THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

PRACTICAL INFORMATION FOR THE FARMER AND THE ORCHARDIST.

[This Department is prepared for the SACRAMENTO RECORD-UNION by its Agricultural Editor. All matter relating to the agricultural interest will be found under this head.]

EXPERIMENT STATION.

We believe the Germans are entitled to the credit of greater practical system in advancing agricultural knowledge than any other people. The French have been very successful as culturists, and in turning their efforts in the cultivation of the soil to money account, but their success depended more upon the kind of products they cultivated than upon their ingenuity in the culture. Wine and silk have been for the past half, and we may say whole century, in a measure a monopoly, of which the French have held a large and profitable share. Unfortunately for France and her culturists, these two industries are at present decidedly on the decline in that country. The wine interests are suffering from the vigor and destructive powers of an insect that lives on the life-blood of the grape vines, while the silk interests are suffering from the opposite cause, or the want of vigor in another insect that lives on the mulberry. The phylloxera are too vigorous for the viticulturists, while the *Sericaria mori* are too feeble for the sericulturists, and hence the prosperity of France suffers. The Germans, on the other hand, are in the midst of great agricultural prosperity, and for this prosperity Germany is indebted to a great extent to the direction given her agriculture by experimental stations located in every part of the country. These agricultural stations are not only practical schools to the young farmers, but as well to the old farmers, for the reason that they are constantly bringing up and testing new cultures and improving old methods. They also are great economic institutions, inasmuch as they test questions at small expense for the benefit of all interested. The beet sugar industry, which is of such great benefit to German agriculture, well be said to have been originated or introduced into Germany by the experimental stations. With these stations in so many localities, the farmers are kept constantly informed as to what their soil is best adapted to produce, and individuals are not under the necessity of expensive risks in conducting experiments on their own account. If these stations have done and are doing so much for German agriculture, when the soil and climate of the whole country have so much sameness, what might they not do for California, where we have so much variation in soil and climate? The Agricultural Department of our State University is doing what it can to supply the wants of the farmers of the State in the way of tests of soil and experimental cultures, but it labors under the disadvantages of being located in a climate unlike that of any other section of the State, and of having a soil to deal with which requires a treatment needed in but few other localities. But few of the most valuable fruits to California can be made to thrive in the cold, chilly winds entering the Golden Gate and falling upon the grounds of Berkeley, without protection from the open air. The same is true of many of the field crops which have proved the most profitable in many sections of the State. Laboring under these natural disadvantages, but little should be expected of this department in the way of practical and really valuable experiments in culture. Professor Hilgard is fully alive to the difficulties arising from these causes, under which he labors, as will be seen from the following remarks in his annual report to the Board of Regents. He says:

In the matter of testing and introduction of new cultures possibly adapted to some of the various climates of California, we labor under the disadvantage of a location in one of the extreme regions. However tempered by distance, and by the proximity of the mountains, the fogs and chilly winds entering the Golden Gate still render it impossible, *e. g.*, to ripen the grape or fig at Berkeley, in the open ground, or to get a boll of cotton to open in season to be useful as a crop. For such cases as these our only plan is to raise the plants under shelter, as far as possible, and then to distribute them for trial to intelligent persons in the several portions of the State where it may be presumed that their culture may be successful. In so doing we intend carefully to keep hands off anything that is already in the possession of seedsmen and nurseries, and upon the introduction of any new plant, to cease its distribution so soon as it may fairly be considered as having passed into the category of received varieties, unless it be for purposes of verification of kinds. Our work is, in any case, so wide as to render it undesirable to go beyond the point when experiment ceases and commercial culture begins.

The facts so fully realized by the Professor and referred to in the above extract have led him earnestly to urge, from year to year, the importance of establishing definite experiment stations in the several climatic regions of the State, all to co-operate with the Agricultural Department of the University. Such stations cannot, in the nature of things, be made self-sustaining. All experience has shown that in a pecuniary point of consideration experimental farms are failures. Experimental farms also lose half their possible value unless conducted in conjunction or co-operation with experimental agricultural laboratories. The agricultural chemist and the practical farmer, in order to work to the best advantage, should be close together, and go hand in hand; and in the possibility of doing this to the best advantage lies the great value of agricultural stations located in the several climatic regions of a great State like California. While the National Congress shows a disposition to favor the execution of some plan for rendering greater assistance to the farmers of our State than can be done by or through the medium of the Agricultural Department at Washington, our State Legislature should also give the subject its consideration and timely aid. As the farmers would receive the greatest share of the direct benefits to result from the establishment of such stations, it is but natural that a move for the purpose should originate with them; and we are glad to give the State Grange the credit of having at its last session brought this subject to the attention of the public and our Representatives in Congress. We hope they will now follow it up until some practical results shall ensue.

THE CROPS AND THE WEATHER.

We have just experienced one of the best sustained northers we remember to have passed through in this portion of the State for many a year. The wind not only blew heavily, but it blew almost constantly for a whole week. The cessation was but for a day. The soil was not damp at the commencement of the wind, and it certainly was not wet at its close, but we are glad to be able to state that the wind did not carry off with it as much moisture as we supposed it would. The damage to the growing crops was not serious and not as great as it is generally believed to have been. The wind was luckily unusually cold, and was not of that drying, poisonous nature which frequently characterizes the north wind when the temperature is higher. The piercing coldness of the blasts was evidence of dampness in the atmosphere through the whole week, and the absence of damage to the crops is also conclusive of the same fact. The slight shower following so closely upon the heels of the norther has repaired what injury was done and restored to the surface of the soil its former favorable condition. With the small amount of rainfall we have had the past winter the ground is wet down well, and there is no reason to despair of good crops yet.

THE "SUGAR BEET."

We have received the first number of an illustrated quarterly journal of the above name, published by Henry Carey Baird & Co., Philadelphia. As its name indicates, it is devoted to the cultivation and utilization of the sugar beet in the United States. The publishers, in their announcement, say that it will be the province of the *Sugar Beet:* First—To impress the community with the great importance of at once establishing in our midst these useful and profitable industries, no longer an experiment in Europe, and which, as the great Thiers said, "twice saved France from ruin." Second—To assist those North American farmers engaged in the culture of the sugar beet in obtaining the largest and best-paying yield and the best market, and to encourage others to undertake the culture of this crop. Third—To discuss the processes and machinery used in the manufacture of sugar, alcohol and other beet-root products; stock feeding from the beet direct, and from its pulp, etc. In another column of the paper the following reasons are given why the beet sugar industries have not been introduced into the United States:

1. Information in the English language upon the subject has been wanting.
2. On account of a prevailing prejudice that it is practically impossible, owing to its having been several times improperly attempted, and in such cases proving a failure.
3. Attempts at American cultivation have been made by those having but a limited knowledge of the subject.
4. The seeds that have been used have not been of the best variety, and were not planted according to improved principles long since known in Europe.
5. On account of an opposing and interested prevailing element represented by owners of Southern sugar plantations.
6. Unfounded fears of certain protectionists that the yearly Government revenues would be diminished.
7. Undertaking the manufacture without expert advice and with insufficient capital.
8. So many have waited for others to commence.

The specimen copy gives evidence that it will be a valuable paper to all who propose to engage in the culture of the sugar beet or the manufacture of sugar from the same, and we doubt not many of our farmers would find that it will give them valuable information to assist in making farming more profitable by the introduction of a more diversified agriculture.

AGRICULTURAL SELECTIONS.

FACTS.—Within the last half dozen years new-fangled methods of settling milk and raising cream, new-fangled churns and patent butter-workers have been puffed to the skies, and people in general begin to think that butter made in the old-fashioned way was hardly fit to eat. But the butter that carried off the highest honors at the Massachusetts State Butter Show this winter was made in the old-fashioned way. The milk was set in shallow pans, and stood from 24 to 36 hours. The cream was kept in stone jars and well mixed every time a fresh lot was added. It was churned at a temperature of 60 degrees. When the buttermilk separated from the butter it was drawn off and the butter washed until the water ran clear; then salted—three-fourths of an ounce of salt to each pound of butter; stood for 24 hours, then washed and packed. This butter was the product of one thoroughbred and two high grade Jersey cows. They were fed two quarts each of corn meal and wheat bran, and one of roots per day to each cow, with all the early cut hay they would eat. The butter was judged by experts—men who were experienced in handling, tasting and grading all kinds of butter. Considerable "nosing" around among the butter makers of Franklin county—a county which has the reputation of producing the best butter in the State of Massachusetts—reveals the fact that the majority of the best butter makers stick to the old-fashioned ways. They use shallow tin pans, the old dash churn, and most of them work the butter by hand. The best butter seems to be made from Jerseys and Jersey grades. The butter that was packed in bulk in maple boxes was better than the roll and "fancy prints." Now let the advocates of the "Cooley method," the "Hardin method," and a dozen other "methods," and the people who think that butter worked by hand is everlastingly ruined, look to their laurels. It is quite likely that our mothers and grandmothers did know something about butter making after all.—["F." in the Prairie Farmer.

TESTS AT CORNELL.—Professor Roberts recently gave an account of some tests made at Cornell University farm in the feeding and management of cows. The results showed that there was an increase of 21 per cent. in the product of the cows by supplying pure air, warm stables, a warm covered yard, pure water 10 degrees above freezing, and prepared food—cut fodder mixed with meal. The record of five cows, as the result of these experiments, was as follows: No. 1 weighed 1,086 pounds, calved January 17th, and gave 8,055½ pounds; times her weight, 7.40. No. 2 weighed 1,019 pounds, calved December 29th, and gave 6,201½ pounds; times her weight, 6.08. No. 3 weighed 1,118 pounds, calved January 30th, and gave 8,631 pounds; times her weight, 7.72. No. 4 weighed 800 pounds, calved March 11th, and gave 7,237 pounds; times her weight, 8.04. No. 5, 2½ years, Holstein, weighed 1,050 pounds, calved March 8th, and gave 5,410 pounds. Two and a quarter cents per pound on an average was received for milk, and it cost a quarter cent per pound to deliver it. The receipts net from these cows were as follows: No. 1, $161 11; No. 2, $124 03; No. 3, $172 62; No. 4, $144 72; No. 5, $108 20.

HEDGE SEED.—Hedge seed should be sown in the spring, in ground previously prepared by deep fall plowing, followed by harrowing in the spring. The seed should be soaked seven or eight days before planting. When it begins to burst open, and the germ appears, it is ready to plant. This is for rows in nursery, and it is preferable to plant in this way than in the place where the hedge is to stand. Mark off rows two feet wide and drop by hand the seed from two to three inches apart. Cultivate during the season to keep down weeds, and the ground loose and friable. Take them up in the fall, heel them in deeply and mulch with straw two feet deep. Set out in the spring, preparing the ground by throwing two furrows apart and then plowing down deeply in the center. Then set the plants ten or twelve inches apart; cultivate well, keeping the plants clear of weeds; stop cultivating at midsummer. This course is followed three years. The fourth year the plant is cut off just above the ground.

BESIDE THE BARS.

Grandmother's knitting has lost its charm;
  Unheeded it lies in her ample lap,
While the sunset's crimson, soft and warm,
  Touches the frills of her snowy cap.

She is gazing on two beside the bars,
  Under the maple—who little care
For the growing dusk, or the rising stars,
  Or the hint of frost in the autumn air.

One is a slender slip of a girl,
  And one a man in the prime of youth;
The maiden pure as the purest pearl,
  The lover strong in his steadfast truth.

"Sweet, my own, as a rose of June,"
  He says, full low, o'er the golden head.
It would sound to her like a dear old tune,
  Could grandmother hear the soft words said.

For it seems but a little while ago
  Since under the maple, beside the bars,
She stood a girl, while the sunset's glow
  Melted away 'mid the evening stars.

And one, her lover, so bright and brave,
  Spake words as tender, in tones as low;
They come to her now from beyond the grave,
  The words of her darling so long ago.

"My own one, sweet as a rose in June!"
  Her eyes are dim and her hair is white,
But her heart keeps time to the old love-tune
  As she watches her daughter's child to-night.

A world between them, perhaps you say.
  Yes. One has read the story through;
One has her beautiful yesterday,
  And one to-morrow fair to view.

But little you dream how fond a prayer
  Goes up to God through his silver stars,
From the aged woman gazing there,
  For the two who linger beside the bars.
—[Margaret E. Sangster.

PARK AND SAND LOT.

A TRIP TO GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO.

"Kate Heath's" Visit to the Sand Lot and what She Saw There—The Gray Ulster—Rational Charity.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 17, 1880.

These are usually days for triskiness, noon naps and trees in bloom, but since last I took up my pen to think of you we have had just two glorions days. They stood so apart that they seemed to be set up in a frame by themselves. On the first of them we had a home-made picnic to the park. No pound cake, no claret, no boned turkey, but biscuit, boiled eggs, jam and and cookies, or the lunch of digestion and happiness. The new cable cars on Geary street took us. Everything about

A CABLE CAR

Is different from a horse car. In the first place there is something indescribably jolly in riding outside on the dummy; then everything is new, clean and spick and span, and the motion of the car is so smooth and gliding, it is like getting to sleep and sitting on the edge of a dream. The conductors all seem to have sprung out of a gentlemanlike newness, and their uniforms are so refreshingly bright and clean that one almost feels like apologizing for the smallness of the five cent fare. Geary street has suddenly grown in importance, and property has advanced since the establishment of this new line. Handsome residences stand on either hand almost its full length, and to ride along in front of the dummy the houses look as though they had parted and fallen back to left and to right, just to allow of our passage. Nearly every house, where it is possible, blossoms into bay windows and front porticos, and puts on a collar made of tatting just before it finishes off at the top. The bay window looking toward the south becomes almost a conservatory within in smilax and coleus, geranium and swinging baskets, while without it is twined and intertwined with vines. Reaching the park the first thing which greets the eye is a tin cup chained to a faucet for the accommodation of all such foot passengers as ourselves, and other convenient faucets are placed throughout the grounds. The

GOLDEN GATE PARK

Is looked upon this year as a place for a day's pleasuring on foot as well as an hour's drive. There are footpaths and rustic seats and arbors everywhere, showing that it is the city's, and not for the few alone. Through the miles of drives on Saturdays there are superb teams and fast trotters, and the show and shine of the public promenade, but I never realized till now what a different place it was on a week-day. Sober old family horses jog comfortably over the macadam, carriages full of children and sociable phaetons came into view every moment, and even the light spring wagon comes by with a rattle. The morning I went hundreds of well-dressed, contented-looking people were out for a day with babies and young ones just able to toddle about, and larger children, and not a child but seemed to lift up its face and take in the free sunlight and lovely air, as geese and ducks open their bills and poke them about when the rain comes. I should have liked to sweep all the San Francisco alleyways and cellars and attics free of children and filled the park that day. Wonders of work has been done and is still to be done. Winding about on the drives, here is a brilliant corner of lawn, there a garden-spot, just beyond an edge of box or broom, over yonder a clump of laurestinas or a grove of eucalyptus. Everywhere among the undergrowth and the scrubby trees that have sprung up without cultivation and are twisted and turned about by the winds, spring up thrifty evergreens that will by and by make a forest of fir, or the ever present and accommodating eucalyptus grows or the acacia reaches down its graceful fingers. Then a bald sand hill rises,

YELLOW AS GOLD

In the sunlight, and covered all over with little drifts and ripples of sand, and it shines and shines as though hundreds of twinkling stars were hidden just under its surface. The visitor comes constantly upon companies of men at work digging, planting, widening, opening roads and grading—the dollar-a-day men given employment by the Bush fund. If ever there was one blessed gift to the poor beyond bread and clothing, it is the park conservatory so filled with tropical color and odor and bloom; so rare with dripping waters and song-birds and strange growths—it is the gift of the beautiful. Yesterday, drawn partly by curiosity and partly by interest, I went to a queer spot—

THE SAND LOT.

It is a spot which should be sacred, too, for it is the site of old Yerba Buena cemetery, where San Francisco buried her first dead, as it has since proved, in her very heart. It is also in the shadow of the new City Hall, that vast pile of brick and expenditure which lies under the heavens still unfinished, with the clink around it of hammer upon stone, and the suggestion of a grand colonnade with pillar and pavement and mighty beam. A platform is in the middle of the lot and round it a small crowd had gathered, toward which I waded through the sand. I went among the women and not one looked clean and sweet, their finger nails were black and their skirts bedragged, their hair dry and straggling and their teeth dirty. They looked down at my gloves, my decent dress; they eyed my cleanly shawl and my veiled face, and said one at my side, whose face was covered with freckles, to another, whose brown dress was ornamented with grease spots down the front, "There are strangers here to-day." "Yes, and they don't believe in it," was the reply. "Ah, well!" said the first, good-humoredly, in my ear, "we'll convert them." Then I went where the men were. They were smoking clay pipes and spitting tobacco, and profanity was free as the grains of sand, but as I stepped about one man and another made way for me. Whatever else an Irishman may do, he is polite to the petticoat. A big man, not over clean, began to speak with a strong German accent. He insisted upon it that he had a right to live. I suppose he meant at some other man's expense, for that seemed to be the prevailing idea about me. He told of a woman who keeps a restaurant, but refused to donate provisions to the Free Hotel of the sand-lotters, and suddenly I was in the midst of mutterings and cries: "To h—l wid her!" "D—n her!" "The divil's got her shure!" But nobody seemed very desperate or blood-thirsty, after all. Then

MRS. SMITH,

Or the Gray Ulster of the Sand Lot, rose to speak. She was the best and smartest looking woman among them, but the black bands of her Derby hat much needed a whisp broom, and her shoes sadly wanted a brush. She spoke well, used good language and made a point here and there. She hoped the East would get a stomach full of Chinamen. Henry Ward Beecher wanted to convert them, "but if they get his religion, heaven help the souls of the Chinamen," and then there were grins in every direction. Some one tells me that Mrs. Anna Smith goes, one night a week, to a cellar on Tehama street, and addresses a gathering of foreigners who meet in secret as plotters and Socialists. No other woman is present, and before the evening is done one and another gives ten cents toward a collection for her. Her desire now is to be supplied with a horse and buggy to go about the State delivering addresses and distributing their socialist tracts. At several of the women's rights meetings here she spoke, being a stranger, but after a time or two was known and allowed to speak no more. She finds herself in her element haranguing now to the public every afternoon, being thus in a position of notoriety. Although at the point of starvation she refused a situation as a domestic in a small family with wages at $25 per month. And yet it may not be so. She advises burning and destruction of property as a last resort. I went away, quietly and peaceably, with the rest, when the meeting closed, and I was glad to go. I saw nothing dangerous and nothing that looked like war, but as a sandlot it didn't smell good. It smelled like a man that ought to be put in a bath-tub, soaked over night and rubbed down with sand-paper, then given a clean suit of clothes. In the meantime there are

PLENTY OF POOR PEOPLE

Needing assistance in San Francisco. Every day men and women ring the bell and come round through the area for food and clothing, and yet one can't set a free table and spread half-worn clothes on the line for everyone. KATE HEATH.

THE QUIET HOUR.

THE "TANGLER'S" PARADISE OF CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC.

[Contributions to this department should be addressed "Quiet Hour," RECORD-UNION. Write upon but one side of the sheet. Accompany all contributions with the answers, the true name, and postoffice address. Contributors will receive advice and assistance, and are privileged to engage in courteous criticism of the productions published.]

Answers to March 6th.

601. Thought.
602. Reach.
603. N, tit, nitid, tip, D.
604. Sacramento.
605. Good penmanship.
606. Wear, Hindu, echo, anvil, thief; whole—wheat flour.
607. "Eel" in every first word.
608. Berry, ferry, Jerry, merry, terry, serry, perry.
609. Banana.
610. (1) Argonaut; (2) figurative. These two we consider especially fine samples of puzzle lore. They do "Trinity" credit.

New Tangles.

617. Enigma, by Viola:

I stay the rapid river's course;
I guard your goods from fraud or force;
And yet, fair ladies, I form part
Of charm which binds a lover's heart.

618. Enigma, by Ora and Carrie Bradley:

A proverb containing 37 letters.
My 26, 25, 19, 17, 14, 20, 33, 25 is an ex-Empress.
My 14, 21, 5, 14 is a State.
My 15, 24, 28, 25, 27, 34, 14, 35, 32, 8 is a novel by a well-known author.
My 32, 13, 14, 1, 10 is a poet.
My 16, 12, 3, 6, 30, 22, 9 is an eminent divine.
My 23, 31, 32, 36, 25, 4, 27 is a Prime Minister.
My 29, 37 is the initials of a Scottish chief.
My 2, 18, 25, 24, 20, 7 is desired by all.
My 11 is a consonant.

619. Beheadings, by F. M. S.:

Take a patriotic act of thieves, et al., behead and have a necessary act of birds; again, and have my own act of comminuting a nutmeg; again, and have one that holds wood out of the ashes; again, and have the dearest English word to railroad men; again, and have what men involuntary did with their bad words; again, and have the symbols of a metal; again, and have the heart of bread.

620. Square word, by Trinity:

The cowslip primrose; odor; the mountain daisy; a copy; ways.

621. Diamond, by Maud Tucker:

A consonant; directly; a novelist; a part of the head; a consonant. The same across as downwards.

622. Beheadings, by Casper:

As I stand I am addressed to woman; transpose, and I remain the same; now behead me, and I am a man's name; again, to obstruct; again, a verb; again, a consonant.

623. Puzzles, by Hattie Heath:

(1) Numerals: 50, 9, 4, 1, 8.
(2) 1000, 1, 100.
(3) Square word: A mountain, black white numbers.
(4) Word puzzle:
A word of seven letters, pronounced with two:
Twice curtail, and the same you will view.
(5) Conundrum: A word that, without changing a letter or the accent, has two meanings directly contrary to each other. To unite and to divide.

624. Charade for Augusta Blake, by Rose:

[PREFACE.]

SAN RAFAEL, March 15th.

My "Quiet Hour" Friends: Although I have neglected you for some time, I have not lost my interest in the family, or been unmindful of the puzzles written for me. It is pleasant to think that I have an interest in Sacramento still, even though my home will be elsewhere. One word for Amethyst: Perhaps as a rule "women tell everything," but I believe I am an exception to the rule, or I would tell what I know as to the identity of the "Quiet Hour." ROSE.

[THE CHARADE.]

Much of my first must tanglers do
  To untie the "Quiet Hour" knots;
Oft it is performed by you
  In sober second thoughts.

My next has meanings more than one;
  Adds to dainty baby's grace,
Ofttimes 'tis found upon a gun,
  And above the brave soldier's face.

My whole I surely have mislaid,
  Which is the excuse I make
For failing to answer the puzzles made
  For me by Augusta Blake.

Answers to Correspondents and Correct Solutions.

Rose—Yes, the "Quiet Hour" appears in the WEEKLY UNION.

F. M. S. Jr.—594, 602.

F. M. S.—601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 609, 598 (good and very nearly right).

Rose—594, 597, 600 (good), 602, 604, 605, 607 (almost), 608, 609, 610.

Casper—605, 602, 603 (very good but not the original answer. Often an answer by this process improves upon the original. Definition of word squares and diamonds are frequently subject to several formations by way of answer. All equally good) 604.

Gus—608, 610.

Angela—599, 600, 601.

Sibyl—602, 604, 606 (good, but not the original), 607 (in part), 610 (1), 612, 613. Sibyl writes thus pleasantly and lightly:

DIAMOND SPRINGS, March 18, 1880.

Dear Quiet Hour: Isn't it too bad that we must wait two long weeks before we can know the solution of that most distracting tangle 614? F. M. S. is surely an adept at puzzles, and I regard most of them, as I did Ajax's of old, quite beyond my ken. Are we never to know why Ajax withdrew from our circle? The Quiet Hour is surely a realm of mysteries. I've often thought how enjoyable it would be could the whole family meet some day. I have a mental picture of every member. I always think of Trinity as a portly, dignified, elderly gentleman, with iron-gray hair and beard, with such a kindly, jovial face, though real fine looking—one of the Judges, of which we are told there are several in the circle. Then the names Rose and Amethyst always bring to mind two sprightly, pretty girls; and Hattie Heath, I believe I know just how she looks. What has become of "My Wife and I?" I've missed them a long time; and the intimation that Hattie Heath thought of withdrawing seemed very like the thought of losing a dear friend. How beautifully Kate Heath responded to the letter I wanted to write to her. I'm so glad she believes in the melody of nature. It has always seemed to me that the orchestra we find in the woods is more complete than any other. How I wish she might attend one of the concerts with me. I admired and reverenced Kepler when he found the true path of our earth around the sun, but I loved him when he clung to the "music of the spheres." How beautifully Bryant expresses the same idea in his wonderful poem "The Dance of the Stars." Grand indeed the thought that when from the dread abyss of nothingness the worlds appeared, melodious strains began, to which the dance is woven that measures out our years; all the harmony of nature—the commingling of sweet sounds of praise to the Great Creator. Please thank Kate Heath for her last letter—it was very interesting to "Sibyl and her friends," and we enjoyed much its many pretty pictures—and the peeps behind the curtain impressed us deeply. It is well for us to see sometimes how very really "we are brother and sister, every one." To-day I took that dreadful "15 puzzle," resolved to know how I arrived at the result of placing the numbers in order after they had been irregularly arranged, but all to no avail, when the RECORD-UNION appeared on the scene with its article on the mystery. It proved to me a blessed boon, for now I can arrange them whatever the disorder; not much of a triumph, surely, but a great relief to the mind. SIBYL.

Amethyst—594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 600, 602, 604, 605, 606. The tangle referred to lacked in clearness. We permit contributors to profit by such experiences.

The "Fifteen Puzzle"—The treatment of this puzzle which will be of interest to our "tanglers" has been had in several local items in this paper, and our contributors are referred to those articles for all desirable information regarding the new "craze."

MANHATTANISMS.

BUSINESS, SPECULATION AND PLEASURE RAMPANT IN NEW YORK.

The Mining Mania in the City—Felix Adler on the Bible in the Schools—Beecher and Gough.

NEW YORK, March 11, 1880.

The spring trade opens with a degree of activity and promise which has not marked it for years. The city is full of country merchants; the business quarter looks like a human beehive; the hotels, big and little, are so overflowing with patrons that the last resource for accommodation—cots—which have not been needed since 1872, are in brisk demand, and parlors and reading-rooms are once more extemporized as dormitories. The flush times that were, according to popular report, never to return to the republic, seem to have come again. Everybody is buoyant with hope, enterprise and ambition; everybody is talking of making money; everybody has some pet plan by which hundreds are to be converted into thousands. Trade, manufactures, mining, speculation of every sort, are very brisk, and the future looks brighter than it has done at any time since the foundation of the Government. I heard a capitalist say yesterday: "The men who do not get rich in the next five years will remain poor all their lives. There has never been anywhere such opportunities as there are and will be here.

ENORMOUS FORTUNES

Will be made. People who buy anything that has any substance and hold it, will be sure of handsome gains. The advance in the material wealth of the nation between this and the beginning of 1886 will be enormous—beyond our most sanguine expectations. We are on the eve of a commercial development we have never dreamed of." This sounds extravagant, but all indications are of a new era of extraordinary, perhaps unexampled prosperity. It is natural that the metropolis should first feel the swell of the rising tide. This is the counting-house of the continent, and observation shows that the great stir among the thousands and tens of thousands of clerks, accountants and salesmen, and their note of preparation are full of significance. I do not know when I have seen the town more bustling. South, Water, Beaver, West and Pearl streets are packed with bales, boxes, cases; Broadway is thronged; the shipping is lively; all the public houses are humming with arrivals and departures; Wall street and the Stock Exchange are vibrant with excitement; the opera, the theaters, all places of amusement, indeed, are filled night after night; the carnival of trade and pleasure is rife from Hanover Square to Carmansville. You could not find a busier, more thriving city on the globe than New York is in the early March of 1880.

THE MINING MADNESS EAST.

In no kind of enterprise is there more movement and stimulant than in mining stocks, about which the whole town is talking, and in which half the town appears to be speculating. The metropolis is, you know, greatly interested in mines, having been a very large purchaser of late of various mines in California, Nevada, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. New York reminds me just now of San Francisco in one of its speculative fevers. High and low, educated and ignorant, rich and poor are dabbling in mines. Montgomery street seems to have been moved into Wall street. Californians are plenty here, and many have come to stay. There has always been a fascination about mines which no other form of speculation possesses. The profits are so large, when there are any, that they appeal to the universal spirit of gain. You can hear groups of men up town and down town talking of Chrysolite, Sierra Nevada, Little Pittsburg, Silver Hill, Union Consolidated and scores of other shares. The Fifth Avenue and Windsor Hotels appear in the evening like well-dressed mining camps. Driving in the Park or walking in the street your ears are greeted with such phrases as "struck it rich," "seventy-five per cent. pure metal," "millions in sight," "fifty per cent. advance in four hours," "half the claim sold for three millions," "surface indications splendid," "clean ore," "nothing like it in Colorado," "big bonanza, sure," and the like. Several brokers tell me that they receive by every mail checks from $5,000 to $100, from all sorts of persons, including young and old women, requesting them to buy some good mining stock. Hundreds of persons whose entire means are embraced in a few hundred dollars are bitten with the tarantala of speculation, and will not be quiet until they have lost every cent they can command. Some of our staidest, richest, hardest-headed men here have become affected, and are advising all their friends and acquaintances to "go in" with every dollar they can raise. This is sure to do a deal of harm here, as it has done in San Francisco, not so much among the prosperous, who can afford to lose, but among people of slender means and small savings. It cannot hurt the city, of course, but it can and will hurt any number of individuals who have had their heads turned, and who will have their purses turned, too—turned inside out by the new mining mania. We have fairly caught the fever, and it is doubtful if it does not become incorporated with the endemic diseases of the city and the section.

THE TIMIDITY OF NOTED ORATORS.

Henry Ward Beecher, who is certainly courageous enough in expressing his opinions on theological themes, and who is continually disturbing extreme orthodoxists by his very liberal views, is said by those intimate with him to be very timid about public speaking before he has begun. Notwithstanding his forty years and more of facing large congregations and assemblies, he never appears in the pulpit or on the platform, it is asserted, without great trepidation and distrust of himself. He cannot help feeling, absurd as it seems, that this time he will certainly fail. But when he has once opened his mouth, especially when he is a little crammed up, he is perfectly confident; he feels that he is master of himself and his situation. He wonders then how he could have been so nervous and diffident, and is persuaded that he shall never be so again. But the very next time the same dread and doubt seize upon him. They are absolutely uncontrollable. He has tried to banish them in vain ever since he challenged the big boy, when he was only 11 years old, to a debate on the authenticity of the Bible.

John B. Gough, one of the most spontaneous and fluent of men, who has lectured nearly 2,500 times, has the same apprehension invariably before confronting an audience. He is convinced each time that he will surely break down; that there can be no other result, and he has sometimes required the most vehement encouragement from his friends to give him hope and faith enough to go upon the rostrum. After the first few seconds he is at perfect ease; his own voice inspires him with perfect confidence. Nor is Beecher or Gough singular in this. The timidity that they experience is common to many men noted as public speakers, and no amount of performance, success or exercise of will can banish or even regulate it. It is, indeed, part of the oratorical temperament. Actors, as well as orators, who have been all their lives before the public, frequently shrink from each new appearance, as if it were their virgin effort. Men who are calm and self-reliant when they are about to address an assembly, as many are, seldom possess the true oratorical gift. They may speak well; they may be interesting, but they rarely move or thrill anybody; they produce no grand effects. It is a very favorable sign when a man shrinks again and again from the idea of public speaking. If he does not shrink, at least in the beginning, he is not likely to have genius, though he may have talent. Oratorical distrust and oratorical achievement are apt to be closely associated.

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

Professor Felix Adler referred, in a late discourse on "Religion in our Public Schools," to the gross injustice to Jews and Roman Catholics of reading there the King James or Protestant version of the Bible, now admitted by the highest evangelical authorities to be so defective that a new translation from the Hebrew has been ordered, and is at present in progress. He added that much credit had been taken by the school directors because the Bible was read to the pupils without any comment; but that the Bible is simply and necessarily unintelligible to young persons, unless fully explained, owing to the extreme conciseness of the Eastern compared with the Western languages. He did not think the Bible fit to be read in its entirety to the young, and it seemed to him monstrous that any teacher should be privileged to read any part of it to his pupils. While he would yield to nobody in his admiration for the book, he held that its reading was wholly out of place in secular education. If it were removed from the public schools it would deprive the Roman Catholics of their present grievance, and prevent them from securing, as they were so anxious to do, a division of the school fund that their children might be educated separately. He admitted that he feared the Jesuits and their machinations; that he felt confident that they hoped to control the public schools ultimately, and were bending every energy to that end. A German Cabinet Minister had told him, four years ago, that it was in his personal knowledge that the Jesuits designed to continue in the United States the struggle to influence public opinion through the rising generation in the schools, which they had been obliged to relinquish in Europe; and the speaker had no doubt of its absolute truth. The Jesuits were dangerous on account of their indirectness, their cunning, their duplicity and their tireless perseverance in executing any and all of their purposes. They were to-day the most formidable foes of the young Republic. The Professor concluded by announcing that a movement was on foot here and in New England for the organization of a Free Religious Society, which was to be extended throughout the land, which was to counteract superstition, to inculcate morality in place of dogma, and develop the best and truest that was in humanity. He most earnestly favored the movement, and would do whatever he could to further it, for he believed that its general adoption would be for the highest and worthiest interests of the community at large, and would instruct the people as to their ethical needs and their duties to themselves and their fellows.

VARIETIES.

The story about Wm. Henry Hurlbut's intent to retire from the editorship of the *World* on account of his great good fortune in recent stock speculations appears to be without foundation. Even if Hurlbut had made a deal of money he would not be likely to keep it. His reputation is that of a man without any knowledge of or care for business. His financial wisdom is presumed to be akin to the financial knowledge of Harold Skimpole. What sort of man is Hurlbut? Well, he is—a man of the *World*.

A number of improvements which Central Park sorely needed have, I hear, been made this winter, the mild season being very favorable thereto, and will show to advantage so soon as the spring fairly opens. Each year the park surprises visitors with new beauties.

A new and important association, called the Society for Organizing Charity, which has been in operation for two years in Philadelphia, is, I am told, to be established here. Its chief aim is to help the needy to help themselves, instead of merely distributing alms, and so making paupers of those who might be lifted into valuable members of the community. It is much needed here, and would be, I am persuaded, of inestimable value.

While the press has lent many of its members to the stage, the stage has lent very few of its profession to the press. One exception is to be found in the case of a son of Barton Hill, the California favorite, the young man having become city editor of the *Herald*.

Lent has not seriously interfered with our social season, and as soon as it has ended we are threatened with a new and most copious outburst of gaiety. The connubial contagion is still spreading, and nearly all the attacks prove virulent.

Rev. Robert Collyer, pastor of the Church of the Messiah, has grown to be as popular in society as he is in the pulpit. He is prominent on a great many festal occasions, and as a post-prandial orator is invariably happy. He seems to be resigned to his surrender of Chicago.

The Union League Club's list of membership, recently increased by 200, is now reported to be full, and no further increase is contemplated. The new Club-house in Fifth avenue has greatly stimulated accessions. CHAUBERT.

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