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THE LITTLE GLEANER.

BY MRS. C. E. B. PARKER.

"May I follow your reapers, master,
And glean in your fields to day?
The sickles are cutting the golden grain—
Let the little gleaner stay;

"For my mother is old and feeble,
And she cannot earn our bread;
And Billy is simple, you know, master,
And father has long been dead;

"And I saw your fields of waving corn,
Yellow as shining gold,
And knew you would let the maiden come,
To glean from its wealth untold.

"I'll fill my sack with the scattered grain,
And bind me some pretty sheaves
Of the nodding stalks, that the reapers drop,
Amid the glistening leaves."

So the master said to the maiden young,
"Go glean in my fields to-day,
And gather whatever the reapers leave,
And carry it all away."

And at evening the gleaner maiden,
With her sack of golden grain,
And a little sheaf on her shoulder laid,
To the master came again;

And she said, in her low, sweet accents,
"May the Lord be kind to thee
In thy day of need, oh, noble master,
As thy heart has been to me."

And then in the dewy evening time,
And bearing burden bright—
The sack of grain and the golden sheaf—
Came the gleaner home that night.

And the mother opened the Bible,
And read her the story true
Of the beautiful Ruth, the gleaner fair
(The tale that is ever new),

Who gleaned in the fields of Bethlehem
In the barley harvest time,
And the honor of her noble kinsman showed—
All told in the Book Divine.

And from Ruth and her noble kinsman
Did David's line descend,
And from thence came our Savior, Jesus Christ,
Whose kingdom has no end.

May the Lord bless our gleaner maiden,
And fill her with heavenly love,
And gather her in at the Harvest Time
With the golden sheaves above.

WHAT I DID WITH IT.

I can't think what induced me finally to go to that bazaar. It was a scene in every way unsuited to a person like myself, an old bachelor in habits, if not in years. I had not passed forty, but my youth seemed long ago; all fresh gaiety of spirit had been buried in the grave of my young hopes. I had only two living relations, married cousins, who, with their wives and children, resided near me at Dorkhampton, a small spot 20 miles distant from London, where I possessed much landed property.

These cousins were always vainly trying to induce me to visit them, always toadying me. Both, I fancy, had an eye to my wealth.

The world called me a misanthrope, a woman-hater. I never denied the imputation; for since that heartless girl long ago—but I will not rake up ancient stories and re-open old wounds, now, heaven be praised, so sweetly healed. But I anticipate; and what I was speaking of first was that bazaar. Well, I repeat, what finally induced me to go I cannot tell. I had no interest in its object, none whatever. I most certainly did and do disapprove of bazaars; I think they are just a medium for ladies to indulge in their favorite and least prepossessing characteristics. To say the least of it, it is not nice for a lady to be standing behind a counter, endeavoring, by dress, attitude, look, and manner, to persuade people to buy things that are no earthly value to them.

Such are my opinions in theory, if not in practice, for I undoubtedly did go to that bazaar. My two cousins, Mrs. Granville and eldest daughters were to help. It would look so strange if I stayed away, they pleaded.

The day before the event they called on me.

"You see, Cousin James," they said, "you are the principal person connected with us; and if your carriage is seen at the door and you are a purchaser within, every one will come too. Besides, we have put on our bills, 'Under the patronage of James Chester, Esq.'"

"And you would not wish people to say we took them in," chimed in another of the girls.

Then they began to bother me and use all kinds of stupid arguments. They were always so powerfully affectionate, too.

I don't think they would have triumphed, but that, as I glanced from them to a young lady, whom Ada Moore had introduced as Miss Grahame, a friend of hers, I saw a smile of amusement on her very pretty face.

"Don't you see, Ada," she said, "Mr. Chester is proud of his obstinacy, and does not care for us, whether we are gratified or not, so long as he is true to his prejudiced determination."

"You are hard on me, Miss Grahame," said I.

"Not at all, Mr. Chester," said the young lady. "I disapprove of bazaars as much as you do; but rather than vex Ada, I am going to make a holocaust of my dislike, and intend holding a stall of rocking horses, toys, dolls' houses, etc. I shall expect you to be a large purchaser thereat, for I know you will come after all; men are so odd.

And when the next day came I did go—I wonder why. I suppose because I was odd.

As I was passing the corner of a stall in a heedless, inattentive manner, I chanced to knock a box of tiny cups and saucers down. Such ridiculous little things!

I suppose I uttered these thoughts out aloud, for a voice at my elbow said, "I dare say you enjoyed drinking out of such cups once, and thought the man who made them must be very clever."

It was Miss Grahame who spoke, and it was her stall I had been thus disturbing.

"Perhaps," I answered; but then I thought as a child and spoke as a child; but now—"

"Do not be irreverent, Mr. Chester," she said, "and let me tell you that I am very glad to see you."

"Are you not more surprised than glad?" I said ironically.

"No, I am glad," she replied. "Glad that you have yielded, and glad that you are making me enjoy a small triumph."

"Which is—" said I:

"That I read your character aright," said Miss Grahame, "I said you would come, after all. Now come, what will you have? What shall it be—tea things, a drawing-slate, a doll dressed in the latest fashion, or a—"

"Unless you wish to drive me away to despair, don't tease me to buy, Miss Grahame. What on earth is that?"

"That? Oh, don't you know? That's a doll's house. Look here," she said, and she threw open the whole side of the house, windows and all.

There were five rooms, all most exquisitely furnished, from the smallest kitchen requisite to a set of dressing-case bottles on the toilet-table of the best bed-room.

I could not tell which I admired most, the exceeding clever workmanship and skill displayed in this complete miniature residence, or the grace and vivacity with which Miss Grahame showed me all its merits from garret to cellar. I praised the doll's house and actually yielded to her entreaties to purchase something.

"You shall choose it," I said; "only for goodness sake use discretion in your choice."

She selected a man of india-rubber, that squeaked and was squeezable, from among the heap of rubbish on her stall. It was a valuable possession to a man of my taste.

Thence I wandered to other stalls, and by and by found myself to be the possessor of a number of articles.

"Surely," I thought, "I have bought enough now; so I'll be off."

I ought to mention here that this bazaar was being held in London, the committee thinking thereby to secure more money; and I had moved up to town, into small and inexpensive lodgings.

As I was saying, I had just made up my mind to go home, when I was again caught by Miss Grahame.

"Oh, Mr. Chester, you are just in time!" she exclaimed. "The doll's house you admired so much is being raffled for, and I have put down your name for a chance."

"No, no, Miss Grahame," I said.

"Yes, Mr. Chester, yes; it is only half a guinea a ticket," she urged.

"Only half a guinea!" said I. "What an exhorbitant sum for the chance of possessing a doll's house!"

"But you won't win it, Mr. Chester, indeed you need not be afraid. There are thirty-nine chances to one—I have got forty to get. Please yield."

"Impossible!" said I.

"Well, let me put your name down, and if I can get forty without it, I'll erase yours; if not—"

"If not," I groaned, "ah me, what then?"

So I stayed there a little longer till this matter should be decided, wandering about with a Damocles sword hanging over my head. At last the blow fell. A whole chorus of voices belonging to the young Moores and Granvilles came yelling out, "Cousin Chester has won it! Cousin has won the doll's house!"

It was true—ludicrously true; I had won it.

In vain I reproached. Miss Grahame declared it was not her fault that I had been destined to have it. I cursed it as it stood there looking so fresh and clean; I scolded myself for letting my name go down—for attending the bazaar at all.

"What in the name of patience can I do with the thing?" I asked.

"Well, Cousin James," said Mrs. Moore, insinuatingly, "I should hope that question might be answered with ease. I know my little Mary would gladly own so splendid a toy; I had almost promised to buy it for the dear child's birthday. She would value it doubly from you."

"But my dear Mrs. Moore," broke in my cousin, Mrs. Granville, "I am really surprised to hear you speak of Mary in connection with a doll's house. She is really far too big a girl to think of playing with toys any longer. Now, for my little ones, who are so much younger, this present would be far more suitable."

"Indeed, I do not see that," said Mrs. Moore. "Of course Cousin James can give it to whom he pleases; but I should have thought——"

I did not care to hear more, but slipped away unperceived. Meanwhile I made up my mind that neither of them should—no, not if I had to burn or break it instead. Ill-natured, grasping women, I thought.

At the door I met Miss Grahame.

"Will you accept the doll's house?" I asked.

"I!" said Miss Grahame. "Oh, dear, no. What good would it be to me? Keep it, Mr. Chester—keep it seven years, and see if the old adage comes true about a useless thing being useful at last. Only let me remind you it must be removed from these rooms to-night."

Here was a new difficulty. A boy and a barrow could not manage it; it was too big.

At last a green grocer's cart was hired to convey it to my rooms. I hurried there in my carriage to prepare my landlady for its reception.

Mrs. Jones—I—in fact—I want to tell you—I've been to a bazaar, and bought—at least won—I mean there's a doll's house coming in a little while, that must stay here until I go into the country again, or do something with it. Let it stand in the passage, please."

Mrs. Jones was mute. She had evidently not taken in my meaning. Meantime I drove off to a scientific meeting, and in the intellectual treat there provided, forgot all about my incubus. But as I returned and entered the house, unperceived, I heard voices, and high above them Mrs. Jones' shrill tones.

"Drat this 'ere lumbering doll's house! It takes up all the room. Our passage is small enough without its being crammed, and I've nearly broke my shins tumbling over the wretched thing. A nice toy for an old bachelor like him! I should be ashamed of myself if I was him! If he was going to get married it would be another thing; only, if so be, he may go out of this house. I won't have no feminines running up and down my stairs. I only lets to single gentlemen. A doll's house, indeed!"

Daily the dose was repeated, until at last the hitherto placid Mrs. Jones came to me, and told me that I must have that 'ere doll's house in my room—she could not endure it any longer in the passage; and if I would have it there, she was sorry to have to turn out a gent as had lodged with her so many years running, but I must go. That very day she'd lost a lodger through it (confound it)—a literary gent as had heard of her rooms being so quite; and when he came to see that doll's house, he says, "Oh, children, eh! thank you, my good woman, your room won't do for me." And when I says, "It's not mine, seeing I've no children, but it's a gentleman's. Mrs. Moore, were to have stalls, and their two here, an old, I mean a middle-aged bachelor." "Oh, a lunatic!—worse and worse," says he; and off he went like a shot. "You'll excuse me, sir, but out of the passage it must go."

Anything for a quiet life. I had it in my rooms, but the undisguised contempt with which they treated the doll's house and its story nearly drove me mad. I began to loathe it; I dreamed of it; it haunted me in my studies.

At last, one day when I was over at Dorkhampton, I thought I would call on the Moores.

There was no one of the family at home, the servant said, but Miss Grahame was in—would I see her?

I hesitated, drew out my card, and finally ascended into her presence, told her my trouble, and asked her advice. She laughed as she listened to my piteous story.

Then we began to talk on other subjects, and I found her to be, to my surprise, a woman full of quiet intellectual power. She could reason well, and was, withal, full of girlish spirit and fun, combined with ladylike winning grace and true courtesy. I say to my surprise, for among all my studies, I never studied a woman's mind. Now I saw how fair a thing it could be.

I left; but somehow my call was repeated—once—twice—again and again. The new study was interesting to me. I was almost forgetting the first cause, which I had consulted Miss Grahame about—the doll's house.

One day she said, "Mr. Chester, I think I have found a capital fate for the doll's house—give it to the Children's Hospital; it would be a most valuable gift to those little sufferers."

"I, too, have found a fate for it," I replied; "I was stupid not to think of it sooner. I have just had it moved to one of the many empty rooms of my Dorkhampton house, and it now rests with you whether its sight shall be a painful memory to me forever, or a happy memento, as being the thing that made me acquointed with my life's best joy. Miss Grahame, years ago I thought I loved; but she whom I loved was false, and in my wounded pride I closed my heart thenceforth against all womankind and love. But now—now I love again. Isabella Grahame, is that love to be the means of restoring me to youth, life, hope—or is it to be the ordained punishment of my long years of selfish engrossment and unbelief? You must decide for me."

The sweet eyes opposite mine grew grave, the lips quivered.

"Will you have patience with my womanly short-comings?" she said.

"No; for patience will not be needed," I said.

"Then—"

"Then you do love me?" said I.

"Yes," said Miss Grahame.

And then the wilderness of my love burst forth and blossomed as the rose.

* * * * * *

Four years after the events related above I was sitting in my study, when my wife entered the room. I knew she must have something special to say when she thus disturbed me.

"What is it, my love," I asked.

"James, dear, do you not think, as to-morrow is our darling's birthday, she might have the doll's house? Why should you keep it locked up so carefully any longer, when our little one might have so much enjoyment out of it?"

"If you think she is old enough to appreciate it let her have it, Isa, was my reply.

My wife went away, pleased and satisfied. We had had several loving altercations about the doll's house, she wishing our little one to have it, and I wishing to keep it unbroken and unspoilt as a happy memorial. Of course my wife had triumphed in the matter; but then women always do in matters on which they set their mind.

The morrow came, and our darling received the doll's house. In the course of the morning my sweet wife drew me away from my study, and took me up into the nursery to show me a picture that my eyes can never forget nor my heart cease to cherish. Our little golden-haired maiden was seated in wondering awe before the doll's house—that incubus of my bachelorhood. Her soft cheeks were flushed with delight, her rosy lips were parted, her blue eyes full of joy; as she went from room to room of the fairy palace the gentle mother guided her little fingers to each successive beauty, as she once had guided my cold and criticizing eye.

When all was examined, her mother said, 'Now go and thank dear papa, Issy.'

In a moment the little golden head was nestling on my shoulder, the innocent heart swollen to overflowing with its delight. Happy childish tears swept like summer rain from the pretty eyes as she clung to me in unspoken thanks for her great birthday present. As I pressed her to me, and kissed that sweet face, I could not help smiling at the thought of how I had once hated the sight of that doll's house.

I was glad for the hundredth time that I did go to the bazaar; and this was what became of the doll's house.

[*Correspondence of the N. Y. Observer.*]

A NEW YORK LAWYER'S LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

ENGLISH SPORTS.

BY HENRY DAY, ESQ.

Every people will have their sports, and the character of a people can, in many respects, be determined by their national amusements. A Roman amphitheatre, with its wild beasts and contending gladiators, indicated the cruel and bloodthirsty temper of the thousands who gazed upon them.

The sports of the chase are said also to indicate the pluck and prowess of the English people. Among all the characteristic spectacles of England none is more impressive to a stranger than a "meet" in some rural town, in front of some ancient castle, in the heart of England; and no one can fully understand the English character till he has seen it. It is emphatically an English sport, and while horse-racing has become a national sport in all countries, fox-hunting can be seen in all its glory only in England. The hunts in Italy, Austria and Maryland are only feeble imitations. The reason is, that it is a pastime which can be sustained only by a cultivated, rich and well organized community. I have seen the "meet" on the Roman Campagne, but it does not compare with the chase in England. Before I had seen the hounds in full chase, I thought what a foolish, unmeaning and unmanly sport for 50 or 100 men, as many horses, and 40 or 50 hounds, to spend one whole day in running down one poor innocent fox or stag, and when wearied out, to kill the poor animal and bear home its tail as a trophy of the prowess of 100 men.

So I thought before the hunt. I came to the "meet" and when I saw the forty or fifty hounds, on the track of the stag, come rushing by in full cry, and the riders, with red coats and high-top boots, on their splendid hunters, following at their highest speed over fences, ditches and fields, all shouting with excitement as they stretched away in a long line over the wide field, I think, if I had had a horse, I should have joined in with them. Nothing in the way of sport can exceed the beauty of the chase as I saw it one beautiful morning, in England, about 40 miles from London. The "meet" was on the top of a hill, near an old church in Horsham. You could see for miles in every direction—the whole landscape diversified with irregular fields of grass and grain, with patches of woods, and farm-houses surrounded by large stacks of hay and grain scattered here and there, and now and then a fine residence in the distance surrounded by a large park and lawn beautifully green even in winter; while the country roads, with steep sides lined with hedge ro ws and holly, wound irregularly over the whole landscape like a wreath of green.

The stag was brought to the "meet" in a wagon. Around him were assembled the country gentlemen, the farmers, the workingmen and boys of the whole vicinity for miles. He was let loose, and away he went over fences, across hedges and ploughed fields, towards a wood, with head erect and a defiant air. He was allowed, for fair play fifteen min utes start of the hounds. A pack of about 40 dogs were then let loose. They took the scent one after another in a long line, with a continual cry; and then the men, already mounted, followed on. The men and boys on foot, all shouting, join in or cut across the lots to intercept the course of the stag. Soon the cry of the dogs ceases. They have lost the scent. They go wandering around, as in a maze, in every direction. The trainers, wearing red caps with a horn, at last, by dint of shouting, calling this dog and that by name, bring them all back on the old trail until the scent is once more found, when all the hounds again set up their cry and are off again.

What surprised me most was, that the people of the whole country joined in this sport. Land proprietors, Members of Parliament, nobility, farmers in their smocks on their small cobs, workingmen and boys—in short the whole community joined in the sport.

The stag was said to be coming towards the public road at the foot of the hill.—As we drove down we heard the hounds approaching us. They crossed the road in full cry just in front of our carriage.—Then came on the riders. I expected to see some neck-breaking leaps, for the bank from the field into the road was high and a fence also shut it off; but as the men, one after another came to the fence, they halted, looked for a good place to leap, and then looked to the other side to see where they would land. It was not quite the wild, reckless leaping we have been wont to associate with the chase, although it was a fine sight to see them come down some eight or ten feet into the road. Aside from one or two being unhorsed there were no mishaps. The most reckless rider and leader of the chase was an American, who is well known in New York. They followed the stag till night before they brought him down, and then he was captured and not killed. He was taken home and reserved for another chase. The stag is not ordinarily killed. The dogs are kept from him, but poor Reynard generally yields up his life in the contest.

The hunt sometimes makes sad havoc with the soft-ploughed fields of the farmer, for if the fox chooses to cross them they are badly cut up; and though the law of England protects a man's field as much as his own house from intrusion, yet woe be to the man who dare to interfere with the sport of the nation. He would be put under the town pump, as one of the country gentlemen told me, if he should attempt it.

It is surprising how general this sport has become in England and Scotland. It is more general and popular than ever before. It was prophesied, twenty years ago, by a great sportsman, that railroads would destroy this manly sport in England by rendering men so effeminate that they could not endure the fatigue and exposure required by the chase; but if any one could see the list of "meets," filling whole columns of the *London Times*, he would see that modern facilities for traveling have rendered the hunt a more general sport than ever before.

Fox and stag hunting is now thoroughly organized in every county in England. The gentlemen of the county form an association, and keep their packs of hounds generally three of fifty in each. They have their keepers and trainers. One of the gentlemen is chosen leader for the year. The place of "meet" for nearly every day in winter is appointed and notice given in the sporting papers. Any one can come.

The ordinary hunt is made up of the nobility, country gentlemen, farmers, lawyers, officers, artists, workingmen—in short, anybody and everybody who chooses to come. This is one of the best features of the sport. There is here a general mingling of society on an equality.—If any serious injury is done to the crops or fences of any farmer he is paid from the general purse. The hounds run every other day during the winter.

The facilities of travelling are such that a man may leave London in the morning, get to the "meet" by noon, and return again to dine at 8 in the evening. His horses are sent the day before or go with him on the cars. Great numbers of lawyers, judges, merchants, literary gentleman and artists, who do a good deal of mental labor, go out every week for health and recreation. The train, well filled with red coats and horses, will run out sixty miles in one hour and deposit their men and horses in the very heart of the hunting ground of England. In old times they had to travel on the top of a coach all night for this purpose. The consequence is, that now there are probably ten times as many persons indulging in this sport in England as there were forty years ago. It is the proper thing for a gentleman to go in a fiery red coat, with high top boots, and on a fine horse.

There are a nine packs of stag hounds, 123 packs of fox hounds, and 84 packs of harriers in England alone. The capital invested in this sport would very much surprise any one. Suppose each pack to represent 100 men (and some have over 200,) we have 21,000 men engaged in the sport. Each sportsman has an average of two horses; this makes 43,000 horses, which, on an average, are worth in England, $500 each, which brings the value of horses alone to $21,500,000. The keeping and appointments of the horses is certainly as much more, making $43,000,000. The value of the hounds, expense of keeping, of keepers and trainers, would amount to as much more. The outfit of the gentlemen and travelling expenses would certainly amount to $200 per year, making over $40,000,000 more. So that we can see how England alone yearly invests and spends over $125,000,000 in this sport, to say nothing of time.

I can easily imagine some good man saying, Why this waste of money and time?—how much good it would do in support of charities. But hear the Englishman's side of the argument. The hunt is not cruel, for 100 men get their sport out of one fox, and, when he is killed, skin him and eat him, sell his skin, and cut his tail off for a trophy. It gives life and health to a whole people. It saves the best brain of the nation. It cultivates a brave, daring and chivalrous spirit. It developes manly, dashing courage among the young men. It unites in its manly sport all classes of society and is a bond of peace. When the hounds are running the lords, the gentlemen, the farmers, the merchants, the lawyers and judges the butchers and bakers, the doctors and millers, the blacksmiths and sailors, all join in one common race and in an intercourse and freedom of manner which cannot be found in cities or in any other countries. As to danger, sometimes a man may get his neck broken, as did the Duke of Dorset; but it is calculated that in England, in a season, 1,2000,000 men men and horses go out in the chase of the fox, and yet it is said there is not, on an average, a bone br oken in each hunt or a man killed in all the hunts once in two years. Mr. Anthony Trollope, who is a great lover and defender of fox hunting, says that "the incidents of a sedentary life are more dangerous than those of fox hunting." Then, again, high authority tells us that the practice of this princely sport is the best preparation for the hardihood, daring and chivalrous courage required on the field of battle. The Duke of Wellington constantly repeated the well-known epigram on fox hunting: "It is the mimicry of the art of war;"—and the veteran warrior long after he had left forever the bloody scenes of the battle field, enjoyed this more innocent mimicry of war in the chase of the fox. Another English officer of note at the present day, Sir Garnet Woolsey, teaches young officers that field sports are a better training for practical service than books and following the hounds than Cæsar's Commentaries or Jemini's "Art of War."

Such are some of the Englishman's arguments in favor of his favorite national sport. If all people must have amusement, what, he asks, is more conducive to morals, health, pluck and prowess than the glorious pastime of following the hounds and the fox?

Lord Cairns, the late Chancellor and one of the greatest and best men of England, defends the fox hunt as one of the best amusements. He never held his court on Saturday, but spent the same in the saddle in pursuit of the fox. This he did, and does now conscientiously, on account of his health.

Whatever the merits of the argument may be, whether in favor of the hunt or against it, I am very much of the opinion that were I an English country gentleman, with leisure and money, I should not be able to resist the excitement of the hunt when I should see every day the red coats in full gallop over the fields and hear the deep bay of the hounds in full pursuit of the "little red rascal Charley."

One thing I am assured of, if Americans would work less and play more they would live longer and stronger lives, physically and mentally, and be a greater and better nation than they now are. It is certain we are becoming degenerated by the excitement of money-making and by brain work. The adage, "It is better to wear out than to rust out," has no application in America. No man has any more right to break the law of God, which is written on his physical constitution, than he has to break one of the Ten Commandments.

SAVING MANURE.

There is a certain amount of plant food in the world. There never was any more or less, and there never will be; that is, of matter which comprises it. Much the greater part of this is not in a condition for plant food; and much of that which is not readily accessible, and we are helping on the scarcity; thus—by permitting the escape from manure heaps and the premises of almost evrey farmer and every household. The rains carry off the refuse of cities, and our privies are shamefully wasteful and hurtful, a nuisance throughout the land. Here is a source of the most concentrated and best manure, all of which can readily be saved. It needs but two or three times the amount of soil added, and this will be a clean, and most affective manure.

We in America, are wasteful. In some of the older countries they see the error, and all fertilizing material is saved. Where this has not been done the land has run down, and nations have gone with it. It will be so here unless our fertilizing material is conserved. Agriculture is the basis of national prosperity. Long-lived nations, like China and Japan, have taken advantage of this. They save carefully all the refuse of the products of their soil. This aided by the mineral matter which is almost exhaustless, and the atmosphere, keeps up the supply.

The aim of the farmer should be to save and make all the manure possible, and make it as cheap as possible, for this is the very thing he must rely on; it is the material that he speculates upon, the great investment on which he is to realize. Let the soil be deepened and mellowed so as to draw from below both fertility and moisture, and also from the atmosphere by mixing it with the soil, stirring it, and growing larger-leaved and leguminous plants. Thus, corn and clover, with occasionally peas, and the grasses, varied in rotation with grain and the root crop.

A TURKISH BETROTHAL.—A English lady, who was present, sends an account of the bethrothal of Khalil Pasha with the Princess Nazel, daughter of Mustapha Fazil, which took place at Constantinople on October 24th. She says that the bride was dressed with exquisite taste in a blue satin robe, covered with English point lace. On her neck was a diamond necklace of great value, and on her head a diadem of the same precious stones. Her superb mass of light hair and her languishing black eyes made her one of the loveliest brides imaginable. Attendants spread on the floor rich Cashmere shawls, and the Princess appeared and advanced to her mother, whose hands she kissed. While that ceremony was being performed, eunuchs threw in the air numerous gold coins, which were picked up by the slaves either as memorials or gratifications. That form is the expression of the hope that the future spouse may always be fortunate. We were then introduced into another room, where some Arab musicians were concealed behind a curtain. They played and sang at the same time. After having listened to these strange strains for half an hour, and eaten a spoonful of sweet-meats, we passed into another apartment, where a sumptuous repast awaited us. After dinner we all met in another room, where coffee was served by a white slave, who superintended a buffet covered with a velvet cloth embroidered with gold and enriched with diamonds, emeralds, and other precious stones, on which was placed the coffee in cups of Sevres with saucers of gold and jewels, the commonest of which was worth £100. These were handed round with cigarettes for those ladies who liked to smoke. Then four white female dancers were brought in to amuse the company. Afterwards a necklace with a medallion ornamented with large brilliants, which must have cost a fortune, it was brought in to be admired by the persons present. This was the betrothal present made by the future husband to his future wife.

A NEW SENSE—WHAT THE BLIND SEE.—Mr. Levey, in his work on "Blindness and the Blind," says: When passing along a street I can distinguish shops from private houses, and even point out the doors and windows, ect, and this whether the doors be open or shut. When a window consists of one entire sheet of glass it is more difficult to discover than one composed of a number of small panes. From this it would appear that glass is a bad conductor of sensation, or at any rate of the sensation especially connected with this sense. When objects below the face are perceived the sensation seems to come in an oblique line from the object to the upper part of the face. While walking with a friend in Forest Land, Startford, I said, pointing to a fence which separated the road from a field, "These rails are not quite as high as my shoulder." He looked at them and said they were higher. We however, measured and found they were about three inches lower than my shoulder. At the time of making this observation I was about four feet from the rails. Certainly in this instance facial perception was more accurate than sight. When the lower part of a fence is brick-work and the upper part rails the fact can be detected, and the line where the two meet easily perceived. Irregularities in height and projections and indentations in walls can also be discovered. A similar sense belongs to some part of the animal creation, and especially to bats, who have been known to fly about a room without striking against anything after the cruel experiment has been made of extracting their eyes.

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