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Alfred Browne

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A TREASURY ROMANCE.

Kittie Rayne sat in the veranda and whistled "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," while John Fenwick sat in the parlor and scowled fiercely at the portrait of that young lady hanging over the mantel. But scowling didn't seem to have any effect on the portrait, and his anger seemed to have about as much on the original.

The truth of the matter was, there had been a lover's quarrel.

They had been engaged for six months. That was a long time for Kittie to keep her flirting propensities in check. But she had done it, and congratulated herself on the victory she had gained. Why is it that just as soon as we think we have ourselves under control, something comes along to tempt us, and in a good many cases we find that we are not masters of ourselves after all? I don't know why it is, I am sure. Kittie didn't either. But just about the time she began to plume herself on her conquest Carl Davenport came along, and straightway up popped the old *penchant* for flirting. It seemed to her that she couldn't help flirting with Davenport. He was handsome and jolly, and there was something about him which seemed to dare her. She knew John wouldn't like it, that people would talk, and that her mother would insitute a course of daily lectures, but she kept on flirting.

John did care, and by-and-by he spoke to her about it.

"You aren't jealous, I hope?" she said. "I'd never have thought that of you, John Fenwick; never!"

"No, I'm not jealous," he replied, "but I don't like to see you so thoughtless. Would you like to have me flirting with Miss Powell or Miss Covert as you flirt with Davenport?"

"Oh, I shouldn't care the least in the world," she laughed back. "It's real fun, John. Try it."

That was all the satisfaction he got then. By-and-by he touched on the subject again, and they came near having a lover's quarrel. But John, who had a horror of lover's quarrels, had the good sense to stop before they got to angry words. But now the quarrel had come in dead earnest. For half an hour there had been a tempest raging in the parlor. Kittie took up her position on the veranda and whistled to show how little she cared, and he scowled. To listen to her, he concluded at that particular moment her sole object in life was to see how many runs and trills and other embellishments she could get into "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town."

At length he went out to her.

"I want to come to some understanding in the matter," he said. "I'll tell you what you must do. Either stop flirting with Davenport, or"—

"Or break off our engagement; is that it?" she asked, with a half flush in her cheeks.

"Precisely," he answered gravely. "I have borne it as long as I can. If you really care for him, of course it is much better for us to understand the matter. If you don't care for him, I have a right to insist"—

"You insist!" she cried, with flashing eye. "You insist! I'd have you to understand, John Fenwick, that neither you nor any other man can order me to act according to your sovereign will and pleasure. I shall do just as I please, sir."

"Very well," he answered, sternly. "You understand the consequences, then."

"I do," she said, scornfully. "You need not wait for them. You can have your freedom now. Here's your ring; keep it for some woman who will allow herself to be dictated to, and will come and go at your royal will. Good morning, sir."

And then she went in and shut the door in his face. Kittie, from behind the curtain, saw him go away without once looking back.

"To dare to tell me what I must do or must not do!" she cried. "I'll show him!"

By-and-by better thoughts came to her. "I suppose I was to blame," she said, reluctant to acknowledge it even to herself. "But he needn't have made a fool of himself by being jealous of me. He ought to have known that I didn't care for that goose of a Davenport; but men can't see an inch ahead of their noses. I'll let him think I'm mad for awhile, and when he has had time to be ashamed of himself, I'll come around a little and be good, and everything will turn out nicely."

Kittie's plan was good enough, but it failed to work. When she got ready to take John back into her good graces he had gone away, and she didn't know where. The days slipped by, and Kittie hoped he would come back or write, but her hope was a vain one. He had evidently taken her at her word, and henceforth they were to be strangers to each other.

"And I was the only one to blame," sobbed Kittie. "It was all my doing; and I loved him."

* * * * * * * *

It was a drowsy summer day. The wind was languid with warmth, and seemed to make the day more depressing in its influence on the brain and body than it would have been if no breath of air had stirred the drooping leaves outside the open window.

Catharine Rayne stood at her desk in the treasury building at Washington, and went through her work in a mechanical way. It was hard to keep her thoughts on it this sluggish afternoon, when everything seemed ready to swoon for want of a fresh breath of coolness to revive it.

A great change had come into her life since she gave back John Fenwick's ring. A sudden collapse of the bank in which their money had been deposited had left her and her mother dependent upon their hands for the bread they must eat and the clothes they must wear. It needed some such blow to bring out the strength of her character.

A friend in Washington had procured her a clerkship in the treasury department, and she had come there, bringing her mother, who was little better than an invalid. What she earned was enough to keep them comfortably, and she was thankful for that.

She had grown to be a grave and thoughtful woman. The years had come and gone; she was thirty now, with silver threads beginning to show in her brown hair, and little lines of care about her mouth.

In all these years she had heard but little of John Fenwick. She knew that he was getting to be a prominent man in the West. And that was about all. It had always seemed to her that they would meet again somewhere. Loving him as she had done, she felt what it is to lose, and in the bitterest way loss can ever come to us. Ever since they had known her in the treasury department she had carried that look of patient sorrow in her eyes.

"I am sure there must be some romance in Miss Rayne's past life," declared Susie Vernon. "I wish I knew what it was."

"She isn't looking at all well lately," said Susie to her neighbor, this drowsy day. "She is overworking herself. She'll be down completely if she isn't careful."

There was a sound of voices at the door, and one of the treasury officers came in with some gentlemen. Visitors were so common that no one gave them but a passing glance as they entered—then work went on as usual.

Catharine did not look up. But she became aware, by some subtle influence, all at once, that some one was watching her. She looked up then, and gave a little cry that was almost a sob.

"Kittie!" It was John Fenwick's voice that spoke. It was his hand that was outstretched in welcome.

"Haven't you a word of welcome for a fellow?" he said, looking down into her face questioningly.

"I am glad to see you, John," she said, and then burst into a sudden fit of weeping.

"I have not forgotten in all these years," he said gravely. "Do you care for me, Kittie?"

"I never cared for anyone else," she said. "I was wicked. I saw it all afterward."

"See here," he said, gently, and she looked up and saw the ring she had given him back years ago. "Will you wear it again, Kittie? I have had a lonely life. If you would only wear it!"

She held up her hand. He slipped the golden circlet on her finger, and then and there, before many wondering eyes, he kissed her. The weariness seemed to have suddenly gone out of her face and life.

And Susie Vernon knew that there had been a romance in Miss Rayne's life, and that this was the best and happiest part of it.

FEMALE DUEL.—A good deal has lately been heard of the progress of female emancipation in Russia, but it is somewhat of a novelty to find the Russian ladies figuring in the character of duellists, as was the case not long since with two belles of Petigorsk, a well-known fashionable resort on the northern slope of the Caucasus. A dispute arose between two rival beauties, springing out of the attentions paid to each in turn by a handsome young cavalry officer quartered in the neighborhood. The quarrel ran so high that one of the Amazons at length dispatched her maid to the other with a formal challenge, which was instantly accepted. The belligerents met without seconds in a lonely place outside the town, each armed with a brace of loaded pistols. Before, however, they had ever taken up their respective positions, the trembling of the one lady's hand caused her pistol to explode prematurely, sending a bullet through the dress of the other, who shrieked and fell down in a swoon. The assailant, frightened out of her wits, flung away her weapon, and rushed to raise the supposed corpse; but her ungrateful antagonist, recovering her senses as suddenly as she had lost them, clutched her by the hair with one hand, while she boxed her ears with the other in energetic style. The firing having now ceased, the battle proceeded hand to hand. Locks of hair, ribbons, and shreds of clothing flew in every direction, and but for the timely advent of three or four policemen the affray might have ended like the somewhat similar combat of the Kilkenny cats. The military Lothario's only remark on hearing the story was, "It's lucky they took to clawing each other instead of me."

An ill-tempered word and a stone are alike in that, when once thrown, they cannot be recalled.

(Covington special to Indianapolis Journal.)

KILLED BY A METEOR.

On Tuesday night last Leonidas Grover, who resided in the vicinity of Newtown, Fountain county, met his death in a way that is probably without parallel in this or any other country. Mr. Grover was a widower, living on his farm with a married daughter and her husband. On the evening referred to the married couple had been absent on a visit to some neighbors, and, upon returning at a late hour, entered the house, finding everything, to all appearance, in usual order; and, supposing that Mr. Grover had already retired, they went to bed themselves. Next morning the daughter arose, and, having prepared breakfast, went to the adjoining room to call her father, and was horrified to find him lying upon his shattered bed a mutilated corpse. Her screams brought the husband quickly to the bedroom, and inspection discovered a ragged opening in the roof, directly over the breast of the unfortunate man, which was torn through as if by a cannon shot, and extending downward through the bedding and floor; other holes showed the direction taken by the deadly missile. Subsequent search revealed the fact that the awful calamity was caused by the fall of a meteoric stone, and the stone itself, pyramidal in shape and weighing twenty pounds and a few ounces, avoirdupois, and stained with blood, was unearthed from a depth of nearly five feet, thus showing the fearful impetus with which it struck the dwelling. The position of the corpse, with other surroundings, when found, showed that the victim was asleep when stricken, and that death to him was painless.

GLADSTONE'S IDEA OF A HERO.—Mr. Gladstone, in an address on "Dr. Hook," recently gave his idea of a hero. He holds that a hero is a man who must have ends beyond himself, in casting himself, as it were, out of himself, and must pursue these ends by means which are honorable and lawful, otherwise he may degenerate into a wild enthusiasm. He must do this without distortion or disturbance of his nature as a man, because there are cases of men who are heroes in great part, but who are so excessively given to certain ideas and objects of their own that they lose all the proportion of their nature. A man to be a hero must pursue ends beyond himself by legitimate means. He must pursue them as a man, not as a dreamer. He must not give to some one idea a disproportion which it does not deserve, and forget everything else which belongs to the perfection and excellence of human nature. If he does all this he is a hero, even if he has not very great powers, and if he has great powers, then he is a consummate hero. A greater hero than Napoleon was the captain of a ship which was run down in the Channel three or four years ago, who, when his vessel was quivering and the water gurgling round her, and the boats had been lowered to save such lives as could be saved, stood by the bulwarks with a pistol in his hand, and threatened to shoot dead the first man who endeavored to get into the boat until every woman and child was provided for.

PHILOPENA IN GERMANY.—The German method of managing the pleasant play of philopena is as follows: When a couple meet, after eating philopena together, no advantage is taken of the other until one of them pronounces the magic word "philopena." This is the warning—now the sport is to begin. Let us suppose that a gentleman calls upon a lady. She invites him to walk in, and at the same time speaks the talismanic word. If he accepts the offer to walk in he is lost, unless she removes the ban by telling him to go away. If she asks him to take off his hat he must resolutely keep it on; if to be seated, he must stand; or if at the table she should hand him any article which he accepts he wins the forfeit. During all this time he endeavors to take her by surprise, for the acceptance of any offer by the other wins the game. Both are constantly exercising their wits to prevent being caught, and the sport goes on all the evening. Perhaps the gentleman brings a little present and says: "Knowing that I shall lose my philopena, I have brought it along—here it is." If she is caught off her guard by the smooth speech she loses, for he immediately claims the forfeit. If neither wins at the first meeting, the sport is continued to the second, and it may happen that half a dozen parties meet at the same time, all anxious to win of their philopena partners, so that the scene often becomes ludicrously amusing. It is "diamond cut diamond" in very truth.

WHAT YOU WILL NOT BE SORRY FOR.—You will not be sorry for hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For holding an angry tongue.
For stopping the ear to a tale-bearer.
For disbelieving most of the ill-reports.
For being kind to the distressed.
For being patient toward everybody.
For doing good to all men.
For asking pardon for all wrongs.
For speaking evil of no one.
For being courteous to all.

He that hath really felt the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.

I know not which of the twain lifts man the higher—genius or gentleness; genius lifts him above others, gentleness out of himself.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

DOG STORIES.

Intelligent dogs readily adapt themselves to their conditions, as the following anecdote will prove: A deaf and dumb lady living in a German city had as a companion a younger woman, who was also deaf and dumb. They lived in a small set of rooms opening on the public corridor of the house. Somebody gave the elder lady a little dog as a present. For some time, whenever anybody rang the bell at the door, the dog barked to call the attention of his mistress. The dog soon discovered, however, that neither the bell nor the barking made any impression on the women, and he took to the practice of merely pulling one of them by the dress with his teeth, in order to explain that some one was at the door. Gradually the dog ceased to bark altogether, and for more than seven years before his death he remained as mute as his two "companions." When expression by sound was useless, it fell with him into absolute disuse. Not such a complete master of the situation was the hero of the second story. A brave, active, intelligent terrier, belonging to a lady, one day discovered a monkey belonging to an itinerant organ-grinder, seated upon a bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him. The monkey, who was attired in jacket and hat, awaited the onset with such undisturbed tranquility that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoitre. Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise, and about to make a spring for the intruder. At this critical juncture, the monkey, who had remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical: the dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off and entered the house, refusing to leave it until he was satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed. He evidently fancied that he smelt sulphur.

AN ANCIENT PARIS STREET.—Baron Hausmann and his successors have left undisturbed, thus far, in the heart of Paris, a street which has an air about it of great antiquity. The time was when Paris was the most difficult and awkward city to drive through in the whole of Western Europe. But the wonderful changes in late years make it very curious that in a quarter the most frequented in the city, and where improvements have been the most general, there should remain a street dating from the seventh century, and famous from its association with Queen Burnehill, the contemporary of the not less famous Fredegonde. It is called the "Street of the Withered Tree," and it was there at the place where the street is crossed by the modern Rue de Rivoli that the execution of Burnehill took place in the year 613. She had fallen into the hands of Clothairi, the son of Fredegonde, who accused her of having caused the death of ten kings, or sons of kings, and arraigned her before the officers of the army, by whom she was condemned at the age of eighty, or, as some assert, at ninety, to a punishment considered worthy of her crimes. For three days she was exposed in mean and ragged garments on the back of a camel, and on the fourth was attached by her hair and one of her legs to the tail of an unbroken horse, who, as soon as he was let loose, instantly dashed her to pieces against the stones of "Withered Tree Street." Throughout the Middle Ages the street was the resort of seditious Parisians, and the scene of constant disorders. There were in it three noted coffee-houses, which in the latter half of the eighteenth century were frequented chiefly by the enclyclopædist fraternity.

MARSHAL MACMAHON'S POLITENESS.—A Russian officer was one evening at a ball at the Elysee. He entered the supper room, and when he saw there was nothing on the table but tea and chocolate he exclaimed: "Really, I cannot understand how anybody can invite people to supper without giving them at least cold meat, cold ham and a bottle of claret." Five minutes afterward a servant walked up to him, bearing a waiter on which were cold meat, cold ham and a bottle of claret. The servant said, as he handed the waiter to the Russian: "Marshal de MacMahon overheard your criticism on his supper." At another supper at the Elysee Marshal de MacMahon noticed a young lieutenant, who had just graduated at St. Cyr, leaning pensively and timidly against a door. He went up to him, and asked: "Do you not dance?" "Indeed I do not. I have no luck. I asked a lady to dance with me, and she refused point blank." "Point her out to me." When the Marshal saw who she was he said: "See here, young man, you must look around and find out people's standing if you don't want to stumble. You must not, unless you are acquainted with them, ask wives of Marshals to dance with you. The lady you asked is Madame de McMahon. She never dances. But for this once I am going to ask her to dance with you." The Marshal went up to her, related this incident, and the next quadrille she danced with the young lieutenant, he blushing like a bride.

CURIOSITIES OF LIFE.—Lay your finger on your pulse, and know that at every stroke some immortal passes to his Maker—some fellow being crosses the River of Death. Only one person in ten thousand lives to be a hundred years old, and but one in a hundred reaches sixty years. The married live longer than the single. There is one soldier to every eight persons; and out of every thousand born ninety-five weddings take place.

The rarest but surely the happiest marriages are between those who have grown in love.

A MILE A MINUTE.

Some years ago Captain A. L. Anderson, of Kingston, N. Y., owned a celebrated sail-boat named *Gazelle*, and one winter his brother Nathan mounted the *Gazelle* on runners, and many were the jolly parties who enjoyed sails in the *Gazelle* that winter. Being at Saugerties one day, the wind came out northeast and blew a gale, and when the *Gazelle* ran out of Saugerties Creek homeward bound, it was decided that Hank Van Bramer, a noted North River skipper of those days, should hold a watch over the boat from Saugerties Light-house to the one at the mouth of Rondout Creek. Accordingly the *Gazelle* made a stretch up the river toward Maiden, so as to come down and pass the light-house on the fly, then squared away, the wind blowing a piper just over the quarter, and as she flew past Saugerties light, "Nate," who had the tiller, sang out, "Time!" I was a passenger on that sail, and the shores appeared like two blue ribbons, the noise made by the flying boat was like the hum of a large top, and at times, when a heavier puff of wind than usual struck the boat, a long distance would be run on one runner. The ice was smooth and so strong that the four-horse mail-coaches between Albany and New York used the river as a thoroughfare all the way to Poughkeepsie, and when the *Gazelle* rushed past the Rondout Light-house, and "Nate" again called out "Time!" Hank Van Bramer's eyes were so filled with tears that he couldn't see the figures on the watch-face; but the boat was gradually brought by the wind, luffed up and stopped, when the tears were swabbed from Hank's eyes; and the time noted was just nine minutes since leaving Saugerties Light-house, which, by allowing two minutes for bringing the boat by the wind, luffing up and getting it stopped, would make the running time seven minutes for the ten miles, and when it is remembered the *Gazelle* was not an ice-boat, but a sail boat mounted on what looked like a huge hand-sled, with plank runners shod with half-round irons running the boat's entire length, it seems the more speed is obtained by having a certain amount of weight to the craft, for no report of greater speed than ten miles in seven minutes is remembered to have been made by any of the modern built ice-yatchts.

HOW CARELESS MEN CAN BE WITH MONEY.—My friend was the paymaster of a large railway company, and one day he went out with $30,000 to pay the men. The money was wrapped up in an old newspaper, and he carried it under his arm. He stopped at a way-side hostlery for dinner, and left the money on a chair when he went out. He had not gone many miles from the place when he missed it. He flew back and asked the woman if she had seen the parcel. "There's a bit of newspaper on the chair beyont," she said; "perhaps that's it;" which it proved to be, and my friend returned a happier and a wiser man. Another circumstance: A man I know of lost a roll of bills amounting to $10,000. They, also, were tied up in a newspaper. He told a friend, and the two talked over the loss and the probability of finding the money. The friend made him tell all the ground he had been over ever since he had the money. The last place he was at was the post office. The night was wet overhead and slushy under foot. They stopped at the postoffice, and, going to the place where the man had been, found two or three bits of newspaper. It was the same. They looked further, and found the lost treasure. It had been kicked in turn by every one who came into the office, and when found was all untied and completely soaked in slush. They seized it eagerly and returned to the hotel, where they spent several hours in cleaning it. It was all there, and at last they got it dried. The grateful man took his friend out and bought him the handsomest gold watch and chain he could find.—*Cor. Boston Saturday Gazette.*

SOME BEACONSFIELD EPIGRAMS.—Lord Beaconsfield said to a member of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, who came to tell him that the chamber intended to vote resolutions condemnatory of the Ministerial policy on the Eastern question: "I have heard a great deal about Manchester 'clayed cotton,' which is disgracing the English name in China. Please tell your Chamber that if they will attend to my business I will try and attend to theirs."

Equally smart was a stricture of his upon Birmingham, pronounced in the hearing of the ear of the throne, whom it tickled: "A curious city, Birmingham; its prosperity is founded on the manufacture of instruments of war and sham jewelry; yet it has the disinterestedness to elect three members (Bright, Dixon and Muntz) who do not know a gun-barrel from a pea-shooter, and who have never had a watch-chain between them."

Of Mr. Carlyle he said: "He had his reasons for writing civilly of Cromwell—Cromwell would have hanged him."

Of Mr. Browning: "I like Mr. Browning's verses, and wish some one would translate them into English."

A lady was telling the Premier that she had been to Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and heard him preach a scathing political sermon, in which he (Lord B.) was much abused. "I wish I had been there," was the dry rejoinder; "I have heard he can be very amusing."

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the defect when the weaving of a lifetime is unrolled.

No one is more profoundly sad than he who is obliged to laugh.

CAPT. JOHN SMITH'S ACCOUNT OF THE SAVING OF HIS LIFE BY POCAHONTAS.

Among the books in the Brinley Library is the dedication copy of "The General Historie of Virginia, New England and the Summer Isles: with the names of the Adventurers, Planters and Governours from their first beginning, Ano: 1584, to this present 1624. With the Proceedings of those Several Colonies and the accidents that befell them in all their Journeys and discoveries. Also the Maps and Descriptions of all those Countryes, their Commodities, People, Government, Customes, and Religion yet knowne. Divided into six Bookes. By Capt John Smith sometymes Governour in those Countryes & Admiral of New England"—a folio, in fine condition, printed in London in 1624. It has the original dark blue morocco binding with gilt edges and wide gilt borders, and bears on one side the royal arms of James I. and on the other side the royal arms of the Duchess of Richmond and Lenox. The New York *Evening Post* says this copy is worth much more than a thousand dollars. The following is its narrative of the famous saving of Capt. John Smith's life by the Indian princess Pocahontas: The captain was a captive in the hands of her royal father, Powhatan, and the question was, What shall be done with him? "A long consultation," says the historian, "was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan; then they laid hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready for their clubs, to beate out his braines, Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her armes, and laid her owne upon his to save him from death; whereat the Emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the King himselfe will make his owne robes, shoes, bowes, arrowes, pots; plant, hunt, or doe anything so well as the rest."

THE LATE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

"Think, my Lord, for one moment what you are, and then think what a Duke of Bedford might have been," was the agreeable reflection suggested by Junius to the then head of the historic house of Russell; but whatever might have been his Grace's sins of omission and commission, he was a more useful and reputable person than the Duke of Newcastle, who lately died in England at the age of 44. The Duke was the son of a nobleman well remembered in New York in connection with the visit of the Prince of Wales, whom he accompanied here in his capacity of Secretary of State for the Colonies. When it was proposed that he should do so, he begged the Queen to excuse him, saying that he was such an unlucky man, but her Majesty would not hear of it, and for once all went well with him. Still it seemed as though an evil fate had resolved in the Duke's case to neutralize all the good gifts that fortune had bestowed on this nobleman, and to prove that character, ability, a cornet, £70,000 a year, and a superb seat in the Dukeries, could coexist with copious causes of misery. His wife ran away from him, his only daughter married a drunkard, who went mad, his sons, with one exception, were disreputable, and the eldest, just dead, a confirmed and hopeless gambler. His magnificent seat was deserted, and the income from it appropriated to creditors, and but for the fact of his lands being vested in trustees, not an acre would have remained. The Duchess, the only child of the millionaire, Mr. Hope, of the famous Scotch-Dutch house at Amsterdam, had an income too carefully tied up for the husband to gamble away, on which they lived. Were there many persons such as the late Duke of Newcastle, the hereditary peerage of England would soon be a thing of the past.

Be very careful, if you regard yourself as the guardian of your honor, that you do not occupy the position of a sinecure.

Correspondence.

FOR THE GAZETTE.

SCOTLAND.

MR. EDITOR:—Visitors are charged a fee of one shilling to enter the grounds of Hawthornden. It looks rather funny for a gentleman to make a charge for admission into his grounds, as if on exhibition, but, like the fee for admission to Roslin Chapel, the visitor will not begrudge it, after admission to either place. It was at Roslin Chapel that I first had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. King, of Wilmington, N. C. They were accompanied by Mrs. King's brother, Mr. John Neilson. I visited by steamer that most able and gigantic piece of engineering, the Tay bridge. It is a railroad bridge that crosses the river Tay at Dundee; it is 2¼ miles in length. It was on a delightful day, the sail was cheap, and in a most splendid vessel. We coasted the coast of Firth, sufficiently close to get good views of many large fishing towns on the north coast of the Firth of Forth, into the German Ocean and up the river Tay. There must have been at least 200 passengers on board, and there was music and dancing the whole trip, which occupied 11 hours, and the fare for round trip was 3 shillings—equal to 75 cents. We did not land at the bridge, but sailed through under one of the arches, and rounded and sailed back to post of embarkation, Leith. Edinburgh has street railways, called there tramways. Cars run on them to almost every suburb and down to Leith, New Haven and Trinity, a seaport. Horses are used for these tramway coaches entirely. Passengers can have either outside or inside seats. The outside seats are on top, and in fine weather passengers mostly take outside seats. Mrs. Dr. King adopted a very pleasant way to see the city, both thoroughly and cheaply, by riding all round it and through it on the outside of tramways. The cost of fare is about 1 penny (2 cents) per mile on outside, and double that on inside. The drivers and conductors are all in uniform, as all officials there are. The bounds of Edinburgh proper are now extended miles beyond what they were 50 years ago. As all buildings there, both public and private, are erected of stone, what an amount of stone must have been quarried and carried to have erected so many thousands and tens of thousands of houses—many of them hospitals and churches of the largest dimensions. I need not here name all the charity institutions in the city—their name is legion. The free schools are numerous, and perhaps as efficient as any in the world. When living in Edinburgh, many years ago, a great number of my intimate acquaintances (now passed away) were artisans and mechanics—working men in the various trades. I was very much gratified to find on my recent visit to Edinburgh that many of the sons of these friends of my youth are now enjoying honorable and lucrative positions, and move in higher social circles than did their fathers. The reason was not difficult to find. Boys and girls, however poor their parents may be, have now held out to them a free and efficient education, and where boys or girls, but particularly boys, show any fair qualities of brain and conduct, so soon as they finish at school, they are taken hold of by some influential person and placed in positions, though low in the scale at first, yet far above what was their fathers' position, and then, if efficiency and good conduct continue to characterize the individuals promotion is certain to follow. There are some one or more influential gentlemen and ladies who visit these schools, I understand, every day. They find out the industrious students who make great progress in their studies; their morals are then inquired into, and if the report is favorable (irrespective of who their parents are or may have been) they are, when through at school (either boy or girl) sure to be placed in positions where continued good conduct will raise them in after years to places of honor and trust. I found to be true what an uncle of my own used often to say when I was a boy—that men need not go abroad to make fortunes. Those who could not make an independence within the hearing of the Edinburgh bells could not make it without. One case I will here give the particulars of, though it is not an isolated case, but is rather one not at all uncommon: A relation of my sister's family was the son of poor parents. He got a chance of education free, and applied himself well. His parents died while he was yet at school. His only brother enlisted as a private soldier into the British army, and his regiment was sent to Ireland. His little brother so paternally regarded that elder brother that he left school, found his way to where the regiment was in Ireland, and, that he might be continued with his brother, also enlisted. But when the Colonel of the regiment saw the young recruit, he refused to accept him, said he was altogether too young and also too small a boy to be a soldier. But the recruit being, I presume, intelligent and of good address, prevailed on the Colonel to permit him to remain in the regiment. Shortly afterward the regiment was ordered to India, and my hero being so young and so small, the colonel had him put into the regiment band. During the time in India the Colonel often employed the little band boy in his office, and he received considerable extra pay. After ten years in India the Colonel resigned and returned to England, either purchasing or procuring the young bandman's discharge and taking him with him. When they arrived in England the Colonel did not wish to retain the young man in his service either as a servant or a clerk, seeing that he had in him the qualities, if he had a fair chance, to make his mark. So he gave to him, in gift, one hundred pounds—equal to five hundred dollars—and the young man, having some savings of his own, returned to his native Edinburgh, got a situation in a large hardware store as porter, but soon was promoted to be a travelling agent for the house. Frequently in that capacity he visited the United States and the Continent of Europe, and at present he is a partner in that large and flourishing establishment, and now occupies a house second to few in Edinburgh in the most aristocratic section of the city. I was aware, before I went there, that his house was a very fine one, but when I went with my sister to call on him I was certainly taken all aback. Why, I found his residence a palace (not in size, but in beauty of finish,) and his grounds laid out in the most artistic style, and his beautiful green houses large and full of the finest foreign fruits and flowers. That man now entertains his former commander, who frequently visits Edinburgh, to be the guest of him who at one time begged permission to be a poor private soldier. I have stated that individual case because I know it of my own kowledge. But hundreds of such cases could be hunted up in Edinburgh. All that a boy needs there are fair abilities and good conduct, but it must be good conduct, for until his character is firmly established I have no doubt that he is closely watched by hundreds of eyes that I does not know of. I was much pleased to find a very great improvement in the condition of the working classes. They receive wages at least three times greater than they did when I was a youth. But I will speak more of the working classes in my next number.

I.