

THE REVOLUTION IN CHINA.

The Chinese Revolution is in all respects the greatest revolution the world has yet seen. In mere magnitude it comprises a population equal to that of all Europe and all America put together. It unites the chief features of all the great changes that stand out in the history of the world. As a destruction of temples and idols, and a total change in religion, it recalls to us the early ages of the Christian church, and those later times when the northern nations embraced Christianity in masses. As the extermination of a people, it compares with the great conflicts of races, the irruptions, fusions, expulsions, and returns that occupy the earliest pages of authentic history, and resume their prominence on the decline and fall of Rome. As a total change of system, and an opening of China to foreigners, it so far does in a day the usually slow work of modern civilization. This mighty change has come so fast on us that we have not yet realized its consequences. So great is the distance of China, and so small the sympathy between it and the rest of the world, that the Emperor of China ranks in figure of speech with his alleged brother the moon, as a being who knows nothing, and of whom nothing is known in this our own sphere, and with whom we have no imaginable concern. In a moment that wall is thrown down, that gulf is filled up, and that veil is rent asunder. China has hitherto been the very type of all that is unchangeable, formal, and slavish; all of a sudden it not only yields, but absolutely falls to pieces at a foreign impulse. But the most marvellous feature of this revolution remains. The means are utterly insignificant. The chief agent appears to be a person who has received some instruction from a missionary, and whose conduct or apparent motive were such that the missionary refused to baptize him. In fact, he seemed to be a mere charlatan. On comparing his success with the failure of another pretender nearer home, it certainly occurs to us that Mr. Provis has mistaken his sphere, and that if he had made a dash for the throne of China he might have succeeded. The huge balloon has collapsed at the prick of a needle. There is an old saying that everything has a handle, if we only knew where to find it. For ages it has been the complaint of the civilised world that China had no handle. We could not get at it, or into it, or do anything with it. The result shows that there was a way, nevertheless, for somebody has found it. He has pronounced "Open, Sesame," and the everlasting hinges begin to creak, the huge gates begin to turn, the deep recesses of ancient empire are opened to light, we enter, and China becomes part of the world. Why, in a couple of years we shall all be going to China. The last mail left Hong Kong on the 10th of July, and arrived here on the 27th of Aug., doing it in 48 days; and there is every prospect of the time being much shortened. People are tired of Europe, now that it is rail-roaded, hand-booked, and "opened up," as the phrase is, to its very back-bone; Moscow has been burnt; Petersburg is a city of arsenals and palaces; Constantinople, we have been lately told, is a city of wooden boxes; Athens is a bad Herne Bay; Germany has been so often scoured out by its thirty years' wars and its seven years' wars that its cities have nothing to show; Berlin is a poor imitation of Paris; Munich is in pieces, fresh painted, and not yet put together; Paris everybody has seen over and over again; and these are the best—the rest are nowhere. But there is something new in China—something genuine and undiscovered. It is undoubtedly great, ancient, curious, and original. So in a couple of years we shall all be running to the Chinese Consulate in Leadenhall-street or Bucklesbury to get our Foreign-office passport *vised* by a gentleman with small eyes, high cheek bones, and yellow skin, but without a tail, and dressed like everybody else in the City. Those who don't wish to be the pioneers of the grand stream of British tourists may wait another twelve-month, and Mr. Murray will have by that time a *Hand-book of China*, or perhaps Northern China with Japan, and Southern China with the Indian Archipelago. A column of indomitable John Bulls, with their carpet bags, and in that unmistakable costume which denotes the nation all over the world, will force its way up all the rivers, over all the mountains, and along all the canals, till the great wall of China is surmounted by English ladies' maids and English parasols. What splendid hotels we shall have at Peking, and what incessant jokes at the exploded peculiarities of Celestial cookery! In a few years every lad of twenty will have "done" China, and will have his budget of stories of Chinese couriers, commissioners, cabs, and custom-houses. What letters shall we have complaining of hotel charges and impositions on travellers, for John Chinaman is a bit of a rogue, and so like the majority of Christians that it is wonderful why he is not one of them! In ten years time we shall know much more of China than we know now of Russia, or shall know within fifty years. Then what a country for railways, canals, gas companies, water companies, and all sorts of investments! The Chinese pay most admirably. The effort of discharging the opium ransom has contributed to the present revolution by the exhaustion of the treasury. The people have always been ready to adopt whatever improvements the jealousy of their Tartar rulers permitted them to import; and it appears, on the authority of Jesuit and other writers 200 years ago, that aversion to change is not an original element of the Chinese character. We shall have steamers without end on the great rivers before long, with Chinese engineers and with Chinese engines.

The amount of internal travelling in China is such that we are assured by those who have man-

aged to penetrate into the interior that there are continuous streams of travellers on horse, on foot, and on litters, from Canton to the great wall, some 1,500 miles; in many parts so crowded as to impede one another, and even in the mountain passes so numerous as to leave no traveller out of sight of others before and behind. Among these are long lines of merchandise. What a case for of railway traffic! Our children may see China as much a network of railway as England itself. This is not mere speculation on the possible consequences of change, for it is evident that the successful insurgents are as disposed to invoke the aid of progress and civilization, as defensive auxiliaries against the tyrannical bigotry of the Manchus, as the latter were always disposed to rely on the fixedness of their institutions. It is felt that the most effectual way to seal the exclusion of the Tartars, and prevent them ever getting head again in China, is to revolutionise the country as much as possible, and as far as is consistent with a strict moral code. That our new relations with China will be without trouble we do not imagine, for the religion of the conquerors is one which we cannot claim as identical with our own; but, at all events, a very injurious and unnatural state of things is removed; the Chinese population is no longer imprisoned within its walls and shores, and we shall now no longer be stopped at the threshold of the empire.

Mr. Bruce, in his classic and historical portraits, thus speaks of the dangers of becoming too fat among the Spartans of old:

"The ancient Spartans paid as much attention to the rearing of men as the cattle breeders in modern England do to the breeding of cattle. They took charge of the firmness and looseness of men's flesh, and regulated the degree of fatness to which it was lawful, in a free state, for any citizen to extend his body. Those who dared to grow too fat or too soft for military exercise and the service of Sparta, were soundly whipped. In one particular instance, that of Nauchis, the son of Polybus, the offender was brought before the Ephori, and a meeting of the whole people of Sparta, at which his unlawful fatness was publicly exposed, and he was threatened with perpetual banishment if he did not bring his body within the regular Spartan compass, and give up his culpable mode of living, which was declared to be more worthy of an Ionian than of a son of Lacedæmon."

DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.—The *Corriere Mercantile*, of Genoa, quotes a letter of the 15th, mentioning the discovery at Pompeii of three human skeletons, evidently forming one family, together with that of a dog. The postures in which they were found, lead to the presumption that they were engaged in flight at the time of the eruption, but were overtaken by the lava, the dog refusing to leave his master. They had bags of gold and silver coin with them; one of the skeletons displaying rings and ornaments, was that of a young girl, probably the daughter of the fugitives.

The Tuileries of Paris.

The palace of the Tuileries is now open, like the Louvre, for the inspection of strangers, and I availed myself, the other day, of the privilege of visiting the celebrated and truly magnificent abode of the Kings of France. Last summer it was closed, in consequence of the necessary repairs to prepare it for the imperial residence. It now shows no traces of revolutionary violence. Neither the walls nor the furniture give any indication of the great excesses which the Parisian mobs have repeatedly committed. It now shines in all its ancient glory. Nor probably, during the whole reigns of all the Kings of France, has so much expense been lavished on any suite of apartments as in those where Napoleon III. holds his court. I hazard nothing in saying that it is quite impossible for any person in America, who has not visited Europe, to conceive even of so much grandeur. The same, however, may be said of all the gigantic works of art in the Old World. Their extent, their variety, their beauty, can no more be comprehended by a description of them, however clear and brilliant, than the wonders of Niagara can be realized by a painting. A cathedral, in a drawing, looks no larger than a common church to one not conversant with vast architectural piles. It is the enormous value of the furniture and appendages of the Tuileries, their great richness and variety, which impress a stranger. The *facade* of the Tuileries is more than ten hundred feet in length, and the state apartments extend, in one unbroken series, through its entire length. Each room is peculiar. Each room has something wonderful, or curious, or beautiful about it. In one room the visitor chiefly admires the pictures, in another the hanging of silk embroidered with gold in the most exquisite manner. In another room one admires the lofty ceilings, carved and gilded in a style of most gorgeous magnificence. In another, one is struck with the rich goblin carpets, woven in a single piece—carpets

which would have probably employed a set of weavers for several years—carpets which are never bought or sold, but which are only used in royal palaces, and which, if seen out of France, are presents too costly except to be exchanged among the kings of the earth. In another room, the visitor especially admires the mirrors, or the chandeliers, or the tables of precious stones, or the cabinets of curious workmanship, or the clocks which tell the seconds, the minutes, the hours, the days, the years, the state of the tides and the changes of the moon. Whatever is costly, or grand, or beautiful, or rare, finds its way at last into a royal palace. And what place is more splendid in Europe, after all, than the Tuileries? To me it is much grander than even Versailles. I think the throne-room as gorgeous as it is possible for a room to be made. One sees nothing absolutely but the richest velvets, and silks, and embroideries, and gems—nothing but gold and costly ornaments in every point which meets the eye.

THE RAINY DAY.

BY LONGFELLOW.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

(That perfect bliss the Bible painting,
Awaits the spirit uncomplaining,

Affection set on things above;
Creator, Saviour, crown'd Redeemer,
Of "many mansions" the Revealer,
Attune my heart to sing thy love.)

The Farm.

Early Seed Corn.

Farmers are too negligent in selecting corn for the next planting. The usual way is to wait until the crop is gathered, and then while husking to select some of the best looking ears for seed, but this is not the best way. My worthy friend Farmer D. is somewhat noted as the possessor of a superior variety of corn, and on account of its being about *three weeks earlier* than the usual varieties, his neighbors consider themselves fortunate if they can get their seed of him, and he is sometimes annoyed by the repeated drafts upon his choice selection of ears. Now what is the secret of this superiority? Let me tell you, and then let me say "go thou and do likewise." Farmer D. has always planted the common kind of corn, the same as his neighbors, but for quite a number of years he has made it a practice to pass through his field every few days after his corn begins to turn, and select the ears that *first* ripen and carefully husk and hang them up. Each lot he keeps by itself so that he can tell which came off first, which second, &c., and when he plants in the spring, he uses *first* that which he *first* selected. By continuing this course of practice, he now has the satisfaction of having his crops about three weeks earlier than his neighbors, besides being of a superior quality. Try it my friends, and also bear in mind the fact that the same principle will apply to all kinds of seed. If you wish early peas, beans, potatoes, &c., just take a little pains to select the earliest ripe, and look out for them next spring when planting time comes. From much observation I am convinced that more depends upon the selection and proper care of the seed, than upon early planting. Have your seed and ground ready and do not be in a hurry to plant until the ground is well warmed. A very old man has told me that it was time to plant corn when the bobolinks make their first appearance, and not before. Just bear this in mind in connection with the selection of your seed.—*Correspondent of the Maine Farmer.*

Vicious Cattle.

The common "vice" of jumping and throwing fences is *taught* to cattle, with scarcely an exception, by their owners and care takers. Fences half down, soon fall by the rubbing of cattle, and teach the first lesson, especially if cattle have any shrewdness in observing cause and effect. Very fine feed just over a poor fence, is the next lesson; letting down bars and rail fences to the halves, from laziness, so that the animal has to leap, is the third lesson—and this last is often first, second, and third with sheep, until they will scale anything. These three lessons are usually enough, but a fourth is often added, namely, placing one additional rail on the fence each successive day, as they become more skilful, for the ostensible object of keeping the jumper within bounds, but really operating as a most ingenious contrivance to teach the art of vaulting. We have heard of French being "taught" in six lessons; but very few animals require more than the above four to enable them to take "French leave" of any ordinary enclosure.—*Country Gentleman.*

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

TO BOIL SALTED COD.—Wash and brush a dried fish, and put it in a pot of cold water, in the morning; let it stand where it will keep warm until eleven o'clock, when you must change the water, putting in cold water as at first. Twenty minutes before you dine, put it on and boil it. Or you may bind three fish together, and boil them, taking the middle one for the table, and using the others for mince-fish.—*Home Cookery.*

TOMATO SOUP.—Mash, scrape, and cut small the red parts of three large carrots, three heads of celery, four large onions, and two large turnips. Put them into a saucepan with one tablespoonful of new lean ham; let them stew gently for an hour, then add three quarts of brown soup, and some whole black pepper, with eight ripe tomatoes; let it boil one and a half hours, and rub it through a sieve. Serve it with fried bread, cut in cubes.—*Id.*

PRESERVING PEACHES.—We are confident of the thanks of every notable housewife for the following receipt for preserving peaches, which we obtained from the wife of an experienced fruit grower in this vicinity.

To twelve pounds of peaches, take six pounds of clean brown sugar, and one pint best cider vinegar. Simmer the sugar and vinegar together, which will make a clear syrup. Pour boiling water upon the peaches, and remove them in two minutes from the water, and wipe them dry without breaking the skin. Put them into the syrup, and boil gently until the fruit is cooked to the stone. Keep the preserves in jars, which must be kept closely covered and in a cool place. They should be inspected occasionally, and if a white mould appears upon the surface of the syrup, it must be carefully skimmed off, and the syrup scalded and returned to the peaches. The peaches tried last fall were a seedling variety, ripened the last of October. They were acid, but preserved the peach flavor in a high degree, which was retained by this method in the most perfect manner. This is the most economical, and, to our taste, the very best preserve we know of.—*Providence Journal.*

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.—Wm. C. Bryant, the poet, has recently visited the tomb of Napoleon in the Church of the Invalides, France, which has just been completed. He says in a late letter, that there is not upon earth so magnificent a mausoleum as that of the handful of dust that remains of the warrior who in his lifetime was the terror of Europe. The tomb is in part constructed of American marble, the resting-place of the remains being surrounded by a circle of colossal figures, one of which, a winged figure, is to represent the angel of resurrection; who is in the consummation of earth to call the mighty warrior from his sleep, to be confronted by the spirits of the myriads who were slain in his sanguinary wars.

A MODERN TRAVELLER.—Sir George Ross, from Montreal, arrived in this city on Sunday morning, by the Michigan Southern railroad. He had twenty-one dogs with him, three servants, four tons of baggage, comprising any quantity of guns, knapsacks, and other shooting utensils. He leaves in a few days for Minnesota, to take a hunt, from thence he will proceed to Texas to spend the winter, and designs taking an excursion to the Rocky Mountains, in the Spring.—*Chicago Tribune.*