

I remember voice which once guided my way,
When (tossed on the sea, fog-enshrouded) I lay;
'Twas the voice of a child, as he stood on the shore,
It sounded like music o'er the dark billows' roar.

"Come this way, my father,—steer straight for me,
Here, safe on the shore I'm waiting for thee."
I remember that voice, as it led our lone way,
'Midst rocks and thro' breakers and high dashing spray;

How sweet to my heart did it sound from the shore,
As it echoed so clearly o'er the dark billows' roar.

"Come this way, my father—steer straight for me,
Here, safe on the shore, I'm waiting for thee."
I remember my joy, when I held to my breast
The form of that dear one and soothed it to rest;

For the tones of my child whispered soft to my ear,
"I call'd you dear father, and knew you would hear."
The voice of your darling far o'er the dark sea,
While safe on the shore I was waiting for thee.

That voice is now hushed which then guided my way,
The form I then pressed is now mingling with clay;
But the tones of my child still sound in my ear
"I am calling you darling as you toss on life's sea!"

For on a bright shore I am waiting for thee."
I remember that voice, in many a lone hour,
It speaks to my heart with fresh beauty and power,
And still echoes far out o'er life's troubled wave,
And sounds from the loved lips that lie in the grave.

"Come this way, my father—oh, steer straight for me!
Here, safe in heaven, I'm waiting for thee."

GOING TO THE CATTLE SHOW.

From London Society.

No one, no, not my bitterest enemy, can accuse me of pleasure seeking; I think them. The five-and-twenty years I have lived a dutiful wife and thrifty mistress at Slowmansleigh, like any snail in its shell—five-and-twenty years come blackberrying—I have never had a day out with my husband but once a year or so, at most; and then never till the lambing is over, and the hay saved, and the shearing done, and the corn carried, and one is worn out with work, and all the fine weather gone by. So that when we made up our minds for a day's enjoyment, I think I have as much reason to respect it as if I had bought and paid for it in lawful money down; and I ask any sensible human being whether I am right? Now to reflect upon all I went through last Thursday, the very recollection makes my blood boil; as was my wont, I was in the kitchen, and I was to be the mistress of the house. But I will proceed as usual, my stinging nerves will let me, and will show some people that "mother's

temper, when she is up," is no worse than the lion's roaring in the play we went to see last winter at Arrowbridge theatre.

"Well, I and my husband, Anthoni Slowman, with our daughter Keziah, fled on going to the grand West of England Agricultural Show which took place, as everybody knows, at Xeter, on Thursday last. Not that I cared a bit about it; I never did. 'What's the use' as I remarked to Squire Jilly, of Brimblebog, but the other day: 'what on earth is the use of fattening a pig till it cannot see out of the eyes which were given it by a good Providence to see with?' No, mark my words, there is sin and wickedness enough in the world without that. Give me one of your home-bred pigs, with legs that it can stand upon, and streaks of lean in the fat, and not go flapping in the face of Nature with Thorley's food to produce an animal as full of oil as an olive.

They told us the train would leave Arrowbridge station at eight o'clock;

and as those impatient young railway clerks always try to annoy people by putting their clocks ever so much before the proper time, I insisted on breakfast at five, and the trap ready to drive in at six to the minute; though we need not have done so as it happened, for Keziah and myself had to sit like monuments in a cathedral for three quarters of an hour outside the station, before they came to open the doors, while Slowman kept kicking his heels and whistling, till he worked me into a fever with his fidgets. Some of them are always so ready with their "Didn't say so?" and "I knew how it would be," as though they were wiser than King Solomon. But men are so provoking!

At length there was quite a crowd assembled, and others coming in parties every minute, so I suppose they thought it was time for the play to begin, for they rung the telegraph bell, and up went the little door where they give out the tickets.

"Now then, Mrs. Slowman!" says

"Mr. Slowman, I am ashamed of you," I replied; "you will be joking if you think next."

So I walked straight up to the counter, and spoke as loud as I could, for there were plenty to hear me: "Three first-class carriage tickets and no half-crowns in the change, please," and then went on and left Slowman to pay the damage. As if we were going in common second-class with all the tradespeople and scum of the town! Keziah and myself were not dressed for nothing, I can assure you.

Out upon the platform it was worse than May fair. Hundreds upon hundreds I should say; I thought we should never get to the waiting-room. French pianos going, and men selling ginger-bread and cherries, which reminded me of my little basket and shawl that I had put down by the door outside, and which, I need not add, I have never seen eyes upon since.

For more than two hours I remained
tanning myself with my handkerchief.
I was ready to faint with heat and
exhaustion, for my best gloves were lost
in the basket, and Slowman had let
me, as he said, to see about when the
train returned in the evening (such a
mockery, when there was not even a
sign of one starting!) and Keziah kept
whispering to some one at the half-
opened door, and, at last, I lost all
patience, and burst wildly out on the
platform, resolved to find what Slow-
man was up to, or to perish in the at-
tempt.

"Keziah," I cried hysterically, as I
passed the bold girl, who pretended
afterwards that she had not been talk-
ing to young Bullock who farms the
next estate to ours, as if I had no eyes,
and did not see him turning away from
me as the door as I came out. "Keziah," I
cried, and seizing her by the arm I
dragged her forward like Samson to
the edge of the platform, when while
resting, I saw the

after carriage. I screamed out with all my might, for it was a mercy and miracle we escaped destruction: and as it was, a rough fellow, seized me by the gown, tore my founcies to a rag in his endeavors to save me.

Whilst I was putting myself straight, and scolding Keziah right and left for what had happened, up came Slowman with his mouth so full he could scarcely speak, though he was trying to hide it by wiping the froth of Guinness's porter from his lips with new silk handkerchief, cost seven shillings last Whitsuntide.

"Here's a pretty go!" he said; "do you know, my dear (the hypocrite!) merely to cover the refreshmentals, we shall have to wait here another hour at least, as this train will not stop!"

I could have slapped anyone in the face.

"Not stop!" said I—
But that moment some one close by affirmed that the train was returning to take up a few; and sure enough it came backwards into the station some minutes afterwards, with the passengers glaring out of the carriage windows at us like red-hot wild beasts.

"I will never go by this horrid train," I cried, as Slowman, all excitement, was tugging like a madman at the handle of a third-class door. "You may kill me on the spot if you like, Mr. Slowman, but nothing upon earth shall induce me to go by it there—"

I turned upon my heel and shut my eyes, and pushed straight before me till I found myself again in the waiting-room, where through the window I could see Slowman running from carriage to carriage, as though the last day were come, and this was the only train to heaven. How he could so demean himself! I blushed for him.

Though for the matter of that, the people were all the same, just as if they had all strings tied to their tails. I couldn't keep from talking to myself, as I stood there, to see them; and I fairly stamped when I caught sight of your Keziah, as wild as any, hurrying off with that young Bullock, with the fellow's arm round her waist. The girl is mad, I thought, for I was beyond speech. Presently the door was dashed open, and in bounced young Bullock, out of breath.

"Make haste, man, make haste! We have kept a capital corner for you, though it is only in a cattle truck they have put on behind."

"A way, serpent!" I cried; and sinking upon a chair, my feelings overcame me, and I dissolved in tears.

A piercing steam whistle whose execrations shivered, burned my skin into gooseflesh, roused me from my misery. With my fingers in my ears I rushed to the door just in time to see Slowman dragged from an open carriage window which he had attempted to enter while the train was moving from the platform, when the porters had secured him by the heels, and pulled him ignominiously forth like a snake.

Slowman glared angrily for I was the first to behold him punished for his desertion and neglect of the wife of his bosom.

"If ever there was a finger of Providence," I said as he came up to where I stood, looking sheepish enough as I may suppose; "If ever there was a finger of Providence, Slowman, that was one!"

I may be deceived, for I am not the Pope of Rome, but believe it was half-past ten or a quarter to eleven—I mustn't be particular to a minute—I only know the telegraph wires were buzzing so, that I expected each moment they would go off like a gun—when we saw the up signal turn slowly round, by which we knew our train was coming in at last. People had begun to look blank and limp with waiting, but now they bustled about as lively as crickets, and swarmed like ants in and out of the offices.

It is a matter of history how Jessie, the Flower of Dunblair, sang "The Campbell's are coming," at the relief of the Lucknow; but I never knew what it was to enter into her feelings, poor thing, till I heard the whistle of the engine and saw that train come sailing alongside the platform. I could have kissed the stoker for joy, though I was as sooty as a sweep. There was no room to spare, so people tumbled in just wherever could. Luckily, slowman and I found a beautiful carriage with a lamp burning on the top to prevent taking liberties in the tunnels, and a wool footing up to one's ankles, and cloth linings that would have been comfortable enough had it been winter, instead of a broiling sun and the perspiration running in beads down one's face. It smelt rather musky too, that's a fact, and I was scandalized to see the moths walking in and out of their holes just as they do o' Sundays in the faded green baize of Squire Jilly's pew in church directly the organ begins.

A polite gentleman with large whiskers and a gold chain, worth a mint of money, sat opposite to me, and a more genteel Romeo-and-Juliet-looking fellow I never saw. The curl of his moustachios spoke volumes of military romance. It seemed to me that they must have been bred up in the Castle of Otranto, and that he held the Horse Guards in his pocket. There were three others in the carriage whose appearance I did not much regard, but he was as polite as could be offering to let up and down the windows, and helping me in all manner of ways, quite a pattern to Slowman. Besides these there was a countryman with a large bundle which he pushed in under my seat, and a young lady, dressed to death, as they say, with a hat that would have turned Keziah's brain could she have seen it.

What with the heat and standing about, I could scarcely keep my eyes open; and I had not been seated a minute before I forgot all about the roses at the back of my bonnet, and resting my head so that they must have been squeezed into a pancake, I dropped asleep as sound as a roach and woke up three minutes afterwards under the impression we were arrived at the Mother of the sort. The

was a porter at the window asking to see our tickets, and Slowman was clapping one pocket and then another as if that would create them, and then at last he had to confess that he had handed them over to Keziah to take care of. Of course the money had to be paid again, and the gentleman opposite with the large whiskers and watch-chain fancied Slowman's purse quite rudely when he took it out. For though it was but a common leather bag, there was plenty of lining to it that is certain. Then, as they make a habit of doing, the porter must needs open the bag and slam it again with all his might, bellowing "All right," as if he would insult us to the face; whereby my dress got jammed, and the next time I moved it tore a quarter of a yard three-cornered rent.

With a screech like my godmother used to give when she sang, "There was an old woman all skin and bone" (which is always associated in my mind with the snell of hot punch and the wind rumbling in the chimney), the engine dragged us sulkily out of the station, and of course you may suppose we were off at last. Nothing of the kind, bless your heart! They simply shunted us on to the middle line, no better than so many luggage vans; and there we stuck simmering and spluttering (that is, the engine, you understand), for an hour and a half, while the express train, passing malignantly up before us, should have been worth a little more than a goodly game of cards. Croquet would have been more genteel, but Kezia was not with us, and there would scarcely have been room, I expect, even if we had had the balls. The polite gentleman with the large whiskers and watch-chain took a deal of persuasion, unless, as he said, the ladies would play. I was ready at once; but after the first game, which I lost, I felt so sleepy I could not go on, so he made up a rubber of whist with Slowman and two of the others.

"I never woke until after three o'clock, just as the train reached Xeter. Everybody was complaining of the scandalous way in which we had been detained on the road, and Slowman was cursing and biting his nails worse than any."

"The countryman, who, I told him, had a right in our carriage with a third-class ticket, wanted to get at his trunk, and would not budge an inch. I told him to get out, and he said I will let out that it was a mistake, and that he merely wished to see if they were safe. Good gracious! I wonder I did not go straight on; of the window, it was like a Jack-in-a-box. 'Lo missus, you needn't squall so,' said the man I give the order to, in the low creature's own words; 'Gemini! Slowman!' and leaped up, creeping all over as well I might), the polite gentleman with the large whiskers and watch-chain caught hold of my dress; for I dare say he expected to see me every instant through the window, and a coroner's inquest sit on me; and one of the others made me change places with him, though it was but a moment before we all got

at Xeter station, where the crowd was so great I lost sight of them instantly, though I looked everywhere to thank them for their politeness: for I was determined to thank Slowman, who I verily believe would have seen me fuming to a strawberry without lifting a finger, he looked so dull.

Will you believe it? The Horticultural Exhibition was closed; and just as we reached the cattle-yard a violent tempest came on, and we were drenched to the skin, while the lightning was awful.

"My dear Mr. Slowman," I said (I am always affectionate in a thunder-storm)—"my dearest husband, let us go back."

And back we went as fast as our legs would carry us, the ladies' heads

the High Priestess, and young Bullock in the long room behind the shop, with a lot of other mothers as merry as grigs around a table covered with chops and steaks and sausage rolls, drinking Aliso's pale ale in long glasses and taking sixteen to the dozen. It was still thundering, and I did not have the heart to scold the girl, who indeed did seem so overjoyed to see us, and kissed me again and again, and whispered the bad secret to tell me. Now, if I have a weak point it is to hear a secret. I believe if I were fighting a deadly duel with swordsmen, and my adversary whispered she had a secret to tell me, I should throw down my sword and sit at her feet. So I smiled at Keziah and said that I would be enough by-and-by. For one should not listen to secrets directly. Waiting makes one's mouth water, whether it is for currants or kisses. And I can tell you it is much nicer to put a secret off for a while, like a letter which I always carry in my apron pocket for an hour

Down I sat and began to eat, for I had tasted nothing all day, and the refreshments were done, to a turn, and the such baked potatoes, for all the world like snowballs in curlpapers! Slowman had been out of the room with that young Bullock, and now came back looking more cheerful than when he had a legacy left him. I own it exasperated me to see him so hand and glove with that young fellow; and I was preparing to say something very biting to the young scamp, who looked as if butter would not melt in his mouth, when we all know Arrowmore cheese would not choke him, when all at once our Keziah exclaimed:

"Why, father, do you know you have Mr. Bullock's purse stuck in your waistcoat pocket?"

Slowman went immediately as red as a lobster.

"Yes, my dear," he said, hesitating, and looking at me. "The fact is, I may as well out with it: I lost every penny I had, playing at cards in the train with a lot of blessed sharpers"—not that Slowman employed the term "blessed" but if you understand irony you may guess what he used—and

Bullock has been kind enough to offer to lend—"No, Mr. Slowman," I interrupted, cutting him short, as I laid down my knife and fork, and rose with dignity. "Never shall it be said that you were beholden to that!"—I paused to give it emphasis—"to that—gentleman. Since, Mr. Slowman, you cultivate a taste for the good, and are become so childish as not to be capable of taking care of your money, it is well for you that you have a wife whose purse is at your disposal. Take it," I said, imitating, as near as I could, Lady Macduff's tone, in the play, when she murders sleep, and plunging my hand in my pocket—"My conscience! I thought I should have dropped. There was nothing in it."

Upon examination we found that

my dress had been cut with a sharp instrument, and I as innocent as an unborn babe of it, and my purse stolen. "I went my hands and eyes. "Well," cried, "this beats Bangsher, as the Irishman said," and, turning about who should I see at a corner table but the polite gentleman with the large whiskers and watch-chain, whom I whiskered directly, although he was holding a newspaper before him. The minute he saw me he laid down the paper and stretched his legs, and took up his hat, and moved to the chimney-glass and leisurely sort of way, and then was leisurely sort of way out of the room. What possessed me not to think, but I touched him on the arm, and asked if he might have seen my purse which I had lost in the railway carriage.

"My good woman," he answered, as "rand as Doodlesday, staring like a tone above my head, "what are you talking about? Is the creature insane?" he added, waving his hand to Keziah to let him go by.

"You may imagine how I felt. "Do you mean to say," I demanded, all aguish at his impudence, "that we will not travel together in the same

"It is my belief, you villain, you took the purse yourself," I called out.

He made no reply, but tried to push me away.

"I was determined he should not escape, if he had been a Hercules and I a midget; so I caught hold of his shoulder, held my breath, and clung like a leech. When he found he could not shake me off, he called for the mistress of the shop, and asked in a lordly manner whether she did not know the same Captain Blackball, at the same time throwing down a card as if he were the Champion at the Queen's coronation. He wanted to know whether he called her restaurant-rooms respectable; He asked what she meant by 'respectable'; and declared he had been grossly insulted, and that he would prosecute that female" (meaning myself,) and

who aided and abetted her, with the utmost rigor of the law. The shopwoman cursed, and said she was sure she did not know any of us, but she was perfectly astounded at any female accusing a captain in the army. At the same moment a gentleman and lady came on out of the back room. The gentleman calling out in a light airy tone as he passed, "Goody, captain; we shall see you to-night at the park!" The men stopping, apparently amused at the scene.

"Oh, na'am," I cried to the lady.

"When I recognised at once by her hair, did we not travel together to-day, na'am, in the same carriage with this gentleman with the large whiskers and a watch-chain?"

She stared at me for a minute, and then smiling languidly to the shopwoman

man, said, "There is evidently some mistake. The woman is crazy. Come, captain, you will go with us."

I could scarcely believe my senses. You might have tripped me up with a crossbar. I turned to Slowman to support my evidence; but neither he nor young Bullock were visible, and Keziah was crying like the rain. I let go my hold on the captain's coat, and they had reached the door, when it was unlocked up by young Bullock and a policeman, and the next instant brought the captain and two or three more of the police, who made no ado, but slipped under-cuffs at once upon the captain and his fine friends, who turned out to be part of a gang of swindlers that had been pocket picking.

"What's your purport?" said the policeman, the very first thing in the captain's pocket; soon I got it again without the loss of a single penny piece, for which you may be sure I was thankful enough to remember in my prayers; and not that I cared so much for the money as for the little gilt thimble which had

belonged to my godmother's aunt to whom it had been given by her nurse's cousin, when she was a child in the mumps; and has been an heirloom in the family ever since.

Of course there was congratulation between us all. You would have taken that pastry cook's shop for the Houses of Parliament in debate, there was such a jabber; and I caught myself gossiping with at least six people at once, without knowing one of them, and shaking hands with young Bullock for the good service, before I was aware what I was doing. I could not be grateful to him, you know. He and Slowman then left us to go before the magistrates or something; and they tell me I shall myself have to appear as a witness when those light-fingered gentry are brought to trial.

I have, however, made up my mind to be bed that day with a sick headache or something of the kind, even if I have to drink mustard and vinegar to produce it. The barristers shall never have an opportunity of playing off their tricks on me, with their—"Now Mrs. Slowman, speak up that the jury may hear you, or "Remember you are upon your oath, ma'am." Oh, I have heard and seen poor witnesses worried

into swearing black is white, and bad is good, and I agreed to tear many a time in the course of justice!

That was the tea we made when Slowman and young Bullock returned, and we all sat down in the pastry-cook's back room, with kidneys a-broiled ham that would have made a Jewish cardinal break his fast of a Friday: it is my firm conviction, and I never shall ever turn me from it, that you were to be within an inch of your life, that we should not have moved to this day had not the omnibus called to take us back to the railway station. For Keziah had whispered her secret; namely, that old Mr. Bullock, who I will say is a most respectable P. and owns more property than his gentry round—that old Mr. Bullock had taken a notion to

his son four miles from Slownmansleigh,
and that young Bullock had—
There now I am beginning to cry
again. It is very foolish, but I cannot
help it. I suppose they will be mar-
ried in the spring, and that will be
the result of our going to the Cattle
Show.

John M. Clayton's First Fee.

Except to Saratoga and to Washing-
ton he seldom passed beyond the
boundary of the State, of which when
he was in it was nearly absolute.
As an advocate, politician, Senator,
Chief Justice and statesman, he was
one of the most correct and thorough
men of the country. His nature was
English and his ambition easily satis-
fied, but his sense of equity hinged
himself well overruled both, and he could
be equally patient and powerful. Such
minute perceptions have not been seen
in this country united with such
weight, and behind the bars of that
little constituency he paced like a lion
in an impecunious show, all his majes-
tic make comic by the disproportionate
surroundings.

Soon after he entered the bar, a Phil-

Medford gave him a civil case, which he won with a display of his compact and diverting argument, and at sunset, retreating to his little bare office, the client counted out \$500 in gold. The old lawyer's immediate thought was, "It was money, then a widow at Milford is twenty miles away, but he was a connoisseur of body and spirits, and he set out at once to walk that distance alone."

It was October, and he bay of his plans hunting the raccoon by night or unwearied muskrats arose in the distance, and the muskrat and the mink slipped in the ditches as he approached them. His head was full of happiness and lore. As good a Horatian scholar as any body in his walk, he had texts of Tacitus and bars of Juvenal to remember. Old chapels behind graveyards walls blinked at him through their windows. He reached Milford at 11 o'clock and stole to his mother's room, scarcely locked by night to this day in that country, to surprise her. The poor old lady was sitting before the chimney logs alone and bereaved. The hard times had overtaken all her

Humoring Children.

It is good to humor them in all natural manifestations and cravings of their affections. A child hungry-hearted for love, is one of the saddest sights in the world. Hardly less pitiful is the condition of a little one who is perpetually humored or discouraged in his sweet impulses that prompt him to give expression to his love. That you

anger lies. The boy or girl will not easily go wrong whose arm is twined morning and night around mother's neck, or whose head is welcomed to its cradling place on father's shoulder. It is on the side of their affections that children are most easily held and guided, and the firmest rein is the invisible, golden cord of love. It is good to humor children in following their natural bent in all right and helpful directions. Remember that education is only the leading out of powers and faculties that are within. Encourage, therefore, such inclinations toward books, studies, medicines, music, out-of-door pursuits and healthful sports, as shall help to the development of the child. If education comes more and more to include the development of a natural aptitude, it will be more and more successful. It is good to humor your children in preserving their individuality, and in fostering a true self-respect. Teach them early the value of a dime and a dollar. If you can give them but five cents a week, tell them what it

costs somebody in labor, and hold them strictly to their allowance. The philosophy of early training is to make the child father to the man—mother to the woman. The homely proverb, "As the twig is bent, the tree inclines," is not only outgrown. It is true now as in ancient times. That if some twigs are permitted to grow as they incline, the tree will be a crooked one.—*Golden Rule*.

PROTECTION OF YOUNG EYES.—Encourage the young pupil to look off the book frequently to change the focus of the sight by regarding some distant object. It is not enough to look around vaguely; the eyes must be directed to something which is to be clearly seen, like a picture or motto upon the wall, or a bit of decoration. The greatest damage to the eyes of students is the protracted effort to focus the printed page. It was simply barbarous, the way we used to be "whacked" in school when we looked off the book. It is easy for a teacher to know the difference between the resting of the eye and the idle gaze, inasmuch that cannot be allowed. regard this rule as the most important, and the disregard of it the most prolific of trouble.—*Educational Weekly*.

Wagner's Music in Porkopolis.

The third act of "Die Gotterdammerung" was selected by Mr. Thomas for the closing of last evening's concert because it is the consummate flower of Wagnerism. Having heard it, we are prepared to say it is. It is as incomprehensible as the Athanasian creed, and we like it for that reason, as the old Scotchwoman did the sermons of the pastor, because she couldn't understand them, and because she didn't believe the parson himself comprehended them. The act begins with a querulous phrasing for the horns. They appear to be out of temper, to begin with, and the strings are mad too. They grumble and growl, and have spasms of agony. Then the horns get frantic and romp and roar in their rage. The kettle-drums make matters infinitely worse, and in this state of general outrage and rioting the poor singers begin to shriek. It is not the fault of Cary, or Sherwin, or Norton, or Cranch, nor are Campanini, Rudolphsen or Whitney to be censured, if, from first to last, they did not emit a single pleasurable phrase of music, or one that could be carried away in the musical memory.

He never intended they should be understood by a vulgar mind, and Wagner, like the priests of Isis and Osiris, believes in keeping in advance of the common herd. But nevertheless, sympathy for the agonizing instruments, one could not repress a feeling of sympathy for Campanini, who howled and shrieked through the two acts because he had to, fighting his way bravely and heroically through a succession of chromatic passages to the end, without so much as a note upon which he or his audience could perch for a moment with a sense of repose. Like Sue's "Wandering Jew" and Dickens' "Poor Joe," he was compelled to move on. How could he? If he paused to catch breath the violins ripped at him in the wildest manner, the cellos and basses and double-basses growled and grumbled, and the horns went roaring up and down the scale, hitting all the chromatics as they went, and there was nothing for the poor tenor but to go at it again. Red in the face, and perspiring like a glass-blower in front of his furnace, he blew a plume at the desperate score, and became as utterly addoned and recklessness as the orchestra, which by that time had the jim-jams, and only ceased laboring the ear with all manner of dissonance to be found in Bedlam, and the audience exhausted overtook them.

ner that we shall love and delight in
this music when we understand it.
We believe it. But life is short. We
may have leisure in the sweet by-
ways to study it and understand it. So
we are contented to admire without
understanding. We do. We are en-
tirely willing to take Thomas' word
for it that it is a big thing. It
must be. If we may be permitted
to express a plain opinion about it, it
is music with the belly-ache. It has
knots and cramps and spasms, increas-
ing in violence suddenly and subsiding
as quickly, but never quite coming to a
state of internal rest. The contortions
are simply awful, and exhibit all the
symptoms of musical colic verging on
cholera morbus. There are gaslings
of teeth, growings that cannot be ut-
tered, bellows as of the bulls of
Bashan. It may be the music of the
underworld, but it will be heard in the
realms of Pluto, and amaze the good
Dr. Watts himself, as he watches the
sinners swim in the fiery billows that
broil beneath the slippery rocks.—*Cin-
cinnati Commercial*.

The First Sunday School.

In 1786 Bishop Asbury, of Virginia, established the first Sunday school on Kent's plan in the United States. Five years later the first Sunday school society was organized in Philadelphia under the presidency of Bishop White. In 1797 Samuel Slater formed a Sunday school for his operatives at Pawtucket, R. I.; and the poor colored woman, Katty Ferguson, who had never heard of Raikes, or of Sunday schools, established such a school here in 1793 for the benefit of the street children in a humble quarters in which she lived. A school for secular instruction on Sunday, having no relation to theology, was incorporated here two years earlier, and incorporated three years later. Between 1801 and 1804 Mrs. Isabel Graham and Mrs. Joanna Bethune, her daughter, who had been acquainted with the English schools while traveling abroad, set up three Sunday schools in New York city at their own expense.

From that time they gradually increased throughout the country, though none of them was connected with a church until 1800, in Pittsburgh, Pa. The schools instituted by Raikes and his successors were very different from those of the present day. The teachers were hired; most of the pupils were very ignorant, and often very vicious, belonging to the pauper classes. The spelling book and hymn book were also the only texts required, as very few could read a line. Religious instruction, in the ordinary sense, was not given, because it could not be understood. The library, as an aid to education, was not introduced for some time. The schools were not controlled here to any extent by churches until 1810, and not until much later in Great Britain. Not a hamlet or village in the land now that has not a Sunday school; but it is said that the attendance in many of the large cities has recently fallen off, particularly in the East. It is estimated that there are now about 250,000 teachers and some 3,000,000 pupils in the whole country. The Sunday schools are most numerous in New England, and least numerous in the extreme Southwest.—*N. Y. Times.*

They flavor butter with garlic in Spain.

DETROIT MARKETS.

Flour—City heavy brands..... 3 50
State brands..... 3 50
Seconds..... 4 00
Minnesota patents..... 7 25
Low grades..... 3 00
Bye..... 4 00
WHEAT—Extra white..... 1 10 1/2
No. 1 white..... 1 10
 And..... 1 00 1/2
BARLEY—No. 2..... 1 00 lb.
Oats—40¢ to 45¢ per bush.
Rye—75¢ to 80¢ per bush.
GREENS—Clover, 43¢ to 65¢ per bu; No. 2
 \$3 60 @ 3 70; timothy, 2 65 to 2
 Hungarian grass, 1¢ to 65¢ per
 millet, 1¢ to 10¢ per bu.
BEANS—Horse, 70¢ to 61¢ per bush. Flax
 ed, 1¢ to 10¢ at 37.
DRIED MEAT—2¢ to 25¢ per pound.
BUTTER—Prime quality, 14¢ to 16¢ Medium 12
 to 14¢
CHEESE—New 10¢ to 11¢ per lb.
DRIED APPLES—75¢ to 85¢ cts. per lb; evaporated
 14¢ to 16¢.
DRIED PEACHES—12¢ to 15¢ per lb.
DRIED PEARS—11¢ to 13¢
FINE—Whitefish, 25¢ to 60¢ per half barrel; trout
 \$4 25 per half bbl.
HIDES—Green, 60¢ to 90¢ lb; cured, 80¢ to 90¢
 cured, 13¢ to 14¢; dry, 22¢ to 25¢
 hides, 11¢ to 50¢ each.
HAY—113 00 to 116 50 per ton; baled 116 00 to
 118 00; straw, 112 00 to 115¢ lb. Comb, 15¢
 to 16¢
MAPLE SUGAR—12¢ to 13¢ per lb.
ONIONS—Bermuda, \$2 25 per crate.
POTATOES—From stock, 50¢ to 55¢, per bush.
 Bermuda, \$6 00 per bu; Southern
 \$4 50 to 50¢
PEAS—Wisconsin blue \$2 00 to 25¢ per bush
 "York, 90¢ to 1 00; Canada green, 1 15
 to 1 20
PORK VISIONS—Pork, 55¢ to 60¢ @ 12 00; Lard
 7 @ 8; hams, 9 @ 10; c; shoulders,
 cured, 50¢ to 55¢; bacon, 55¢ to 60¢, extra
 meats, 75¢ to 90¢ per cw; dried hams
 10 to 12¢
"A—Fine 51¢ to 52¢ 30 per lb; coarse, 51¢ to
 52¢
"B—Canned 53¢ to 55¢ () per 24 quart case.
"C—Do 55¢ to 56¢
VEGETABLES—Lettuce, 43¢ to 45¢; spinage, 30¢
 per plant 30¢; oyster plant, 35¢; radish
 50¢; onions, 40¢; asparagus, 40¢
 to 50¢ per bush; peas, 1¢ to 15¢
 cucumbers, 5¢; cabbage, 1¢ to 20¢
 doz.
WOOD—Hickory, delivered 55¢ to 60¢ per
 cord; black oak maple 55¢ to 60¢ per
 cord, soft 55¢.
WOOL—Boston market—Michigan extra and
 medium, 45¢ to 46¢; delaine and comb
 1, 50¢ to 55¢; pulled, 45¢ to 50¢; tub
 washed, 55¢; unwashed 2 to 40¢.

DETROIT STOCK MARKETS.

CATTLE.—The market was dull for all grades of cattle. Butchering stock declined 15¢ and steers 25¢ from the previous week's quotations. Transactions were as follows:		Average Price	
		per	wt.
Lincoln to Roe & Phillips, 15 mixed head	\$10	\$3	50
Roe & Phillips to H. Spencer, 7 mixed head	943	3	65
Same to J. Robinson, 24 mixed head	916	3	84
Same to J. Robinson, 12 mixed head	925	3	84
Samuel to Henry, 3 good steers	1,070	4	00
Same to Hubert, 2 good steers	1,185	4	00
Johnson to H. Spencer, 18 steers	1,046	3	75
H. Spencer to J. Robinson, 7 butchers	983	3	65
Lincoln to J. Robinson, 12 head	872	3	80
H. Fleischman to Davey, 4 good steers	996	4	45
Chapman to J. Robinson, 4 brockers	770	3	25
Lovewell to same, 5 heifers	925	4	00
Same to J. Robinson, 12 head	873	3	80
Rosen & Spencer to same, 21 do.	1,075	4	00
Lovewell to same, 3 stockers	747	3	00
Taylor to same, 4 do.	718	3	00
Prach to same, 1 steer	1,060	3	75
Sy to Henry, 9 good steers	1,050	4	00
Same to same, 1 steer	1,170	4	25
Same to same, 1 steer	1,170	4	25
Tabbs to same, 7 steers	1,130	4	10
Rosen & Spencer to Hubert & Caplin, 12 head	750	3	40
Stead to same, 1 bull	850	3	00
Same to same, 1 bull	1,540	3	00
Same to same, 1 steer	1,545	3	75
Johnson to H. Fleischman, 1 steer	1,079	4	00
Same to same, 1 steer	1,079	4	00
Beck to H. Robinson, 6 cows	920	3	50

ENGLISH GRAIN MARKET.

LONDON, May 24.—The Mark Lane Express says: In consequence of the cold winds the favorable anticipations formed in March and April have been considerably lessened, and the drought is generally causing what was found to be a very good yield more than a surface dried. If the state of the growing crops in several southern counties is any criterion there will be no wheat ears this month. Monoculture was hardly ever so scarce in this country as now, and this has made life for millers particularly felt in Mark Lane of late, where the credit of the smaller country miller has been much shaken. Business has been somewhat interrupted by holidays, and the grain trade is rather weakened by the same cause. The market is accordingly, L's week's full quotations were only obtained with difficulty, but growers were mostly firm. The imports of foreign into London have been very moderate, and trade remained uncertain. A further improvement in the price of improved seed in the weather-mill has been attempted to increase their stocks. A pressure to sell American wheat-ex-ship caused the recent advance of 6d to be caused by reduction had been necessary to effect sales in the Channel, but the demand has lately been very active. While wheat such as fine Australian, slightly favored buyers at the close of the week. Maize was in good demand at 24s 6d @ 25s, but offerings were small. Oats closed firmer. Arrivals at ports of call have been very numerous, and the market has been kept at demand continued to improve until 55s 3d for the Continent was paid for the winter bid, but during the past few days the market has been somewhat easier, although without any material change of value. Maltese wheat, which was the subject of inquiry and prices, in consequence of recent arrivals, advanced to 25s 9d @ 26s 9d. The offer for shipment was offered at rather easier terms. Malze sold to moderate extent at an improvement of 6d.

The sales of English wheat last week were 260,777 qrs at 44s 8d per qr., against 55,672 qrs at 31s 4d per qr for the corresponding week last year.

The imports into the United Kingdom for the week ending May 21st amounted to 625,377 cwt of wheat and 189,916 flour.

A NOVEL LAMP.—In some parts of Paris to obtain an instantaneous light they resort to the following expedient. Take an oblong vial of the whitest and clearest glass, put in it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a upon which pour some olive oil, heated to the boiling point, filling the vial about one-third full, and then seal the vial hermetically. To use it remove the cork and allow the air to enter the vial, and then recork it. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. As soon as the light grows weak its power can be increased by opening the vial and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. Thus prepared the vial may be used for six months. This contrivance is used by French workmen in all magazines where explosive or inflammable materials are stored.

Envy is as malignant in a paltry waiting wench as in the vainest and most ambitious lady of the court. It is always an infallible mark of the basest nature; and merit in the lowest as well as in the highest station, may feel the shaft of envy's constant agents—falsehood and slander.—*Macbeth*.

See one pound package for valuable information and read carefully.

