THE CLOSING SCENE. BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

The following is pronounced by the West-minster Review to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written: Within the sober realm of leafless trees. The russet year inhaled the dreamy air, Like some tanned reaper, in his hour of ease, When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barus, looking from their hazy hills O'er the dim waters widening in the vales, Sent down the air a greeting to the mills On the dull thunder of alternate flails. All sights were mellowed, all sounds subdued; The hills seemed further, and the stream

sung low, As in a dream the distant woodman hewed His winter logs, with many a muffled blow. The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold, Their bunners bright with every martial hue Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old, Withdrawn ajar in Time's remotest blue.

On sombre wings the vulture tried his flight; complaint.

And, like a star, slow crowning in the light,
The village church vane seemed to pale and

The sentinel cock upon the hill side crew— Crew thrice—and all was stiller than before; Sil-n!, till some replying warder blew His allen horn, and then was heard no more. Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young; And where the oriole hung her swaying nest By every light wind like a censor swung.

Where sung the noisy martins of the caves, The bu-y swallows, circling ever near— Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes, An early harvest and a pienteous year.

Where every bird that waked the verna Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east,
All now was sunless, empty and forlorn

Alone, from out the stubble piped the quall, And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom; Alone, the phessant, drumming in the vale, Made echo in the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders moved their thin shroud night
by night;
The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passing noiseless—out of

Amid all this-in this most dreary air, porch
Its crimeon leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with its inverted torch;

Amid all this the centre of the scene, The white-haired matron, with mo Piled the swift wheel, and with her joyless Sat like a fate, and watched the flying

She had known sorrow. He had walked with oft supped, and broke with her the ashen orust; Ard in the dead leaves still she heard the stir Of his thick mantie, trailing in the dust.

Whi e yet her cheek was bright with Summer Her country summoned and she gave her all; And twice war bowed to her his sable plume— Re-gave the sword to rust upon the wail.

Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew And struck for liberty the dying blow, Nor him who, to hasire and country true, Fell 'mid the ranks of the toyading foe.

Long, but not loud, the driving wheel went on Like the low murmur of a hive at noou; Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone Breathed thro' her lips a sad and tremulous

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff thro' her hands serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her caraful

Arctic Perils.

The whaling bark Helen Mar, Captain

Bauldry, eleven days from Fox Islands, arrived in port on Wednesday evening, bring the erew of the whaling bark Mercury, which was abandoned in the ice October 24th, in latitude 71 degrees, 10 minutes north, longitude 172 west, just a rth of Herald shoals. These two barks had been hunting in company in the Arctic. The whaling fleet has been extremely fortunate thus far this season, the only loss up to date having been that of the Newton Booth. On October 9th these vessels, together with the Mount Wallaston and the Vigilant, were anchored off Herald Island, a small islet but little larger than Goat Island. The day following the Vigilant and Mount Wollaston parted company with them and beat their way north. On the 15th they spoke the Thomas Pope, which was then steering for the straits. On the following day they encountered a school of whales, and both vessels attempted to capture some of them; without success, however. Cold weather had been coming on gradually since the 15th, and new ice had begun to form. The vessels were then, on the 19th, in longitude 74 degrees west, about eighty miles from Herald Island, and, as far as the sight could stretch to the westward the ocean was one glittering mass of ice. Occasionally the ships would find small stretches of clear water, and then again they would encounter large blocks of old Their trials from the time the ice began to form are graphically told by J. Carter, the chief mate of the Helen Mar. He says: On the 18th of October we found a lot of new ice just to the west-ward of Herald shoals, and went through it, and finding clear water, thought we were all right, but were disappointed, for that same evening we ran into heavy ice and had to wear ship. We headed to the northeast, shortened sail and anxiously waited till daylight. The next morning we steered first to the east and then to the west, but found ice all around us, and had to give it up. We were then in company with the Mercury. After a consultation, the two captains concluded to go back and try to get round to the eastward, as it seemed as if the ice made toward the northwest. A strong breeze carried us into clear water, after passing through some new ice. We then thought that we had got past all the ice, but met it again, after passing through occasional clear water. On the morning of the 21st | marked than that of the artist, and in we found that it was all around where we wanted to go, so we put the ships imitation of a pen-and-ink drawing, into it, with heavy hearts, and worked to absolutely devoid of gradation, and the south. The ice was very close, but at night it became so thick we were stopped. The thermometer was then down to 8. The next day both ships were imbedded in the ice, with all sail set, but motionless, in eighteen fathoms of water, and a current drifting us to the northeast about two miles an hour. The ships were then made fast to each other with cutting falls and the anchors dropped. The ships were held and the ice passed us until the afternoon, when the current ceased to run. There were no signs of clear weather; it was freezing hard; the ice was thickening; all looked gloomy, and we all thought we should have to winter there, and we knew what that meant. It was simply this: we must all die, as we had neither provisions nor fuel enough to last us,

WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE. nor were our ships in a fit condition to face the trials of an Arctic winter. In the evening a strong wind rose out of the northwest, bringing with it snow squalls, and our hearts were happy, for we thought a gale was coming on. All hands worked with a will, and we were not long in getting up the anchors and again setting full sail. But, alas, we were again doomed to disappointment. The Mercury moved about two ships' lengths and then was stopped. We moved not an inch. The night closed in and the feeling of despair nearly approached us. Few slept that night. The 23d came calm and cold, with ice so thick that we crossed from the one vessel to the other. We then decided that we were doomed to winter in this desolate spot, and in order to make the provisions last, we resolved to live in one ship and use the other for fuel. The Helen Mar, being the strongest and best ship, was selected as the one to live in, and all hands went to work to bring in the provisions from the Mercury on sledges, carrying a ton at each load, and which

we dragged over the ice.

The Mercury had a lot of blubber, and we commenced to remove that, as it would be good to burn and eat. Hard did we work from morning until night-fall, when it blew fresh from the north with snow, but still no signs of the ice breaking up. At night Captain Hick-usch, of the Mercury, his wife and children, came on board. On the next day, the 24th, it blew a strong gale from the north. It was freezing, and there were no signs of a break in the ice. At four o'clock, after tremendous efforts by the crew, the bread and flour of the Mercury were all on board. It then commenced to blow so hard and the ship rolled so heavily, that we had to cut adrift from the Mercury. If the ships had come to-gether they would have torn each other to pieces through the strain upon them. All being on board the Helen Mar, we set a close-reefed fore topsail, to try and force the ship through the ice as it broke up. The ship pounded very hard, but we worked slowly to the southeast and tried the pumps every fifteen minutes, expecting that the ice would stave the sel in, but she stood it nobly. On the 25th we worked through the ice all night and all day, every moment fearing that the frozen waters would cut our brave ship through, as there was a heavy strain upon her and a terrible gale blowing: but it was a case of life or death, and we thought we might as well go that way as stop there and perish. At four P. M. we got through into quite clear water, but it was freezing hard and bitterly cold, and the ship was covered with ice and snow.

The next day a heavy gale blew from the N. N. W., we steering to the S. E. At 2 P. M., we raached more new ice, packed closely with a heavy swell running, so far as we could see, to the N. E. and S. W., and as we could not get around it, we set all sail and worked through it, and got into quite clear water three hours afterward. For a day and a half we worked through ice, and again we experienced another long and anxious we experienced another long and auxious night—dark, a thick fog, the thermometer down to zero, the ship one mass of ice, the rudder frozen, the ship unmanageable, and a heavy gale blowing. The captain was in the foretop all night, and had no sleep for three days or nights; in fact, for a week few of us had any sleep. We remained in the ice till the 28th, and the islands. The strait was blocked only be conjectured. If they persisted in making their way north, as the captains intended, they were undoubtedly caught in the ice—an event which leads to the conclusion that the will never be seen again. None of the vessels had seen the Jeannette, although it was reported that the Sea Breeze had sighted her. The winter the whalers all admit, is a very severe one, and the impression is that the Jeannette has sought some sheltered spot in which to winter.

American Wood Engravers.

American wood engravers are the best in the world, and even the London Saturday Review at length recognizes "The impartial critic," it says, "who asked where the best wood cuts are produced, has, we fear, but one answer possible: Neither in England, Germany nor France, but in America. In fact, the engraver there is far ahead of the artist, and if they had such men as our own chief book illustrators—artists to whom drawing on wood has been a special study-to draw for their engravers, our trans-Atlantic cousins might well boast that they had beaten the country of Bewick and Jackson. The only proof needed of the truth of our re-American engraving, the number of dif-ferent tints and shades, the microscopic graining of the ground, the absolute graining of the ground, the absolute fidelity of the print to the original drawing, the subordination of the engraver's mind to that of the artist whose work he perpetuates. In ordinary English woodcuts, the artist's work is translated, not perpetuated. It is obliterated, and we would not the property of the print must put up with a translation, just as some ancient Greek authors are only known by the Latin versions of their works. A child can recognize the heavy hand of the engraver. His individuality, the result we have a black and white obtains his effects, whether he largely uses machinery, whether he cuts on a softer wood than box, or on no wood at it. Every action must have its motive; we want to see modern 'xylography' worthy to compare with Bewick's, we must go to America for it."

Two men started out on a wager to see

To Young Med.

And then remember, my son, you have And then remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you have to handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a pa-per, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you will look around you will see that the men who are the most able to work are the men you work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork, son. It is beyond your power to do that. Men cannot work so hard as that on the sunny side of 30. They die sometimes because they quit work at 6 P. M. and don't get home until 2 A. M. It's the intervals that kill, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumber, it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of holiday. There are young men who do not work, my son; young men who make a living by sucking the end of a cane, whose entire mental development is in-sufficient to tell them which side of a postage stamp to lick; young men who can tie a necktie in eleven different knots and never lay a wrinkle in it, and then would get into a West Hill street car to go to Chicago; who can spend more money in a day than you can earn in a month who will go to the Sheriff's to buy a postal card, and apply at the office of Street Commissioner for a marriage license. But the world is not proud of them, my son. It does not know their names, even son. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as old Soanso's boys. Nobody likes them, nobody hates them; the great, busy world doesn't even know they are there, and at the great day of resurrection if they do not appear at the sound of the trumpet, and they certainly will not unless somebody tells them what it is for and what to do, I don't think Gabriel will miss them or notice their absence, and they will not be sent for or disturbed. Things will go on just as well without them. So find out what you want to be and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less deviltry you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier will be your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with

No, my son, the world does not owe you a living. The world does not need you—you need the world. If you can convince the world that you are necess ary to its well-being, its happiness, its pleasure, its moral existence, then the world will begin to claim you and make room for you in the body pews with the softest cushions and the easiest footstools. But don't fall into the common error of supposing that the world owes you a living. It doesn't owe you snything of the kind. The world isn't responsible for your being. It didn't send for you and it never asked you to come here, and in no sense is it obliged to support you now that you are here. Your living is herea good comfortable living. Plenty to eat, plenty to wear, an abundance of good, healthful, hard work, ripples of laughter, and sprinkles of tears, hours of happiness and moments of heartache, days of labor and nights of rest, duties to be performed and rewards to be won: it is all here, son—disappointments, strug-gles, success, and honors, but the world doesn't owe you one of them; not one. You can't collect your living as you would a debt, by simply presenting your We remained in the ice till the 28th, when it cleared, and we made East Cape and the islands. The strait was blocked with ice. We worked through and came hear a man say the world owes him a livout of it off Cape Prince of Wales. On ing, and he is going to have it, make up While death and winter closed the au umn the 28th, during a thick snowstorm, the your mind that he is just making himbark ran aground on the shoals off the | self a good excuse for stealing a living. cape. She lay on the bottom and pounded hard for about an hour. It was pretty bad, and we thought things had come to a climax. We were compelled to throw lots of stuff overboard to get her off. From the time we left Cape Prince of Wales till we had passed the Fox islands, the weather was very had and carry away ten times as much as lands, the weather was very bad and dirty, from the Islands to San Francisco the weather was pleasant with light he has no right to wait and whine over dirty, from the Islands to San Francisco the weather was pleasant with light contrary winds. The probable fate of the Vigilant and Mount Wollaston, can the Vigilant and Mount Wollaston, can will not want to divide. I hope you may, will not want to divide. I hope you may, likely you won't.—R. J. but it is very likely you won't.—R. J. Burdette in Burlington Hawkeye.

> HINDOO WOMEN,-The Hindoo women, when young, are delicate and beautiful, as far as we can reconcile beauty with olive complexion, says the London Times. They are finely proportioned; their features soft and regular, and their eyes black and languishing; but the bloom of beauty soon decays, and age makes rapid progress before they have seen 30 years. This may be accounted for from the heat of the climate and the customs of the country, as they are often mothers at 12 years of age. No women can be more attentive to cleanliness than the Hindoos; they take every method to render their persons delicate, soft and attractive; their dress is peculiarly becoming, consisting of a piece of silk or cotton, tied around the waist, and hanging in a graceful manner to the feet; it is afterward brought over the body in negligent folds; under this the body in negligent folds; under this they cover the bosom with a short waist-coat of satin, but wear no linen. Their long black hair is adorned with jewels and wreaths of flowers. Their ears are bored in many places, and loaded with pearls, a variety of gold chains, strings of pearls and precious stones fall from the neck over the bosom, and the arms are covered with bracelets from the wrist to the elbow. They have also gold and luctant admission may be found in a moment. Take any recent number of such an American periodical as Scribner's Magazine, and compare it with the Cornhill. Yet look at the delicacy of the silver chains round their ankles and an abundance of rings on their fingers and abundance of rings on their fingers and toes; among those on their fingers and toes; among those on the fingers is frequently a small mirror. I think the richer the dress the less becoming it appears, and a Hindoo woman of distinction always seems to be overloaded with finery, while the village nymphs, with fewer ornaments, but in the same elegant drapery, are more captivating—although there are very few remains—average over though there are very few women, even of the lowest families, who have not some jewels at their marriage.

They who stand in high stations look for higher; but they who have occupied the highest of all, often think with regret of some one pleasanter they left below. The most wonderful thing in human nature is the variance of knowledge and will, where no passion is the stimulant; whence the system of life is stimulant; whence the system of the is often chosen and persevered in which a man is well convinced is neither the best for him nor the easiest. Few can see clearly where the happiness lies, and, in those who see it, you will scarcely in find one who has the courage to pursue

North Atlantic Icebergs.

The recent disaster to the Arizona willnot be an unmixed evil if it serve to open up and settle some of the questions relative to the icebergs which infest the western basin of the North Atlantic. There is probably no track of any ocean largely frequented by ships that exposes them to peril from ice so much as the peninsula shaped sea of cold water south of Newfoundland. As the Gulf Stream nears the Grand Banks it makes what Lieutenant Maury called the "Great Bend," into which, as a grand "iceberg harbor," the glacial drift of the whole Arctic Ocean pours its chilling volumes The Antarctic Ocean has at every meridian a free outlet for its surplus ices, which, after they emerge from the South Polar circle, form an almost uninter-rupted belt about the sixtieth parallel of south latitude. But the North Polar ocean, having no outlet at Behring Strait (through the narrows of which no iceberg can make its way against the inflow-ing warm current), and the sea between Greenland and Norway being mostly occupied by southerly currents, the only great gateway through which it can disharge its frozen masses is Davis Strait. No body of water on the globe of like size yet discovered can compare with this for the volumes of ice which it transports to low latitudes. The single ice drift which bore the old exploring ship Resolute, abandoned by Kellett and floated through Baffin's Bay to the southward, was computed by Herschel and others to cover 300,000 square miles, and Scoresby measured icebergs in the Greenland seas the entire arctic basin which find their

weighing as many tons.

It is remarkable that the icebergs of way to Newfoundland should all make for the "Great Bend" off the Great Banks. where the Gulf Stream turns sharply to the northeast. The prevailing winds are westerly, and would, were there no counteracting force, drive the ice to the east. So would the Gulf Stream there tend to listribute them over the eastern Atlantic. But the force of the earth's diurnal rotation and the underflow of the arctic current, acting on the largest or submerged part of the berg, press it to the westward and carry it into the "Great Bend," through which the navigation of the world continues to this day to select its ransatlantic routes.

It is claimed by some apologists for the Arizona's collision that the Newfoundland icebergs are rarely met with except in spring. But Maury states that the cold current from Davis Strait "in late summer and autumn brings down a large number." Certain it is that, with probably the exception of the three winter months, a ship is at no time secure from the rude encounter with such an obstacle as met the Guion steamer. The ill-fated City of Boston, which some years ago left Halifax in the last week in February and was never heard from, it is thought by many perished in the ice. But what is of greater import, it appears from well authenticated data that in some years the ice-drift from the polar seas is so abnor-mally great as to falsify the calculations of the oldest and most experienced seamen. Thus, in 1860, Sir Leopold Mc-Clintock found that unusually great quantities of icebergs had accumulated on the Greenland coast "to an extent not previously known for about thirty-six years," a fact which Admiral Fitzroy ex-plained by the abnormal heats which prevailed in the two preceding years; and, were launched upon the Arctic current that descends to Newfoundland. Similarly, in 1869, from the Antarctic basin, there was an abnormal discharge of icebergs into the ship tracks of the Southern Ocean in quantities and of dimen-sions greater than had ever before been recorded by the British Admiralty. It is possible that the present month and the early spring of 1880 will prove as mem-orable for icebergs in the Atlantic as the summer of 1869 was in the Sonth Indian

In the long dark nights of an antarctic winter, when the moon is not near the full, the great anxiety of the skillful navigator is, as Fitzroy says, to keep "a vig-ilant lookout for ice." This is no less true in the foggy nights of our northern winter off the Grand Banks. It is said that icebergs at the distance of several miles can be detected by their depressing effect on the sea temperature, sometimes amounting to ten degrees of the thermometer. But, valuable as instrumental indications surely are, the chief dependence must ever be upon the "vigilant lookout." If the steamship companies will risk the dangers of the Great Banks rather than lose a little time, their captains should, at least, be required to be on deck the little while their vessels are running the great ice gauntlet at night.

—New York Herald.

THE AUTHOR OF "KISMET."-The news that Miss Fletcher, the daughter of an American missionary, granddaughter of a Genevan preacher and author of "Kismet," is to marry Lord Wentworth, the grandson of Byron, is somewhat sur-prising. Lord Wentworth has always been a strange man. During the life of his father, when he wore by courtesy the title of Viscount Ockham, he became estranged from his family and labored for years in a shipyard as a common work-man. He married and had children, but the union was unhappy; his wife was beautiful, scandal arose and a divorce ensued. Ralph Gordon Noel-Milbanke, the second son of Lady Lovelace ("Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart") is now 40 years old; it is interesting to note hat his title of Baron Wentworth deives from Charles I.'s earl of Strafford. By and by there was a sort of Byronic premonition in Miss Fletcher's familiar name of "Dudu"—inevitably reminding one of a little incident in the adventures of "Don Juan."—[Springfield Republi-

The house at Gadshill, which was occupied for years by Charles Dickens, and under whose roof he died, was lately put up at auctiou.

Energy will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged animal a man without it.

Our people are fast learning to appreciate and consume good mutton, while the demand from abroad for American mutton is growing with astonishing rapidity.

all, but some composition. All this is beside the question; certain it is that, if we want to see modern 'xylography' worthy to compare with Bewick's, we must go to America for it.'"

Levery action must have its motive; A rich and childless merchant of Tamburgher of the compare with Bewick's, we must go to America for it.'

Levery action must have its motive; A rich and childless merchant of Tamburgher of the compare with but weak motives are sufficient for weak minds; and whenever we see one which we believe to be a stronger, moved the Nihilist heroine, Vera Sassaulitch. The local court has admitted the will to the compare with the weak motives are sufficient for weak minds; and whenever we see one which we believe to be a stronger, moved the Nihilist heroine, Vera Sassaulitch. The local court has admitted the will to the compare with the comp A rich and childless merchant of Tam we may be certain that there is (to bring a metaphor from the forest) more top than root.

The telephone, after being in use only two or three years, pays interest on an invested capital of \$5,000,000.

The local court has admitted the will to probate. There is, however, one little formality to go through with before the young lady who shot General Trepoff can get the money—she must appear in the Russian Court and prove her identities.

The local court has admitted the will to probate. There is, however, one little formality to go through with before the young lady who shot General Trepoff can get the money—she must appear in the Russian Court and prove her identities.

The death of the late General Joseph Hooker recalls to the mind of the writer

Hooker recalls to the mind of the writer a memorable incident that occurred during our "late unpleasantness" of 3000 Confederates warmly cheering a Major-General of the United States Army.

Those of our readers who shared with us the privations of a prison like in Rock Island, Ill., during the severe winter of 1863 will learn with sorrow of the death of General Hooker; a sorrow born of profound respect for a gallant born of profound respect for a gallant soldier and true gentleman, and the mention of his name will doubtless recall fresh to their memories the visit of inspection he paid the prison in—if we mistake not the date—the winter of

large, handsome gray stallion. General Hooker presented a grand appearance when he entered the prison gate. By his side rode Lieutenant-Colonel Carrier, second in command of the post, but who really commanded it, and a more cowardly, cruel and dirty villain never disgraced God's image of man. Behind the two rode a couple of officers—we have forgotten their names, but they were members of General Hooker's staff. Slowly the little cavalcade rode down, and then up the lines of the wretched, half-starved captives who were drawn up for inspection, but who instinctively shrank back from the brutal and triumphant stare of Carrier, expecting every moment to receive a curse or a blow from him. The keen, quick eyes of General Hooker seemed to scan every man from head to heel, as he slowly passed them in review, and at the upper end of the lines, near where the writer stood, the party halted; and the old General, half wheeling his horse, lifted his hat with as much knightly grace as if we had all been courtiers, and a soft expression passed over his face as he said, "Young gentlemen, I am sorry very sorry, for you, and hope that our differences will be settled, so that you all can return safely home again." simple as the expression was, it was so different from those we had been accustomed to hearing from the commander of the prison that it touched the hearts of the "ragged rebs" like a current of electricity, and instantly three thousand throats gave a lusty cheer for "fighting Joe Hooker."

We are pretty certain that there was not a man in the line who would not, if he had a chance, have hung Carrier at that time; and we were equally as cer-tain there was not a rebel on the ground would not, at the same time, have risked his own life to save Gen. Hooker from harm.

It is with profound sorrow that we anounce his death, for when friendless, penniless and fettered in irons, he cheered us by his gentle looks, and won our respect and admiration by his kind words; and we, as ex-Confederate soldiers. will contribute our mite towards having his name engraved upon the everlasting rock of Lookout Mountain; and let the mountain itself be his monument, for no man during the war, whether he wore the blue or the gray. more truly won his sobriquet than did the gallant "Fighting Joe Hooker."— Nashville, Tenn., Rural Sun November 13th.

The Suffering Suitan.

The Constantinople correspondent of of course, in the first warm season that the Manchester Guardian, writing on succeeded, these towering formations the 24th of September, gives a gloomy account of the state of affairs on the Bos phorus. He says: The supposed attempt to assassinate

the sultan has made a deep impression, and Abdul Hamid is now brooding over

the stormy scenes and violent events

which had rendered possible his advance-ment to the throne. Ugly rumors are floating about as to mental derangement and wild measures being instituted to give a fancied increase of security to the palace of Yildiz, and though it would be hardly safe upon such grounds to assert that the present Sultan was going the way of his predesessor, it is certain that the unfortunate monarch at the present moment is suffering from great nervous depression, and can hardly be brought to pay the necessary attention to public affairs. While gloom and distrust reign at the palace, anger and despair have en-tered every Turkish household at Constantinople. Discontent is hardly the term for the feeling with which the present state of affairs is viewed by the people in general; for the language of individuals when they find themselves free to express their thoughts is disloyal in the extreme. How can it be otherwise when, after months of patient waiting, they find matters going from bad to worse; and the promised amelioration as far off as ever? The last Bairam has been anything but a season of joy; for the struggle to keep the wolf from the door has left nothing for feasting. For the first time within the memory of any one at Constantinople, perhaps in the history of the Turks since they first began to form a nation, the troops did not gan to form a nation, the troops did not receive a month's pay either in Ramazan or Bairam. Only the officers received half a month's pay, and even this relief was not extended to all, while the rations upon which these families depend for food have been falling into arrear. The people are cowed, and among themselves hardly venture to air their grievances for form of the secret relies. for fear of the secret police. I have heard lately of one officer who ventured heard lately of one officer who ventured to present a petition to the Sultan having mysteriously disappeared. His family have sought for tidings of him in vain, and the supposition is that he is now on his way to some distant place of exile for having spoken too plainly of the distress among the poorer officers. Unfortunately for the people, the scarcity of money, and the distress it occasions, is not brought home to the ministers and not brought home to the ministers and not brought home to the ministers and the heads of departments. They always manage to secure their large salaries whether debts remain unpaid. No steps have yet been taken for the reorganization of the police and gendarmie, or the reduction of the army and navy. The Imperial irade was signed for the disbanding of some seventy-five battalions devices the contract of the second devices the se during the Ramazan, and it was said that during the Ramazan, and it was said that the men would be sent to their homes immediately after Briram; but appar-ently the Scraskeir ste has not been able to provide the necessary money for pay-ing even a portion of the arrears due to the poor soldiers, and the arsenal for the same reason cannot furnish the necessary transport.

Conscience is the voice of the soul: the passions are the voice of the body.

If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, what a heaven this world would be!

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