

had organized his plan as follows:—A woman whom he had encountered in his travels, served as a lure to the young men who were abducted. These unfortunates, after having been enticed to their ruin by this modern Messalina, were delivered over to the assassins, who, having put them to death, separated the head from the body. The latter were said to the students of anatomy, while the head having been prepared and embalmed, was valuable at that time in Germany, in the pursuit of a science which has since become quite fashionable, we allude to the science of which Gall and Spurzheim were the principal propagators.

The Government were apprehensive of the effect of the divulgence of such a series of crimes. They adopted prompt measures for the condign but secret punishment of the culprits. The wretches were hung; and the alarm which had been raised in Paris by the abduction of so many promising young men, gradually subsided and was forgotten.

#### Japan and Japanese

In their social and domestic life, the Japanese are truly Asiatic. Their females occupy but a subordinate position, although they are permitted to share in all the innocent recreations of their husbands and fathers, and are not held in such jealous seclusion as in some parts of India. Their minds are cultivated with as much care as is bestowed upon the education of the men, and the literature of the country boasts of many female names. They are lively and agreeable companions, and are much celebrated for the ease of their manners. With all these privileges which they enjoy, they are yet in a state of total dependence, and polygamy and the power of divorce is indulged in to the extreme by the husbands.

Children are brought up in habits of implicit obedience, and all of every rank are sent to school, where they learn to read and write.—Beyond this degree of education, however, the children of the rich are instructed in morals, and the whole art of good behavior, including minutest forms of etiquette. Arithmetic, and the science of the almanac, form another important portion of their education, since it would be in the highest degree disgraceful to commence any important undertaking on an unlucky day. And last, as the finishing study, they are initiated into all the mysteries of the Hara Kiri, literally meaning "happy despatch," but which is in reality the mode of self-destruction which every Japanese of distinction feels bound to resort to upon occasions where his life is at stake from any impending penalty.

At the age of 15 years the boys have their heads shaved, and they then become members of society. They also receive a new name at this time, and invariably upon every advance in rank the old cognomen is changed for a new one. Nor are these the only occasions when this change takes place; no subaltern is allowed to bear the same name with his chief, and therefore when an individual is appointed to a high station, every one under him who chances to be his namesake must immediately find and adopt a new name.

In marrying, equality of rank between the contracting parties, is the first requirement, and when no obstacle of this sort stands in the way, the youth declares his passion by attaching a branch of a certain shrub to the house of the young lady's parents. If this be neglected, so is his suit; if it is accepted, so is the lover, and if the damsel wishes to put her reciprocity of this offer beyond a doubt, she forthwith blackens her teeth. Presents, as among most oriental nations, are now exchanged, and after with great ceremony burning her toys to indicate that she is to be no longer childish, she is presented by her parents with a marriage dress and some articles of household furniture, among which are always a spinning wheel, a loom, and the culinary implements required at a Japanese kitchen. All this bridal equipment is conveyed in great state to the bridegroom's house, and exhibited on the day of the wedding.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mrs. Partington says she never cared much about grand spectacles, or other great sights; but there are two things she would like to have seen—the inoculation of Frank Pierce and the corporation of Queen Victoria.

#### One Kiss before Parting.

A lady of fashion (the well known Marchioness of Finsbury) had been loitering for nearly an hour in a fashionable music shop. She had purchased a copy of nearly every piece of music that had a sentimental name. She had sent into her carriage a whole canterbury full of 'Love' going through every mood of the feeling past, present, or future, and was following their example, when she paused upon the step, as if meditating whether she would take it, or some other step that was evidently turning itself over in her mind. The shopman who had been somewhat moved by the tender tone of voice in which she had asked him 'Wilt thou have me then as now?' watched her with anxiety that betrayed itself too plainly in the adjustment of his shirt collar, and in the arrangement of his hair. Suddenly the Marchioness seemed resolved. As with one bound she cleared the pavement, and breathless, pale, her auburn ringlets fluttering in the wind, stood once more before the admiring shopman; 'I had nearly forgotten,' she said, in a voice that seemed to veil her blushing words—'Dear! dear! I cannot tell where my head is to-day. I have come back to ask you if by chance—' Here she paused, as if to take new courage, whilst the trembling shopman poised his two thumbs elegantly on the mahogany counter, and leant his body inquiringly forward. 'You can give me one kiss before parting!' 'Ma-a-a-d-a-m!' exclaimed the astonished shopman. 'I want you,' repeated the Marchioness 'to let me have one kiss before parting.' She raised her beautiful blue eyes full upon his. Springing over the counter, he seized hold of the Marchioness's fair form, and then, and there, gave the kiss so earnestly begged for. To his great astonishment, the only return the Marchioness made was to give him a tremendous box on the ear. This was followed by a volley of blows dealt by her parasol over his head, that never terminated till the police came into the shop. The affair was carried to Bow Street, but was soon dismissed upon it being explained that 'One Kiss before Parting' was the title of a song, which the unsophisticated shopman, blissfully green from his native fields, had never heard of before. It was a favorite joke with the old Duke to ask the Marchioness whenever she was at the piano if she would mind giving just 'One Kiss before Parting.'

CONDITION OF THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.—A gentleman, who has just returned to Paris from the Danubian provinces speaks of the Russian army of occupation by no means flatteringly. If the entire army be like what he has seen, he thinks there is not the slightest reason for alarm at the numerous hordes the Czar is said to have under arms. The regiments he saw were, with one exception (he had not seen the Guards) of the most wretched kind. Most of them young lads, sickly looking, haggard, feeble, badly clad and badly fed. 'They may stand to be killed,' he says, but 'it is astonishing to me how they can kill any one.' The numbers the Emperor of Russia can draw upon are to be sure unlimited and in a service where neither the comfort of the men is cared for nor the slightest value on their lives, there are always thousands upon thousands to supply the place of those who perish by the neglect of their officers and the rapacity of their commissariat, who have more regard for brute beasts than human beings.—The corps of Cossacks are, according to the same authority, principally composed of young men about 19 or 17 whom the hope of plunder animates.

It is said that the Russian force in Wallachia is very small. General Dannenberg's troops were detained at Olenitz, and General Fischback only commands a division of light cavalry (four thousand men), while the vanguard of the 5th army corps, under General Areb, consists of no more than the above-mentioned cavalry division and an infantry brigade of eight thousand men.

COMMERCIAL VALUE OF HONESTY.—An old trader among the Northern Indians, who had some years ago established himself on the Wisseva, tells a good story, with a moral worth recollecting, about his first trials of trading with his red customers. The Indians, who evidently wanted goods, and had both money

(which they called *shune ah*) and furs flocked about his store, and examined his goods, but for some time bought nothing. Finally, their chief, with a large body of his followers, visited him, and accosting him thus, 'How do, Thomas? show me goods; I take four yard calico three coonskins for yard, pay you by m-by—to-morrow;' received his goods and left. Next day he returned with his whole band, his blankets stuffed with coonskins. 'American man, I pay now;' with this he began counting out the skins, until he had handed him over twelve. Then after a moment's pause, he offered the trader one more, remarking as he did it—'That's it.' 'I handed it back,' said the trader, 'telling him he owed me but twelve and I would not cheat him.' We continued to pass it back and forth each one asserting that it belonged to the other. At last he appeared to be satisfied, gave me a scrutinizing look, placed the skin in the folds of his blanket, stepped to the door and gave a yell, and cried with a loud voice: 'Come, come, and trade with the pale face, he no cheat Indian; his heart big.' He then turned to me and said: 'You take that skin, I tell Indian no trade with you—drive you off like a dog—but now you Indian's friend, and we your's.' Before sundown I was waist deep in furs, and loaded down with cash. So I lost nothing by my honesty.

LOT'S WIFE.—The story of this celebrated and unfortunate lady has received a new version. In Putnam's Monthly we find a notice of M. De Sauley's 'Journey about the Dead Sea and in Bible Land,' in which the ingenious Frenchman gives us, with other curious matters, his theory of the 'Pillar of Salt.'

'The mountain of Sodom,' he says, 'is a compact mass of crystal salt, varying in height, but nowhere exceeding a hundred metres. The whole side of this hill presents numerous fissures, worn by the torrents of winter, with considerable slides. At many points there rise enormous columns of salt. Is it possible to explain how the death of Lot's wife occurred? I think so. At least this is the way that I should explain it:—At the very moment when the volcanic agitation of this enormous mountain took place, there must have been slides over the whole of the convulsed mass. Lot's wife having dealed, either from curiosity or terror, was crushed by one of these rocks, as it was rolling from the top to the bottom of the mountain, and when Lot and his children came to look for her, they found in the place where the unhappy woman had stopped, nothing but the mass of salt which had overwhelmed her body.'

A CHILD'S IDEA.—One of the ladies connected with the 'Methodist Five Points Mission,' who has under her charge some thirty little boys, called them together on the morning of Thanksgiving day, to perfect them in their answers to questions she intended asking them when before the visitors during the afternoon. After arranging them properly, the first boy on the right, in answer to the question, 'Who made you?' was to say 'God.' The next, 'Of what were you made?' reply, 'The dust of the earth,' and so on, through the Catechism. The all-important moment having arrived, the little 'shavers' were told to stand up. The little head boy, it seems, was missing, but the fact being unnoticed by the teacher, she proceeded with the question, 'Who made you?' which elicited the following laughable answer. 'I was made out of de dirt of de'ert; but the little feller what God made has got the belly-ache and gone home.'

THE CHEAPEST SELL ON RECORD.—In Portsmouth, Va a few days since, a complete set of household furniture, of a good quality, sold at auction for eighty six cents. The *Globe* explains as follows:

'An ungallant lord fell out with his better half, and determined to dispose of 'bed and board,' pocket the money, and let her hunt for a living. Some gentleman met at the sale, and soon convinced the crowd of their obligation to see justice done to the lady. The result was not one but those interested bid on the furniture, and the whole was finally knocked down for the above handsome sum—eighty six cents. The furniture was then presented to the lady—and eighty six cents to the lord.'

#### All Sorts of Paragraphs.

The lady who "swallowed a story," has been troubled with dyspepsia ever since.

"I have very little respect for the ties of this world," as the chap said when the rope was put around his neck.

A fellow who chopped off his hand while cutting wood the other day, sent to an apothecary for a remedy for "chopped hands."

Wanted—A supply of "Ottomans" for the repose of the wearied Russians. Those stuffed with hair-breadth escapes not desired.

The woman who undertook to scour the woods, has abandoned the job on account of the scarcity of sand and the high price of soap.

Good!—At one of the missionary stations, the question "What is original sin?" having been put to an aged Indian chief, he promptly replied "Laziness!"

ORTHOGRAPHY.—A Western writer thinks that if the proper way of spelling tho is though," and bo is "beau," the proper way he thinks of spelling potatoes is *poughlethleauxs*.

"Mr. Schoolmaster, do you know algebra?" "Algebra? No, but I know his father, Colonel Bray, and the girls too." This is a cousin to the man who didn't know mathematics, but knew Jim Matics like a book.

Mrs. Nicely bought a warming pan the other day. When she came home, she found Bridget, the servant girl, cooking griddle cakes in it.—This is the same young lady who was sent to the dry goods store for a bed comforter, and returned with one of the clerks.

A scuffle between some Irish laborers once took place on a narrow bridge, and a battle royal ensuing, one of the Hibernians was very nately knocked over the bridge. While he was floundering about in the water, he loudly exclaimed to his opponent—"Och, you spalpeen, come and hit me now if you dare!"

As the sun in all its splendor was peeping over the eastern hills, a newly married man exclaimed, "The glory of the world is rising!" His wife, who happened to be getting up at that moment, taking the compliment to herself, simpered, "What would you say, my dear, if I had my new silk dress on?"

The following telegraphic despatch was recently sent to the Rev. P—R—, Saint Peter's Church, Montreal, in answer to an urgent request addressed to a well-known glass-stainer in New York, that certain cathedral windows should be at once forwarded:

"Saint Peter left New York this day; the Virgin and Joseph go on Saturday; and the other Saints will leave early next week."

There was not a thought in the matter, beyond a mere business letter, as we are credibly informed by a Montreal correspondent.

NORMAN DESCENT.—Not long since, a certain noble peer in Yorkshire, who is fond of boasting of his Norman descent, thus addressed one of his tenants, who, he thought, was not speaking to him with proper respect: 'Do you not know that my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror?' 'And mayhap,' retorted the sturdy Saxon, nothing daunted, 'they found mine here when they come.' The noble lord felt that he had the worst of it.

A TRUE TEST OF AFFECTION.—A middle aged single man was dangerously ill at St. Omar.—He threatened to disinherit any nephew or niece that persisted in attending on him; all but one left him—of course they could not disobey these very strict injunctions of a dying man; but Josephine would not desert the perverse sufferer, he might disinherit her if he liked. He died; and it was then discovered that he had considered Josephine as the only relative who had proved disinterested, and he left her all his property—valued at eighty thousand pounds.

A RAILROAD STOPPAGE.—The Portland Argus in an article relating to management upon railroads, and relating some personal experience remarks:

We waited—time—flew—a quarter of an hour—a half—three quarters—still no train.—The passengers were uneasy. Appeals were made to the conductor, he politely but invariably answered, "My orders, gentlemen, are to wait here until the other comes—and here I wait. By and by a self-appointed committee called on Ackerman, and insisted on going forward. He maintained his imperturbable suavity, but declined. At last one of the number, to bring matters to a point said—

"Well, Mr. Ackerman, how much longer shall you stop, if you don't hear from the train?"

"I shall wait a week, sure," he responded. "At the end of that I shall decide what is next to be done."

Just then the train came thundering along at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, to make up for lost time; and had the solicitations of the passengers prevailed, we should not now be telling this story, for an inevitable collision would have sent all of us into the other life.