

THE DIVER.

Who wades the summer sea,
Of pleasure, fondly thought,
But shudders that empty sea;
The diving-bell of Thought.

Down such shallow food
Can only find a boat,
As fast as the fly-bud
Within its leaty boat.

Deep down in depths of woe
He who would find a boat,
Must descend below
The pearl of woe.

Once found, some word or line
In all the diver's line,
Will tell of salt sea-brine
Or stormy bathings.

But strange and happy lot!
The world that boys and woe
The diver's pearl, see not
The world in woe.

A SITUATION.

She stood at the crossing of the village street just as the shower came down. It had been a rainy morning, the drops filtering playfully through the clouds, interspersed with dazzling outbursts of sunshine, but now a peering, merciless torrent rushed sharply downward, gathering vehemence from past delay.

And there stood Bessy in the midst of it, one pretty foot stretched doubtfully out to feel for a stepping-stone amidst the torrent that swept over the crossing.

Quite by accident, of course, young Brownley, dawdling at the depot, in doubt whether to take the next train, caught sight of this vision, as he drummed with idle fingers on the gray-green panes of the waiting-room. It was quite by accident also, of course, that in a second after this he was crossing the street a little further up, armed with a big umbrella. As Bessy, still doubtful, glanced ruefully about to see if she could reach the nearest tree, or had better brave it out, this stranger, picking his way through the mud and wet, stood by her side.

Now we all know that it does not do for a woman to overstep conventional limits; she must keep to the bars of her gilded cage, and twitter happily behind them. To allow a gentleman to speak to her without an introduction, even if he were on a raft, while she floated by, going politely to the bottom, would be a thing of very doubtful etiquette. But down came the shower, and there stood Bessy with an umbrella. Under some circumstances, it must be owned, conventionalism makes a poor show beside savagism, and young Brownley, having more or less of the savage lingering about him, proffered his umbrella. It was promptly accepted by the girl who had evidently far less regard for the proprieties of life than for her dripping dress.

"Oh, dear!" she said, "it's completely spoiled, I suppose. This is the second time I have started out to see poor little Tom, and been stopped by the rain. I hope it won't rain this way every afternoon."

"I almost hope that it will," said her companion, glancing at the bright, flushed face beside him. "I always carry an umbrella."

Now it must be confessed that this commendable prudence and foresight had sprung up in the young man within the last ten minutes. But what of that? Reforms must begin at some time, I presume.

I have observed that, as a rule, most heroes of romance are well provided for. They have a higher sphere of troubles than the mere harassment of looking for bread and butter. And right enough it should be so, say I. It is a pity if we can not have a place of refuge, between book covers at least, where the contemptible common-place of life is not thrust upon us. All hail to the heroes with rich uncles and old aunts, and good-humored mole-eyed grandmothers, and forth-coming legacies! I'm sorry I can't place my hero among them; but he's an intensely every-day fellow, not fit for such high society. He hasn't even a distant relative in India with one foot in the grave.

The fact is, the youth had actually come up to Evansville looking for a situation in the big country store of Vander & Co., and what is more, he'd been refused it.

But here, however, with the incorrigible hopefulness of youth, he walked along beside Bessy, and forgot all about it. He expected to leave her at some cottage gate near by, and so he did presently. A pretty low-roofed house stood just in sight, with a row of red and white hollyhocks nodding up to its eaves. A scarlet-runner, dripping and shining in the shower, half hid a little window facing on the lane, wherein a fantastic assemblage of spoons, beads, and jars of confectionery looked out with an eye to trade.

The girl flung open the gate.

"Won't you come in?" she said.

"Aunt Polly will be glad to see you."

"No, thank you," said the young man, staring stupidly after her, as she disappeared among the hollyhocks.

"Lives there, does she?" he said, contemplating the tiny shop-window.

"I'm too late for the train to-day. Guess I'll call in to-morrow. Wonder if they keep fishing lines?"

The next morning, after lounging about the village, and trying vainly to get a sense of his situation, or rather want of one, young Brownley brushed his coat with extraordinary care.

"No signs of a show to-day," he said, as he strolled up the road. "Wonder if I'd better take the train."

And with that he turned up the lane toward the little shop. A clean old woman, in a wide-frilled cap and wrinkled face, sat rocking herself in the doorway. She looked up as the gate-latch clicked; a great cat purring at her feet rose sleepily, curling its tail, as the

intruder entered. "Fishing lines?" The Theold woman set about fumbling, speculated search among her motley stock, but none were to be found. He could get them up at Squire Vander's big store in the village. Ah! well, the young man recollected just then that he wanted some thread. He was often in want of a bit to sew a button on with.

"Poor young fellow!" said Aunt Polly to herself, commiseratingly; "boarding, I suppose!" And needles? would he have needles? He could not get no better than her'n any where. No, to be sure not. And while the good woman was putting up a parcel sufficient to restore all the stray buttons in Christendom, her customer sat expectant, waiting, but not for the package, perhaps a trim little figure might suddenly alight in the room, coming in from among the hollyhocks, or tripping daintily down the old stairway visible just beyond.

"Did—did your daughter get very wet?" he inquired, very abruptly at last, considering how long he had been contemplating the query.

"Sairy Jane? I hain't seen her to-day; but their house do leak some, that's certain, which is bad for Tom, who's got the whoop."

But suddenly the old lady grew enlightened. Her spectacles seemed to enlarge themselves. The frill on her cap widened out interrogatively.

"Bless my soul!" she said; "what upon airth am I thinking of, to be sure! I do get things a little confused, what with so many inquiring arter Sairy Jane and Tom. And you be the young man that see her home with the umbrella?—Miss Vander, I mean. Oh, bless your heart! she only stopped here to ask arter Tom, and to get in out of the wet; though she did match some worsted, I recollect, and what's more, left them behind her when she hurried off arter the shower. I'd be obliged to you, Sir, if you're going that way just let her know they're all safe."

Going that way! The young man lingered as he closed the gate, and the sense of his poverty and idleness did come upon him then with a deadly weight. What matter to him, or to any one, which way he drifted! As he walked down the path among Aunt Polly's nodding hollyhocks, he could have found in his heart to envy the old woman her quiet little way-side nook, and the undisturbed certainty of her homely existence.

So it was Squire Vander's daughter he had escorted so bravely with the umbrella!—Squire Vander, who owned, as Aunt Polly had told him, "no end of lands in these parts." "What a fool I am to be lingering about here!" thought our friend, as he wandered on; "I'll be off by the next train."

But then, hadn't he a commission to Miss Vander, wasn't he charged with a message for her, and wasn't business business? He heard the resounding whistle of the train as it swept out of sight, while he still loitered. He passed the squire's big mansion wistfully. What right had he to look in at the pickets—a poor wandering waif that would shortly be in want of a breakfast? The great fields of waving corn golden in the sunlight, the orchards on the slopes hung lustily ripe with fruit, and under the trees here and there the cattle stood cooling themselves in the shade, and lazily whacking off the flies; a pretty sun-light scene, where probably no comfortable farmer, no hospitable house-mistress, would have conceived it possible that the decently dressed young man strolling idly by was without a dollar in his pocket or an object in the world.

Object! Oh, well, perhaps not exactly that. Not if one can translate that gleam in the young man's eyes, as through the trees that skirt Squire Vander's lawn he catches a glimpse of a pretty figure in fluttering muslin, sitting and swaying itself leisurely in a great swing under the boughs of a spreading oak; to and fro, and fro, the airy figure flits, the leaf shadows embroidering her white dress, and glints of sunlight spangling her braided hair. Should he venture in? He stood irresolute, and as he stood there came an irruption of small boys through a side gate—a pack of hungry youngsters just let out of school.

"I say, Bessy, is dinner ready?" they cried.

"Come here and give me a swing, answered Bessy, inconsequently.

As they approached, the boys caught sight of the watchful, way-worn face peering through the shrubbery.

"Why, that's the chap was down at the store arter a situation!" cried Jack, Jim, and Jerry in chorus.

Bessy turned hastily; she knew her friend of yesterday in a moment. "Oh, come in! come in!" she cried. "I ought to have thanked you for your kindness last night."

"I just—just missed the train," said the traveler, started out of his self-possession, and naturally, under the circumstances, giving utterance to the first fib that suggested itself.

"Going away? Why, don't you find it pleasant here?"

"Very pleasant, but—"

"But the hotel and boarding-houses are all full, I suppose."

"To tell you the truth," burst out the young man, won to strange confidence by the frank eyes looking out at him, and speaking out the bitterness of his heart, "It would make very little difference in my case—they'd crowd me out, whether or no, for I couldn't pay for a room."

Not pay for a room! Bessy's eyes looked up at the broad front of her father's house, where door and window stood open, free and spacious. So much room and to spare while others were so straitened. But the shadow on her face was quickly turned to a smile at beholding the alacrity with which

Jack, Jim, and Jerry had monopolized the swing.

"Now there's a fellow could give us a regular toss all together!" cried little Jack, his merry black eyes looking out toward the tall figure at the gate.

There is no resisting fate, and before he knew it Mr. Brownley was fairly in that sacred inclosure, the leaf shadows fluttering over his tall figure, and over Bessy's arch face, and over the rosy merry boys, as they swung, laughing, skyward, sent up with a will, once, twice, and again. And while they were all thus merrily engaged, an elderly gentleman with an ivory-headed cane came walking up the path.

"Father," said Bessy, soberly, "this is the young gentleman who was so kind to help me in the rain yesterday."

"And such a fellow to lift!" cried Jack, as he came down from his ride in the tree-tops.

"Ah," said the old gentleman, eying the youth sharply. "Mr. Brownley, whom I saw yesterday, I believe."

"He's a regular brick, father!" cried Jack.

"Such a swing! If you take him in the store, it'll be jolly—then we can swing every day!"

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Vander, smiling, as his young people clung about him—"ay, ay, to be sure; that's all young folks think about nowadays—a jolly time! Well, well, come in to dinner, Mr. Brownley, and we'll talk the matter over. And so you thought it no harm to try again. Nothing like perseverance, my lad!"

Mr. Brownley did not state that he came with a message from Aunt Polly. Perhaps he forgot to deliver it altogether. I am not sure.

But this I can affirm, that in the annals of Evansville it is related that the successful Mr. Brownley, the honored and honorable Mr. Brownley, rose to his present estate from a very humble position—and, as some hint, by first securing a place in Bessy Vander's heart, which situation, I understand, he holds to this day.

A Singular Adventure.

The Evening Star prints a communication making the announcement of the supposed existence of a race of Albinos on the Rio Grande, near Santa Fe. The paper vouches for the standing and good character of the writer. The communication states that in the month of July, 1845, the writer was traveling east from the Pacific, and seeking a gap or pass through the mountains, which would lead to the Rio Grande, south of Santa Fe. He found a passage which led into their country. It was a canon of thirty miles in length. From the outlet of the canon he traveled about a mile, when he found three women and two children, their skin as white as snow. Immediately one of the women left the place in haste, and, about sundown, three men came riding rapidly down on the finest horses he ever saw. They were well mounted and well armed. They immediately dismounted and disarmed him.

They were white men, such as are frequently seen in Santa Fe, and sometimes in California. The next morning early, he was ordered to mount his mule; one of the men rode ahead of him, and the two others followed behind. After riding about twenty miles they dismounted, and ordered him to do the same. They had a short confab together, and he was ordered to mount his mule. They then gave him all his arms and traps, with the understanding that he was to make good time out of the canon, and continue going in that direction without looking back. From that point he traveled thirty miles before he reached an Indian village. It was that of a tribe of Ojemaehes. When he told the chief, by signs, that he came out of those mountains, he was afraid of him. He said that they were the abode of the evil spirit, and that no Indian that went into those mountains ever returned from them. He describes the country as circular, surrounded by steep and high mountains, covered with snow, without a break or pass.—*Chicago Times.*

A Trunk Which Gets 'Em.

Saturday morning there came over the Great Western road, on its way west, a trunk which made the hair of the baggage-master stand right up. It was thirty-four inches long, three feet wide, and was made of solid boiler-iron, an eighth of an inch thick. The handles were of iron, riveted on with great bolts, and the lid fastened down with an immense padlock. On one end of the trunk was painted the words: "She can stand it!" and on the other: "More coming!" The railroad men groaned aloud as they walked around "them trunk" and viewed it from every angle, and two ominous men, who thought the owner was going to stop over, made tracks out of the depot.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Few Days Since, at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, in London,

at the end of the opera, when amid a hurricane of applause, Mile Albani, the Albany prima donna, was called before the curtain, a gentleman in the grand tier threw a bouquet and a box at the prima donna, the latter of which unluckily struck her with considerable force in the centre of the forehead. The author of this calamity was observed to throw up his arms with a gesture of despair when he saw the lady place her hands on her forehead and instantly retire to her private room, where some simple remedies were applied with good effect. Perhaps it should be added that the restoration was a little assisted by the discovery that the guilty box when opened contained a tiara of splendid diamonds.

JOAQUIN ABROAD.

The Hoarding Post of the Sierras on the Applan Way.

Joaquin Miller has an article in last week's Independent on a drive on the Applan Way. It is written in an eccentric, off-hand manner, and is very characteristic. We give some extracts below:

"When a man from the far, far West, from the under world, as it were, makes his way around the globe and comes first upon the footprints of the apostles, he is thrilled by a sort of awe that nothing else can produce. He feels somehow that he has come upon the confines of another world, a better world and a fairer one, and he, for the day at least, is a better man for the fact."

"You get tired of Rome in a month or two, in spite of yourself—ruins and galleries, towers and churches (365 churches if there had been more days in the year, there would have been more churches in Rome)—and you want to get outside the great brick walls somewhere and sit down and rest. You are a sort of moonada, that has at last swallowed an ox, and you want to steal away and lie down and digest it."

"I had kept the Applan Way as something sacred, a sort of dessert to be taken when all else had palled and grown dull."

"The road by which Saint Paul first entered Rome, and by which the Catholic tradition says Saint Peter attempted to escape crucifixion in the Eternal City, still lay under the mantle of imagination, and now, at last, when determined to leave Rome for a little rest, my chum and I—my chum for a day, a sour, one-eyed old ruffian; a reformed or perhaps unreformed pirate; a man whom I had met in Rome, and melted into and liked because he was so hated by all others, and was very homely and plain with his big forked teeth and hollow-eyes—well, this man and I had resolved to take a carriage and drive along the Applan Way, to the first railway station on our way to Naples."

"We were cheerful over the prospect of doing a Gypsy business, tumbling over grassy tombs of the Caesars, picking up a few skulls by the way, and above all seeing this road—the road of all the roads that lead to Rome—and so talked cheerily over the matter at breakfast."

"The Applan Way is dreadfully disappointing. It is not more than twenty or twenty-five feet wide, and there is not a shade tree to be seen along the way."

"The head lift great walls, that hide the gardens and the peasants at their labor; and but for the interesting relics which compose these walls in part you would find but little to amuse you."

"These walls in many places have been repaired, or were originally built of broken marble plundered from heaven knows what ruined city or place, for these Romans seem to have had no respect whatever for antiquity. The great St. Peter's church, for example, is built for the most part, out of stones taken from their most picturesque ruins."

"You will notice a broken arm reaching helplessly out of this wall on the Applan Way in one place, as you pass, and in another you will see a pretty cluster of flowers. A part of a giant serpent is also to be seen, along with a hundred other like fragments of art, where the storms of time have laid bare the rough masonry of the wall."

"Latterly, however, these gentle Romans have come to preserve all these things and stick them up in the stucco walls of the houses all along the roads. This, of course, soils the effect, and you take less interest in the broken marbles when you find they are posted up for exhibition."

"Capuchin monks, in brown gowns and sandals, go by, indolent-looking and filthy, though they are said to be about the best of their kind and very attentive to the sick in times of the plague."

"Now we meet a family of peasants going into town. They all have loads on their heads, and chat and sing and seem very happy. I have never yet seen a monk carry anything heavier than his little basket, wherein to put whatever may be given him in charity. I may add, however, that that is just one basket more than I have seen any diergyman here carry."

"Virgins and holy families look down at us from niches in the walls, and now and then we pass a Madonna, with a burning lamp."

"An English party, returning in carriages, meet us here; and a lot of carts bearing fruit and wheat for town; and we find the great Applan road so narrow that it is with difficulty that we can pass."

"Here is a little church to the left, in which the guide-book says are the two foot-prints of our Savior in the stone. We step in, and find two monks at the door stringing beads."

"This is the story of the foot-prints. St. Peter had been condemned in Rome to be crucified; but his heart had failed him, and having met with an opportunity to escape, he was now making his way at night on the Applan way towards the sea. But suddenly here, on the site of this church, which is built over the old road, so that the new road has to pass around it, he came face to face with his master."

"Peter said: 'Master, whither goest thou?'"

"I go to Rome to be crucified."

"At this Peter returned to Rome and died at the hands of the Romans, on the site of St. Peter's church."

"The very paving stones of the old road are still here and form the floor of the church. But the good priest tells us that this is only a copy of the stone

Religious Frenzy in Lapland.

A writer in an English magazine says, in speaking of service in a Lapland church: "It seems that within the last few years a kind of fanaticism has crept in among these Lapps, and the word of God, instead of 'pouring oil upon a bruised spirit,' as every one is taught to believe who will read the Scriptures aright, only fills them with imaginary terrors; and, far different from the creed of the real Christian, they seem to think the best atonement they can make for their sins lies in outward show. I have seen a little of this in other churches in Sweden, where at certain parts of the service the women all commence groaning and sobbing so loud that you can scarcely hear the diergyman. This, however, soon passes off, and is scarcely worth notice. These Lapps, however, must have been far more susceptible, or far more wicked, for all at once, when the communion services began, two or three women sprang up in different parts of the church, and commenced frantically jumping, howling, shrieking and clapping their hands. I observed one middle-aged female particularly energetic, and who sank down in a kind of fit after about five minute's exertion. The infection soon spread, and, in a few minutes, two-thirds of the congregation 'joined in the cry,' and all order was at an end. Five or six would cluster round one individual, hugging, kissing, weeping and shrieking, till I really thought some one would be smothered. One old patriarch in particular, who sat close behind me, seemed an object of peculiar veneration, and the Lapps crowded from all parts of the church to hug him. How he stood it I cannot imagine, but he sat meekly enough, and at one time I counted no less than seven 'miserable sinners' hanging about the old man, all shrieking and weeping. The religious orgies of the wild aborigines in Australia round their campfire are not half so frightful as this scene, for they at least do not desecrate a place of worship with their mad carousals."

Royal Magnificence.

So passed the famous Marlborough House fancy ball of 1874, until that happened which happens at every ball—fill people began to get hungry, and the music of the amusement ceased.

Then, at half past 12 o'clock, their royal highnesses led the way (the blind Duke of Mecklenburg taking in the Princess of Wales) into the upper tents which were pitched in the garden, and reached from the ball-room windows by a descent of a few steps. There were two tents, a long marquee with tables accommodating between two and three hundred people, and a smaller one with a buffet. The supper was a brilliant scene; for, besides the feast itself and the gorgeous throng which partook of it, the tents were finely decorated. Figures of men in armor and rich tapestry were set and hung all along the walls of the larger marquee. This was splendid, but the smaller, and still large, tent of the buffet was exquisite. Here all was scarlet. The walls were hung with scarlet velvet Indian carpets, wedding presents to their royal highness from an Indian princess, embroidered in the centre with gold and precious stones in the Indian manner. On the tables were scarlet geraniums, scarlet geraniums hung in baskets from the roof; the servants wore scarlet liveries. The vista along these tents thronged with such a gay and gallant company more than five hundred strong, was very splendid. Snapper gone, there was dancing till daylight came and after; till at last the end came, and the ball, which we have endeavored to prevent from going the way of all balls, was over. The art and taste which went to perfect all its arrangements deserve indeed a better fate than to be forgotten. The pride of our people requires that there should be a well-ordered magnificence in the lives of their princes, and certainly His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, proved himself last night well descended from kings whose courts have never been wanting in splendor."

Spurgeon's Advice.

"You ministers who have got to be fine and intellectual, clear your throats and preach Jesus Christ; pull the velvet out of your mouths, ye gentlemen who use fine words, and speak so that the people can understand you; and mind Christ, and Christ crucified. Ye Methodists who are getting to be very respectable, get to be as red hot as Methodists used to be; ye Independents, be like the old Puritans; and ye Baptists, who seem to be damped with cold water, or worn out, pray the Lord to baptize you with fire, and that will be the very best thing that can happen to you. Look at your chapels, half full; your congregations, half asleep; your preacher, often reading from his book, and not preaching at all; or, when when preach, preaching as though he were not awake much lower down than his neck; his heart is still asleep, and only his mouth is talking."

Cyrus W. Field and Dr. I. Hayes,

who are to attend the Iceland celebration, have received a commission from one of the New York daily newspapers to make a thorough examination of the island with reference to its geography, habits of the people and other conditions and information of interest to the scientific world.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—It is said that Brigham Young has made his will, and given his friends ten children each.

—San Francisco rejoices over the fact that many Chinamen are departing for their native land.

—The price current of girls for wives in Armenian villages is quoted at from \$10 to \$80, according to age and quality.

—Georgia doctors take opiums, melons, possums, dogs, shot-guns, etc., in payment of their bills and are glad to get them.

—The cost of the new government building in Cincinnati, the plans of which are now being drawn, will be \$3,500,000.

—A Saratoga belle flirts a thousand-dollar fan, but there is supposed to be rest in heaven for those who can't pay above three dollars for one.

—In Virginia City, a male Indian dressed as a squaw, is frequently seen. He is forced to wear female attire as a punishment for cowardice.

—They have "the Morning German" at Long Branch. Dancing there began ten and eleven o'clock every forenoon, and is continued for two or three hours.

—A boy at Rye Beach did not know it was loaded, and the result is a one-eyed hotel clerk. The boy's father has magnanimously headed a subscription list for the one-eyed.

—The other day, when a Georgia man was being sentenced to execution, he remarked: "Judge, yer old boss in a ten acre lot, and I shan't hold any grudge agin yer."

—The girl who generally writes her name in a straw hat and marries a millionaire through its influence hasn't been heard of this year. The millionaire was probably married before the hat came out.

—An up country woman gave birth to four children last week. When her husband protested she whimpered out, "Sandrach, you know how these reaper accidents are reducing the population at Wisconsin."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

—A young lady, who has been greatly annoyed by a lot of young simpletons who stop under her window at night to sing "if ever I cease to love," wishes us to say, if they will cease their foolishness, come in, and talk "business," they will confer a favor.

—Bismarck's boy is well-nigh as formidable as his iron airs. He has just distinguished himself by making a target of the abdomen of an infantry officer of the German army. The shooting was done in an affair of "honor," and was a natural result of the military custom of carrying the honor in the abdomen.—*Courier-Journal.*

—This is how it happened down in south-west Missouri:

He found a rope, and picked it up,
And with it walked away;
It happened that to other end
A horse was hitched, they say.

They found a tree and tied the rope
Unto a swinging limb,
It happened that the other end
Was somehow hitched to him.

—Dyspepsia is a national evil, and is largely due to rapid eating, particularly among "business men" and "brain-workers." With many persons it is impossible for the body to carry on the work of digestion while the brain is also working hard. The stomach must have some nerve force with which to perform its duties. A little time for rest before eating, as well as afterward, is of great importance to many persons.

—Thomas Moran's last big picture, the "Chasm of the Colorado," has been sold to the government for \$10,000. This picture is the companion to his "Canon of the Yellowstone," and both pictures will be hung in the alcove of the senate gallery of the Capitol. Mr. Moran is better known as a designer than a painter, but since he has turned his attention to painting, he has taken a high position. He is very successful as a delineator of landscapes.

—While taking a walk in Vienna recently, the Princess Pauline de Metternich was caught in a shower. A young gentleman hastened up to her and offered her the protection of his umbrella. "Madam—" "Well, I declare, you Vienna men are impertinent!" "Madam, from lips beautiful as yours, even such words don't offend!" "They don't? Well, then, you must be about as sensitive as a spittoon," saying which she turned and entered a cab.

—A Sunday-school teacher wishing his pupil to have a clear idea of faith, illustrated thus: "Here is an apple—you see it and therefore know that it is there; but when I place it under this tea-cup you have faith that it is there, though you no longer see it." The lady seemed to understand perfectly; and the next time the teacher asked them, "What is faith?" they answered with one accord, "An apple under a tea-cup."

—Exactly the opposite idea was inculcated recently by Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of London, who preached a sermon in Westminster Abbey on the subject of cremation. He could not conceive of anything more barbarous and unnatural, and one of the first-fruits of its adoption would be to undermine the faith of mankind in the resurrection of the body, and so bring about a most disastrous social revolution, the end of which it was not easy to foretell. There was no conceivable ground on which the custom of burning the body could be defended, and were it to be introduced among civilized nations, it would confirm and increase the wide-spread licentiousness and immorality which now prevail in all the great capitals of the world.