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From the Utica (N. Y.) Daily Republican.

FABLE!

The Trouble with the Bat.

A FABLE FOR OLD CHILDREN.

The animal kingdom, observing mankind,
And observing their progress, had made up its mind
To copy their government, usages, laws—
Oust their leonine monarch without any cause,
Hold a national caucus, democratic in style,
And electing a President, try that awhile.
They'd a jackass for chairman, both aged and gray,
Like our own where a chairman does nothing but bray;
But the caucus was ruffled, when face to face,
By ancient contentions of each angry race.
The hen said the hawk had embittered her life,
And the ram said the wolf had abducted his wife;
While the mouse and the rat
Gazed askance at the cat,
And the rabbits remarked that the dogs were too fat.
In fact, all the delegates raised such a din
That a wily old panther, with blood on his chin,
And a fresh eaten meal stowed away in his maw,
Called the meeting to order by raising his paw.
Then mounting the rostrum, gave his long tail a flirt,
Saying, "Friends, you must bury that old, "Bloody Shirt!"
The past, with it's sorrows, must bury it's dead;
We tigers and panthers must have daily bread;
If others do suffer, why, we must be fed;
We were born to eat flesh; just look at that view,
And swallow our insults, while we swallow you!
If we ever unite, why, you must be quiet;
We love you sincerely, at least as a diet.
Although you outnumber, you must let us be,
And adopt in this caucus a new policy.
There is wool in our teeth, and blood in our claws,
But this, the result of inflexible laws,
Only calls for an effort for conciliation,
I name Mr. Bat as a good nomination."
The silent convention was struck with surprise,
The crocodile even had tears in her eyes!
The Bat, more astonished than anyone there,
Dropped down in their midst from concealment somewhere.
In a neat little harangue he thanked the convention,
But thought he could pay them for the condescension.

The Bat was elected, at least counted in,
And to try a new policy then did begin.
His cabinet officers, bloody of jaw,
The tigers and panthers he hailed with eclat;
For the Bat and his policy dreaded their roar,
While the quiet old sheep cooled their heels at the door,
But none of the beasts, in the veracious fable,
To define his position was ever able.
"I'm a beast," said the bat, "just feel of my fur;
I'm a cat," to the felines, "just hark to my purr;
I'm a bird," to the buzzards, "just see how I fly;
I'm a rat," to the rodents, "just look in my eye!"
Thus the Bat fooled them all, with his teeth fur and wing,
Being something to all, and yet not anything.
Till the eagle, convinced he was naught but a mole,
Tried to kill him, when, presto! he fled to his hole.
When the beasts tried to grab him, he rose on the wing,
And there just above them he'd saucily swing,
Till at last the beasts voted the bat was a bird;
While the birds in convention against it demurred.
But on this one item they came to unite,
That no mongrel ruler or hermaphrodite,
Be he ever so loving, serene or demure,
Could build up a government strong, good, or pure.

MORAL.

That is why, my dear children, the Bat is so queer,
And shows his head only when darkness is near;
He tried to be lion, and eagle and cat,
But he bursted in swelling and turned out a *bat*.
Thus sometimes a statesman gets lost in a *haze*,
And is sent to the shades in the midst of his days.

Conkling.

[The following article was mislaid, and and just now recovered.]

MT. VERNON, N. C.,
April 4th, 1878.

DEAR WATCHMAN:—The folding curtain of the murky storm-clouds at length closed upon the sunny pictures, in whose weird loveliness our vision has been revelling for weeks together. Balmy southern gales have given place to chilling Arctic blasts; and to the seemingly endless drought the slow, cold and continuous April showers succeed. Orchard trees, loaded with pink and white blossoms, like Oriental brides bedecked with jewels, stand shivering in sad surprise. The daises lay their sweet pale heads down on the turf, and meekly bow to the behest of fate. The piteous lowing and bleating of the farm-yard flocks is heard all through the gloomy distance, as they gather more closely to the barns. The music of the song-birds, whilome so joyful, is hushed; and the poor little feathered musicians, ensconced among the thick boughs of pines and laurels and cedars, hide their heads under their wings, and for the time forget they ever made a tune. The squirrel went to his hollow hours since, and is sound asleep in his warm nest. We too, driven by stress of weather toward the sheltering shores of home, must leave the plow to rust in the fresh and suddenly abandoned furrow, and hasten in to the fireside, after seeing the work-horse comfortably provided for and quietly muching his oats in the warm stable.

There is a delicious charm in rural life, even upon such days as this, when the city's cheerless walls look like one vast bleak prison. The patter of the raindrops, mingled with the sound of crowing fowls and tinkling bells and crackling fires, fills one's soul with a sense of indescribable comfort. The strong home feeling of independence and elbow room and quiet satisfies one of the deepest cravings of the human spirit. And here are the growing crops, the feeding flocks and the results of one's clear-weather labor in full view, to cheer and gladden more than dark skies can depress.

When a cold wet spell comes over the farm, there is no pleasure like the housing and feeding of animals. To take from the well-filled crib a huge basket of corn, and calling the shivering swine from the distant woods, to pour it down and see them eat, is a pleasure kings might envy. Who does not love to see a hearty hog eat? And yonder come the swarms of pigeons and Muscovy ducks and chickens and guineas and geese all following your footsteps and asking for their portion. Give me lands rich enough to make plenty of corn, and then the privilege of *feeding* it, and you may have all the luxuries of town life for what I care.

But when the crop fails through ill-luck or neglect, and you have to stint these hungry creatures, there is little enjoyment on a farm for you or them. Therefore to keep just what stock you can feed well, and to plant bountifully Indian corn and other cereal grains is the only wise or happy course. A rough denizen of our North Carolina mountains used to say he knew when a neighbor was prospering by observing the grease marks his children's hands made upon the house-doors—if these were plentiful he knew the father had good stores of bacon and had made a good corn-crop to fatten it with. Homely but truthful reasoning.

There is nothing like a big corn-pile to drive trouble away and bring happiness to the farm. Given this, and you can have what you please,—bread, meat, money, clothes or whatever you want. Without it, farming is a miserable make-shift—an unutterable sorrow.

Buy, then, good land, and work it well and keep it up to its original standard of fertility. Plant cotton and tobacco if you will; but never till you have large and roomy cribs and smoke-houses, well-filled with the indispensable stamina of life—something to eat. E. P. H.

POMPEII:

Its Burial and Resurrection.

SHOWING THAT MODERN SINNERS ARE AS BAD AS ANCIENT.

[From the New York Observer.]

Next year (1879) will complete eighteen round centuries since Pompeii went under: was buried. It is a quarter of a century since I first saw the resurrection of it, and in those twenty-five years the work of disinterment has made no great progress. Indeed, a city that has been in its grave 1,800 years cannot be very lively. The cities in Italy that have not been buried, and are supposed to be alive, do not grow much. Rome itself, profanely called "Eternal," has shrunk immensely since Pompeii was covered with the pall. Naples and all these villages and towns along the wonderfully beautiful shores of this bay of all water, were one great city in those days.

The city was buried in the year of our Lord 79. Its existence was forgotten. Peasants, digging above in the year 1748, found it, and seven years afterwards its disinterment was begun. I do not see that they get on very rapidly with the work. Sometimes it is suspended for a series of years. It costs much money to dig out a town, and the government of Naples never had money to spare for such romantic work as this. Italy now has it in hand, and the treasury is always empty. It is estimated that, if the work goes on with the same rapidity as in the last hundred years, it will be completed, and the whole city disinterred, in three or four hundred years more. There is no need of digging out any more of it. It is only more of the same sort that comes to light as the work proceeds, and there is enough now unveiled to tell the story. Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii" is the best written account of it we have, and that is all fiction, but, like many other fictions, is terribly true. Pliny has left us a description of the scene as he saw it. But when you come to stand in the open sepulchre, the story tells itself.

Vesuvius is looking right down upon us, smoking unconcernedly, and, so near, it seems incredible a town could have been built within such easy reach of its fiery flood. Now the huge clouds of smoke are rising from its open mouth, in successive folds. They wave a moment about the summit, and then roll down the side of the mountain. We have a vivid idea of the ease with which the great eruption of ashes, lava and stones might have overwhelmed the town, and may do it again.

We would prefer to go about this town without an official guide. It is quite safe, for there are no people in it. There is nothing lying around loose to be stolen, so there could be no harm done by leaving us to ourselves. But it is part of the system to charge each person a fee of two francs, forty cents, for the privilege of going into the city, and this entitles the party to a guide, who goes about bothering you with talk and putting all sentiment and reflection out of mind. It was not Christian to wish that he were one of the original inhabitants, but we did wish he were not with us at present.

He led us to the Museum in which are placed the results of explorations among the ashes. The most valuable of these have been taken to the Museum at Naples, where the collection has become the most interesting of any in the world. Yet in the midst of this room, on platforms covered with glass, lay the bodies of men and women in the posture in which they perished. The process of preservation and exhibition is well known. The flood of ashes came down upon the city and buried the people alive. Each victim was thus enclosed in a case that fitted precisely to his form, as now the soft plaster is put around a person whose cast is to be taken by a sculptor. In course of time the case of ashes becomes hardened, while the body decomposes and is absorbed by the surrounding mass. When the workmen now excavating come upon such an object, instead of breaking it in, or seeking to preserve the shell, they report the discovery; ingenious skill comes to the task and pours liquid plaster into the hollow until it is full. When it has hardened, the outer casing is removed, and the image of the person, in the very posture in which he ceased to struggle with death, is presented. Some are frightfully contorted. A woman lies on her side in repose as peaceful as in sleep, her rounded limbs in striking contrast with the angular muscular development of the men. Those bodies are fearful witnesses of the fate of the city. Ruined temples, theatres, baths and homes are magnificent in their graves, and we walk among them with solemn awe, reminded of their ancient grandeur, of the life that once filled these streets and courts. But the house that is empty may have been deserted by its inhabitants, and left to decay in solitude: these ghastly bodies, in their death struggles, speak of the awful night when the cities on the shore of this lovely bay of Naples were covered with the melted mountain, like the cities of the plain, when the Lord rained upon them fire and brimstone, a horrible tempest. "The day of wrath, that dreadful day!" In the Musuem at Naples there is nothing in the vast collection that touches the visitor with more tender interest than the cake of clay bearing the impression made by the breast of a woman lying in it: such a sight tells the sad story of a slow and awful death: but these full-size, perfect forms, in their various attitudes, are very graphic. I brought away with me from Pompeii no relics that will outlive the memory of those glass cases and their contents.

This Museum and the one at Naples are to be studied before walking the streets of the city. As we go from house to house, and among the shops and baths and public buildings, we see where the things were standing which we have examined, the uses to which they were put, and so learn the habits of domestic, social and public life in the days of the Cæsars. When we know that it was a city of less than 20,000 inhabitants, we may learn something of its wealth, luxury and wickedness, from the number, and extent, and nature of its amusements and occupations as attested by these revelations. It is not impossible that Naples or Florence, Paris or New York, would be convicted of as gross licentiousness, if its people were banished in a moment, and all the evidences of their guilt left behind them. It is not probable that the art of painting was prostituted more shamelessly in Italy then than it is now. And the arts of painting and photography are now employed with fearful ingenuity and industry to do the work of the devil with a wiftness of evil that Pompeiian voluptuousness never conceived. I had a curious illustration of this fact on the very ground, and while yet in the midst of this city of the dead. I walked two hours with the guide, and had been properly shocked by the many evidences of the ancient lasciviousness of Pompeii: the faded paintings on the walls that may not be described, though one of them is to be found also in St. Peter's church at Rome: some of the houses are kept under lock and key, that women may not enter them unawares, while men are freely allowed to be corrupted if they please to look in upon these mysteries of iniquity: we had come to the house of Diomede, and had gone down into the basement rooms, where seventeen persons, most of them women, were found, with their jewels of gold and precious stones: and as this was nearly at the end of our explorations, the guide, an official set here by authority to conduct visitors through the city, took me into one of the remotest rooms of the house, and produced a complete series of photographs of the most disgusting and indecent pictures that had been found in the whole city. When I turned away, rebuking him for such a traffic, he said he was forbidden to receive any fee, and this was his mode of getting pay for his services: and he wished to sell these pictures at a franc apiece. Here were a government official making sale of copies of the very pictures that were on the walls of private bed-chambers, and which are now pointed to as proof that Pompeiians were dreadfully wicked people. They were so beyond all doubt. But the tower of Siloam did not fall on "those eighteen" because they were sinners above all that dwelt in Jersusalem. And the dry rain of Vesuvius did not suffocate the Pompeiians because they were greater sinners than the rest of mankind: if it were so, then the dwellers in Naples and New York may set their houses in order, for the elements are as highly charged with electricity now as ever, and it is just as easy for the God of infinite purity and justice, to drop his bolts of vengeance, and make deserts of cities, as it was in the days of Lot or Pliny.

I came out of this house of Diomede very sad and somewhat sick at heart. In a moment I was in the street of tombs; so called because in the walls on each side are set slabs and sepulchral monuments with epitaphs. Familiar classic names, with the dates of birth and death: life over again: we write them and set them up just so now: "Vix anno XII:" he was scarcely twelve—early dead—how many memories such a record brings to life again! And they had their griefs as well as pleasures, these gay revellers: and then the flood came and carried them away.

We rode back to Naples through a rollicking crowd of jolly peasants, the most careless, thoughtless set of people under the sun. A dozen in a cart with big wheels, and drawn like distraction by one little horse: some on donkeys and more on foot: asses laden with panniers filled with vegetables, and women on the top of all the load: everybody in a gale of laugh, as if life were a perpetual frolic—this was the scene, and long before I got to Herculaneum the sentimental sadness of the buried city had vanished in the amusements of this sunny Italian people.

IRENÆUS.

North Carolina Belle in Columbia.

The following from the Columbia *Register* refers to a young lady from Salisbury who has recently been visiting in Charlotte, and who is well known throughout the State:

We forget who it was that said if he had ninety years to live, he would, if permitted, divide it, and lead it as follows: The first thirty as a beautiful woman; the second thirty as a great general, and the last thirty as a bishop. The lovely belle from North Carolina, who all the boys are going crazy over, makes us think we'd take the whole ninety as a beautiful woman, if it was left to us.

From the Bible Society Record.

Within the Russian Lines at Adrianople.

STEAMSHIP ESPERO,
SEA OF MARMORA, March 6, 1878.

Dear Sir—I have been so occupied since my return from Adrianople that I have not had the time to report to you the results of that visit.

I left Constantinople February 13th, in company with Rev. J. F. Clarke, of the Bulgarian mission, by the first train that was allowed to take passengers after the signing of the armistice. We were provided with passports *vised* at the German consulate, and anticipated some risk of detention and examination at the Russian lines, but we we passed the outposts of the Turkish lines and the first of the Russian without the slightest delay at any point. It seemed strange to see Russian officers and soldiers, and hear Russian, German, and French, where only a few months before there had been nothing but Turkish; and remembering how little encouragement I found in the faces of the Turks for any success in Bible distribution, I scanned the new-comers with much interest, wondering whether they would be more accessible. My first feeling was one of disappointment. The men seemed stolid and the officers flippant. There were few specimens of fine physique, still fewer of real intelligence, and my thoughts turned more favorably than before to the Turks. I was therefore not a little surprised when I reached Adrianople to learn from our book-seller, Hatchadoor, that he had sold all his stock of Russian Scriptures, supplied to him some months before in anticipation of the Russian advance, and that he was daily receiving requests for copies, especially of the *Bible*. The first thing to be done then was to get up a supply as soon as possible. I had intended to go out to Philippopolis, and perhaps to Samakov and Yambol; but on learning that the railroad would not take freight in the regular way, I decided to return to Constantinople, and if necessary, take the books on with me. There being no train on that day, I had an opportunity to call with Mr. Clarke on M. de Nehdoff, to whom he had letters of introduction from Prince Reuss, German ambassador to Constantinople, and also on General Stein, commander of the headquarters. Both gentlemen received us very cordially, entered most heartily into Mr. Clarke's plans for relieving the distress of the Bulgarian villagers, and gave him a pass through all the Russian lines and on all military trains. I had thought some of requesting a special permit for colporteurs, but as Hatchadoor had met with no hinderance so far, I decided to postpone it until my return.

[After narrating the incidents of his journey to Constantinople and back, Mr. Bliss proceeds:]

It was good to see the eyes of our earnest hard-working Hatchadoor glisten, as we got the boxes into the bookstore, and took out the longed-for Bibles. He started out as soon as he could get them arranged, and sold sixteen Bibles and Testaments in a couple of hours. On this trip I had brought a letter of introduction from Mr. Schuyler, our consul-general, to General Count Ignatieff, asking his interest in regard to some American property at Samakov, so that I had an opportunity of seeing the famous diplomat. He was very busy, and I only had a few minutes' chat, but his cordial, hearty manner would have made me think that the greatest desire of his life was to further the interests of American Bible and missionary work, had it not been for a cold scrutinizing twinkle of the small eyes that recalled to my mind certain experiences of my father's with him, when he was ambassador at Constantinople.

[A pass was secured from the commandant at Adrianople, but several days elapsed before a colporteur's permit could be obtained, but at last an interview with the proper official was promised.]

Accordingly I went again with a full supply of Russian Scriptures and a catalogue of all our books. After some examination to see that I wished to sell only Scriptures, I received three papers, one for myself and two for my colporteurs, giving full permission to circulate the Scriptures anywhere within the Russian lines in European Turkey, or rather Bulgaria, as I suppose it must be called now. I also received a pass for Constantinople, securing me free passage on all military trains. Of course I was greatly pleased at my success, but almost the best came when three or four officers bought all the nice copies that I carried with me, and requested the book-seller to come again the next morning with some more, as they had other friends who wanted them. The general himself sent for one, and all seemed very glad of the opportunity to secure the Bible in full.

I had been detained so long that I had no time to visit Philippopolis, but engaged a young man who knew some Russian to assist Hatchadoor in Adrianople, and go on to Philippopolis. I also sent to Rev. Mr. Clarke, asking him, if he found a good man in the region of Yambol or Yeni-zaghra, to send him to Adrianople for a supply of books and one of the permits that I left with Hatchadoor. The next day I started for Constantinople, and this time was 27 hours in making the 146 miles of distance. Now that peace is signed, however, we hope that the trains will run more regularly.

Thus my object in going was obtained, and more easily and completely than I had expected. I found the Russian officers and men, wherever I met them, most cordial and apparently interested in my work, and my being an American was a sure passport to their regard. The more I talked with them, however, the more my first impression was increased, and the more I felt that the interest they manifested in the Scriptures was prompted by a sentiment, almost superstitious, for the book itself, rather than by a deep regard for its truths. I found that all wanted the nicest bindings, and all our gilt copies were very soon disposed of. Once or twice I saw one open the book and read as if he bought the book for its contents, but most looked more at the outside than the inside. I couldn't help thinking of Paul's description of the Athenians; but I hope that even this reverence for the form may lead to a love for its truth. We are doing all we can to reach all classes among them, and feel much encouraged by our success. Pray for these men, that as they go to their homes and read in quiet they may be taught by the Spirit.

Yours, very truly,
EDWIN M. BLISS.

St. Sophia.

It is the only great Christian church which has been preserved from very early times, for the basilicas of St. John Lateran and St. Mary the Greater, at Rome, have been considerably altered. And in itself it is a prodigy of architectural skill as well architectural beauty. Its enormous area is surmounted by a dome so flat, pitched at so low an angle that it seems to hang in air, and one cannot understand how it retains its cohesion. The story is, that Anthemius, the architect, built it of excessively light bricks of Rhodian clay. All around it, dividing the recesses from the great central area, are rows of majestic columns, brought hither by Justinian, who was thirty years in building it (A. D. 538–568), from the most famous heathen shrines of the East, among others from Diana's Temple at Ephesus, and that of the Sun at Baalbec. The roof and walls were adorned with superb mosaics, but the Mohammedans, who condemn any representation of a living creature, lest it should tend to idolatry, have covered all these figures, though in some places you can just discern their outlines through the coat of plaster or whitewash. In place of them they have decorated the building with texts from the Koran, written in gigantic characters round the dome (one letter, Alif, is said to be thirty feet long), or on enormous boards suspended from the roof, and in four flat spaces below the dome they have suffered to be painted the four archangles whom they recognize, each represented by six great wings, without face or other limbs. One of the most highly cultivated and widely traveled ecclesiastics whom Russia possesses (they are, unhappily, few enough), told me that after seeing nearly all the great cathedrals of Latin Europe, he felt when he entered St. Sophia that it far transcended them all; that now for the first time his religious instincts had been satisfied by a human work. Mr. Fergusson, in his *History of Architecture*, says something to a similar effect. This will hardly be the feeling of those whose taste has been formed on Western, or what we call Gothic, models, with their mystery, their complexity, their beauty of varied detail. But St. Sophia certainly gives one an impression of measureless space, of dignity, of majestic unity, which no other church (unless, perhaps, the Cathedral of Seville) can rival. You are more awed by it, more lost in it, than in St. Peter's itself.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

AMERICAN WOOD FOR PARIS.

One of the most remarkable exhibits designed for the Paris Exposition is a tablet of native American woods, which consists of a mosaic tablet eight feet wide and twelve feet in height, and was designed expressly for Mr. William H. Lippincott, the well-known Philadelphia lumber dealer, by the best artists and architects of the Quaker City. The tablet is in the Egyptian style, and consists of a flat moulding on the outer edge, made of three-quarter circles of bird's eye and curled maple, with a triangular shaped piece of bois d'arc and beech filling the blank portion of the circle. The main panel is of white and yellow, pine, ash, tripped and plain walnut, poplar, apple, chestnut and sycamore. The bottom is a broad piece of close-grained oak, skilfully carved. Resting on the oak rail is an antique vase of various woods from which springs a lotos plant with a wide-spread flower and leaves, all carved with great delicacy from ordinary American building woods. At the right and left upper corners of the tablet are dragons, made of California red wood. The open spaces of the design are filled in with rosettes in relief composed of Florida, North Carolina and New Jersey cedar, with caps of white holly and locust, forming a most beautiful contrast to the deep red cedar. The tablet is suspended by large rings of black walnut relieved with hickory, from a handsome bracket with a polished hickory roller. On each side of the bracket is a flying bat carved from butternut wood. Forty-three different varieties of native American woods enter into the construction of the tablet, including besides those already named, birch, elm, cypress, spruce, gum, hemlock and others. Two cross-bars bear the words, "Lippincott, Bois d'Amerique pour l'exportation." The whole affair has been pronounced to be the finest collection of American woods ever gathered together.

Two hundred people in New Haven have telephones at their residences and offices.

IT DON'T PAY.

The following, from the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, has some wholesome truths which it would be well for all classes of citizens to ponder:

It don't pay to have fifty workingmen poor and ragged in order to have one saloon-keeper dressed in broadcloth, and flush of money.

It don't pay to have these fifty workingmen live on bone soup and half rations in order that the saloon-keeper may flourish on roast turkey and champagne.

It don't pay to have the mothers and children of twenty families dressed in rags and starved into the semblance of emaciated scarecrows and living in hovels in order that the saloon-keeper's wife may dress in satin, and her children grow fat and hearty, and live in a bay-window parlor.

It don't pay to have one citizen in the county jail because another citizen sold him liquor.

It don't pay to have ten smart, active and intelligent boys transformed into hoodlums and thieves to enable one man to lead an easy life by selling them liquor.

It don't pay to give one man, for $15 a quarter, a license to sell liquor, and then spend $2,000 on the trial of Tim McLaughlin for buying that liquor and then committing murder under its influence.

It don't pay to have one thousand homes blasted, ruined, defiled and turned into hells of disorder and misery in order that one wholesale liquor dealer may amass a large fortune.

It don't pay to keep six thousand men in the penitentiaries and hospitals, and one thousand in the lunatic asylum at the expense of the honest, industrious taxpayers, in order that a few rich capitalists may grow richer by the manufacture of whiskey.

It never pays to do wrong; your sin will find you out; whether others find it out or not, the sin knows where you are and will always keep you posted of the fact—it don't pay.

A saloon-keeper sold a drinking man one pint of new rum, making fifteen cents clear profit. The man under the influence of that pint of rum killed his son in-law; and his apprehension, confinement in jail, execution, etc., cost the county more than one thousand dollars—which temperate men had to earn by the sweat of their brows. It don't pay.

The loss sustained by society, morally and financially, the sorrow and suffering, the misery and destitution produced and augmented, and what is infinitely a greater consideration than all else, the destruction of soul and body, the inevitable result of using or trafficking in intoxicating liquors—these all attest the trathfulness of the verdict—it don't pay.

From the New York Observer.

THE WASHINNGTON CAPITOL.

BY MRS. LUCY E. SANFORD.

Washington is the centre of an amphitheatre. The Anacostia on the east, and the Potomac on the West, unite and flow southward. On the opposite shore of each is a range of hills that lose themselves in the hills of Virginia. A crescent formed height sweeps around north of the city: about two-thirds around, it breaks to let a tiny stream pass, and then rising ninety feet, spreads out in a broad plateau, on which stands the Capitol. Eleven streets and avenues, from 130 to 160 feet wide, lead to it. It has 52 acres of ground, and covers 3½ acres. It cost, in round numbers, $12,000,000. It is the largest building of the kind in the world, and when finished will be, it is claimed, the finest. It consists of a centre, with two wings and connecting corridors. Length of all, 751 feet. At present the accessories are superior to the principal, which greatly mars the effect, but the plan of the accomplished architect, Mr. Clark, changes this, and in time will be carried out.

The centre—the original Capitol—is free-stone, painted white. When the extensions became necessary, the question arose, Shall they match the centre or be as perfect as possible? *Perfect* was the answer, for it was to be built for an unlimited future, and in that future the centre can be changed. The wings therefore are of white marble, each with porticos on three sides, and 42 marble, Corinthian, monolithic columns, each 30 feet high above pedestal. All the grand old trees that toned the painted centre have been cut down, and the glare of white makes one cry out for the good time coming when the soft tints of delicately veined marble shall take its place, and that wearisome sky line of 750 feet be broken by a grand central pediment, full of Scripture, according to the plans.

The west facade is broken by three broad porticos. Those of the wings are each reached by 46 marble steps, with four landings and two buttresses. The House extension is rude, but the Senate pediment has a group by Crawford: The Progress of Civilization in America. The bronze door is 14½ feet high and 9 feet wide; in two leaves and six panels. The panels have battles of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, Yorktown; Inauguration of Washington, and Laying of Corner-stone of Capitol, Sept. 18, 1793. This was Mr. Crawford's last work, indeed it was finished by a pupil.

On the south buttress of the central portico is a marble group, which cost Persico five years' labor.—Columbus in armor, copied accurately from some work by him, and now in Genoa. He holds a globe aloft in one hand, and on it America; half at his side, peering around to look up at him, is a beautiful Indian girl, with an expression of awe and adoration on her face, as if he were to her a god. On the opposite buttress is a group by Greenough: a hunter who is seizing from behind an Indian, to wrest from him the tomahawk with which he was about to scalp a mother, who is clasping her babe. On either side of the grand bronze door is a niche. In one is War:—Mars, mailed; in the other Peace:—a lovely maiden in flowing, almost transparent robes, with an olive branch in one hand and fruit in the other; both of finest Carrara marble, by Presico, each nine feet high, and cost $12,000. In the words of Mr. Clark, "If Peace were in the Vatican, it would be the admiration of the world; yet hundreds pass in and out without glancing at it."

The grand bronze door of Rogers is 19 feet high, 9 feet wide, weighs 20,000 pounds, and cost $28,000. It was modelled in Rome and cast in Munich, 1860. It is a marvel of beauty. It is in two leaves, each leaf divided into eight panels and each panel is a complete picture, in *alto reliero*, of scenes in the life of Columbus. 1. Before the Council of Salamanca; 3. Before Ferdinand and Isabella; 5. Landing at San Salvador; 7. Triumphal entry into Barcelona; then 8th in chains and 9th dying. On the frame of each leaf are 16 statuettes of his patrons, and between the panels are heads of his historians. Every facial expression is wonderfully fine.

The dome rises from the centre of the main building, and was built in 1856. Its diameter is 136 feet, the fifth in height and fourth in diameter in the world. It stands upon 40 large interior columns with heavy arches, upon which rests the mosaic pavement of the rotunda. As it leaves the roof line of the building it is 124 feet in diameter, and has 36 iron-fluted columns 27 feet high. On the apex is a lantern 50 feet high. It is lighted by electricity, and only when one or both Houses has a night session. In it is a reflector, so the light can be seen all over the city. Would there were more reflectors below, so their lights might be seen throughout the world. On this stands what seems a graceful young lady, but she is 19½ feet high and weighs more than six tons!

Remember what kind of preacher Jesus Christ was: He was a Son of consolation" indeed. It was said of Him, "A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench." He was gentleness itself. His speech did not fall like a hail shower, but it dropped like the rain, and distilled as the dew upon the tender herb. The widow at the gates of Naine dried her eyes when He spake; and Jairus no longer mourned for his child. Mary gave over weeping, and Thomas gave over doubting, when Jesus showed Himself. Now, if such be the person who declares He will comfort the broken-hearted,—if He be such a preacher, we may rest assured that He will accomplish His work.—*Spurgeon.*

CURRENT COMMENT.

"Another week has passed, and a notorious thief, indicted for penitentiary offenses and afraid to stand trial, still occupies a seat as member of the United States Senate from the State of South Carolina. About how long do the honest members expect the traditional dignity of the Senate to survive with John J. Patterson's right to a place in their body unquestioned?" —*Springfield Republican Ind.*

Mr. J. W. Alspaugh, of Winston, writes the editor of the Statesville *American* concerning the proposed railroad from Danville to that point as follows: "We are informed that Danville will grade twenty-five miles of the road; Madison has pledged $30,000; Winston $25,000, it is believed that Davie county will give $75,000 and Statesville and Iredell will come in for a liberal share. The State will give convict labor sufficient to do the grading, and to all apppearances, if the people along the line but will, the work can be effected."

The Philadelphia *Record* says: Now that Mr. Henderson has retired from New York *Evening Post* it may be ranked as an independent newspaper with Democratic proclivities.

The preface to the law plainly teaches us that God requires man to keep His commandments, not merely because He is Jehovah, and has a natural right to their obedience, but also because He is the covenant God and Redeemer of His people.—*J. Meikle.*

A Scientist in Europe has invented a microscope that magnifies 12,000 times.

The debt of New York city is put down by the *Sun* of Friday last at $123,459,775.42.