THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

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Selected Poetry.

From the N. Y. Observer.

The Mountains.

Down in a peaceful valley,
Where a winding river strays,
Mid the rocks and the woods and the mountains,
We are spending our school-girl days;
And wondrous fair is the picture
That opens to our eyes,
And stretches to meet the boundaries
Of the overarching skies.

Off in the dim, dim distance
The chains of mountains stand,
And we call them the "Land of Beulah,"
An unseen, mysterious land;
We know not what lies beyond them,
And picture to fancy's eye
A fairy land of promise
Under a cloudless sky.

When the daily cares are ended
And the long day draws to its close
How oft to our tired spirits
Have the mountains brought repose,
How calm they look in the distance!
How peacefully they lie!
Sloping down to the river,
Pointing up to the sky.

The beautiful, beautiful mountains,
They are held in the hand of God
And shall stand when our merry voices
Are silent beneath the sod;
Our lessons will soon be ended,
And the parting hour must come
When we'll bid farewell, as school-girls,
To our beautiful mountain home.

But above the mountain summits,
Beyond the starry sky,
Sometime we shall pass to a country
In the light of God most High;
We shall leave behind us the sorrows
That came with our passing years,
And the Hand that guided our earthly lives
Shall wipe away our tears.

We shall pass from our earthly mansions
To the fields of light above,
From the weakness of earth's affection
To the fullness of Jesus' love;
And the feet so oft grown weary,
That the earthly mountains trod,
Shall never grow weary or falter
On "th' eternal hills of God."

MISS HIGGINS' MAN.

For thirty years Miss Higgins had looked under her bed every night, and had never found a man there yet; still she looked. Whether it was fear that impelled and was beckoning her to her fate, I know not. It would seem, however, to be the former, for she had often been heard to observe, 'That of all the abominations on earth, a man is the most abominable.'

Indeed, at the informal tea-drinking of the allied forces of Chesterville, the three Misses Wheeler and the two Misses Jones, she had often excelled them all in the withering tone with which she would repeat: 'Man! man!' and no one could breathe greater defiance at this foeman than she. It was at one of these tea-parties they had entered into a solemn compact, that in the event of Woman's Rights giving either of these allies sovereign power over the nation, an Eastern law was to be by them imported and improved, and husbands buried with the dead bodies of their wives.

As Eunice Higgins well remarked:—'That would put an end to widowers pretty lively.' And with this remark the Hyson flowed, and the wassail went on with such spirit, that Aurelia Wilder, the most radical, added another clause: 'That the children of widowers should be thrown in too, and not be abother to other women.' This was also well received.

Now if any one thinks Miss Eunice Higgins was a woman devoid of virtues and womanly graces, I pity them— they are so utterly mistaken. She had assisted a drunken father through the world till he made his exhit—sustained and supported a feeble mother, and three or four children, older, but more helpless, than she, till the mother went home to her reward, and the children had found flourishing homes for themselves, with the exception of the eldest son, who had followed his father's footsteps, literally. Indeed, when one contemplates the specimens of manhood she had been most familiar with, her aversion to the sex does not seem so wonderful. She was now shrewd-eyed, but good and kindly looking. No home was brighter than hers. No farm better managed.

The night on which commences my humble history, Miss Higgins went to her room in unusual good humor. She had had a tea-party. The allies had long been present, and admitted unanimously that such fragrant tea, such snowy biscuit and honey, such golden butter, such cakes and sweetmeats, had not been partaken of that reason. The scene of her heroic victory rose before her as she took off the little switch at the back of her head, carelessly rolled it up ere she put it in the top bureau drawer.

She saw again the sinking sun shining in, through her house plants in the window, upon the crimson drugget of the dining room; the snowy tea table, with its silver and pink sprigged china; the admiring faces of her friends, as they partook of her delicious food. But one memory disturbed her; 'she almost mistrusted her lemon extract was losing its strength—the frosting on the fruit cake didn't seem to be flowered quite high enough.' But this haunting matter was softened by the thought that 'she could get a new bottle to-morrow.'

By this time she was arrayed in her long, white night-dress and night-cap. She folded up every article of clothing, and laid it down at right angles; she locked up her breast-pin; and then impelled by fate, she gently advanced to the side of her bed and raised the snowy valances, gave one shriek, and fell backward on the carpet, hitting her head badly, as she did so, on a chair rocker. There was a man under the bed!

Miss Higgins had often fancied how she would awe such a robber, such a burglar, with her fearless and searching glances; how she would defend her property with her life. Let us not be too hard with her—she is not the only one of us who has found that it is more easy to dream of great achievements than to accomplish them She is not the only one who, at the first shock, has shrieked and tumbled down before adverse fate.

But Eunice Higgins was not one to wither away before the calamity. Not long did she lie there; but, as short a time as it was, when she lifted her head her man confronted her.

He was a very little man, indeed, not more than seven years old, and small at that, very good looking, and well clothed, although exceedingly dishevled and uncomfortable in appearance.

'How came you here, under my bed?

This was the first question, but it was repeated before he answered with drooping head and glances:

'I've runned away.'

'Run away from where?'

'From our folks' house.'

'Who is your folks?'

'Father.'

Here the dialogue terminated suddenly, Eunice Higgins becoming suddenly conscious that a night-gown and night-cap were not the proper raiment in which to entertain even so small a man. Out in the pleasant sitting room, beneath the warm light of kerosene, gleaming through the rose geraniums, and the keener light of Eunice Higgins eyes, the inquisition continued, from which these facts were gleaned; that the boy, Johnny Dale, had had been so tried with his father, because he wouldn't let him go to the circus that he had run-away.

It was early in the morning, he said, and he had got a ride with a teamster, and had rode with him till afternoon, so he must have come some distance. After the teamster stopped, he had walked on, and coming to her door in the twilight, he thought he would ask for some supper; but there was no one in; Miss Higgins hand gone 'a piece' with her visitors.—But the tea-table stood there, laden with good things; he had helped himself generously, and then, as he heard a step suddenly outside, guilt, which makes cowards of us all, drove him into the bed-room, and as the step came nearer and nearer, under the bed. His unusual fatigue had overpowered him, and he had fallen asleep, and was awakened only by her screams as she discovered him.

Miss Higgins had found the man she had been looking for thirty years, but now the question arose, what was she to do with him? As he had no designs upon her property or her life, she could not lecture him therefor. And as his courage arose, he displayed a very pretty face, surmounted by a mass of bright curls, in which shone two hen's feathers. Miss Higgins was very neat but where is the feather-bed that will not occasionally shed a few feathers, dry tears haply falling over memories of former fights?

Miss Higgins' good sense, backed by her good heart, taught her what her man needed now was a good supper and a bed. But on the morning the question again vexed her. What should she do with her man—should she advertise him? Again she questioned him in the sunlightened dining-room, as he ate an excellent breakfast.

'Whereabouts do your folks live—in what place?'

He looked up mildly at her, with a large piece of peach-pie midway between his plate and mouth, and answered obediently:

'Our folks' house.'

'Who is your folks?'

'Father.'

The allies were called in; the stifflyarch inquest sat on Miss Higgins' man. The additional result of their over-questioning being that there was every evidence that the father of Miss Higgins' man belonged to that corrupt and shameless set—widowers!

Miss Higgins trembled.

'Had she not better dispose of her man at once? Was it not in a way encouraging widowers in their nefarious doings, to harbor these small men?'

She asked these questions with some relenting of heart, for already had the childish charms of her man won upon her, and it was with great relief that she heard the decision of America, the most radical of the allies:

'No! keep him here. Such a chance was seldom vouchsafed to the allies to teach one of these men—widowers—a lesson they would not soon forget.'

'Punish that wretch, that unnatural widower, by saying nothing about the child. Let him think he is lost; let him hunt him up the best way he can.'

The youngest, Miss Jones—she was only forty, and naturally timid and apprehensive—suggested that 'it would be just like one of these men to come right here to Higgins' after him. There wasn't anything that they hadn't the face to do. It would be just like one of 'em to walk into her sitting-room.'

Here Miss Higgins remarked:

'She would like to see him walk into her house. He wouldn't stir a step beyond the hall, and as for that stair-carpet she was going to take it up and cleanse it, anyway.'

This remark, which was warmly applauded, terminated the conference.

Johnny did not seem averse to the arrangement. He was at the age when bodily comfort overshadowed the mental. He appeared to have a great deal of affection for his father, but there was Bridget, at the very mention of whose name he almost gnashed his teeth. 'She was awful—she had shaken him, pinched him, pulled his hair.'

Eunice Higgins' warm heart almost melted within her at the recital of his sufferings.

A week passed away, and daily had Miss Higgins' man gained upon her affections. She was the youngest child of her parents, and had never known the delights of childish society. She had dwelt so long alone, that to have that bright, manly little face opposite hers at the breakfast-table, looking out of the window, hailing her return from her short absences, his merry, innocent prattle and ringing laugh, was all the more agreeable to her than she would be willing to acknowledge.

She grew lenient to the boyish nerve of her man, for the best of boys have unregulated moments; looked benignantly upon him as he capered in the garden-paths in startling proximity to her marrow-fats and cluster cucumbers. She raveled out a long stocking, and out of one of her second best morocco shoes made a ball for him; and when he lost it in her best meadow, she herself boldly breasted the clover waves, side by side with him, in pursuit of it.

So that beautiful week passed away. One morning Eunice Higgins was called from her snowy dairy-room by a ring at her front door.

Opening it, she confronted a pleasant-looking man of about her own age. Woman's unerring intuition said to her, 'this is he.' Here was the opportunity to wither him with her glances. But how could she when he looked so much like Johnny, just such a pleasant, manly look to his face. Eunice did not wither him

'I have been informed, Madam, that there has been a boy, a runaway boy here—is it so?'

Instead of the prussic acid and vinegar that she had designed to have in her tone, the likeness of her man so softened her voice, that it was only pleasantly acidulous, like a ripe lemon, as she replied:

'Yes, sir, it is.'

'Is he here now?'

'Yes, sir, he is.'

His anxious eyes so brightened at this that she entirely forgot her carpet and her enmity, and actually invited him in.

No sooner was he seated than Johnny ran in with eager eyes.

'Father! father!'

He threw his arms around his father's neck, and kissed his bearded lips, and then, in his delight, he turned and threw his arms around Eunice Higgins' neck, and kissed her with the same pair of lips, and still Miss Higgins could say in the dying words of the great statesman;

'I still live.'

Mr. Dale was a man of means and leisure. He thought the air of the little town exceedingly good. He obtained board for the summer, for himself and son, at the little hotel. But in all Chesterville, no sir was so pure and salubrious, he thought, as the air of Miss Eunice Higgins' parlor, consequently he sought that healthful retreat often, Johnny going before like an olive branch.

Day after day did Mr. Dale tread over the immaculate purity of her carpets, and they were not taken up and 'cleansed.' Hour after hour did he sit upon her parlor sofa, and it was not purified with soapsuds or benzine.

And at last, one peaceful twilight, it was on the fourteenth day of September, at the close of a long conversation—both of the parties being, at the time, of sound mind—Johnny's father kissed Miss Higgins upon her cheek.

When I say that she did not immediately burn out the spot with lunar caustic, you may be prepared for the result.

The next week, Eunice Dale, late Higgins, was ignominiously expelled from the allied forces of Chesterville, her name washed out in hot streams of Hyson, and still more burning indignations. But Eunice made a happy home for her man and his father, and rejoicing in their content, and her own, she cared not for the 'allied' proceedings. And thus endeth the story of MISS HIGGINS' MAN.

Good Anecdote.

The following story is told of Henry Ward Beecher by one of his sisters. He was about eleven years old, and was attending school. The teacher was drilling her pupil in the rudiments of grammar, but he seemed fonder of fun than study.

'Now, Henry,' said she, 'A is the indefinite article, you see, and must be used only with the singular number. You can say 'a man,' but you can't 'a men,' can you?'

'Yes, I can say 'amen,' too,' was the rejoinder. 'Father says it always at the end of his prayers.'

'Come, Henry, don't be joking; decline 'he'.''

'Nominative, he, possessive his objective him.'

'You see, 'his' is possissive, now you can say 'his book,' but you can not say 'him book.'''

'Yes, I do say 'hymn-book,' too,'' said the impracticable pupil, with a quizzing twinkle.

Each one of these sallies made his young teacher laugh, which was the victory he wanted.

'But now, Henry seriously, just attend to the active and passive verb. Now, 'I strike' is active, you see, because if you strike you do something. But 'I am struck' is passive, because if you are struck you don't do anything do you?''

'Yes, I do; I strike back again.''

A little shaver was told by his mother the other evening at the table that he could not have any meat, as it was not good for him, when he somewhat astonished her by quoting a verse from a Sunday-school lesson, that 'man could not live by bread alone,' and added 'Now, ma, I don't think little boys can either.' The juvenile had the best of that argument.

Five Cents Worth.

May and Allan Clay had each five cents, a small sum many children would think, but in all their lives these children had never owned so much money, and no wonder that May thought by day and dreamed by night about the nice things she should buy with her money.

'What will you do with yours, Allan?' she asked her brother.

'First, I am going down to the grocer-shop to get the man to change it to pennies. Two cents I'm going to save to buy Easter-eggs, a red and a blue one. One cent I'm going to spend for an apple, for I haven't had one for so long that I most forget how they taste. The other two cents I'm going to spend for a knife. Jim Smith said he would sell his; it's got one bully blade. The back is a little loose, but I can fix that.'

May gave a sigh as Allan told his plans.

'I don't know the first thing to get with mine,' she said. 'I don't want a knife, or Easter eggs; and if I had an apple, I would give it to mother; it might taste good to her.'

'But this money is to spend for ourselves; the man said so,' said Allan. 'He said we were to do just what we pleased with it.'

'Yes, I know,' replied May; and then, with a feeling that Allan and she would not be apt to think alike on the subject, she went into the sick-room where her mother was.

'Is it you, May?'

'Yes, mother; can't you eat any breakfast this morning? Why, you haven't touched a thing!'

'I can't eat pork—there is no use to try. If I had a bit of beef-broth I think I could eat it, but I've no money now to spend for meat. What we have salted in the barrel will have to last us till I'm able to work on the machine again. But what money was that I heard Allan and you talking about?'

'There was a man stopped at the door a bit ago,' said May. 'He had broken a strap about his horse, and Allan gave him one. Then I got him a drink, and he gave us each five cents. Allan is going to get a knife, and Easter eggs, and an apple with his; but I don't know what I will get with mine.'

'You have been a good girl to me,' said her mother, 'and you must get what you would like. You have had a poor Christmas this year, and this will help to make up for it. If I could only get a little strength, and get to my sewing again'—and May saw tears in her mother's eyes as she turned her head on the pillow

The little girl walked out to the kitchen. Allan was there; he had bought the knife, and was now trying to mend the back of it.

'Girls are so queer,' said Allan, 'they never know how to make up their minds.'

'I have made up mine,' said May, as she took a small basket from a nail on the wall; then putting on her hood and sack, she went out of the door.

May knew Mr. Jones, the rosy-cheeked butcher, very well, though they had got but little meat of him this year. She often thought if it had not been for the pig they had raised, and then salted down, she did not know what they would have done, for neither Allan nor she were yet able to earn anything, and her mother had been an invalid for many weeks.

Mr. Jones knew her when she entered the shop, and as soon as he got through with the customer he was waiting on, he came around to her side.

'Well, May-blossom, what can I do for you this morning?' he asked in his usual lively tone.

'Is soup beef very dear, Mr. Jones? How much would it cost to get enough to make mother some broth?' asked May, her manner rather excited.

'I'll show you what I have; come around this way. So mother's sick, and you are the housekeeper! Now, there's a beef bone, with two good pounds of meat on it; I can let you have it for two cents, being its you.'

'Two cents!' exclaimed May. 'Isn't that very cheap?'

'That's the price to you,' putting it in her basket. 'Now here's some potatoes—how'd you like a cent's worth of them? Pot-herbs we throw in,' tossing a bunch of celery, sweet marjorum, a couple of onions, and a pepper into the basket.

May's eyes fairly glistened. 'Oh, thank you! thank you!' said she; 'why, I'll have two cents to spend for myself, after all.'

Of course May had to tell about the five cents, and that seemed to give Mr. Jones another wise thought.

'Now, here's a doll baby I'd like to sell for a cent,' taking one off a shelf done up in paper. 'I got it for my Jennie, but she wanted black eyes and these are blue; no telling if the man would care to change; shopkeepers never do. But may be you'd rather have black eyes, too.'

'No, I wouldn't said May; 'mine are black, and I'd a *great deal* rather have blue. Oh, it's lovely, Mr. Jones!' and May gave a real squeal of delight, for she had never seen anything like it before.

'Now, you've got another cent yet to spend; is that so?'

'I'll take that to Sunday-school,' said May. 'I have all I want now,' hugging the dolly close to her; and it's a good many Sundays since I've had a penny to put in the missionary box. Now, I must hurry home and put on my soup to boil,' and again, with many thanks, May returned home, leaving Mr. Jones to feel the reward a kind action always brings.—*Young Folks' Friend.*

☞ A man a hundred years old went to have a pair of shoes made. The shopkeeper suggested that he might not live to wear them out, when the old man retorted that he commenced this hundred years a good deal stronger than the last one.

A Paper on Pickles.

Mary C. West, a correspondent of the *Mobile Register*, gives the following seasonable hints in regard to pickles. As this is the season for such things, we transfer them to our columns:

Chopped Cabbage Pickle.—Almost everybody knows how to make this, but no matter: I am going to tell how I make it. I put together one pint finely chopped onions, three gills of white mustard seed, three tablespoonfuls ground mustard seed, three tablespoonfuls ground black pepper, two tablespoonfuls ground cloves, three tablespoonfuls celery seed, one pound brown sugar and three quarts strong vinegar I simmer this compound over a slow fire until it begins to thicken, when I pour it upon and stir it well into two gallons of finely-copped cabbage. So soon as cool it is ready for use.

Cantelope Sweet Pickle.—Take perfectly ripe cantelopes, quarter, remove the seeds, peel, place in a stone jar and pour on scalding vinegar enough to cover them Let stand one day, then pour off the vinegar, heat and return it as in first instance. Repeat this on the day following, giving the fruit the third scalding and the third soaking. On the fourth day take out the fruit, weigh it, and to every five pounds add three pounds of loaf sugar and one quart of fresh vinegar. Put in cinnamon, cloves, ginger, mace and alspice to suit the taste. The cloves and spice should be used sparingly, as their dark color injures the appearance of the pickles. Put all over the fire in a porcelain-lined kettle and simmer until the fruit is tender enough to admit the passage of a straw through it. Take off then, and pour back into the jar. Let stand twenty-four hours, then pour the syrup off into the kettle, bring it to the boil and return to the fruit. I consider this the finest pickle in the world.

Green Tomato Sweet Pickle.—Into a common-sized wooden bucket half full of water put a handful of unslacked lime, and fill up with small green tomatoes carefully picked. Let stand twenty-four hours. Then take out the tomatoes, and soak them for the same length of time in clear water. Then make a compound of four and a half pounds sugar, one ounce cinnamon, and one ounce cloves. This is intended for seven pounds of fruit. Boil the compound together, pour over the fruit; let stand twenty-four hours, then bring all to the boil, and tie closely in a jar.

Cucumber Pickles.—Put together good vinegar, one gallon; mace, half an ounce; cloves, two dozen; powdered ginger, half ounce; salt, one tablespoonful. Simmer fifteen minutes longer. Finally, pour all into a stone or glass vessel and cover closely.

To Color Pickles.—Don't use a copper vessel for that purpose and poison yourself. Boil together water, one gallon; common salt, two pounds. Pour the hot solution over the cucumbers and allow it to remain three or four hours. Then pour off and cover with good vinegar, scalding hot. Let stand three days, then pour off, heat and return the vinegar, after which they may remain undisturbed until ready for use. This imparts a dark green color, and we know it is not poisonous.

Useful Recipes.

As the season for preserving fruits is at hand, we print the following which we find in one of our exchanges, for the benefit of our lady friends:

Jelly of Blackberries.—Bruise the fruit, put in a thin cloth, and allow to strain over night. Next morning add half a pound of sugar to each pint of juice; boil twenty minutes.

Grape Jelly.—Bruise and boil the fruit, then strain; add half a pound of sugar to each pint of juice, then boil from ten to twenty minutes.

Peach Jelly.—Wash, without removing skins or pit; cover with water; boil until soft, strain, add half a pound of sugar to each pint of juice; boil twenty minutes.

Canned Fruits.—Make syrup with sugar and water, averaging a quarter of a pound of sugar to each pint of juice; boil the fruit until done, fill the jars boiling hot, seal up immediately. Keep the jars warm before filling with the fruit.

Brandy Peaches.—One pound of sugar to each pound of fruit; boil fruit until soft, make the syrup with as little water as possible. Take the peaches and lay separately on a dish, boil the syrup again until the right consistency; put the peaches in the jar, then add one part brandy to two parts of syrup; stir and fill up the jar.

Sweet Pickles.—Twelve pounds of fruit, six pounds of sugar, and one quart of cider vinegar, cloves and cinnamon. Let the fruit boil in above until soft; take out, put carefully on a dish, let the syrup boil down, then put on fruit again and boil a few minutes; fill jars and seal with tissue paper dipped in white of egg.

The San Francisco Chronicle says:—There is an old salt hereabouts known as Captain Eastman, who makes a regular business of catching sea lions alive. There is a large and constantly increasing demand for these pets from Eastern showmen, and Captain Eastman now has a schooner out on a hunt. The animals are usually lassoed, though sometes chloroform is used. A great many are killed after being lassoed, if they reach the water, the lasso stopping their breath and drowning them. The captain has one now caged which weighs nearly 2500 pounds. The best plan of catching them is by the use of chloroform, which renders them powerless, but they require an immense amount of this costly drug.—The captain is making a mammoth net, with which he believes he can capture them cheaper and better than by any other method.

A head wind—A sneeze.

THE DARK DAY
IN NEW ENGLAND, IN 1780.

BY D. T. TAYLOR.

On the 18th of May, 1780, the inhabitants of New England and the adjacent parts were the trembling witnesses of a phenomena never seen before or since, and which to this day remains unexplained. The year was celebrated for its numerous auroral exhibitions in this lattitude. They covered the midnight heavens with corruscations of red and silver, and streamed out like lightning, seeming says one writer, fairly to flash warmth in the face. The winter preceding was marked by extraordinary severity. Snow lay on the ground from the middle of November to the middle of April. In December and January, a storm continued for several successive days, and the snow fell to a depth of four feet on a level in this single storm, and with drifts eight and ten feet high. Sheep were buried in the drifts for many days, and even men and animals perished with the cold Long Island Sound was crossed by heavy artillery on the ice.—Narragansett Bay froze over so hard that men traversed the ice from Providence to Newport in skating parties, and from Fall River to Newport loads of wood were conveyed on the ice through Bristol ferry.

Previous to the 19th a vapor filled the air for several days. There was a smell of sulphur. The morning of the 19th was overcast with some clouds, and rain fell over the country, with lightning and thunder.—Scarcely any motion was in the air, what wind there was came from the southwest.—By nine o'clock in the forenoon, without previous warning, the darkness stole gradually on, with a luminous appearance near the horizon, as if the obscuring cloud had dropped down from overhead. There was a yellowness of the atmosphere that made clear silver assume a grass green hue. Then a dense, undefinable vapor settled rapidly and without aerial movement over all the land and ocean from Pennsylvania to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the darkness it caused sinking by degrees until the sunlight was effectually shut out. Ordinary cloud it was not. The rapidity with which so large an extent of country was envoloped precludes the possibility of supposing this to have been a natural cloud moving laterally. Besides this, the day was too calm to imagine such a thing. Down came the darkness thicker and thicker. By ten o'clock the air was loaded with a thick gloom. The heavens were tinged with a yellowish or faint red; the lurid look increased; few, if any, ordinary clouds were visible. The sun, in disappearing, took on a brassy hue. The lurid brassy color spread everywhere, above and below. The grass assumed the color of the sky, and all out doors wore a sickly, weird and melancholy aspect,—a dusky appearance as if seen through a smoked-glass. By eleven o'clock it was as night itself, and from this time until three in the afternoon the darkness was extraordinary and frightful.

The extent of the darkness was greater than is related of any other similar phenomenon on record, not excepting the celebrated dark days over Egypt and Judea. It reached South to the northern half of Pennsylvania, and from thence along the coast northeast to the wilds of Maine, eastward to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and out at sea 120 miles southeast of Boston, and undoubtedly much farther; west to the valleys of Lake Champlain and the Hudson River and north, into undefined regions in Canada. Portland, Boston, Hartford, New York, West Point and Albany were affected by it. But the degrees of darkness differed in different places, the deepest night settling over New England. A tract of land and sea 800 miles in length and 400 miles in breadth, embracing an area of 220,000 square miles, was known to be covered by the cloud, and as far as can be ascertained, a population of 700,000 souls sat for a portion of the day and night in a gloom more or less profound and inexplicable.

Just how dark the day was is attested by indisputable evidence. The hour and minute could not be discovered on the face of a clock or watch by persons of unimpaired eyesight. Candles became an absolute necessity both out of doors and in, as it was impossible to transact ordinary business without them Fires on the hearth-stone shone as brightly as on a moonless November evening, and all dinner tables were set with lighted candles upon them as if it were the evening repast. The keenest eyes in doors could not see to read the common print. So far beyond any ordinary fog was the effect that stages on the road either put up at the nearest hotel during the mid-day hours or carried candles or lanterns to enable the driver to see his way.

And the brute and feathered creation seemed puzzled and agitated. The birds ceased to fly, and hid themselves in the branches of the trees. As the darkness increased they sang their evening songs as they do at twilight, and then became silent. Pigeons on the wing took to the shelter of the forest as they do at night. The whip-poor-will, as if it were truly night, cheerfully sang his song through the gloomy hours. Woodcocks, which are night birds, whistled as they only do in the night time, Bats came out of their hiding places and flew about. The fowls marched solemnly to their roosts as they do only at nightfall, and, after cackling for a while over the mystery of so short a day, became still. Cocks crowed as is their custom at nightly intervals and the early breaking of day. Frogs peeped their evening concert, and dogs whined or howled and ran away as on the approach of an earthquake. The herds of cattle on New England's thousand hills, sought the shelter of the shed or barnyard, lowing as they came to the gate, and sheep huddled around the circle with their heads inward—the invariable token of apprehended danger.

On the human family the effect was still more curious and terrifying. The mechanic left his tools in the shop, the farmer his plow in the furrow, and each moved in a silent and marvelling mood toward the barn or dwelling. On the home threshold they were met by pale and anxious women, who tremblingly inquired, "What is coming?" The alarmed traveller, seeking the sympathy of his fellow man as one impressed with a sense of impending peril, put up at the nearest house, and mingled his anxious questionings and forebodings with those of the family. Strong men met and spoke with surprize on their countenances, and little children peered timidly into the deepening gloom,, and then sought the sheltering parental arms. Schools broke up in affright, and the wondering pupils scampered homeward with many expressions of childish fear. The inevitable candle shone out of the windows of all dwellings—every countenance gathered blackness—all hearts were filled with fear of an oppraching, unparalled storm, or the occurrence of a terrestial convulsion; but it was not the blackness of the storm-cloud, such as sometimes, with frightful agitation, breaks over a single city; it was the silent spreading of the pall-cloth over the earth by strong invisible hands.—Many anecdotes of terror are related. In Boston from the hours of 11 or 1 till 3 o'clock business was generally suspended and shops were closed. At Groton, a court was in session in a meeting-house full of large windows, as was the old style of houses of worship; but at half-past eleven all faces began to wear a sombre hue, whereupon magistrate and people followed suit with all New England, and called for lighted candles. Connecticut went totally under the cloud. The journal of her House of Representatives puts on record the fact that "None could see to read or write in the House, or even at a window, or distinguish persons at a small distance, or perceive any distinction of dress, &c., in the circle of attendants. Therefore, at eleven o'clock adjourned the House till 2 o'clock, afternoon." Amid the deepening gloom that wrapped about the city, darkened the rooms of the State House, and set the lawgivers trembling with the apprehension that the Day of Judgment was at hand, when the motion for adjournment was made, Colonel Abraham Davenport, afterward Judge of Stamford Conn., and State Councilor in the Legislative Chamber at Hartford said: "I am against the adjournment.—Either the Day of Judgment is at hand or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for adjournment. If it is, I wish to be found in the line of my duty. I wish candles to be brought."

The darkness of the day having been succeeded an hour or two before evening by a partially clear sky, and the shining of the sun, still obscured by the black and vapory mist, this interval was followed by a return of the obscuration with greater density, that rendered the first half of the night hideously dark beyond all former experience of probably a million of people whosaw it.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Luxury of the Viceroy.

In the palaces of the Viceroy, or Khedive, as he is now called, are seen the signs of Eastern luxury and the material civilization of France; delicately carved and gilded chairs, covered with finest silk: soft-tapestried divans running around the walls; beds of solid silver, covered with glittering satin costing as much as $15,000 each; long Eastern pipes with mouth-pieces of lightest colored amber, set with diamonds and precious stones, some of them valued at $30,000 a piece; gold trays, plates and goblets of gold rimmed with gems—even diamonds; silver basins to wash the hands in before a repast; low, round silver tables, a foot high for dining; magnificent cushions to recline on in smoking or eating; little coffee cups of solid clusters of diamonds, rubies, or emeralds; hundreds of slaves in each establishment, eunuchs, waiting women in flowing costumes; immense rooms decorated in white and gold, azure and silver, rose and lily; floors of inlaid marble, porphyry, and alabaster; constantly playing fountains, whose trickling sounds fall so agreeably on the ear in a warm country; masses of gorgeously framed mirrors. One sees in all this the French upholsterer has been at work trying his best to blend Paris and Cairo. In the East, where everything in the household is low and flowing, the assimilation has been difficult, in spite of which the French artist has achieved a certain measure of success. This is viceregal magnificence within. Without, again, is seen the French superstructure over the Oriental foundation, by which this ruler is governed in all his tastes. There is a French theatre and a company of French comedians, who play the style of comely usually in vogue at the Varites on the Boulevard Montmartre. In his theatre are two *loges grillees* for his four wives, where they keep the visor of the box up and look down through its latticed mask, like caged birds. The place is much frequented by the higher officers of the court, who are usually well up in the French language. The ruler has forty gray Percheron horses, sent to him from France, where they were collected for him by one of the strikers of the *coup d'etat*, well known for his horse proclivities. On the Shruba, which is the *Tour du Lac* or the Central Park of Cairo, some of these horses may be seen almost any afternoon, under the saddle, or hitched to calashes, broughams, or other vehicles common to the Bois de Boulogne, and occasionally four of them to a *char-a banc*, with postillions in crimson satin, fringed with gold, preceded by a French outrider. There is a race-course, constructed after the French pattern, in which the so-called reformers take a lively interest. If the Khedive gave the masses *caviare* in establishing the theatre, he presented them with *pilaf* in making a home institution of the circus. The spangled tumbler, the bare-faced women going through the baloon hoops on horseback, the fierce savage whirling his war club on the naked steed, the cunning juggler keeping aloft his knives and oranges, the grimacing man in white and red playing tricks on the ringmaster—these things are dear to the Egyptian heart, and men and women, spell bound watch the performance from the grand entry to the riding of the tricky mule.—"*The Egyptians at Home*," *in August Galaxy.*

How They Live in Africa.

Africa says Dr. Livingstone, abounds in food of all kinds and a rich soil raises everything planted in great luxuriance. A friend of mine tried rice, and in between three or four months the crop increased 120 fold.—Three measures of seed yielded 360 measures. Maize is so abundant that I have seen forty-five loads, each about sixty pounds weight, given for a single goat. The maize dura or holcus sorghum, hannistum, cassava, sweet potato and yams furnish in no stinted measure, farinaceous ingredients for diet; the palm oil, groundnuts and a forest tree afford fatty material food; bananas and plaintains in great profusion, and the sugar cane and the saccharine; the plain toddy, beer of bananas, tobacco and vange cannabbis salina the luxuries of life; and the villages swarm with goats, sheep, hogs, pigs, and fowls, while elephants, buffaloes, zebras, and gokes or gorillas, yield to expert hunters, plenty of the nitrogenous ingredients of human food. It was puzzling to see why they should be cannibals. New Zealanders, we were told, were cannibals because they had killed all their gigantic birds, moa, &c., and they were converted from the man-eating persuasion by the introduction of pigs; but the Manyema have plenty of pigs and other domestic animals, and yet they are cannibals. Into the reason of their cannibalism they do not enter.

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