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CLEMENT SULIVANE, Editor and Proprietor.

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Mary Magdalene.

Extract from Longfellow's new Poem.

Companionless, unsatisfied, forlorn,
I sit here in this lonely tower, and look
Upon the lake below me, and the hills
That swoon with heat, and see as in a vision
All my past life unroll itself before me.
The princes and the merchants come to me,
Merchants of Tyre and Princess of Damascus,
And pass and disappear, and are no more;
But leave behind their merchandise and jewels,
Their perfumes, and their gold, and their disgust
I loathe them, and the very memory of them
Is unto me, as thought of food to one
Cloyed with the luscious figs of Damanutha!
What if hereafter, in the long hereafter
Of endless joy or pain, or joy in pain,
If it were my punishment to be with them
Grown hideous and decrepid in their sins,
And hear them say: Thou hast brought us here,
Be unto us as thou hast been of old!

I look upon these garments that I wear,
These silks, and these embroideries, and they seem
Only as ceremonies wrapped about my limbs!
I look upon these rings thick set with pearls,
And emerald and amethyst and jasper,
And they are burning coals upon my flesh!
This serpent on my wrist becomes alive!
Away, thou viper! and away, ye gariands,
Whose odors bring the swift remembrance back
Of the unhallowed revels in these chambers!

But yesterday—and yet it seems to me
Something remote, like a pathetic song
Sung long ago by minstrels in the street—
But yesterday as from this tower I gazed,
Over the olive and walnut trees
Upon the lake and the white ships, and wondered
Whither and whence they steered, and who was in them,
A fisher's boat drew near the landing-place
Under the oleanders, and the people
Came up from it, and passed beneath the tower,
Close under me. In front of them, as leader,
Walked one of noble aspect, clothed in white,
Who lifted up his eyes, and looked at me,
And all at once the air seemed filled and living
With a mysterious power, that streamed from him,
And overflowed me with an atmosphere
Of light and love. As one entranced I stood,
And when I woke again, lo! he was gone;
So that I said: Perhaps it is a dream,
But from that very hour the seven demons
That had habitation in this body
Which men call beautiful, departed from me!

This morning, when the first gleam of the dawn
Made Lebanon a glory in the air,
And all below was darkness, I beheld
An angel or a spirit glorified,
With wind tossed garments walking on the lake
The face I could not see, but I distinguished,
The attitude and gesture, and I knew
'Twas he that healed me. And the gusty wind
Brought to mine ears a voice which seemed to say:
Be of good cheer! 'Tis I! Be not afraid!
And from the darkness, scarcely heard, the answer:
If it be thou, bid me come unto thee
Upon the water! And the voice said: Come!
And then I heard a cry of fear: Lord, save me!
As of a drowning man. After then the voice:
Why didst thou doubt, O thou of little faith?
At this all vanished, and the storm was hushed,
And the great sun came above the hills,
And the swift-flying vapors hid themselves
In caverns among the rocks! O I must find him
And follow him, and be with him forever!

HINCHCLIFF.

A solitary street, steep, straggling; one end abutting on the beach at the head of a small wide bay, up which the sea tumbles in great heavy rollers before a southwesterly gale; the other terminating at an ancient, ivy-mantled church, some distance up a narrow precipitous valley between the wild fire-clad hills; a few houses outlying from the main thoroughfare, dotted at intervals along the bottom of the valley by the side of the gurgling trout-stream that babbles down its midst, or scattered here and there along the seashore at its mouth; such is the little fishing hamlet of Hinchcliff. It has hitherto escaped the profanation of the presence of the ordinary cockney tourist, and naturally so; for to him it would be absolutely devoid of attractions. It possesses no pier, no esplanade; it boasts but few shops. One solitary butcher, who kills twice a week, and of course reserves all his best joints for the "great house" and "t' parson," who are even then compelled to content themselves with what he may chance to be provided with; the inevitable village inn, with its sanded taproom, earthenware mugs, and home-brewed ale; and a couple of shops, the ambition of one of which is limited to ministering to the personal vanity of its customers, while the other aspires to the dignity of combining almost every conceivable trade—these are the sole facilities which Hinchcliff offers to would-be purchasers. It is doubtful, however, whether a more ambitious emporium would meet with much success. The wants of the inhabitants are few and easily supplied. The sea provides them with their means of subsistence. There is hardly a man in Hinchcliff who does not possess the whole, or a share, of a boat; and the number of nets being made or repaired at the doors of the cottages, or spread to dry upon the beach, together with a certain odor—"an ancient and fish-like smell"—which pervades the air, attest to the visitor the nature of the sole industry of the place.

But at the time of our story the aspect of the scene is very different from that which it presents in the breathless stillness of a summer noon. The few hours of daylight are all but gone, and the dusky tint of evening is falling—earlier and more gloomily than it ordinarily does in the short dismal days of mid-winter—upon all around: upon the drenched and cheerless village; upon the swollen turbid stream; upon the bare and leafless trees, through whose straining branches the wind shrieks and howls in its impotent wrath as it rushes up the valley; upon the heaving and turbulent waves. The sky is hidden in a pall of dun-colored cloud, beneath which floats a mass of light feathery scud, driving swiftly before the gale; the sea breaking furiously upon the beach, is transformed into a chaos of angry boisterous waves, whose crests, cut off by the wind, roll onwards in a mass of foam; while just to leeward of the mouth of the bay, an irregular line of breakers, extending some distance out to sea, marks the position of that terror of the homeward-bound mariner, the dreaded "Cat."

The wind moans, and wails, and shrieks, like some soul in torment, as it dashes in frantic gusts through the quivering firtrees, and rushes and roars up the narrow street, and round the corner of the quaint old church, in all the wild fury of its unavailing rage. But, alas, upon the ocean its wrath is no longer impotent. It is there about to add another to its long list of victims. Dimly heard at first, the piteous sound of the signal guns of some doomed vessel is becoming more ominously distinct at each report. No help can reach her from the shore, say the fishermen; it would be sheer mad waste of life to make the attempt with such a sea as is running outside the bay, and with the reef under the lee of any boat which should venture to risk it.

In the little crowd assembled upon the beach at Hinchcliff, hoping yet against hope that something—it knows not, dares not imagine what—may yet occur to mitigate the horrors of the impending catastrophe, splits up into still smaller, awe-struck, expectant groups; while ever and again through the gathering night, above the wild howling of the wind, above the boisterous roaring of the waves, comes with dred significance the dull heavy boom of that terrible gun.

* * * * *

"I can't make Morton out at all lately; he's so different from what he used to be. You know what a swell he always was at running and football, and all that sort of thing. Well, he has given it up altogether; and, although he used to have such a horror of gambling, I know there was some uncommonly heavy play went on at his rooms two or three times last term."

"Yes, poor fellow; it's the old story, *Lydi, dic per omnes*—you know the rest. Only I don't fancy Sybaris always finds the noose fit very comfortably now he has got it fairly round his neck, and when it galls him worse than usual he lets out."

"Which means, I suppose being translated, that he is engaged, and does not always quite relish it.

"Something very near it. It isn't that he isn't fond enough of the girl; if it were, my 'Lydian quotation wouldn't apply; but there's a screw loose somewhere. He tancies she doesn't care overmuch about him, I believe. You seem deliciously innocent on the subject. I thought every one, or at least all Morton's intimates, knew more or less about it. I don't profess to be very learned on the point myself; but as far as I can make out, Master Herbert, who had known Miss Tremayne (I saw you staring at her in church on Sunday, Charley, so I need'nt describe her to you) down here for years without finding anything wonderfully attractive in her, suddenly discovered, on meeting her in a London ball-room, that she was the most charming girl in existence. Of course, as they were such old acquaintances, he was on escort duty pretty frequently after he had once made this discovery, without exciting much attention in the minds of chaperones, and, as luck would have it (I fancy the luck was of his own making, though) he chanced to meet her at a good many places of amusement to which he had not accompanied her. The result was, that before she returned home they were regularly engaged, with everybody's consent, as they'll both have lots of money.

"I don't see what there is in all this to occasion Morton's reckless fits. If, as you say, he is fond of Miss Tremayne——"

"Ah, there's the rub. It's because he *is* so fond of her—after a fashion." (These last few words were added in a somewhat contemptuous tone). "You see, when he came down here in the first vacation after the engagrment, he was a great deal oftener at her house, and was consequently brought much more frequently into contact with her family than he had formerly been; and gradually—whether rightly or wrongly I don't pretend to say—he seems to have got hold of the impression that his fair *fiancee* was by no means fully responsive to his devotion. I suppose a man is more wide-awake to that sort of thing, when he's very far gone himself; but, at any rate, in this case there was a certain cousin—a fellow in some government office in London—who was always coming down here on some excuse or the other; and Morton took it into his head that, so far as Miss Tremayne's inclinations were concerned, the said cousin, despite his continual state of dire impecuniosity, need only have urged his suit to have won her consent. What her respected papa might have had to say on the subject is altogether another matter. However, you know what a fellow Herbert is—how he always sticks to a thing that he has once begun; so it won't seem extraordinary to you that he should avoid all scenes, or explanations, or anything of that sort, but say nothing at all about his suspicions, and simply make up his mind to go in and win the girl's love. I don't fancy, though, that he has succeeded quite to his own satisfaction up to the present; so that it's intelligible enough that he should get a bit disheartened sometimes, and then not confine his actions within the limits of her approbation. It's the old story, a woman at the bottom of every man's ruin, whether it's moral or material. And now, as I've told you all I know about it, I'm off for a smoke. Come along."

And the parties to the foregoing colloquy—two young men of the ordinary social type of their class—strolled off to the smoking-room in the parsonage at Hinchcliff.

Both there and at the "great house" there were guests that Christmastide. Besides that family circle which the gentle, kindly old vicar ever loved to gather around him at that season of peace and good-will, his son, Herbert Morton, a Third Trinity man, whose name was equally a tower of strength in the cricket-field and on the river, had brought down to pass the vacation with him that couple of college chums whose conversation we have just recorded; and to Hinchcliff had come Edward Tremayne, Squire Tremayne's nephew, to spend what would probably be the last Christmas before his cousin's marriage, with the uncle who had been the guardian of his orphan youth, and with the woman whom he loved. For whatever may have been the foundation for Morton's idea that his own position in Miss Tremayne's affections was somewhat married by a predilection on her part for her cousin, there would be no doubt whatever that the latter was passionately attached to the playmate of his boyhood. It was, perhaps, natural that it should be so, and that as the pretty child, as he first knew her, became transformed into the beautiful woman, whose beauty was the admiration of all the country-side, and the envy of all those malignant dowagers who had daughters of their own to marry, and who grudged its possessor the homage which she obtained so universally and treated so lightly, what was originally a mere boyish passion should have kept pace with her growth and matured with years. But with Edward Tremayne pride was as potent a motive as love; and pride prevented him from seeking a marriage which would be impossible without his uncle's consent, and which, could he obtain that consent, would, considering the difference in their fortunes, reduce him, in his own estimation, to a mere pensioner upon his wife's property. Nay, it did more; for, after he heard of his cousin's engagement to Morton, it was pride that caused him still to visit Hinchcliff with sufficient frequency to avoid arousing any suspicion of his feelings, and which enabled him to conceal, under the veil of his usual calm and imperturbable demeanor, the depth and severity of his wound.

He was sitting in the drawing-room at Hinchcliff, carrying on a desultory conversation with his cousin as she listlessly turned over the leaves of a portrait album, and watching the flickering lights and shadows cast by the fire as they ifltted across her face, and in the dim gloaming enhanced yet more the regal splendor of her beauty, when, during a momentary lull in the storm without, the report of a gun caused Maud to stop abruptly in the middle of a sentence, and look inquiringly at her companion. He got up and walked to the window, which, facing the valley, ordinarily commanded a view of the sea beyond; but nothing was visible except the drenched landscape, and, barely distinguishable through the rain, the murky angry waves. He gave an upturned glance at the clouds and then turned quickly to his cousin.

"Maud, I am just going down to the beach; don't let uncle wait dinner for me. That gun sounded like a ship in distress; and if so, there may be work to do that may detain me."

"Wait a minute, then, Edward, while I put on my things, and I will go with you."

"Go with me! Nonsense, Maud; it isn't fit weather for you to go out, and you couldn't do any good."

"'Nonsense, Maud,' indeed! *I* think it is nonsense, Edward.' Come, now," she went on coaxingly, "do let me go with you, there's a dear boy. I can put on my waterproof, and you know I am privileged to do as I please. Besides," she added, in a more serious tone, "if there really is a ship-wreck, I may be able to do something to help the people."

Edward looked in her face for a moment. For him, at any rate, it was impossible to resist the persuasion of its pleading.

"Very well, cousin mine; have it your way, only don't be long;" and, holding the door open for her to pass out, he followed her, for the purpose of donning a pea-jacket and a pair of good stout shooting-boots.

It is necessary that we should inform the reader that Maud was motherless? Her behavior almost tells the tale of her early loss. Mrs. Tremayne had died when her daughter was born, and the widower therenpon shut himself up with his books in a solitude upon which Maud herself, upon whom he doted, and a few male friends, were alone privileged to intrude. Destitute, therefore, of a parent's loving guidance, and restricted for the society of her own sex to the ompany of Mrs. Morton, and to weeks spent at rare intervals at the houses of friends, Maud had remained in ignorance of many, and acquired a contempt for some, of the usages of society, which, queen of her little realm, she to some extent disregarded at will.

The cousins reached the beach just before the vessel struck, and Edward gazed with astonishment upon the horror-stricken groups, who were watching her drift helplessly across the mouth of the bay, when he heard that no efforts were being made to save the crew. He was more than half a sailor, and could appreciate the peril; but there was a ring of disappointment in his voice as, after obtaining the information he had asked for, he turned to the little crowd.

"Do you mean to say, then, you are going to let those fellows drown without making an effort to save them? I thought better things of you men. One would imagine you had never seen a gale of wind before."

"It's no good, Master Edward," said one of the older men, who had known "Master Edward" from the time of the capture of the latter's first mackeral; "some men have gone down to the Point, but no boat could get out to the Cat tonight. Look at them big rollers in' the bay, and you can guess what chance a boat would have outside."

A general murmur of assent followed this speech, and Edward turned sharply to the speaker.

[redacted]

In an intant Maud's arms were clasped about his neck.

"Edward, my love, my darling, don't go; for my sake don't go!" and then, overwhelmed with shame and confusion, she hid her burning and crimson face upon his shoulder.

Gently, very gently, he extricated himself from her embrace.

"Maud, you mustn't, indeed you must not," he said in a voice of exquisite tenderness; and then his self-command gave way, and, forgetting all else in the happiness of the moment, he strained her to his breast, and covered her lips and brow with kisses. But the boat was ready, and time was of importance; so with a whispered "Good-bye, my own, my darling!" he imprinted one last caress upon her unresisting form, and, calling to one of the women standing by to take care of her, took his place in the boat.

Their parting, however, had not been unobserved. From the moment that they arrived on the beach the actions of both had been watched by one who, if a silent, was assuredly not an unconcerned spectator; and when the boat started on her perilous trip, there was one in her crew whose name was not to be found amongst the original volunteers, but who obtained a place at the last moment through an arrangement by which the widow's only son who gave way to him certainly suffered no pecuniary loss.

Short as was the time since Edward Tremayne had appeared upon the scene, it had yet grown perceptibly darker. The hull of the wrecked vessel as she lay upon the reef—bowsprit gone, masts gone, the mere toy of the waves, which broke over her every instant—was now barely discernible even to the practised eyes which were watching her from the shore; and the blue lights which she burned at intervals, whilst serving to render her position more distinct, seemed to intensify the gloom around by the contrast with their ghastly radiance. The boat despatched to her from the shore was lost to sight in the black surging waste of water before she had gone two hundred yards, and although shouts were occasionally raised that she had been discerned on the summit of a wave, the positions which were assigned to her were rather artistic sketches of the wishes of the spectators than photographs of what they had actually seen. All that remained was to wait patiently and hope; and Maud, who had stood gazing after the boat as long as it was possible to distinguish it in the surrounding gloom, sank down in a sitting posture upon the beach, and covering her face with her hands, gave herself up to her mingled emotions of shame, happiness, and anxiety. At intervals one or other of the women spoke kindly to her and offered her the shelter of her cottage; but Maud only lifted her head, and looked at them, apparently unconscious of what they were saying, and, motioning them away with her hand, remained there alone with her dread. Little by little the surrounding circumstances passed from her mind; she lost count of time; gradually her fear gained the predominence over her other feelings, until her whole soul seemed to be absorbed in an ever-increasing agony of expectation; and then, just as it appeared as if her throbbing brain could bear no more, as if her consciousness were fading away into the mere blankness of misery, her anxious ear caught a sound, dimly heard above the roaring of the storm, which caused her, numb as she was from exposure to the cold, and cramped from sitting so long in one position, to spring hastily to her feet, and with eyeballs which were almost ready to start from their sockets in the intensity of their gaze, to peer into the impenetrable gloom which now shrouded the stern fury of the waves. In the scene upon the beach a great change had taken place. Darkness had fallen, and the fishermen and women were gathered around a large fire, which they had lighted with the double object of keeping themselves warm, and of holding out a beacon to the absent boat. It was a large blazing fire, and as the smoke drifted away to leeward, and the red forked tongues of flame shot slanting upward, it cast strange lights and shadows upon the weather-beaten forms around it, and imparted to the scene a weird and star-like effect. But Maud was too preoccupied to observe it. Her interest was absorbed in one object—the safety of the boat. What was the noise she had heard? was it merely the wail of the wind, or was it the sound of voices from the sea? A minute's anxious pause, and then again that sound issued from the darkness; and in another moment the boat, bearing a heavier freight than that with which she started, shot into the circle of light cast by the fire. A loud shout of joy went up from little crowd upon the beach, and Maud, her head swimming in a delirium of joy, staggered blindly forward a pace or two, supporting herself by the boat under the shelter of which she had been sitting. And then—and then—Great Heaven! had they got careless from being so nearly home, and let the boat broach to? Were all that toil and courage to be in vain, and rescuers and rescued alike to perish almost within reach of their comrades on the shore? Even as Maud watched, a huge hungry wave, with vast overhanging crest, came foaming up astern, and hurling the boat on high as if it had been a tiny morsel of cork, dashed it onwards, keel uppermost, to the shore, leaving those who were late its occupants to do sturdy battle for their lives.

Hours afterwards, Maud, in her bedroom, at Hinchcliff, scarcely yet thoroughly restored to consciousness after her long fainting fit, could get only one answer from those around her, to her eager questions—that her cousin had not yet returned.

Up and down, borne now hither, now thither, tossed on every wave that sparkles in mockery in the cold morning sun, even whilst it still sullenly rages with the fury of the past night, draped with seaweed which clings to the lifeless limbs, and floats in a long festoon from around the pallid neck, as the burden of the sea. Nearer it comes, and nearer. *It*—nay, *they*; for there are two. Nearer it comes, ever nearer; until at length the advancing tide yields up its sacred freight, and casts upon the unwatched sand the corpses of Edward Tremayne and Herbert Morton.

How Mandarins Dine.

When an entertainment is about to be given by a mandarin, says one who has been there, he sends three invitations to all those whom he wishes to partake of it—one on each of the two days preceeding, and one immediately before it. These are generally received by the invited with much self-abasement and ceremony, and, unless it is owing to the most pressing and important circumstances, an invitation is never refused. When the guests arrive, they are instant y received by the master of the house with certain laid-down ceremonies and prescribed speeches. Pointing to a chair with a profound reverence, he wipes it with his robe, and generally commences the conversation by expressing his delight at the great and unmerited honor the other has conferred upon his unworthy house by adorning it with his sublime presence, and earnestly hopes that his never-to-be-sufficiently-honored wife and most beautiful children are well in health. To which the guest will respond: that words fail to express his gratitude at being spared to bring his vile person into that most magnificent abode: and encounter the lightning glance of his lord: his unworthy wife and miserable offspring have but preserved life to be assured of his lord's health being all that they, his miserable slaves, could wish it to be; and so on. While these little amenities are being exchanged, the other guests walk about the room, admiring its furniture and adornments with all the high-flown eulogium which the language of the Flowery Land is so capable of expressing. To omit to do this would be a mark of the greatest ill-breeding.

Punishment of Criminals.

A correspondent who has "interviewed" Sing Sing prison, discusses the subject of prison punishment at Sing Sing. He says: "There are five modes of punishment in vogue—the dark cell, the ball and chain, the collar and crown, the back handcuff, and the thumb pulley, the last the, most ingenious torture of the whole collection. The ball and chain are attached to prisoners who have attempted to escape, by a band of iron riveted round the leg, just above the ankle. The collar and crown is put on for trivial offenses, such as talking. It is composed of a circular band of iron, which is fastened round the neck with a padlock, from which five or six iron bars spring and join over the scalp, forming a sort of rude crown. These instruments vary in weight from four to seven pounds. They are constantly in use. saw several of the prisoners wearing them I both in the dining-hall and in the workshops. It does not require a very lively imagination to conceive the distress and annoyance of having to stoop for ten hours over the shop-bench with seven pounds of iron dragging at the nape of the neck and weighing down the head, or the dexterity required at night to pad and stuff the machine artistically with dirty stockings, pocket-handkerchiefs, or anything that comes to hand, in order that the wretched prisoner may rest his head on his pillow without the iron grinding into the skin.'

Of back-handcuffing, he tells us that 'along the wall of the punishment-room are five stout hooks driven into the wall, about four feet from the ground. When a prisoner refuses obedience, his hands are put in handcuffs fastened behind him. To the connecting link a strong ring is attached, and this ring is hoisted on to one of the hooks on the wall, forcing the head and shoulders forward, and drawing up the arms behind and the lower part of the body into a cramped and painful posture. The keeper said that they once had a prisoner who bore this punishment for six hours and a half before he would give in and agree to behave himself."

The thumb-pulley the writer thinks the most diabolical of all punishments, and in its power of inflicting agony far surpasses all the others put together. To make sure of the thing, he had it tried upon himself. The keeper, after some hesitation, accommodated the anxious item seeker, and we will let the man tell his story in his own words:

"He produced about a foot of very stout whip-cord, with a slip-knot at either end, and putting my thumb into the loop, drew the knot taut below the first joint. The cord was then hung on a hook attached to the end of a rope which dangled from a pulley in the ceiling, and the preparations were then complete.

On my giving the word ready, a brawny-armed convict seized the other end of the rope and quickly hoisted me from my feet till I could with difficulty touch the floor with the tips of my toes; the whole weight of my body, of course, dragging on my thumbs. I was literally suspended from those two small portions of the human frame. I hung there for about five seconds, after which the pain became insupportable, and I requested to be let down. In those few seconds I experienced quite enough to assure me what must be the indescribable suffering of a poor creature suspended for even a minute. And yet the keeper told me that a prisoner once endured this hellish torture five minutes and a half without fainting. It seemed to me that my thumbs and the tough sinews on the inside of the wrist were being drawn out. I felt that my arms would leave the shoulder sockets, and that the muscles of my back would be literally torn away if I were not let down immediately. I found when my thumbs were released from the slip-knots that there were evident signs that the cord had almost buried itself in the flesh. An indentation over an eighth of an inch deep encircled each thumb. It was of a transparent white color. Then came a band slightly discolored, and then a band of red. The flesh did not altogether regain its natural appearance on one thumb for some time after. And yet I was the victim of this engine of torture for only five seconds! Many tender-hearted and humane persons may be inclined to comfort themselves with the hope that the infliction of the punishment of the pulley is of rare occurrence. Let me undeceive them by quoting from the last official report of the Inspectors of State Prisons. In table No. 14, under the heading "Exhibit of Punishments During the Year," the following item appears: "Pullied, 208!" Omitting Sundays, this total gives an average of four prisoners pullied every week through the year."

Something About Glycerine.

1.—How is glycerine made? 2.—How, or in what manner, is it ignited? 3.—What is the meaning of the name Aglaia, and where and how did it originate? *Ans.* 1.—Glycerine is the sweet principle of oils and fats. It is made by boiling olive oil with litharge and water until the acids of the oil are converted into lead-salts, which are insoluble, while the glycerine remains in solution. 2.—As you speak of ignition, you probably meant to ask about the preparation of the very explosive mixture called nitro-glycerine, used for blasting purposes. Nitro-glycerine is prepared by dissolving glycerine in a mixture of equal measures of the strongest nitric and sulphuric acids, previously cooled, and pouring the solution in a thin stream into a large volume of water. The nitro-glycerine is then precipitated as a colorless heavy oil. If a drop of nitro-glycerine be placed on an anvil and struck sharply, it explodes with a very loud report; and if a piece of paper moistened with a drop of it be struck, it is blown into small fragments. On the application of a flame or of red-hot iron to nitro-glycerine, it burns quietly, and when heated over a lamp in the open air it explodes but feebly. In a closed vessel, however, it explodes at about 360 degrees Fahrenheit with great violence. It is often ignited, like gunpowder, under water, by means of a wire and a galvanic battery. 3.—Aglaia was the youngest of the three Graces in mythology. It is also the name of one of the group of small planets revolving between Jupiter and Mars. It is also the name of a genus of flowers. The flowers of Aglaia odorata are used for perfuming certain varieties of tea.

The U. S. Senate.—Of the 74 Senator, 50 are lawyers. Senator Sumner has seen the longest service—twenty consecutive years. Hon. Simon Cameron is the oldest senator, and Mr. Spencer, of Alabama, the youngest.

A Glance at Paris Fashions.

Lace cravats and collars add a nice finish to the female toilet.

A black velvet bonnet is trimmed with alternate bias folds of faille and velvet on front border.

The most *distingue* style of walking costumes are, at this season, made of cashmere and velvet.

A novelty of the season is the silk plush, such as hatters use for gentlemen's hats, now employed for ladies' bonnets.

A hat of the Chevreuse shape, of black spotted tulle, is trimmed round with a high, double plaiting of black velvet.

Satin is much employed for double skirts or tunics over gauze, tulle, or crape dresses. Lace and light feather fringes are used as trimmings.

Starched linen collars are still much worn, but their stiffness is relieved by lace trimmings, Scarf cravats of *guipure antiqué* are very becoming, loosely tied round the throat, above the collar.

Very few flowers are seen in the trimming of our Winter bonnets; bias folds of silk and satin, and shaded feathers, are the favorite ornaments this season. Fancy foliage is also very fashionable.

The *resille*, or net, is often made of large amber beads, or of colored beads, to match the toilet, or else of very thick chenille, silk end; or, for evening toilet, gold or silver braid, with tassels to match.

Little boys wear costumes of maroon velveteen, with Knickerbockers, trimmed with thick silk cord on the outer seam, a waistcoat remaining open to show the plaited chemisette, and a short, square-cut jacket.

A black velvet tunic over a colored skirt of velvet or faille, is also an elegant and becoming style. The tunic is trimmed with deep silk or chenille fringe, with Chantilly, or black silk guipure lace, with passementerie brading, headed with jet.

A costume of deep, maroon cashmere and velvet is also in very good taste. The first skirt has a deep flounce, above which are placed four very small ones, and a narrow ruching, all of the same material. An ample polonaise, worn over this skirt, forms an upper skirt, bodice and mantle, all in one.

A pretty evening coiffure is thus composed: The front hair is raised off from the temples, but falls in a bunch of frizzled curls over the forehead. All the remainder of the hair is divided into three parts, each of which is disposed into a thick torsade, finished off into a long curl, falling over the neck and shoulders.

For a little girl, about ten years old, a costume of frog-green silk poplin, trimmed with black velvet, and with a silk fringe of the color of the material, mixed with a small quantity of jet. The skirt is trimmed round the bottom, about two inches from the edge, with a handsome fringe four inches deep, headed with a black and green edging.

Polishing.—It is rough work that polishes. Look at the pebbles on the shore! Far inland, where some arm of the sea thrusts itself deep into the bosom of the land, and, expanding into a salt loch, lies girdled by the mountains, sheltered from the storms that agitate the deep, the pebbles are rough, not beautiful; angular, not rounded. It is where long white breakers roar, and the rattling shingle is rolled about the strand, that its pebbles are rounded and polished. As in nature, as in art, so in grace; it is rough treatment that gives souls, as well as stones, their lustre. The more the diamond is cut, the brighter it sparkles; and in what seems hard dealing, there God has no end in view but to perfect his people's graces.

After Them.—Father Hennessey, of St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Bergen City, N. J., is certainly a plain-spoken priest. On a recent occasion he delivered himself thus to his congregation in the matter of contributions for the Lord, and his remarks may, perhaps, suit some Protestants quite as well: Let me tell you that many of you are in the habit of putting a penny upon the plate of our Lord. Leave that to the children. You men and women who have been laboring all summer ought at least to put a ten-cent bill on the plate. Many of you foolish women spend hundreds of dollars in silks and satins, and when you come to the house of the Lord put a penny on the plate!"

A Remedy Worse than the Disease.

The Vallejo *Recorder* has the following: "About 1 o'clock yesterday morning, as we were wending our way homeward, we were suddenly startled by the report of a gun. We rushed into the house from which the sound proceeded, and found matters thus: A certain husband living in that neighborhood has a habit of walking in his sleep, and his wife got so tired of having him frisk around the house during the silent watches of the night that at last she determined to tie him fast after he got to sleep. She affixed a string to his ankle and tied the other end fast to what happened to be the most handy, which was her husband's double-barrelled gun, behind the door in the corner of the room. About 1 o'clock the somambulist arose for the purpose of taking a ramble around the rooms. When he had taken about six steps, the artillery came out of its seclusion in the corner with a jerk, and both barrels went off, the loads crashing through the panels of the door. It soon brought both parties to consciousness. Yesterday he was busy putting a new panel in the door, which is far better than digging a load of buckshot out of the baby."

Redemption of Mutilated Currency.—The Post-office Department has agreed, at the suggestion of the United States Treasurer, to issue a circular to postmasters requiring them to receive mutilated currency under the new regulations in payment for postage stamps and stamped envelopes, on the same terms that it is received by the officers of the Treasury Department, that is to say at its full face value, when not more than two-fifths of its original proportions are missing. The mutilated currency so received will not be paid out again by the postmasters, and may be forwarded to the Treasurer at Washington at government expense, provided the fractional currency be sent in sums of $5 and upwards. New currency by express at the expense of the department will be sent in return unless otherwise requested.

In Rondout, A. P. Van Buren's horse fell dead in the street. A *post mortem* examination showed that the air cells of the lungs were filled with clotted blood—otherwise the animal was in perfect health. The horse was clipped a short time ago, and thus chilled to death.

Too Late.

Too late, too late was never said
Of morning, sun, or bud, or flower—
The light is true to hill and glade,
The rose-bud opens to the hour:
The lark ne'er asks the day to wait,
But man awakes too late, too late!

Too late, too late our anger burns—
The sun goes down before the flame
To gentle words of kindness turns,
And we are scourged with inward shame
To think our breasts have harbored hate,
And pride bows down—too late, too late!

Too late, too late for public prayer,
The words of worship have begun—
Our cheeks are flushed with hastening there
We enter as the chant is done;
And, pausing at the temple gate,
We stand and say—"Too late, too late!"

"Too late, too late!" who has not said,
The post is out - the train has gone—
The time is fled—the debt not paid—
The aid not sought—the work not done
Neglect makes up life's weary freight,
And then we cry—"Too late, too late!"

Facts and Fancies.

Clergymen, like brakemen, do a good deal of coupling.

Honor your business or your business will not honor you.

Chicago is said at present to be a paradise for sign painters.

"Consider Glass," is the name of a Boston painter and glazier.

Why is flirtation like plate powder? Because it brightens up spoons.

You can't get blood from a *stone*, but you *can* get money from a *brick*.

We seldom get into trouble by saying "too little," but often by saying "too much."

A disgusted Ohioan, wishing to commit suicide in a novel manner, applied for admission to a small-pox hospital.

King Victor Emanuel cannot be induced to visit London, because he has a presentiment that he will die there.

A delegation of Mormons is *en route* for Washington, to secure legislation that will protect their "peculiar institution.'

A Detroiter who laughed at a man who had slipped down on an icy sidewalk, was promptly knocked over by that individual.

The last ten years have witnessed a singular mortality among some of the oldest and apparently best English newspapers.

The very dearest place is the store that don't advertise. Visit one, inquire the prices, and then thank us for telling the truth,

It is time now for the punsters of the period to make their annual note of the anomaly that frieze cloth furnishes the warmest coats.

Some young men are a little partial to blue-eyed maidens, others like dark-eyed lasses, but the moneyed girls have the most admirers.

An Indiana woman, on the death of her husband, telegraphed a distant friend, "Dear Joseph is dead. Loss fully covered by insurance."

An old lady who took her first ride in the cars, remarked when the train run off the track, "You fetch up rather sudden, don't ye?"

"Mr. Brown, I owe you a grudge; remember that!" "I shall not be frightened, then; for I never knew you to pay anything that you owed."

How many of our lady readers ever dreamed that we send to Great Britain, annually, fifteen million dollars in gold for the single article of spool cotton.

Four thousand persons bought slices from the mammoth cheese recently sold in Faneuil Hall, Boston. The aggregate of the sales amounted to $631.40.

A Sac County, Iowa, horse tried to scratch his nose with his hind foot, the other day, caught his hoof in the halter, gave a jerk, and broke his own neck.

A shawl manufacturer in Philadelphia has spun a thread twenty-seven miles long from one pound of American wool. It is one of the greatest yarns on record.

A celebrated writer says that if one could read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good looking or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil.

"Your dress," said a husband to his fashionable wife, "will never please the men." "I don't dress to please men," was the reply, "but to worry other women.

The latest London announcement is a nose machine, by which the most homely noses are pressed into the most fashionable shape according to the taste of the owner.

The only way to keep all your friends and make no enemies is to speak well of people when names are mentioned to you, but never to speak of any one to the third party.

In apprehension of the small-pox, a western papers says: "Vaccinate! Politeness never hurts anybody, Small-pox will not attack you if you allow vaccination to take your arm."

The Commissior of Internal Revenue has decided it to be it his duty to collect the tax on dividends from earnings during the last five months of 1871, and has given orders accordingly.

A Pittsfield woman makes a regular assessment of $25 upon each of the liquor dealers in that town who sell the ardent to her husband, and they "come down" rather than stand a prosecution.

The *Courier Journal*, of Louisville, does this: "Cincinnati has an apparatus for consuming her own smoke. If she would now take another stride and consume her own whisky, we might point to her with pride."

In Siberia, during the winter, milk is bought and sold in a frozen state, and can be long carried in a simple bag. When required for use the requisite quantity is chopped off with a hatchet or sheath-knife, and thawed as needed.

A Winnebago county, (Wis.) woman who has paid taxes on her house for many years, and who has been a female suffrage advocate during all that time, now declares that she will stand it no longer—she will vote or burn her house.

A lawyer prosecuting a thief recently on circuit, remarked severly at him that "Opportunity makes the thief." "Not always, sir," replied the innocent. "I found a big chain cable on the pavement once, and didn't touch it; and there was nobody about, neither."

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