

Why? or Thoughts Suggested by the Rising Sun.

By JOSEPHINE JAMES. The "glorious orb of day," In a chariot of fire, Is hastening on his way, See the silvery moon retire And hide her smiling face, As the noisier wheels roll by, There the sunbeams play, Past the gems that deck the sky, Till each twinkling star draws back— Awe-struck by his rapid pace, In astonishment egl to wait Their turn to the heavens to grace. The clouds are just as beautiful, And as gorgeous in their dress, When the mighty monarch leaves his couch, As when he sinks to rest. Thoughtful colorings I've seen him slowly creep Down in the valley lowly— And over mountain steep, I've seen him just arising As from out some ocean cave, And by his golden splendor Change to flame each wooded wave. While the cool sea breezes waft Sweet zephyrs o'er the strand, I've gazed in rapt devotion On the scene—supreme and grand Then why do men so seldom Sing of a rising sun? Why wait for inspiration "Till his rays are almost gone? It is true that "joys are brightest As from us they are being fought;" Or, are we more prone to darkness Than we are to things of light? Or, can it be symbolic as regards our brother man, When to rise he's slowly struggling, And doing all he can; Is it that we must applaud him, When his course has just begun? Or do we wait "till eventide," "Till his life-work here is done?" Oh! if we think of the hardships Of many around us now, Who only ask a kindly word Or a hand to cool the brow; Methinks we must be brighter, "Till their sun is almost down, But would brighten clouds where'er we could, And win stars to adorn our crown."

The Mysterious Organist.

A Legend of the Rhine. "Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith the Norman bauble." Years ago, at a grand old cathedral overlooking the Rhine, there appeared a mysterious organist. The great composer who had played the organ so long had suddenly died, and every body from the king to the peasant, was wondering who could be found to fill his place, when one bright Sabbath morn, as the sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger sitting at the organ, a shrouded figure. He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale but strikingly handsome face, with great black, melancholy eyes, and hair like the raven's wing for gloss and color sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on playing, and such music as he drew from the instrument no words of mine can describe. The astonished listener declared that the organ seemed to have grown human—that it wailed and sighed, and clamored, as if through his pipes. When the music at length ceased, the sexton hastened to the stranger, and said: "Pray who are you, sir?" "Do not ask my name," he replied. "I have heard that you are in want of an organist, and have come here on trial." "You'll be sure to get the place," exclaimed the sexton. "Why, you surpass him that's dead and gone, sir." "No, no; you overrate me," resumed the stranger, with a sad smile; and then, as if disinclined to continue his play, he turned from the organ and began to sing. He sang with a voice that was mellow and now the music changed from a sorrowful strain to a grand old psalm, and the mysterious organist— "Looking upward full of grace, Prayed till from a happy place, God's glory smote him on the face," and his countenance seemed not unlike that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Guido. Lost in the harmonies which swelled around him, he sat with his "far-seeing" gaze fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he caught through an open window, when there was a stir about the church door, and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a young girl, eyes like the violet hue, and lips like wild cherries. This was the Princess Elizabeth, and all eyes turned to her as she seated herself in the velvet-cushioned pew appropriated to the court. No sooner had the music reached her ears than she started as if a ghost had crossed her path. The bloom faded from her cheek, her lips quivered, and her whole frame grew tremulous. At last her eyes met those of the organist, in a long, yearning look, and then the melody lost its joyous notes, and once more wailed, and sighed, and clamored. "By my faith," whispered the king to his daughter, "this organist has a master hand. Hark ye, he shall play at your wedding!" The pale lips of the princess parted, but she could not speak—she was dumb with grief. Like one in a painful dream, she saw the pale man at the organ, and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice. Aye, well she knew who he was, and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of a tortured soul. When the service was over, and the royal party had left the cathedral, he stood away as mysterious as he had come. He was not seen again by the sexton till the vesper hour, and then he appeared in the organ loft, and commenced his task. While he played a veiled figure glided in, and knelt near a side shrine. There she knelt till the worshippers dispersed, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder and said: "Madam, everybody has gone but you and me, and I wish to close the door." "I am not ready to go yet," was the reply; "leave me here!" The sexton drew back to a shady niche, and watched and listened. The

mysterious organist still kept his post, but his head was bowed upon the instrument, and he could not see the lone devotee. At length she rose from the aisle, and moving to the organ loft, paused beside the musician.

"Bertram!" she murmured. "Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There, with the light of a lamp suspended to the arch above, falling full upon her, stood the princess who had graced the royal pew that day. The court dress of velvet, with its soft feminine trimmings, the tulle, the necklace, the bracelets, had been exchanged for a grey serge robe and a long thick veil, which was now pushed back from the fair girl's face. "Oh, Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" ejaculated the organist, and he sank at her feet, and gazed wistfully into her troubled eyes. "Why are you here, Bertram?" asked the princess, laying down the paper. "I came to bid you farewell; and as I dared not venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathedral by bribing the bellringer, and having taken the seat of the dead organist, let my music breathe out the adieu I could not trust my lips to utter." A low moan was the only answer, and he continued: "You are to be married on the morrow?" "Yes," sobbed the girl. "Oh, Bertram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar, and take upon me the vows which will doom me to a living death!" "Think of me," rejoined the organist; "your royal father has requested me to play at the wedding, and I have promised to be here. If I were your equal, I could be the bridegroom instead of the organist; but a poor musician must give you up."

The Power of Kisses.

When Charles II. was making his triumphant progress through England certain court ladies who were presented to him, instead of kissing the royal hand, in their simplicity held up their pretty lips to be kissed by the King—a blunder no one would more willingly excuse than the lover of a very inferior rank; and the hill-fort, now presents nothing but a meagre skeleton of its past celebrity. Towering high above the little emporium on which the humble range of barracks which sheltered the detachment was raised, the mountain was accessible at only one point, where a winding track—the remains of a fight of stone steps now in complete dilapidation—formed a steep ladder, up which I have often toiled at early dawn, eager to watch the rising sun from the top of the pinacled—a sight so amply repaid me for the fatigue of half an hour's climbing. There, crumpling piecemeal beneath the foot of time, lay mouldering an ancient building of Moorish architecture, still suggesting, by its extensive ruins and palatial structure recollections of the Mohametan prowess which, so far back as 1741, had wrested the province of Condalpy from the hands of the Hidooes. A long but sleepless night in sultry march had fevered my blood, and one morning, ere yet a single individual was stirring about the quarters, I straggled toward the mountain gorge, and had stumbled almost to the top of the steep activity, before the faint flush of dawn had roused the sentinel, whose call awoke the solitary pair of musicians of our party, a drummer and fife, to sound the reveille. In ten minutes more I stood panting on the summit of the rock, gazing thirstily on the scene beneath me, where Asiatic beauty winded slowly before me like a glorious river, whose changeable water, the eye tired not of drinking. I had no fear of thirst or Thung for a late occurrence in the district behind me had assured me of my safety; but nevertheless I started violently when, from the branches of a stately poplar tree that grew close by, a dark figure, that seemed of human proportions, leaped with a jibbering cry upon the ground. I had no great reason to be alarmed, for I saw not a man, but a monkey—one of those long-legged, brown monkeys with white-streaked faces, that abound amongst these heights, and which, probably a little less startled than myself, retreated as I advanced, gibbering its dissatisfaction at my intrusion. At the foot of the poplar tree, throwing up its rich white curls, there shone around a sweet but sickening odor, grew a magnificent plant of the date, and as I stooped to pluck it, a rattle in the underwood beyond, followed by an acute sharp scream, which I ascribed to my friend the monkey, arrested my hand. I had judged correctly, but I had underrated the number of my early companions. With a spring that brought it almost to my feet, making me in my turn retreat, the monkey, violently convulsed among the grass, nor did I at the moment perceive, what I discovered with a degree of horror, that around its body was twisted a gorgeously spotted snake—the cobra de capello! I wish I could describe the maddened contortions of the monkey, as, writhing beneath the straining coils of the reptile, it rolled on the grass in vain efforts to rid itself of its deadly assailant. The piteous gaze of its eyes, as they wistfully looked up into my face, was eloquent with a summons for help which I was by no means inclined to resist. What the snake had bitten it or not, I could not guess, for it seemed to me as if it were playing with the animal—that fatal game which the cat plays with the mouse! But I shouted, and threw a stone, and then seized a withered branch which lay on the ground, I advanced to the charge. The monkey, which at another time would have fled at my approach, now remained perfectly motionless, as if it awaited a certain succor. But the serpent, unmoved to the cognizance of an assailant, with a smart blow on the crest into that hood-like which renders it so appalling, it hid its head, and in a loud hiss that seemed brimful of passion. Again struck it; nor was it without a cold thrill through my veins that I saw it discharge itself from the monkey; but far from attempting to make its escape, as I conjectured it would do, it turned itself half erect toward me, and with a fluttering hobble—like the hop of a bird whose wings have been broken—it leaped, with forked tongue protruded, right into my very path. There was no time for thought. My stick was neither strong nor long, and I could see the colors of its swelling neck grow more deeply, as it prepared to spring again; and I was fairly on the point of making my retreat by plunging, at all hazards, down the rock behind me, when a shrill, chirruping cry, somewhat like that of a guinea-pig, was heard, and suddenly an elegant little creature, which at the moment I was well nigh ready to spiritualize into a good genius, sprung upon the serpent with a bound of light some ferociously, which reminded me of the swoop of a kite upon a water-rat. It was a mungoo! And now, indeed, a combat took place which fixed me to the spot with mute admiration; but not for long. Once or twice it seemed to me that the mungoo was bitten, but it might not have been so, for the velocity of their movements, as, clinging together, the snake and its foe rolled over and over amongst the long grass, prevented minute observation. It is asserted that, when bitten by a snake, the ichneumon retreats for a mo-

Humor in Prose and Poetry.

A write of attachment—A love letter. Some one asked a lad how it was he was so short of his age. He replied: "Father keeps me so busy I haven't time to grow." "Sirrah," said a justice to one brought before him, "you are an arrant knave." Said the prisoner: "Just as your Worship spoke the clock struck two." "I am sorry to say," said a sheriff to a handsome young widow, "that I have an attachment for you." "I am happy to say, sir, that it isn't mutual." She glided down the may dance, All eyes upon her glancing; And everybody vowed, who saw, 'Twas costing more than dancing, The bluest eye, the rosiest cheek, A lip like morning weather, When on the flower and grass you have The sun and dew together. "The clouds is coming," remarked Mrs. Gooding, laying down the paper, "with no end of trained horses and carriages, hypothesises and other beddens of the forest and jungle. How well I remember the first time Daniel took me to the circus! As we entered the enclosure I said to him, How terribly will the animalcules grow, don't they? I was somewhat frightened to death till Daniel told me it was only the vendoo of peanuts and prize packages playing their ragoation!"

The Valley of Roses.

The name of Keanalik, first became thoroughly familiar to American readers through the Russo Turkish war. It is a small town in a valley but a short distance from the bottom of the Shikpa Pass on the Roumelian side of the Balkans. In this valley the culture of roses has for centuries been followed by hundreds of farmers, and the distillation of the famous altar is the chief and perhaps the only industry. The essence, which is used so profusely in the harems of Constantinople and in nearly all the sensuous refinements of the East, requires the consumption of millions upon millions of roses annually. This year the crop is said to surpass in abundance and beauty any known heretofore for a very long period of years; up to the very summit of the hills nothing is to be seen but roses of all colors. The air is said to be loaded with the heavy perfume of this immense mass of bloom for more than twenty miles around. Englishmen and Russians are the principal purchasers of the odoriferous harvest, and during the month of May they have been thronging the valley of Keanalik, making their purchases. The tax on the annual product of the roses of Keanalik helps out the finances of Oriental Roumelia in excellent fashion; it amounts to more than \$2,000,000 per annum. Near Keanalik there were several sanguinary engagements during the late war, and nearly all the Bulgarian population fled thence before the army of Suleiman Pasha when he came up after the Russian advance had been withdrawn.

Glimpses of Norway.

The bed rooms were so odd; very clean, not bare and comfortable according to our English ideas; not a vestige of carpet to be seen; pretty white curtains, but no blinds; a moderate-sized pudding basin to wash in; and no upper sheets or blankets to the beds, but a sort of elder-down quilt sewn into a clean white sheet—which arrangement is supposed in these parts to serve every purpose. After breakfast on this strange Sunday morning (which breakfast consisted of raw smoked beef in slices, raw red herrings and Dutch cheese, with bread, eggs, tea and coffee), Mr. G. read papers in our sitting room, and we then proceeded on a voyage of discovery. While walking through the streets of Bergen a leading feature of the houses struck me—namely, the pretty white lace curtains, which are universal in the many windows of the wooden dwellings, looking as fresh and spotless as though only put up. Every window, almost, contains a flowering plant, and the whole effect which is very charming to English eyes. We had almost an English dinner on this first Sunday in Norway. Good soup brought in plates, boiled salmon, roast veal served right out, and some particularly light flaky pastry. The table linen was of good quality, and there was nothing very peculiar about the repast save a noble disregard for salt spoons, butter knives and similar little eccentrics. By this time Bergen presented quite another aspect—the sun shining brightly and the paved streets so dry that one could hardly believe that it had poured rain in the morning. Every step of the walk was interesting, and our guide seemed only too pleased to tell us all that he could put into words, while the various dresses of the country people amused us not a little. The head-dresses differ according to the different districts to which the women belong, and they are very curious; close-fitting black cloth caps, with a bright-colored lining showing in front, for one district; for another, large starched white cambric affairs sticking out on each side of the head like open fans, the oddest things imaginable, but not uncommon to the fair rasy faces of the women. Young girls simply tie up their hair with a red woollen scarf, or wear a little handkerchief tied under the chin, and this shows that they are unmarried, so that here the state of single blessedness is easily to be known. Some of the costumes were very picturesque; red stockings, a short black serge petticoat, plaited very evenly at the waist, a red bodice, and bright green or blue sleeves, with silver of the aforsand caps. The people have generally beautiful complexions and fair yellow hair.

The Mungoos and the Cobra.

A short time anterior to the recent mutiny in India, I commanded a little detachment of native infantry at Condalpy in the Northern Circle. From having once been a town of considerable importance, it had dwindled to a very inferior rank; and the hill-fort, now presents nothing but a meagre skeleton of its past celebrity. Towering high above the little emporium on which the humble range of barracks which sheltered the detachment was raised, the mountain was accessible at only one point, where a winding track—the remains of a fight of stone steps now in complete dilapidation—formed a steep ladder, up which I have often toiled at early dawn, eager to watch the rising sun from the top of the pinacled—a sight so amply repaid me for the fatigue of half an hour's climbing. 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Queer Claimants of the English Throne.

Medical men who devote special attention to mental diseases will have a good field for observation and argument in the case of Mr. Thomas Buckton. This person is the husband of a claimant to the English Crown, and he has been endeavoring to secure the rights which he supposes to appertain to him and his consort by promulgating about the precincts of Scotland yard, together with some children who, in his estimation ought, of course, to be regarded as princes and princesses of the distant realm of the House of Hannover, is under the impression that her mother was named Anne Rex, and the extraordinary coincidence is, that the husband is also afflicted with the same form of monomania. The evidence from Bow street, when the pair were brought before a magistrate, showed that the husband, though probably less insane than the wife, was equally convinced of the truth of the absurd theory devised by her disordered brain. This is probably almost a unique case in the history of mental alienation, for although the society of mad persons is thought to have a considerable effect in inducing mania, and it has, as far as we know, a new method of interest, so communicated to be of the same nature as that of the person or persons from whom it is communicated. To explain this system upon a principle analogous to that of infectiousness in bodily maladies, or by what may be called association of ideas, will, of course, appear the simplest way of disposing of it. But as madness is hereditary, the fact of the two being first cousins may throw some light on the curious phenomenon, and would be interesting to discover if there was a taint of the sort in any previous generation of the family.

Fowls in Orchards.

Last fall we visited an orchard in which fowls were kept, the owner of which told us that before the fowls were confined in the trees made little or no growth, and only a corresponding amount of fruit was obtained. But what a change was evident now! The grass was kept down, the weeds killed and the trees presented an appearance of thrift which the most enthusiastic horticulturalist could but admire and envy. The growth of the trees was most vigorous, and the foliage remarkably luxuriant; the fruit was abundant, of large size and free from worms and other imperfections. The excellence was accounted for by the proprietor, who remarked that the "hens ate all the worms and curculio within their reach, even to the canker worm." He found less trouble with their roosting in trees than he expected, and that a picket fence six feet high kept them divided into three sections, and the fowls were changed from one to another, "registering" exactly, as Young girls simply tie up their hair with a red woollen scarf, or wear a little handkerchief tied under the chin, and this shows that they are unmarried, so that here the state of single blessedness is easily to be known. Some of the costumes were very picturesque; red stockings, a short black serge petticoat, plaited very evenly at the waist, a red bodice, and bright green or blue sleeves, with silver of the aforsand caps. The people have generally beautiful complexions and fair yellow hair.

Victor Hugo and His Coachman.

On the occasion of the centenary of Voltaire, Victor Hugo was driven to the Gaite Theatre by a coachman who obstinately refused to take the poet's money. "No, Monsieur Victor Hugo, I will not take your money! The honor of driving you is enough for me!" Victor Hugo insisted, and forced the coachman to accept 20F. Then, whipping his horse he drove up to the Rappell office and gave up the 20F. to the subscription for the political prisoners of New Caledonia. The following day, in the lat he figured the following: "Cher Monsieur, Coachman, pris d'une course payee par M. Victor Hugo, 20F." Time passed, but whenever Victor Hugo came out of the hotel in the Avenue d'Eylau to go to the Senate, the worthy Charles More was always there with his cab. He accepted, let us hope, his fare, but he refused his pourboire which it is customary to give French coachmen. The pourboire for him was the honor of driving the poet. Victor Hugo, at last not knowing how to recompense the man invited him to dinner. M. Claretie, who related the anecdote recently in one of his "Chroniques," in Le Temps, tells us that the coachman took his seat with perfect ease at the dinner table, and behaved as if he had been always in the habit of dining there. He listened, took his share in the conversation and said his word modestly. In introducing him to his guests, Victor Hugo said: "I have the honor to present to you Monsieur Charles More, who drove me to the Gaite Theatre on the day of the Voltaire Centenary and refused to take anything from me." At dessert the coachman thanked Victor Hugo and made a little speech, which is thus reported by M. Claretie. "In faith, monsieur, I shall carry away with me a souvenir of this evening, which will never be effaced, but I know perfectly well that my place is not here, but at an honest man, who lives poorly, but working as best he can. I have a good wife and a pretty little daughter; I adore them both. When I go home to dinner, the good woman prepares the soup, and the little one offers her soft cheeks that it does me good to kiss. I think of her as I am driving about and when I have nothing to do, sitting there on my box, I, too, make verses. My X, Y, Z, spelt it all. However, she has helped out by the guests and his host, and ended by drawing a roll of paper from his pocket and reciting some verses to Victor Hugo. Honest Charles More is still driving his cab about Paris; the souvenir of his dinner with Victor Hugo, doubtless, remains undeffaced, but Charles More's head has not been turned by his momentary frequentation of the Society of the Muses.—The Parisien.

Two Giants and a Dwarf.

Three of the most remarkable men of the century are now on exhibition in London at the Royal Aquarium—the giant Chang, a tea merchant of Pekin; Brustad, a tall Norwegian; and Che-man, described as "the Chinese dwarf, the smallest dwarf in the world." Chang is the largest in existence, stands eight feet two inches, and is highly educated, speaking five different languages, including English, which he speaks very well, but with the well known sing-song of the Chinaman. He is eight feet high without his boots; he measures sixty in his round chest, weighs twenty-six stone, has an span of eight feet with his outstretched arms, and signs his name without an effort upon a sign-post ten feet six inches high. Chang is thirty-three years of age, and it is about fifteen years since he was in England. After five years residence in the Celestial Empire, he returned to Europe for the Paris exhibition, and has since visited Vienna (where the emperor gave him a ring he proudly exhibits, marked with the imperial eagle and the initials of Francis Joseph), Berlin and Hamburg. Since his last residence in this country Chang has grown six inches. He has a benevolent Mongolian face, a courtly manner, and wears a richly embroidered dress, worked for him by his sister, who, like the rest of the family, of only ordinary stature. Next to Chang, and next to no long interval, stands Brustad about seven feet nine inches high, very muscular, very broad chest, having as great a girth of chest as Chang, and a wider span in proportion to height. He has a low forehead, but speaks English fairly well. Brustad has also a ring which he greatly delights in exhibiting. He presented it to himself out of the profits. It is supposed, gained by being shown. It is four and a half ounces in weight, and a penny goes easily through it. To grasp his mighty hand in greeting is like shaking hands with an oak

The Purchase of Louisiana.

HOW JEFFERSON SUCCEEDED IN SECURING THE TERRITORY. The great success of Jefferson's administration was his peaceful acquisition in addition to the United States Louisiana, the mouth of the Mississippi, and an immense region of country west of the Mississippi. The President was alarmed in 1802 to learn from Europe that Spain had ceded Louisiana to France; and soon came tidings that Napoleon was about to take possession of it with a great fleet, three thousand troops, and three thousand workmen, under Lieutenant-General Victor. While Mr. Jefferson was striving by negotiation to prevent this, the war broke out abroad between France and England, which obliged Bonaparte to keep all his troops at home, and disposed him to listen to Mr. Jefferson's overtures. In January, 1803, the President sent a letter by express to his neighbor, James Monroe, in which he said: "I shall to-morrow nominate you to the Senate for an extraordinary mission to France. Pray write night and day to arrange your affairs for a temporary absence, perhaps for a long one." In eight weeks beyond that time, Mr. Monroe was travelling fast from Havre to Paris, authorized to give Bonaparte two millions of dollars for the city of New Orleans alone, and to pay the two millions on the spot if the bargain was concluded. When he arrived, he found Napoleon not only willing to sell New Orleans, but the whole province; and not only willing but eager; for he was in extreme want of money to carry out his scheme of invading England. "Do not," he said to his minister, just before Mr. Monroe reached Paris, "do not even wait for Mr. Monroe; have an interview this very day with Mr. Livingston (the American minister). But I require a great deal of money. I want fifteen millions of francs, and for less than that sum I will not treat." His minister, according to the method of good bargainers, asked a hundred million, expecting, of course, to be beaten down. Poor Mr. Livingston was agast at the mere thought of such a price. "It is in vain to ask it," said he; "it is so greatly beyond our means." Fortunately, Mr. Monroe, fresh from America, knowing the wishes of the people and the President, arrived a few days after, and most gladly accepted Napoleon's final offer to sell the province for sixty million of francs, or fifteen millions of dollars. "This accession of territory," said Napoleon, "strengthens forever the power of the United States; and I have just given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride." It was indeed one of the most fortunate events that could possibly have occurred; for, without the possession of the mouth of the Mississippi, the United States could never have been a power of the first magnitude. So thought Franklin twenty years before, when he exclaimed to diplomatists in Paris: "Sell the mouth of the Mississippi? You might as well ask me to sell my front door!"

Scientific Economy.

The latest discovery of petroleum is near Sidney, New South Wales. The annual production of salt in this country is estimated at 20,000,000 bushels. Recent experiments by Piazolli appear to establish the fact that the tenacity of iron increases on magnetization. The total value of railroad property in Ohio, as reported by county officers, is \$76,036,556, and total taxes levied thereon \$1,065,730.18. Oil of turpentine is said to be deprived of its penetrating odor by rectifying it over 5 per cent. of its weight of unslacked lime added to it in the shape of milk of lime. Eighty-two and one-third miles an hour is the rate of speed attained on the London and Northwestern Railroad, by an engine having a driving wheel nine feet in diameter. To cleanse bottles discolored by some oxide of lime in one quart of water, and fill the bottle with the liquid; set them aside for several days and rinse them well with water. The water of chloride of lime can be used several times. For bottles which are not very dirty use one part of muriatic acid diluted with three parts of water. Sawdust put into bottles and some water added will clean well, especially such bottles as have contained oil. Turpentine glue, among other experiments in pneumatic chemistry, has some burning paper is introduced into a crucible or quart bottle, full air. After it has burnt a few seconds, a hard-boiled egg, with the shell off is placed in the mouth. The egg is pressed inward by the atmosphere (the combustion having caused partial vacuum), it gets more and more elongated, and at length wholly enters the bottle, with a slight detonation. Mr. Phillip Gilbert Hamerton, the distinguished art critic, says that "modern art is declining, and that the qualities of many of the kind of art, had never been carried so far in Europe as it is now in America. A more versatile process it would be difficult to imagine. The only objection that strikes us is the painful sense of the toil involved when we know how the work is done; but this toil may be pleasurable to the engravers themselves when they have reached such a high degree of skill." To test enamelled iron ware for lead, Ebermayr takes ordinary vinegar, which he dilutes with four times its weight of water, and to which he adds 5 per cent. of table salt. The solution is poured into the vessel and left in it for twelve hours at ordinary temperature. After this time the liquid is examined for lead by means of sulphide of ammonium. If the liquid acquires a black or dark brown color the enamel is dangerous; if the color is only light yellow or light brown the vessels may be used. The London Journal of Applied Science draws attention to the statement that has recently been made to the effect that in Thuringia, in Germany, over 1,000 tons of dried beet root leaves are annually passed off as genuine tobacco. Beet root, chicory and cabbage are largely used for a similar purpose in Magdeburg and in the Palatinate. The "Vevey" cigars, which are in such favor in South Germany, contain no tobacco at all, but are entirely composed of cabbage and beet leaves, deprived of their natural seeds and taste by special forms of cultivation, and subsequently steeped in tobacco water for a lengthened period. Experience, says the Thuringian, has shown that the life of a submarine telegraph cable is from ten to twelve years. If a cable breaks in deep water after it is ten years of age it cannot be lifted for repairs, as it will break of its own weight, and cable companies are compelled to put aside a large reserve fund in order that they may be prepared to replace their cables every ten years. The action of the sea water on the iron wire completely rusts, and it crumbles into dust, while the core of the cable may be perfect. The breakages of cables are very costly, and it is a very difficult matter to repair them in comparison with land lines. A ship has to be chartered at an expense of \$500 a day for two or three weeks in fixing the locality and in avoiding bad weather, as cables can only be repaired to the extent of the cable. One break alone in the Chesapeake Company's cable cost \$100,000 to repair, and the last chance left to the company was to make an agreement with the Anglo-American, so that they should be protected and have the use of that company's lines when theirs were stopped. The petty incident turns whatever it touches into gold.—Herald.

The Bust of Pharaoh.

Many examples both of the revival and decay of Egyptian art may be seen in the bust of Pharaoh. Among them are two interesting busts, both found at Karnac. The larger represents a queen's head, the crown and part of the throat being broken away, leaving only the face perfect. It is a singularly life-like face. The nose is, to say the least, retrograde; the mouth wears a pleasant smile. The white alabaster of which it is made, adds to the effect of the bust, and produces an extraordinary impression of sweetness, grace and irregular beauty, combined with a certain idea of power, and at the same time, it must be confessed of insincerity. This was the great Queen Thya, the wife of Amenhotep III., the king whose statues are the great colossi of the plain of Thebes. She was probably a foreigner and lowly born, but Amenhotep loved her, and signalled his love by associating her with himself on the throne and her name with his countenance inscriptions. The adjoining bust, though it is of black granite and terribly mutilated, bears a singular resemblance to that of the queen. It represents Merneptah, the "Pharaoh of the Exodus." The likeness to Thya may perhaps be accounted for if we remember that Ramesses II., the father of Merneptah, was descended through his mother, from the old royal line, and is said in some inscriptions to have been king from his birth. It is interesting thus to trace a family likeness in people who were so long before the Christian era as we are after it. Later than Merneptah there is little or no sculpture of the same excellent quality to that of the queen. One of the statues of the twenty-sixth century, as we have remarked; but of that period the museum possesses some statues of an excellence seldom seen elsewhere.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, the well-known scientific and philosophic writer, intends next year to make a tour around the world by way of the United States and Japan. He will devote two years to it, taking sociological observations at the more important points on the route. One or two scientific friends and one of his secretaries will accompany him on the tour, which will be the immediate preliminary to the completion of his philosophical system as originally planned.

Another American girl who sought distinction in a titled husband has come to grief in the dissolution of the marriage between Miss Moulton, of New York, and Count Von Hatzfeldt, of Germany, who gives up his wife in order to enjoy political honors. Miss Moulton's mother was a Miss Metz, and her grandmother was once a favorite actress.

and his countenance seemed not unlike that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Guido.

Lost in the harmonies which swelled around him, he sat with his "far-seeing" gaze fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he caught through an open window, when there was a stir about the church door, and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a young girl, eyes like the violet hue, and lips like wild cherries. This was the Princess Elizabeth, and all eyes turned to her as she seated herself in the velvet-cushioned pew appropriated to the court. No sooner had the music reached her ears than she started as if a ghost had crossed her path. The bloom faded from her cheek, her lips quivered, and her whole frame grew tremulous. At last her eyes met those of the organist, in a long, yearning look, and then the melody lost its joyous notes, and once more wailed, and sighed, and clamored. "By my faith," whispered the king to his daughter, "this organist has a master hand. Hark ye, he shall play at your wedding!" The pale lips of the princess parted, but she could not speak—she was dumb with grief. Like one in a painful dream, she saw the pale man at the organ, and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice. Aye, well she knew who he was, and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of a tortured soul. When the service was over, and the royal party had left the cathedral, he stood away as mysterious as he had come. He was not seen again by the sexton till the vesper hour, and then he appeared in the organ loft, and commenced his task. While he played a veiled figure glided in, and knelt near a side shrine. There she knelt till the worshippers dispersed, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder and said: "Madam, everybody has gone but you and me, and I wish to close the door." "I am not ready to go yet," was the reply; "leave me here!" The sexton drew back to a shady niche, and watched and listened. The

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