"Culture."

A Cambridge, Mass., correspondent of the New York Tribune makes the recent celebration of the 250th anniversaries of the settlement of Boston and Cambridge the text for a critical letter on their literary peculiarities. He says the two places are pretty much alike, though with some minor differences, and continues:

Before the [Boston] "Brain Club" was attacked with softening and expired, a well-known writer was taken home after one of the meetings in the carriage of a lady rejoicing in wealth and social grandeur; and when the carriage stopped at his modest door in an unfashionable street, the footman, on getting down, remarked audibly to the coachman, "What place is this? We've never been here before." The tone of this servant was not so unlike that of his employer's class as an impartial observer could wish. The opposition to snobbery comes naturally in the main, from literary people, journalists, and artists; but even the author or the artist finds it hard to withstand the influences which so imperceptibly tend to produce the same thing in himself. The literary "school" of Boston, in fact, is freely accused of being thus infected, by the press and the authors of other parts of the country. One of the last times that I saw Bayard Taylor before his departure for Berlin, he spoke with a good deal of quiet bitterness about the way in which his translation of "Faust" had been received by some of the magnates of literature here, for whom as artists he had always the warmest praise and recognition. Another famous and popular writer, after visiting Boston and Cambridge, gave it as his impression that the great men of letters sat rather too much in the shadow of their own greatness. At a Phi Beta dinner, again, the poet of the day, who came from New York and was cordially received, made a speech in which he paid a glowing tribute to the work of Cambridge in our literature, and thereby drew forth hearty applause. He then went on manfully to assert his belief that New York was nurturing a new school destined to even larger life and a more dramatic scope, and tried to enkindle a sympathy between the two movements. This was received with total silence. Such matter may be called gossip; but gossip of this sort is a potent influence, and its facts must be taken into account as significant. The social frigidity of New England—that mysterious thing, which really exists, yet often seems so incredible in the presence of a sudden thaw—has its share in throwing around Boston literary circles that air of icy reserve and narrowness generally attributed to them. How much of warmth and charm, what episodes of delightful informality they really enclose, only a gradual and constant association makes plain.

The affectation of English ways and an English tone is another singular and self-contradictory trait of Bostonians, for those who most indulge in them are frequently the quickest to resent English patronage, and to dwell on the great difference between America and England, in favor of our own country. Occasionally, however, the preference for a foreign country is aired, as a mark of superiority. The real attitude in which such persons put their selves was once delightfully stated by a competent authority. "Those persons who prefer Paris or London," I once heard Mr. Emerson say, gently (speaking of a young American author who appeared very ill satisfied with his native land), "would much better stay there, for we do not need them." And, certainly, what is vital in Boston's influence has always been intensely patriotic.

In Cambridge life there is a happy mixture of high aims, prosaic details, and agreeable companionships—somewhat disturbed during three-quarters of the year by excessively muddy streets and sidewalks, wherein people sometimes leave their rubbers sticking while in the pursuit of social or intellectual pleasure. Pleasant and peaceful as that country town-like city is, there is room for question whether it is not too much shut away from the stir of the great world. Like its highways, it becomes rutted. The very recreation which professors, literary men, studious ladies, and cultivated professional people seek at evening parties is often only a prolongation of the mental exercise involved in their work. The tone of conversation is largely critical. Even scandal may be said here to assume the form of "analysis." How seriously Cambridgeans sometimes take the practical minutiae of life will be guessed when it is whispered that a lady who could not have her house furnace work well attended a course of austerely technical lectures on thermodynamics!

Dancing is a rare diversion, excepting for young girls and undergraduates. A Methodist preacher, who looked on at a small dancing party at a private house in Cambridge, observed with sectarian humor that the young women went through their quadrilles and waltzes as gravely as if they were "under conviction." Clubs of ladies, or ladies and gentlemen together, are numerous; but they are often rather to be described as classes for the study of languages—German, Italian, Russian, or even Arabic; and were not formed for this object, they make essay reading, the study of literature, or amateur acting, their aim. One dramatic company in especial, embracing members from sundry families of the greatest social consequence, has held a brief season each winter, for several years, during which difficult plays are brought out in excellent style, with scenery, mechanism, and music procured and executed by amateurs. Tickets are sold only to friends of associate members, and the performances are crowded. Strangely enough, attempts to found a club among professors and instructors in the university here always failed, though these gentlemen have their small clubs for the pursuit of specialties in which they are interested. Of anything more than a dilettante interest in literature outside of the college, and, excepting Mr. Longfellow, and such men as John Fiske, or T. W. Higginson, there is very little. Young writers are not welcomed, and the men of established reputation appear indifferent as to whether literary vitality shall continue or cease on this ground, which is generally thought to be consecrated to fruitful thought and imagination. Meanwhile inspiration, breadth of sympathy and aims, and all tendency to express sturdily strong ideas and sentiments of national or general value, are being sacrificed to the desire for specializing culture. Perhaps Harvard thinks its proper duty better fulfilled by educating the average undergraduate mind in accordance with a higher standard than heretofore. But it is a question whether it should encourage actual production instead of mere criticism, and stimulate literary growth outside of the class room.

An Honest Ticket Agent.

Don Piatt tells this in a recent number of the Washington Capital:

A reformed ticket agent, now engaged in a mercantile pursuit, and who looks back with profound melancholy and remorse to his wicked career, as he sailed in as a ticket agent, told me that once, in his sinful days, he was employed at Chicago on the through line from that incorporated Boreas on the lake to New York city, which, made up on a new combination, was "bucking" against Vanderbilt. To extend its custom the combination had at Chicago a corps of able-bodied runners, to seize wayfarers by the throat and fetch them up to the ticket agent, where the innocent traveler was to be talked into a ticket over the combination.

One day an able-bodied ruffian came, leading up a rough-looking customer, who wished to purchase a ticket to New York by the way of Cleveland. The combination did not touch Cleveland. But evidently the old white-hatted, loose-trousered, coarse-booted countryman, with his white head and goggling look, did not know what he wanted. It was for the ticket agent to care for him, and so he rattled on, with ticket in hand, until the venerable, goggle-eyed old muffs toss had extracted from a fat wallet the price and chambled awkwardly away.

"Say, old fellow," asked a friend who happened to be in the office, "do you know who you sold a ticket to then?"

"Some old fool of a corn-cracker."

"Not a bit of it—that was Horace Greeley."

"Gee whillicans! and he wanted to go to Cleveland?"

"Yes, he's billed to lecture there, and the Tribune will give your combination the devil for the swindle."

"That's so. Here, put your check to this hole till I find him."

Away ran the ticket agent. It was not difficult to find the hotel at which the venerable philosopher lodged. The ticket agent found him in the reading room, pouring over a stale issue of the Tribune. He tapped Horace on the shoulder, and the philosopher looked up with the child-like expression of his that seemed to come out from open eyes and mouth.

"I beg your pardon," said the agent, "but I sold you a ticket to New York a while since, and I made a mistake."

"In the money, I suppose," replied Horace, dryly.

"No, sir; in the route. I remembered after you left you said Cleveland. Now the ticket I gave you will not take you to Cleveland."

"The hell it don't!" cried Greeley, starting up.

"Well, young man, I can tell you that would be a great disappointment in Cleveland."

"I don't know anything about that; but I did not want any man to miss his way through any fault of mine. So I've been in every hotel in Chicago after you."

"The devil you have."

"Yes. There is the right ticket. Its over a rival line. But my honor, sir, rises above trick. I bought the right ticket for you, and if you will give me the old one we will be even."

"Young man," said Horace, fishing from his capacious pocket the ticket of the combination, 'you are very good; too good, come to think of it, too damned good for a ticket agent. Leave that good young man, before your innocent nature is corrupted, or your damned patent-screw pod-auger line is bursted up. Go west, young man; go west."

Special Form of Charity.

There is one special form of charity for which just now there is even more than the usual scope. In spite of the marked improvement which has taken place in trade, and of the greater consequent facilities there are for obtaining work, the state of many of the poorer classes in the country is in no way still far from satisfactory. The long trade depression which we have gone through is visible among them in its effects. It has done much to exhaust the resources of the poor. Winter with many of them is always a time of struggle and of hardship. The summer's wages do little more than clear away the last winter's arrears. When rent has been paid up, when shop debts have been settled, and when goods out at pawn have been redeemed, there is not much remaining over to begin the next winter with. It is thought enough if the two seasons of the year can be made to balance. At the return of each winter the same round will be recommenced, and the season will be tided over by the same arts as before, and by the same sacrifice of the future to the demands of the immediate present. It is a hand to mouth method of existence; there is no progress, no approach to independence. Its close is in the winter of old age, with no summer to follow it, with failing powers, exhausted means, and no further possibility of self-help. We fear that in very many cases the present winter has come down upon this class of people, and has found them less well prepared for it than the previous winter have not yet been cleared away. A year of plenty may lie before us, but with many of our countrymen the past years of leanness have their unsatisfied claim upon it, and are waiting to devour what it will yield. Here, then, for once in a way, and under very exceptional circumstances, there is a call for charitable help. It would be a kind and surely not an unwise thing to give to some of these poor fellows a fair start, and to put them back into a position in which they can exert themselves with some hope.—[London Times.

A journal "devoted to the interests of undertakers," wishes its readers "a happy New year—and many of them!" If undertakers don't withdraw their patronage from that journal it will be a marvel.

Spoopendyke's Calls.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, "let me see the list of ladies you wish me to call on. I really don't care to go around much, but a man ought to do what his wife wants him to do on New Year's Day. Where's the list?"

"Here it is," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, fluttering around with her hair in her mouth. "I wrote them all out with the addresses for you, so you wouldn't have any trouble."

"What makes you put old Sister Lamb at the head of the list? growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "She's got a wart on her chin the size of a fire bell, and she can't talk anything but the advantages of egg over stove coal for heating the Sunday school."

"But she belongs to the Church, and I don't believe any one else will call on her," reasoned Mrs. Spoopendyke. "She will be tickled to death to see you."

"What do you think I'm starting out for?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, fiercely. "Got an idea I'm going around like a missionary to carry the Gospel to people everybody else is afraid of? Who's this? What's this second name here? Who's Mrs. Shklymbretoy?"

"That's Mrs. Wolverton. I promised her you would call. Never mind Mrs. Lamb. But you ought to call on Mrs. Wolverton."

"What for? What has she got in common with me, except that her bones are hollow? She don't know the difference between a Guinea pig and the burning of Jerusalem. Always wants to know if I don't think that Sodom and Gomorrah were parables. Is that the kind of list you've made out? Want me to run around among the old monuments? Who's Miss Swash?"

"That's Mrs. Smith, the little widow. You know she's interested in sending women out West to get husbands. She'll amuse you."

"She will if she sees me. She'll make me laugh like a hyena if she gets one eye on me. Who's that yellow-haired girl that sits two pews in front of us? I'll call on her, anyway."

"She's a little chit of a thing. You don't want to run after those young people—a man of your age!"

"What's the reason I don't?" howled Mr. Spoopenduke. "Got an idea that I only care for the tough old people, haven't you? Think I'm a sort of Plymouth Rock, don't you? Got any more old landmarks that need inspection?"

"I don't care!" remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke, indignantly; "they're nice people, and I like to cultivate them.

"Cultivate 'em if you want to," growled Mr. Spoopendyke; "but if you think I'm going hoeing around among 'em on the 1st of January, you're left. What d'ye want to cultivate 'em for? With your friends and ideas you only need weekly prayers and an alarm of fire to be an old woman's home. Who else have you got here? Mrs. Sliggonspratt, Mrs. Woptenslough, Miss Mimpzf——"

"You don't read them right at all," complained Mrs. Spoopendyke. "That's Mrs. Silverspoon, and Mrs. Worthington, and Miss Hemmingway. They're just as nice as they can be."

"Are they the three old worthies who howl in the choir? asked Mr. Spoopendyke, sternly. "They've got a grandson old enough to be my father."

"They haven't," sobbed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You know better."

"Well, most of 'em have. What d'ye want me to call on them for? Got any more old almanacs expecting me? Where's the Sphinx? You haven't got the Sphinx down here, nor the Tower of Babel. Who're these other pyramids? Who's Mrs. Upsidedown?

"That's Mrs. Edgerton. She sent you the jelly when you were sick, and you said she was the best woman in Brooklyn. You'll have to call on her for politeness," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, severely.

"I won't either!" shouted Mr. Spoopendyke. "The jelly was sour, and she made me pay a dollar toward a plaster-of-paris angel for a starving family out in Flatbush. Who's this other nurse of George Washington's? Here, this is a mistake; I went to old Miss Schumslock's funeral thirty years ago.

"You didn't! You never did!" proclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, thoroughly aroused. "That isn't her name either. It's Miss Schofield, and she is the best friend I've got. I only wan't——"

"I know what you want," hissed Mr. Spoopendyke. "You want a few more acquaintances, and a map, to be a guide-book to ancient Troy. Think I'm going to call on that old monolith? Got anything here that belongs to modern times? Know anybody who has been dug up within six or eight centuries? Who's that black-eyed girl in the Bible class? Don't she hang out a flag to-day?"

"I wouldn't look at her," sniffed Mrs. Spoodendye, "I wouldn't have you go there for worlds. Beside, she don't receive."

"What's this?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "What's Mrs. Wimpqstyx got to do with it? What cemetery will I find her in?"

"That's Mrs. Willoughby," explained Mrs. Spoopendyke, complacently. "She's the young widow who recently joined the church."

"Don't mind calling on her," said Mr. Spoopendyke. "She wasn't born mor'n 4000 years before the Christian era. Got any more like her? Does this measly list contain anybody else who wasn't the mother of the Chinese Empire? Think of any more grave-stones that haven't had the epitaphs worn off?"

"No," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, coldly, "and I now remember Mrs. Wiloughby receives calls with friends in Buffalo."

"Dod gast your dod-gasted list!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, dancing on the unhappy document. "What d'ye think I am? A ghoul? S'pose I'm going to prance around among all the measly old ghosts in Brooklyn? S'pose I'm going to swash around and eat cake and drink lemonade with a lot of illustrations of the Silurian period? Think I'm going to spend the day with a lot of articulated old skeletons just because they belong to the same church that I do?" And Mr. Spoopendyke popped out of the house like a bung, and went next door to see if his friend Tortorthumb knew any mummies of whose history there was some tradition.

"I don't care," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she whirled around two or three times to practice kicking her train; "if he don't call on the church people, they'll be hopping mad; and, if he does he won't have much of a time; so he'll wish he was dead either way," and Mrs. Spoopendyke bustled into the parlor to assure a sandy-haired young man with a stiff neck that it was awful good of him to come, and learn that he hadn't come far of his own volition, but had slid most of the way.

Verdi as a Farmer.

Risascos, who has lately paid a visit to Verdi at his large farm at Busseto, gives a description of the Turkish room in that elegant retirement of the celebrated composer. It is very magnificent; superb draperies, carpets, ottomans, divans, lamps—all these objects were made in the luxurious Empire of the Crescent. There is in it a stupendous bit of carving and relief, a sort of console, full of every delicacy of detail. This precious lot of furniture had just been received by the maestro from Egypt. "Do any of you gentlemen understand Arabic?" asked Verdi of his visitors, pointing to an inscription that formed a fringe around the console. Their profound silence was an expression of negation. "I am told," he continued, pointing to the central inscription, "that this signifies 'Celesta Aida.' Here we have several verses of the Koran. The other inscription wishes me many years of life, and I must confess I accept most willingly this good augury." The only object in this room not Oriental in make, but perfectly so in character, is a precious picture by the distinguished painter of Naples, Morelli, representing an obelisque. There is a beautiful Egyptian statue; also, Turkish pipes, and a number of other valuable Oriental objects, which the few intimate friends of the maestro can admire at their case, when they assemble in this salon after dinner to drink coffee.

In the conversation that occurred during the visit, Verdi said: "I respect the music of all nations; but as I recognize that they are right to make German music in Germany, French music in France I cannot understand the determination that shows itself from time to time in Italy to make music more German than that of Germany, when it is our nature, in our beautiful suns, to make entirely different music. I respect, I repeat, the music of every nation, and as I recognize that a Ninth Symphony of Beethoven cannot be written by us, I wish, on the other hand, that other nations should understand that they are not able to write the Prayer in Moise, neither a Casta Diva, and especially a Barber of Seville. It is with great sorrow I see a great tendency in musical studies in Italy to go far away from our musical traditions; for example, young men of merit who have gone out of our conservatories and dare more in the work than Wagner himself would."

Of course, his visitors talked of the marvellously fine weather we are having this year all over Italy. "It is too fine," said Verdi, "contadino [countryman] as I am, and wish to be, I recognize the need and right that agriculture has too bad weather."—and then the great composer poured out a fine display of farmer erudition. He dwelt especially upon the good and beneficial effects of snow and the special cases where it was useful against insects.—[London Telegraph.

An English Story of American Ingenuity.

The following curious bit of information appears in the Daily Telegraph of London:

"American ingenuity, stimulated to almost superhuman efforts of conception by the favorable results of the experiments recently made with a view of tunneling the bed of the British Channel, has put forth an amazing project for connecting Great Britain with the United States by a transatlantic railway. Rejecting the notion of driving a tunnel under the ocean as too tedious and expensive, the devisers of this scheme propose to sink upon the Atlantic bed an iron tube some three thousand miles long and twenty-six feet in diameter, through which two trains might travel simultaneously with perfect convenience and safety. As, however, this tube would be subjected to exterior water pressure equal to that of about 120 atmospheres, its casing will have to be at least eighteen inches thick. The tube is to consist of sections, each 160 feet in length, and is to be laid down in the following manner: Five such sections are to be welded together upon firmly-anchored pontoons, both ends of the length thus prepared for sinking being hermetically closed, but in such sort that they can be opened from within. Then the entire compartment, 800 feet long, is to be lowered into the sea by steel chains, so that it shall reach the bottom in immediate proximity to the section it is destined to join. The junction will, of course, be effected by submarine workmen; and the process will be carried on with undeviating regularity, starting from the American coast, until the shores of Ireland shall be attained by the mighty tube. Meanwhile the laying of rails, telegraph wires, lighting and ventilation apparatus, and so forth, will go inside the tube as it grows longer and larger. Mr. Edison believes that he can perfect an electric locomotive to draw the trains along through the tube in fifty hours from shore to shore, and the cost of the whole line, rolling-stock included, is not to exceed one hundred and sixty millions sterling."

Ex-Confederate Generals.—Some prominent ex-Confederate Generals are employed as follows: Major General Marmaduke is a Missouri Railroad Commissioner, and, as a bachelor, lives comfortably in St. Louis on a salary of $5000 a year. General J. B. Gordon, as counsel for the Louisville and Nashville road, gets a salary of $14,000. Major General F. B. Cheatham has a handsome farm in Tennessee, and General L. J. Polk has another. General Toombs practices law and is very rich. General Basil Duke is a lawyer in Louisville, Kentucky, and has a good income; General Bradley Johnston is also getting rich in the same profession in Baltimore. All the sons of Robert E. Lee, except one, are successful farmers in Virginia. Custis Lee succeeded his father as President of Washington-Lee University. General Jubal Early is living quietly at Lynchburg in comfortable circumstances. General J. C. Pemberton has become a resident of Philadelphia, is an invalid, and has written a book on Vicksburg

A Drover's Story.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and live miles and miles away upon the western prairie. There wasn't a house within sight when we moved there, my wife and I; and now we have not many neighbors, but those we have are good ones.

One day about ten years ago I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and above all, a doll for our youngest Dolly. She never had a shop doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made her. Dolly could talk of nothing else and went down to the very gate to call after me to "buy a big one." Nobody but a parent can understand how my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper and tucked it under my arm, while I had parcels of calico and delaine, and tea and sugar, put up. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning; but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about the doll she was so anxiously expecting.

I was mounted on a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down as dark as pitch while I was in the middle of the wildest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way through, I remembered it so well, and it was almost that when the storm that had been brewing broke, and pelted the rain in torrents, five miles, or may be six, from home, too. I rode on as fast as I could; but suddenly I heard a little cry like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened. I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I could not see anything. All was as dark as pitch. I got down and felt about in the grass; called again, and again I was answered. Then I began to wonder; I am not timid; but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. I thought it might be a trap to catch me, and then rob and murder me.

I am not superstitious—not very—but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of coward that hides itself in most men showed itself in me then, and I was half inclined to run away; but once more I heard that piteous cry; and said I, "If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it lie here to die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse and the beast came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little, soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mamma. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the dooryard, I saw something was the matter, and stood with dead fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amid them weeping. When she saw me, she hid his face.

"Oh, don't tell him," she said, "it will kill him."

"What is it, neighbor?" I cried.

And one said, "Nothing now, I hope; what is that in your arms?"

"A poor lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing, and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly.

It was my darling, and no other, I had picked up upon the drenched road.

My little child had wandered out to meet "daddy" and doll while the mother was at work, and they were lamenting her as one dead. I thanked God on my knees before them all. It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live if I had not stopped when I heard the little cry for help upon the road—the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.—[Christian Woman.

An Absent Minded Man.

The Hartford Courant says that a curious demonstration of absent-mindedness occurred at the New York and New England Railroad hearing in that city. The original dispatch of instruction to Conductor Aldritch, in violating which he met his death, was put into evidence and was passed about the room. One gentleman with whom it lodged held it a while and then began carelessly twisting it up as one does a bit of waste paper. The hearing went on, and by and by, some one asked for the dispatch. It could not be found. One person thought he saw it being twisted by the gentleman alluded to, but the latter did not remember having it. An adjournment was about to hunt for it failed to reveal it. Finally when the hearing was over it was found on the floor, twisted into a little bunch, where it had been dropped by the absent minded gentleman who had forgotten he ever had it.

Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, says that while in Italy three years ago, he went into a barber's shop at Pisi to have his hair dressed. "You know," says Mr. Bruce, in describing the incident, "that the hair of my peculiar 'race, color and previous condition of servitude' is very singular; the longer it gets the shorter it grows, and really outkinks every conception of curiosity. There was just enough of the black race dashed with the white to furnish my barber such a specimen of wool as he had never seen before. He toiled with it, and was puzzled. After running the comb through it he would press it down with his hand, but it wouldn't stay down; it persisted in jumping up like a jack in a box. He went out and called in another barber, who stood over my wool, wondering. Finally he got his scissors, clipped it off to suit himself, and carefully wrapped up the fleece for preservation as the greatest curiosity he had ever seen. I could not speak Italian nor he English, so he must wonder to-day what manner of man I am."

Women In Paris.

If you ask a Frenchman why the ladies and gentlemen are completely separated at the ordinary Parisian soiree he will account for it by the radical difference of the education which boys and girls receive. Tobacco used to be blamed, but the license given at soirees in times to cigar smoking has not been bridged over the great separating gulf. The brains of girls are not allowed to acquire the same habits as the brains of boys. They learn to think differently, and to see all things unconnected with the gallantry and the playhouse in a different light. What intellectual, or indeed sentimental, converse of a delicate and platonic nature can be kept up between men and women so disqualified to understand each other? A man of liberal views on any possible subject would, if he aired them in the hearing of ladies, pass for impertinent or indiscreet. How for instance, could M. Oscar de Layfaette (the grandson of Washington's ally), who has voted in the Senate for girls' colleges, and—to speak in the jargon of his feminine relatives—for all sorts of Republican horrors, talk with any freedom in the drawing rooms he frequents within earshot of the ladies of his kindred and their fair friends?

Whenever a large-minded woman of pleasant manners and social tact obtains an entry into the Parisian monde, she carries all before her. The gentlemen confess themselves at once her devoted slaves, and really do not stop to consider whether she is plain, sur le retour, inexpensively dressed, or not rich enough to give dinners several times a week. It occurs to me that owing, no doubt, to the intellectual inferiority of which French upper class young ladies have long been kept, the influential women of our day in Paris are foreigners or of foreign extraction.

I shall not name those who do not court publicity. The Princess Mroubetskoi had a short reign in the early part of the MacMahonnate, but an absolute one. Sarah Bernhardt is a Dutch Jewess, and lived at The Hague until 11 years old. A Bavarian Jewess has acquired notoriety by twisting Generals round her taper fingers. The Princess de Sagen by blood is of the German Juiverie. Her friend, "the Marquise," is half a Scotch woman, and supposed by her father to descend from Queen Marie Amelie, who was half an Austrian. The late Duchess de Montmorency de Talleyrand, about whom much cold gush has been indulged in by the fashionable world, was a mixing up of Macdonalds, De Las Marismas, and Aguados. The late Mme. de Calonne was a Polisy Jewess; the unfortunate and once most influential Comtesse de Prebois was a Badoise; Marcello, the late "Empress of the Studios" and sculptress, was a Swiss, married to a Roman Duke; Madame B——ki was a Circassian slave, picked up in the slave market of Constantinople by the diplomat whose name she bears. In the reign of Napoleon a Spanish lady was Empress and an Italian lady governed the Empire. Madame de B——t, the daughter of a West-of-England squire, governed at the camp of Chalons; Madame Mohl, an Englishwoman, governed the Institute, the Sorbonne, and the College of France, and Madame de Circourt the intellectual world. On the rive droite French ladies were completely eclipsed, even in the domain of frivolity, by the Florentine Comtesse Walewski, who happened to be very clever, by the Duchesse de Morny, nee Troubetskoi, by the Princesse Metternich, Mrs. R——, and la Marechale Canrobert.—[London Truth.

Tom Corwin and Mrs. Shannon.

St. Clairsville people tell an amusing story of the late Mrs. Shannon, widow of ex-Governor Wilson Shannon, who died last week at Leavenworth, Kansas. In 1840 Governor Shannon was a candidate for re-election as Governor of Ohio on the Democratic ticket, his opponent on the Whig side being the famous Thomas Corwin, who was successful in the canvass, and became Governor, though Shannon was again chosen at the biennial election in 1842. During the canvass of 1840 Mr. Corwin was announced to speak at St. Clairsville, where Governor Shannon resided. Possibly there was to be a joint discussion between the two candidates—at any rate the meeting was looked forward to with absorbing interest, and Mrs. Shannon, who was visiting friends in this city, took the morning stage to go out home on the day of the occurrence. There was in the stage quite a number of St. Clairsville ladies, and a man, apparently a very dark mulatto, who seemed to be of a retiring disposition, and occupied a corner as remote from his fellow passengers as possible.

Arriving at a watering station, near the foot of the "Big Hill," Mrs. Shannon, who was accompanied by a babe in arms, desired to procure some milk for the child, and requested the dark man in the corner to hold the infant for her. Upon returning with the milk, having fed the baby, and the stage was again in motion, the babe was once more consigned to the care of the "mulatto," the ladies proceeded to discuss the great event of the day. When the stage arrived at the hotel St. Clairsville, the nurse deferentially informed Mrs. S. that he was at the end of his journey, and transferred his charge to her care, not, however, until she had tendered him a quarter in payment for his services, which was, much to her surprise, declined with much dignity, though very politely, withal. The sequel transpired in the afternoon. What was Mrs. Shannon's surprise upon reaching the grove in which the meeting was to be held, to see her mulatto nurse of the morning occupying a seat of honor upon the platform; surprise scarcely increased when the dark gentleman arose and was introduced by a prominent local politician as "Thomas Corwin, the next Governor of Ohio." The great orator was introduced to the wife of his opponent later in the day and enjoyed her embarrassment over the affair hugely, but Mrs. Shannon never quite recovered from the mortification she felt when she discovered what a mistake she had made.—[Wheeling Intelligencer.

"You seem to enjoy telling fibs," drily remarked an old lady to her little niece the other day. "Yes, auntie," replied the child, "I think I do, but I enjoy having you swallow them more."