

Forgiveness.

To forgive, a man in any circumstances costs us nothing. Say that he has defrauded me; injured my reputation; attempted my life; and suppose such an enemy in my power; what does it cost me to forgive him? Let us see. To reduce him to poverty would make me no richer; to destroy his peace would not restore my own; to hurt him would not heal me; to break his heart would not bind up mine; to cast a blot on his reputation would restore no lustre to my name; to take his life, saying, 'Nothing smells so sweet as the dead body of an enemy,' would not insure me against the stroke of death, nor lengthen my life by a single hour. It is a happy memory that remembers kindness and forgets offences. It is a far nobler thing to conquer one's passions than to crush a foe; and sweeter than gratified revenge are his feelings who, when his enemy hungers, feeds him; when he thirsts, gives him drink. In so doing, man exhibits somewhat of the nature, and tastes something of the happiness of God.

The Twelve O'Clock Man.

The twelve-o'clock man has been a notoriety in Brooklyn for the past ten years, and was thus designated from his habit of appearing at the City Hall and watching the face of the clock while it struck the hour of noon. As soon as the sound ceased, the man, who was a common laborer, scantily dressed and stricken with melancholy, would cast his eyes about him for some moments, then, folding his arms, would despondently walk away without speaking a word to any person. As he came daily, and with surprising regularity, despite summer's heat and winter's storms, many citizens, tempted by curiosity or sympathy, sought to learn his story or tendered him money, to alleviate his evident sufferings. But the singular being remained as mute as the grave, and although perceptibly in want, steadfastly refused financial assistance, even the gift of a small coin, preferring to earn it at laboring upon small jobs, without which he would have undoubtedly starved. It was however, ascertained that his name was Thomas Connell, and that he dwelt with a widowed sister in an abode of the poverty-stricken known as Darby's Patch. He labored under the delusion that an imaginary debtor had agreed to meet him at the City Hall at twelve precisely and then pay him in person a sum of money, and so strongly was this notion impressed upon him, that repeated disappointments had reduced him to a condition of imbecility. On Thursday occurred his last visit to the hall, and on Sunday he requested his sister not to go to church, as he would die before her return. His words proved prophetic. On her return she found him a corpse, having died from starvation.—N. Y. Cor. S. F. Chronicle.

Long Walks.

1702—May 19th, John Morgan, a Welshman, for a wager of 100 guineas, undertook to walk from London to Land's End, in Cornwall, and back again (610 miles), in fourteen days, which he accomplished within nine hours of the time allowed him.

1750—September 8th, Pearson, a tailor, who was to walk 300 miles in Tothill Fields, Westminster, in six days, finished his journey half an hour within the time allowed him.

1759—On February 1st, George Guest, of Birmingham, who had laid a considerable wager that he walked 1,000 miles in twenty-eight days, finished his journey with great ease. It seemed as if he had laid by for bets, for in the last two days, he had 106 miles to walk, but walked them with so much ease to himself that, to show his agility, he walked the last six miles within an hour, though he had fully six hours to do them in.

1865—In July, a young woman went from Blencogo, in Scotland, to within two miles of Newcastle, in one day, which is about seventy-two miles.

Robert Batley, of Thetford, in Norfolk, when an old man, frequently walked from Thetford to London (eighty-one miles), in one day, and back the next.

1788—July 20th, John Batty undertook to walk 700 miles on Rich-

mond course in fourteen days, which he performed with great ease. Mr. Batty was in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

1790—May, Thomas Sava ar, a laborer in Herefordshire, walked 404 miles in six days, over a very rough and stony road, between Hereford and Ludlow.

1791—July, a gentleman, aged seventy-seven, walked from London to Liverpool in four days, which is above fifty miles a day.

Hugo and Gambetta.

Hugo and Gambetta are thus described by Mr. Smalley, as he and Mr. Tilden saw them at Thiers' funeral: "Here, as in the street and the church, there are two men, on whom, above all others, all eyes are bent, Victor Hugo and Gambetta. As we stood in the hall, the great poet passed us; white-haired, eagle-eyed, square-faced, square-shouldered, short of stature, firm of gait, with a look at once of intense self-concentration, seeing everything about him at once, and never quite losing his consciousness that he himself was the best worth seeing of all. Gambetta is of much the same height, but unwieldy in bulk, and walking like a man whose flesh is a burden to him. There is a burden on his face also, a weary air, as unlike as possible the fresh alertness of manner which still marks the veteran Hugo, who is almost twice his age. The immense responsibilities of Gambetta's political life have told on his body, but the single eye burns with as hot and clear a flame as ever. There is the same toss of the head from time to time, as if to free the arteries of the neck from pressure and feed the brain with a full flow of blood from the heart. Something animal about the man, no doubt, as about most men, but from the shoulders upward, the physical expression, if it be animal in any sense, is lion-like. If you see Gambetta for the first time you are disappointed at the want of dignity in his proportions, but you end by perceiving a pride of bearing and a revelation of mental power and personal force which triumph over all disadvantages. There is a want of refinement in the features, but there is vigor in every line, and a certain splendor of impatience in his face, which makes you admire more than ever the self-control and the iron will which for the last five years have subdued the impatience, and kept his own soul in subjection to the necessity of calming the fears of his countrymen.

Bridging the Bosphorus.

Captain James B. Eads, the well known engineer, in conjunction with Mrs. A. O. Lambert, has completed plans for a bridge across the Bosphorus, connecting Pera, European Constantinople, with the Asiatic shore. The bridge, which, with the exception of the masonry and flooring, will be constructed of iron, will be 100 feet wide, 6,000 feet long, and will consist of fifteen spans, of which the central one will cover 750 feet, the longest span in the world. The height of the roadway above the surface of the water will be 120 feet.

The chief difficulty in the erection of the bridge will be encountered in the construction of the great central arch. The current of this point is very strong, and it will be necessary in building the piers to sink two great caissons in water more than 100 feet deep. The piers of the arch will be fifty feet thick, and will be constructed of granite blocks locked together with iron braces. By a new invention of the engineer, the weight of any heavy objects, such as troops or steam cars passing over the arches, will be equally distributed among all the supports, so that the danger arising from the concentration of weight upon any one point will be averted.

A careful survey of the bed of the Bosphorus shows that it consists of three feet of alluvial mud over about fifteen feet of sandy strata. Beneath them is a foundation of solid rock. It is estimated that the bridge can be constructed at a cost of \$25,000,000, labor being uncommonly cheap in Constantinople.

A little girl whose papa was recently under the influence of Moody and Sankey, wanted a second tart at supper, and was refused it. "Papa," she said abruptly, "why do you sing 'Feed me till I want no more'?" She got the tart.

A BRAVE ENGINEER.—A little railroad accident occurred at the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton depot on Thursday evening, which might have been serious but for the prompt action of Engineer Whalen. The theatre train was standing in the depot nearly full of passengers, and the engine, detached, standing some distance in front of it, when a freight train was, by some blunder, backed down at a rapid rate toward the passenger train. Fortunately Billy Whalen, the engineer in charge of the engine, saw the situation, and, understanding the danger, sprang at once into his engine, which was yet detached from the passenger train, and, turning on full steam, shot her ahead into the rear of the coming freight train.

The shock was a terrible one. The trucks of the rear car on the freight train climbed up the front of the engine; the head-light of Whalen's locomotive was smashed, and considerable other damage incurred. The bold Billy was badly shocked, but the force of the freight train was checked, and though it struck the passenger train, driving it back to the rear of the depot and shaking up the passengers at a pretty lively rate, none of them were seriously injured, for all of which they may thank the quick-witted and brave Billy Whalen.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

About the Bulgarians.

The Bulgarians strike me as a people who sit down but little. Such a piece of furniture as a chair is almost unknown among them. The beds in some of the cottages are made of baked earth, arranged in the form of a shelf near a huge window, through which cooling breezes blow; but in winter there is nothing to do but to retreat to a kind of cellar. It is to be hoped that one result of the advance of the Russians will be to further the civilization of the people in this section. They have many virtues but no graces. The women are industrious beyond praise. If they walk from one village to another they twirl their distaffs all the way, and when their household duties are over, and they are talking by the fountains or in the little groves, they are all busily knitting. They are avaricious here, and that which seems most to annoy them is, that they should be asked to yield up some part of their store, although, let it be understood, they are always well paid for everything that is taken. Some of them do not comprehend the value of money, and look stupidly at it when it is put into their hands. They have never made any effort to assemble stores for the Russian or to aid them in any way other than by showing them the roads and warning them of the approach of an enemy. Sometimes, in despair, one feels like comparing them to the water buffaloes. Those noble animals appear to resent any attempt to make them decent or lively as an insult to their moral character.—Edward King in Boston Journal.

CARLYLE ON JOB.—I call the Book of Job, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with a pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew—such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble book! All men's book! It is our first, eldest statement of the never-ending problem, man's destiny, and God's ways with him here on this earth. And all in such free, flowing outlines; grand in its simplicity, and its epic melody, and repose of reconciliation. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So true every way; true eyesight, and vision for all things, material things no less than spiritual; the horse—"hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"—he laughs at the shaking of the spear! Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind; so soft and great; as the summer night, as the world with its seas and stars! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it of equal literary merit.

"Anna, dear, if I should attempt to spell Cupid, why could I not get beyond the first syllable?" Anna gave it up, whereupon William said: "When I come to c. u. of course I cannot go further." Anna said she thought that was the nicest conundrum she had ever heard.

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M. A. WALKER.

Salt Lake City,
sw tf. Sept. 12, 1876.

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