. The unsuccessful efforts of 1858 and 1865, had measurably annihilated what little confidence the general public had reposed in the enterprise at the first. But the indomitable perseverance of the projectors would not be discomfited. They pushed on all the more resolutely the less the chances grew, and as the faith of outsiders deminished theirs increased. The fact that a cable had been laid in 1858 was proof that a wire could be stretched across the ocean, but the fact that it failed to do the work expected was not pleasant. There was the doubt. Every body had a good reason why the cable could not work. Very few could furnish a reason why it should work. At last all these doubts were silenced by the news that the new cable was laid last summer, and was talking across the briny expanse, and a few days later the old one of 1864 which was broken in the laying was picked up spliced and extended across the rest of the distance. So that two cables now span the distance between America and Europe, and the greatest wonder of the world achieved. The value of this enterprise to the commercial and intellectual world cannot be estimated. Like the application of steam to ocean vessels, its value can only be determined by the continued use and profit it brings to the nations. No great time will elapse before submarine cables will be laid between all countries and beneath all oceans. In this way the world will be brought gradually to speak one language, and the human brotherhood be organized into one grand family. The oriental will be stripped of his exclusiveness, the Brahmin of his pride of caste. The wild races will disappear under the progress of advancing civilization, or adopt the settled habits of the dominant races. Trade will become safe; its profits more equably destributed: There will be fewer Astors and Rothschilds, who augment their riches in proportion to the ignorance of those they trade with. The people that now cultivate the earth and live at starvation's door at the same time while ruthless robbers in the shape of landlords or despotic governments steal the most of the crop, will some time find out their true position and refuse to be slaves to men or their money. This will result from the rapid and expanding means of communication that will bless the world when all parts of the two continents are connected. It will take time; but the great beginning has been made in the present year of grace, and this alone will stamp it in history as one of the wonderful years in the list of great results.

In looking over the map of Europe the

changes have been great. The heart of Europe has been severely exercised. In the early part of the year the signs of the times indicated stirring scenes near at hand. The Italians were fretting that Venetia was still in the hands of Austria, and the Papal States under the government of the Pope sustained by French troops. Prussia was also saying hard things about the German Bund, and one Bismark had come to occupy considerable space in the attention of the universal public. The Austrian Government seemed to be the object of denunciation from both parties, and it did not take an old prophet to foresee that war was inevitable unless the course of discussion should be changed. The French Emperor stood by, calmly smoking his cigar, and evidently enjoying the fun of seeing two or three of his respectable neighbors getting into a "snarl," as long as he was safe. Russia waited at home to see how the matter would terminate, and gradually the three kingdoms worked themselves up to the fighting point. The Italians made an attempt to carry the "quadrilateral" and were defeated. They were not able to do much fighting afterwards, and Austria turned her forces against her enemy in the north. The two armies met on the field of Sadowa, and the Austrian ægis went down before the needle-gun of the Prussians. Two score thousand of brave men were put *hors de combat*, the Austrian strength broken, and the Emperor of that Kingdom turned over Venetia to France, and called in Nopaleon to aid in procuring peace. Italy received Venetia from Napoleon and the peace that ensued has placed Prussia at the head of the German nationality; disposed of several small Kingdoms—among which are Saxony and Hanover—to the Prussian Court, and made the latter Kingdom one of the leaders in the diplomacy of Europe. Napoleon tried to imitate the monkey justice, and nibble the cheese a little, but got bluffed at once. He modestly asked Prussia that France should be extended to the Rhine, thus transferring a large strip of Germany to France. But a decided negative from Prussia backed by the needle-gun soon quieted all aspirations in that line; and Napoleon having excused himself for asking for it, as he must obey the wishes of the French people, gracefully acquiesced in the refusal. Europe is therefore again at peace, save the little speck of war at Candia which is too small to attract very much attention.

Spain during the year has done some mischief bombarding the cities of Chili and Peru, but the last effort gave her a taste of the old maxim of Burns—"The best laid schemes of mice and men, gang aft agley." Her fleet was driven off with much damage, and one admiral blew his brains out from chagrin at the affair.

The Governments of Brazil and Paraguay have also tried their hand at fighting on the borders of the latter, and with various success. Recently the news wears the appearance favorable to Paraguay; but Brazil is a great country in resources, and governed by a shrewd man, who knows several other useful things besides war, and will probably worry out his antagonist.

In the domain of science the world has made progress. Professor Agassiz of Havard University spent several months exploring Brazil,—its mountains especially,—and the Amazon, the results of which will enrich the libraries of the world, and add much to the domain of exact knowledge. The savans of the old world have not been idle, and the preparations for the worlds fair at Paris in 1867 give evidence that the mind of the public is awake to the great material interests that are the bases of all civilization.

Commerce and navigation have been pushed on to their fruitful results, and the expansion of the steam marine of the nations is attracting wide attention from all the capitalists interested. Boston, Mass., is just putting forth some efforts to connect herself with some foreign ports. New York is looking forward to new connections. Chicago has completed the astonishing project of pushing a tunnel two miles under Lake Michigan, so as to secure pure, clean water from the lake, at the expense of six hundred and twenty thousand dollars. She is now engaged in turning the course of the Chicago river so as to drain the city into the Illinois river. Schemes for municipal improvement are common. Internal improvement is the order of the day everywhere. In France it is the building of levees along the rivers to secure the lands from inundations. In the United States it is the building of the great Pacific Railroad

from the Missouri to the Pacific Ocean, three hundred miles of which are already finished, and in another year it will probably reach the Rocky Mountains. Two new States—*Colorado* and Nebraska—are about to become members of the Union. Riots at Memphis and New Orleans in which the whites murdered many negroes called out the anathemas of all decent people, and caused Congress to look coldly on the scheme of reconstruction the South favored. The cotton crop has been partially destroyed by drought or overflow, or insects, and the chances for a hard winter at the South are numerous. The American Government are looking after the interests of the American railroads in Mexico. The national debt of the United States is twenty-five hundred and fifty millions, and has been decreased two hundred millions the past year. The prospect of an early liquidation of that debt is good. The revenues of the United States were five hundred and fifty-eight millions: of England about three hundred and fifty millions of dollars. Education, missionary effort, and the diffusion of knowledge have been stimulated, and the line of the charities has been widely attended to. Large gifts from men of wealth have been common. Mr. Peabody increased his gift to the London poor to over a million dollars, and has generously distributed a half million in his native country in benevolence. Mr. Stewart of New York proposes to invest several millions in homes for the poor, and many others have done nobly. Colleges have flourished; trade has been good everywhere; manufactures have been profitable; labor has been well paid; and agricultural *products* have brought a good price, and money making has been amply successful. Few books of value have been published, but the spawn of useless publications has been large and prolific.

Leaving these minor matters a glance at the great arena of action shows that the vast fields of human organization is actively occupied.

The Russian Government is steadily pursuing its wise ends in the completion of its schemes of emancipation, and upraising the serfs from their [illegible] to a higher level. Italy is [illegible] homogeneous as to government. The Papal States only remain out of the pale, and the general expectation is that at no great time hence the Pope will be shorn of his temporal dominions. The other European nations are vegetating as usual; their wise men are studying the *grand problems of life, nature, government* and progress, and the dark regions of Africa are as benighted as ever. The great sea of humanity that overflows the dark regions of the world still ebbs and flows with its tides of happiness and misery, as has been the case for the ages past, and bids fair to be for ceaseless ages to come. The great Sahara is fast yielding to the vigor of science, and Artesian wells bringing water to the surface, are gradually converting its stony and sandy [illegible] into beautiful green oases. But no such good fortune comes yet to the moral Saharas that deface the fair features of society everywhere. Poor, gaunt, and wan, the multitudinous hordes, smitten with disease and the blight of early death, wander forlorn and unpitied by the sons of luxury and waste. And yet there is a brighter day to dawn upon some future generation of these lonely millions, and the song of peace sung at the advent will resound in their ears as tidings of a joy to all people. So mote it be.

Don't Stand Still.

If you do you will be run over. Motion, action, progress—these are the words which now fill the vault of heaven with their stirring demands, and make humanity's heart pulsate with a stronger bound. Advance or stand aside; do not block up the way and hinder the career of others; there is too much to do now to allow of inaction anywhere or in any one. There *is something for all to do; the world is* becoming more and more grown; wider in magnitude; closer in interest; more loving and eventful than of old. Not in deeds of daring, not in the ensanguined field, not in chains and terrors, not in blood, and tears, and gloom, but in the leaping, vivifying, exhilarating impulses of a better birth of the soul. Reader, are you doing your part in this work.

—Boasting is sometimes out of place. We once heard a man boast of being a bachelor, as was his father before him.

A Dog Story.

A Paris paper relates the following story of the sagacity of a dog:

Lately a traveller passed in a carriage along the Avenue de Neuilly; the night was dark; all at once the horse stopped, and the traveller saw that the animal had met an obstacle. At the same moment a man raised himself from before the horse, uttering a cry.

"Why don't you take care?" said the traveller.

"Ah," cried the man, "you would do better, instead of hallooing, to lend me your lantern."

"What for?"

"I had three hundred francs in gold on my person; my pocket has broken, and all is fallen in the street. It is a commission with which my master has intrusted me. If I do not find the money I am a ruined man."

"It is not easy to find the pieces on such a night; have you none left?"

"Yes, I have one."

"Give it to me?"

The man hesitated.

"Give it to me. It is as a means of recovering the others."

The poor man gave him his last coin. The traveller whistled; a magnificent Danish dog began to leap around him.

"Here," said the traveller, putting the coin to the nose of the dog, "look."

The intelligent creature sniffed a moment at the money, and then began to run about the road. Every minute he returned leaping and deposited in the hands of his master a Napoleon. In about twenty minutes the whole sum was recovered. The poor fellow who had got his money back, turned full of thanks towards the traveller who had now got into his carriage.

"Ah, you are my preserver," said he, "tell me at least your name."

"I have done nothing," said the traveller. "Your preserver is my dog; his name is Rabat Joie."

And then, whipping his horse, he disappeared in the darkness.

A Popular Danish Story.

In the village of Ebberup, in Funen, lived a very wealthy farmer, who had gone one day to Assens with a load of barley; so one of his neighbors, a cottager, asked leave to go along with him for the sake of fetching home goods in the empty cart. The farmer had no objection, so the cottager followed the cart on foot, and as it was a very hot day, he pulled off his worsted stockings and wooden shoes, and stuffed them under the barley in the back of the cart. It happened to be Sunday, and they had to pass close by a church on the roadside. The man got a little way behind the cart, so that he could see that the minister was in the pulpit. It struck him that as the farmer was driving very slow, he might as well turn in and hear a bit of the sermon; he could soon make up to the cart again. He did not like to go so far into the church that the minister could see him, so he stood inside the door. The Gospel for that day was about the rich man and the beggar. Just as the traveller entered the church the minister shouted out, "But what has become of that rich man?" The Ebberup man thought that the minister was speaking to him, so he stepped forward and said, "He drove on to Assens with a load of barley." "No!" thundered the minister, "he went to hell," "Mercy on us!" cried the other, running out of church, "then I must look after my shoes and stockings!"

—*It* is not the sphere in which we move, but the spirit which moves us, that makes life vulgar or heroic.