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The Middlebury Register.

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H. S. PUTNAM would inform the people of Middlebury and Addison County that the old Cotton Mill is in full operation, and that he is prepared to furnish carpet warp and batting of a superior quality, at the lowest cash price.
Middlebury, Dec. 13, 1872. 39;tf

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MRS. E. J. MARTIN, Fashionable Dress and Cloak maker, has constantly on hand all the latest and most approved patterns. Work executed with satisfaction and despatch. Also sole Agent for the Grover and Baker Elastic and Lock Stitch Sewing Machine, Middlebury, Vt. 51;6m

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NEWMAN WEEKS. GILBERT BARBER. 27;1y

CENTRAL HOUSE, RUTLAND, VT.
On both American and European plans, complete with rooms, on suite and single. Location unsurpassed, being in the very center of fashion and brilliant Rutland life. Meals served at all hours. Oysters served in every style, and for sale in large or small quantities.
30;m6 J. A. SALISBURY, Proprietor.

HILL & DEAN
Desire to announce to the public that they have leased the rooms formerly occupied by Smith & Lister, in the Door Factory building, and are prepared to do all kinds of Cabinet work, Upholstering, Repairing and Turning, in the most satisfactory manner and at reasonable prices. All orders promptly attended to. 33;3m*
W. H. HILL. H. DEAN.

RESTAURANT.
The Eating Saloon in Sheldon's Block, which has so long been the popular resort of hungry visitors in this village, formerly kept by Mr. Henry Sheldon, and latterly by myself, is kept up in a first-class condition in every respect, and prepared to furnish every luxury in their season. Oysters kept constantly on hand, and warm meals furnished at all hours. The continued patronage of the public solicited.
ISAAC E. GOODROW.
Middlebury, Nov. 1, 1873. 8;1y

FLORIDA.
From November to May, Florida is the favorite resort for northern people, but its limited hotel capacity prevents many from making it their winter home who would otherwise do so. It is proposed to build a large hotel at some point in the state to meet the requirements of those who desire superior accommodations. My experience at the St. James Hotel Jacksonville, last winter, enables me to speak confidently as to the success of this enterprise. For information as to plans, etc., address F. H. ORVIS,
33m2 Equinox House, Manchester, Vt.

SPRING-SIDE AVENUE.

LAST MONTH
SEVERAL LOTS
WERE PURCHASED.
Among the buyers were A. P. Tupper, Esq., and Col. Knapp.
Others in Negotiation!
HANDSOME LOTS OFFERED ON
EASY TERMS!
The Superiority of
BUILDING LOTS
On this New Street is universally admitted.

Yes, it is a Christian duty,
To secure a pleasant home,
When the days so dark and rainy,
Of a stormy life shall come.
Yes, to feel one's self protected
From the blasts that winter sends,
Is a step of first importance
To all parents and their friends.
MORAL:
Yes, build thyself a nice new house
Exempt from rat, or bug, or mouse.

FORTY-FIRST YEAR.

Boston Weekly Journal, 1874.

A NEW VOLUME.

Prepare Your Clubs.

The Cheapest Newspaper in New England.

The publishers of the Boston Weekly Journal invite the attention of the reading public to the attractions of a family newspaper, which for the past forty years has received from the intelligent classes of New England a most cordial support. The thousands who rely upon the Weekly Journal for

News, General Reading and Information,

Will cheerfully indorse the fullness of its news, the freshness of its weekly compendium of general intelligence, and the reliability which may be placed upon its editorial comments. The aim of the publishers has always been, and will continue to be, to send out a weekly sheet which shall be free from all sensationalism, and shall present a large amount of reading matter, which shall keep its readers fully posted up regarding

The Leading Events of the Hour,

While its pages shall not only reflect the substantial progress of opinion upon topics which are connected with the

Social and Political Interests

Of the people of New England, but shall also contain a large amount of matter which will instruct and edify the large circle which depends mainly upon its columns for their knowledge of what is going on in the great

Business Centres of the World.

The same features that have given to the Weekly Journal its strong hold upon the people, and have caused its subscribers to renew their subscriptions year after year, will be retained. We do not propose to introduce any catch-penny novelties, for the field is already filled with such newspapers, but we do propose to fill its

Thirty-Six Long Columns

That every member of a household may find something which they shall read with pleasure and profit. There are papers which contain a larger amount of literary reading, but there is no paper published in New England which furnishes

So Large an Amount of Newsy Reading at such a Moderate Price.

When it is remembered that by forming Clubs, a paper like the Boston Weekly Journal can be secured fifty-two times each year for three cents per week, the statement would seem to warrant a circulation of a hundred thousand in the New England States. We confidently believe that an inspection of its columns will convince any one that the investment of such a trifling amount is the wisest expenditure that any man can make who desires a

First-Class Family Newspaper,

Which he can place in the hands of the members of his family, confident that there is nothing objectionable in any of its many departments.

We shall be happy to send specimen copies free of expense. We invite the attention of postmasters and agents to our terms. There is no advance in price, though the paper last year was greatly enlarged and improved.

One copy by mail,	$2 00
Five copies to one address,	7 50
Ten copies to one address,	15 00

And one copy to the getter up of a club of ten.

☞ All orders must be accompanied by the money. All papers are discontinued promptly at the expiration of the time for which payment has

The Daily Journal,

PUBLISHED

MORNING AND EVENING.

Contains the latest news by telegraph and mail from all parts of the world. Its circulation is more than three times that of any paper of its class in New England.

TERMS.

Single copies,	3 cts.
One year,	$8 00

The Semi-Weekly Journal

Contains all the news of the day, including the reviews of the Markets, Commercial news, etc., and has a very large circulation among country merchants thuongout New England. It is issued Tuesday and Friday mornings.

TERMS.

One copy,	$1 00
Five copies to one address,	15 00
Ten copies to one address,	30 00

And an extra copy to the getter up of the club. The money in all cases must accompany the order.

Journal Newspaper Co.,

120 Washington St., Boston.

THE NEWSPAPER OF NEW ENGLAND.

THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

A First-Class Quarto Journal of News, Politics, Literature and Social Life.

Daily and Weekly by Samuel Bowles & Company, Springfield, Mass.

This well-known popular journal has, even by the testimony of its own opponents greatly grown in ability and reputation during the last year. It has vindicated the intelligence and integrity of its independence; it has increased and diversified its corps of writers and the character of its pages; it has held its old friends and made many new ones; and it may, more justly than ever before, claim to occupy the first place in New England journalism, and to hold a high rank among the newspapers of the whole country.

As a newspaper, The Republican claims preference for the promptness, fidelity, intelligence and impartiality with which it sets out the daily history of the world, and especially for the thoroughness of its local reports and compilations of New England news. It aims peculiarly to strip the news of its shell and surplusage and to give its kernel and meaning. Its editorial discussions, its correspondence, its criticisms and its selections cover the wide field of human life; politics or government have but a share in its attention and space; social questions, farm work and domestic life, science and invention, religious changes and opinions, money and commerce, literature and art—all these and kindred topics receive generous attention and full illustration. No journal in America, it is believed, cultivates a wider field, or gleans more carefully for the choice grains of fact and thought that it yields.

The Weekly Republican, issued on Friday, has nearly eight pages of reading matter, all carefully compiled and much of it rewritten for its columns, and embraces, 1, a page of general news of the week; 2, a page of New England news; 3, two pages of editorial articles on every variety of public topic; 4, special Boston, New York and Washington correspondence, treating especially of social, literary and art themes; 6, original compilations of popular science and house, farm and garden topics; 7, stories and poetry; 8, reports and descriptions of interesting representative features of New England life and industry; 9, a wide variety of choice literary selections, including both lighter and graver miscellanies; 10, money and business review and the latest markets; and, 11, New England births, marriages and deaths.

No paper published, it is believed, is so valuable for the New Englander in the south and west, or the American abroad, as this. Senator Sumner says he finds no journal of such varied and lively interest, and that its literary contents are especially rare and valuable.

The terms of The Daily Republican are 75 cts a month, or $8 a year; of The Weekly, $1 for six months, or $2 a year; in clubs of five or over, $1 50 a copy. All subscriptions are payable in advance; specimen copies sent on application; 10 per cent allowed to postmasters and others acting as agents.

The circulation of The Republican is larger than that of any other provincial paper in America, and is only exceeded in New England by two or three papers in Bo ton. Its prices for advertising are lower, in proportion to circulation, than those of any other paper. Its readers are of the best class of New Englanders, at home and abroad, and its columns afford one of the most advantageous mediums for general advertising in the country. In the Daily edition, the charge is 10c a line for first insertion and 6c each after insertion; or 75c for a square of 12 lines one day and 50c a day thereafter. In the Weekly, 20c a line each insertion. Special terms given for long advertisements. Address
THE REPUBLICAN, Springfield, Mass.

[Written for the Register.]

ONLY A BABY'S GRAVE.

BY MRS. A. R. STANLEY.

Only a baby's grave,
In a lonely place,
With turf and grass to hide
Its little face.
No shelt'ring tree, or vine,
Grows near the spot—
A mournful little bed,
By love forgot.

Only a baby's grave,
Without a stone
To mark its resting place—
Poor little one!
Yet on the soft green grass
A snow-white shell
Nestles, half hidden there,
The tale to tell.

Only a baby's grave!
A tiny thing,
Yet the sweet-throated wren
Comes there to sing.
And blue-eyed violets,
And daisies sweet,
Bestar that little bed
From head to feet.

Only a baby's grave!
Yet who may know
The many tears that from
Two sad eyes flow?
Someone remembers well
The sweet blue eyes
That softly closed, beneath
The April skies.

And though no marble shaft
May mark the spot,
We cannot say it is
By love forgot.
Some mother's tender heart
Is buried there,
And on the velvet turf
Is many a tear.

What matter if no wealth
Is buried there?
The little spirit's gone
Where angels are.
There are no rich, or poor,
In heaven, above,
One bond uniting all
In holy love.

Miss Kizzy's Boarder.

'Good-morning, madam!'

Miss Kizzy startled and nearly dropped the pan of peas from her lap, as the frank, manly tones struck her ear. She looked up hastily and saw a tall young fellow leaning over her cottage gate.

'Good-morning, sir,' said Miss Kizzy, putting on the winning smile she always meant to bestow upon young gentlemen.

'You have a lovely place here,' remarked the stranger.

'Very charming place,' assented Miss Kizzy.

'Are you the lady of the house?' asked the stranger.

'I have that honor,' said Miss Kizzy, pompously.

'Then how would you like to take a boarder a few weeks this summer.

Miss Kizzy scented both pleasure and profit at once, but it was not best to be too willing. So she parleyed a little.

'Well, really, I don't know sir. We are rather exclusive—don't make a practice of taking every one in—'

'Oh, course. Just the sort of family I should like to stay with,' said the young man, who fancied the pretty place, and saw at once whom he had to deal with. 'I can give the best references,' he added.

'Of course we should require that. Or I should, rather, for no one lives with me but my neice, Bessie a mere child, too young too judge grave affairs. Suppose you walk in sir, where we can converse more at our ease?'

'I come from New York,' said he, at once. 'I am an artist, and wish to make sketches in this village and vicinity this summer. I want a nice, quiet place to board, where I can be at my ease, and have leisure for my painting uninterrupted.'

'Exactly,' said Miss Kizzy, coming now to business, for she did not mean to let this chance slip. 'I have a room which I think will suit you. You shall see it, if you like. Step in, please.'

The young artist followed the lady, who wasn't as young as she tried to be, into the neat cottage, and up the stairs, catching one glimpse of a light form, and fresh young face which vanished as they went up, and which his keen artist eye longed to see again.

The cool, airy chamber into which Miss Kizzy ushered him was delightfully inviting, and the young artist soon made liberal terms for it, giving his name as Paul Carlton, and making arrangements to take possession at once.

He glanced around as they passed down stairs, but the sweet young face was not visible anywhere, and he had to content himself with a hope of seeing it at dinner.

His hopes were realized, for as they gathered around the neat, dainty table, the light figure in a lilac calico flitted in, and Miss Kizzy, with a condescending air, introduced her neice, Miss Bessie Crofton.

The young girl gave once glance upward, and Paul's eye's met a pair of blue eyes, humid as wood violets when the dew is on them, and a faint-rose tint stained the fair cheek, as she returned his salutation.

He judged she must be about eighteen, but Miss Kizzy evidently regarded her as very youthful indeed, addressed her as "child," and did not ask her opinion on anything.

Paul took his cue readily; he talked to Miss Kizzy, and made himself very entertaining, but he looked at Bessie Crofton, and after dinner spent an hour sketching faces with soft blonde hair and eyes like violets.

After supper Miss Kizzy graciously informed him that they generally spent their evenings on the pleasant porch, and invited him to join their circle. He complied willingly, asking if he might be allowed to smoke a cigar, and receiving permission, Miss Kizzy declaring, 'She was different from most *young* ladies, and really loved the perfume of a good cigar.'

'So do I,' said Paul smiling, because he could not help it, and mentally wondering if Miss Kizzy would ever see forty again.

Pretty Bessie brought up a piece of work in her hands, and sat down to employ the few remaining minutes of daylight. Paul noticed that the small shapely hands were not so white as they might have been, which considering their intimate acquaintance with the kitchen was not at all wonderful.

As the twilight deepened, Miss Kizzy brought out an ancient guitar, very rusty as to its lower strings, and very much out of tune as to its higher, and sang several songs in a voice as cracked as the guitar. Paul stood it patiently as long as he could but when she got through "Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming," looking sentimentally at Paul all the time, he said gently,

'The evening air is so damp, Miss Kizzy I'm afraid you will injure your throat if you sing longer. Perhaps Miss Bessie will favor us?'

'I do not sing,' answered Bessie sweetly.

'I am sure you could if you tried,' said Paul

'Bessie has never received any instruction yet,' explained Miss Kizzy. 'When she gets a little older I intend to teach her.'

'Heaven forbid!' thought Paul. And lest Miss Kizzy should sing again, he begged to be excused, saying he felt like enjoying a moonlight stroll.

'Oh, yes, a moonlight stroll is most delightful of all things," said Miss Kizzy. 'I enjoy them so much.'

But Paul didn't take the little hint she dropped, so she went into her chamber, and went to rest, elated with dreams which would have struck Paul dumb with amazement and helpless with amusement if he had been wiser of them.

The place was really a lovely one, and Paul enjoyed his sketching as only an enthusiast can enjoy any work. Miss Kizzy if she did have some little weaknesses, was a good housekeeper and set a dainty table. He found himself very comfortable,

He wished for but one thing more, that was a little larger share of Bessie's society. Her sweet and blue eyes haunted Paul constantly, but he seldom saw her except at the table, or a flitting glance as she tripped about the house intent on household duties.

But one lucky afternoon he was wandering in the woodland, in search of a picturesqe elm tree, when he suddenly came upon the very tree and something else besides—for at its mossy feet sat Bessie Crofton, reading a volume of "Gail Hamilton,"

She rose, blushing, as he came near, and would have hastened away at once, but Paul begged her to stay.

'I have longed so much to make a sketch of you,' he said; 'please give me the privilege now.'

'I'm afraid aunt Kizzy won't like it,' said Bessie.

'We won't tell aunt Kizzy anything about it,' said Mr. Paul, arranging his materials. 'Please sit just as you are a little while.'

As he sketched they talked, and Paul found Bessie by no means ignorant or uninformed. The afternoon passed so quickly the sun began to set before they were aware how low it was, and Bessie flew swiftly homeward 'to help aunt Kizzy get supper.

Paul, held by some secret intuition from accompanying her, lingered longer, and at last reached home by another route. But he had made Bessie promise to come again the next day and let him finish the sketch.

Bessie came; nor was that the last evening they spent in the shades of the green woodland—but aunt Kizzy sung songs to her cracked guitar and never guessed at it.

Paul painted a copy of his sketch, but he kept it securely hidden behind a curtain in his own room. The few weeks of his stay had lengthened into more than two months, when, one afternoon, aunt Kizzy went out to pay a visit, and left Bessie at home. She had not been gone half an hour when Paul came in, and finding Bessie alone, asked her to go up stairs and look at his picture.

With some hesitation she complied, and Paul withdrew the curtain that she might see her image.

'Oh, I was never half so beautiful!' she cried, smiling and blushing.

'You are much more beautiful,' said Paul, with an earnest gaze at her.

'Hush, you must not talk so to me. I am not used to flattery,' said Bessie.

'The honest praise of those who love us is not flattery, dear Bessie,' said Mr. Paul, gravely.

And, as she cast a half-startled glance up into his face, he laid one hand on her arm, and added:

'Yes, dear Bessie—why should I not say it? I have a right, darling, for I love you. Can you return it, Bessie?'

Well, I could not hear Bessie's answer, but Paul did, for the next moment he drew the shrinking, yet yielding little figure to his heart, and—

But, there, I don't think I need tell any more. Aunt Kizzy was amazed when she came home that night. But it would not do to show her own disappointment, and, as Bessie told her they meant to take her to New York to live with them, I think she felt pretty well reconciled.

New York was better than the elm-glen even if one didn't have a husband. And I'm sure Miss Kizzie did not regret taking her summer boarder.

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.—Slimmer really deserves pity, for it certainly was uncommonly rough on him. He was going up to Reading the other day, and when he reached the depot he happened to look into the ladies' room. A woman sat there with a lot of baggage and three children, and when she saw Slimmer she rushed at him, and before he could defend himself she flung her arms about his neck nestled her head upon his breast, and burst into tears. Slimmer was amazed indignant, confounded; and 'ere he could find utterance for his feelings, she exclaimed, 'Oh, Henry! Dear Henry! We are united at last. Are you well? Is Aunt Martha still alive? Haven't you longed to see your own Louisa?' And she looked into Slimmer's face and clung to him and smiled through her tears.

'Madam,' he said solemnly, 'if I am the person alludeed to as 'Henry,' permit me to say you have made a mistake. My name is Lemuel; I have no Aunt Martha, and I don't own a solitary Louisa, Oblige me by letting go my coat, it excites remarks.'

Then she burried her bonnet deeper into his waistcoat, and began to cry harder than ever, and said, 'Oh, Henry how can you treat me so? How can you pretend you are not my husband?'

'Madam,' screamed Slimmer, 'if you do not cease sopping my shirt bosom and remove your umbrella from my corns, I shall be obliged to call the police. Let me go, I say.'

'The children are here,' she persisted. 'They recognize their dear father. Don't you, children?'

'Yes, yes,' they exclaimed, 'it's pa, it's our dear pa.' And then they grappled Slimmer by the trouser's leg and hung to his coat tail.

'Woman,' he shrieked, 'this is getting serious. Unhand me I say.' And he tried to disengage himself from her embrace—while all the brakemen, and the baggage master, and the news boys stood around and said his conduct was infamous. In the midst of the struggle a stranger entered with a carpet bag. He looked exactly like Slimmer—and when he saw his wife in Slimmer's arms he became excited, and floored Slimmer with the carpet bag, and sat on him, and caromed on his head, and asked him what he meant. Slimmer was removed on a stretcher, and the enemy went off with his wife and family in a cab. He called next day to apologize. His wife made the mistake because of Slimmer's likeness to him. And now Slimmer wishes he may soon be kicked in the face by a mule, so that he will resemble no other human being on earth.—*Max Adeler.*

Vulgarity.

Vulgarity means the exhibition of those peculiarities of speech and manner which offend refinement. It makes a naked display of coarse and uneducated human impulses It most lies in the absence of consideration for the feelings of others, in narrow-minded self-assertion, and in a selfish want of control over anti-social propensities. There is natural vulgarity, chiefly the result of ignorance. There is the vulgarity of affectation, which is the most odious form of the vice. Natural vulgarity is often little more than a want of knowledge of the usages of society or an inbred indelicacy of mind. The vulgarity of affectation is unfounded assumption and ill-timed display. Of the first description Dickens has given us a type in the character of his well known, "Sairey Gamp," who, in his own elegant language, "kept a bottle on the chimbley-piece, and took a sip when she felt so disposed." And Miss Austin presents us with an example of the second, in that cleverly-drawn personage, Mrs. Elton, who, after much ostentatious boasting about her grand relations at Maple Grove, effects extreme surprise on finding that a lady who had once been a governess should actually "prove to be a gentlewoman!"

The first kind of vulgarity is innate, and often springs from previous low origin, and subsequent contact with coarse and ignorant minds. It is, as Ruskin defines it, a "deadness of the heart and intellect, produced by long continued degeneracy." It is a natural product of staying in one place, or in one society. It results from an inability to correct personal impressions. Natural vulgarity is certainly more excusable than the vulgarity of affectation; the one having the least truth of its basis, the other being founded on falsehood. Natural vulgarity is seldom seen to greater perfection than among the lower class of English, more especially towns-people. Vulgarity pervades in London crowds in its pushings and strivings, its language, its attempts at humor, and its general demeanor. No nation is more intrinsically vulgar than the English. A certain amount of outward polish generally distinguishes the manners of other European countries, even among the lowest and the poorest: but in England refinement is merely an exotic. The fact is, the English live so much in their own families, and cultivate so vigorously individuality of life, that they have never rubbed off their angles one against the other, and the nation is left to assert itself in all its coarse Saxon bluntness. Few observers can fail to notice the constant tendency to vulgarize the passing events and pleasures of the day, which so distinguishes the English character. The *chefs d' œuvres* of operatic composers degenerate into airs on barrel organs Grave and important public events are made the subjects of comic songs. Public characters are grossly caricatured. Expressions, originally meaningless, are rapidly transformed into that popular degradation of language—"slang." We need only watch the humbler portion of an English audience at a theatre, to discover their appreciation of the approaches to vulgarity and coarseness, in which so many popular dramas abound, while they remain insensible to the more delicate touches of refinement in the language and acting which are comparatively so few and far between. In the present day even art of the highest kind is apt to trench on vulgarity. The broad, exaggerated outlines and vivid coloring of the pre-Raphaelite school too often unwillingly recall the signboard, and create an unpleasing impression, which causes us to find in popular paintings a reflection of the vulgar degeneracy of the age

Vulgarity of the second kind consists rather in the assumption of a greater amount of refinement than that which naturally belongs to us, than in unconscious display of innate coarseness and ignorance. Vulgarity of affectation is, in fact, an attempt to cure natural vulgarity by hiding it. There are but too many Mrs. Eltons to be found in the society of the middle and upper classes. What can be more vulgar than that constant ostentatious quotation of titled names, which characterizes the speech of many would-be followers of fashion? Or than the struggles and strivings for the "first place," and the maintenance of that "first place when attained; the curiosity about each new piece of gossip or scandal, which "everybody knows," and the eagerness to retail it, which is as fervid in the drawing room as in the servants' hall? Thackeray has well compared English society to a ladder, which every one tries to mount first, each holding on by the heels of the one who precedes him. The struggle for position is a principal cause of vulgarity, and gives rise to a quantity of false shame. If persons of this class, as is mostly the case, are of low extraction, they are ashamed of their ancestors. If they have relations lower in the social scale than themselves, they will, if possible, disown them, and they entertain the most profound contempt for those whose livelihood depends on personal toil, and whose means have not descended by inheritance, though they themselves probably owe all their present ease to the previous hard work of their ancestors whom they despise.

THE Boston Post, noticing the fact that 10,000 cubic yards of obstruction had been removed at "Hell Gate, near New York," says, "They will get it open pretty soon, so they can all get in!"

Emigration to Louisiana.

There is not a parish in Louisiana which does not offer powerful inducements to immigration; not one which will not most bitterly need it if the present perturbed political condition continues, for it is driving the original inhabitants from their homes. Closely following upon the bloodshed in Grant parish, came a hurried, voluminous emigration to Texas on the part of citizens of the parish. They flocked into the new Eden in the greatest terror, and seemed determined to leave their homes behind them for ever. But the troubles must some day have an end, while there is no end save in the final disruption of the world to the fairy beauty and fertility of the bayou lands and the vast plains covered with luxuriant vegetation. The parishes bordering on the Red River are especially adapted to the staples, sugar, cotton, wheat, corn, rye, and oats, and are accessible at all seasons of the year, the river in their vicinity remaining navigable. These parishes, six in number, comprise more than eight thousand five hundred square miles of rich alluvial land, and some of the largest towns are situated in them. Shreveport, on the west bank of the river, is likely to be the second city in the State. It is now the great center of emigration into eastern and northern Texas, and a line of railway to it from Vicksburg is projected, which will give it increased commercial importance. In the parishes which comprise south-western Louisiana, there are more than three millions of acres of land of almost inexhaustible fertility. The forests are composed of oak, ash, locust, pine, gum, maple, cypress, elm, willow, hickory pecan, persimmon, dogwood, mulberry, and magnolia trees. The giant cypresses on the lakes and bayous are numerous enough to last for a century, though some of their number be constantly taken away. Employment to hundreds of mills and thousands of workmen could readily be furnished. The lumber could easily be floated down the innumerable bayous and along the abundant lakes to market. By the borders of the great desolate sea-marshes of St Mary and Iberia, runs a grand belt of timber from one to two miles wide. A western editor once said that if the Teche lands of Louisiana were in Illinois, they would bring from three hundred to five hundred dollars per acre And they could be made worth that sum in their present situation in five years from this writing by the introduction of intelligent and laborious emigrants, and by the amplification of the State's railway system. The "Attakapas" region, as the five parishes or counties of St. Mary, Iberia, Vermilion, St. Martin, and Lafayette were originally called, from the name of a tribe of Indians, is certainly seductive enough to tempt the most fastidious of emigrants.

The cattle-grazing regions are as extensive as remarkable, There are seven great prairies, respectively named Great Choiseuil, Attakapas, Opelousas, Grand Prairie, Mamon, Calcasieu, and Aubine, all covered with rich pasturage. Thousands of cattle roam over these prairies; the populations are pastoral and uncultivated to a certain extent. There are Frenchmen and women among them who are as remote from any active participation in the politics of the State or the country at large, as if they were in France. In the marshes even cattle and horses subsist, and graze the year round upon a treacherous surface, which a horse bred on solider ground will instantly sink and flounder in. I am not willing to vouch for the Louisianian statement that these marsh-bred cattle and horses are web-footed, but such is the affirmation; and one informant assures me that a proper system of transportation from the marshes to New Orleans would develop this now almost useless section immensely. Thousands of cattle might be turned in to grow fat and bide the time when their owners should seek them for the New Orleans market. They would not even need a cowherd's care. All the prairies in Western Louisiana are perennially green; and upon them were once located the largest vacheries in the United States—vacheries whose owners some times branded five thousand calves apiece yearly. Sheep by thousands were also raised, but both these important industries seem to have largely fallen off since the war. The French paid great attention to the cattle and sheep husbandry in this section of Louisiana early in the last century, and it has been estimated by a competent authority that, allowing one animal to be produced to every five acres, more than two hundred and twenty thousand cattle could annually be reared and transported from one single prairie—that of Opelousas—a vast expanse of natural meadow. It was not uncommon for a stock raiser to possess from thirty to forty thousand head of cattle, and the stock raisers of one parish in that section owned, twenty-five years before the war, one hundred thousand cattle and thirty thousand horses. There is no good reason why Louisiana should not be known in future as an extensive a cattle-raising State as her neighbor, Texas. She has nothing to fear from the dangers incurred by proximity to a foreign frontier, and there are no Indians to manifest their unconquerable love for the illicit acquisition of horse-flesh.

But when you wish once again to find the lost gate of Eden, when you wish to gain the promised land, when you wish to see in this rude, practical America of ours an "earthly paradise," where life is good because of the delicious investing of it by Nature with everything that is fairest; when you wish to see plantations at the height of culture, lawns as fragrant, as clean-shaven, as nobly shaded by graceful trees, as any sovereign's—then seek the Teche country. It is the Pearl of Louisiana; it is the perfection of the South.—*Edward King in "The Great South;" Scribner's for December.*

It has been demonstrated that a live cat can be roasted in the cooking range in about one hour and twenty minutes: the experiment was tried at Hall's Hotel, Whitehall, on Sunday morning of last week. The oven door was left open the night before and pussy finding it nice and warm curled himself up inside for a quiet nap. In the morning the porter started the fire, shut the oven door and went about his other duties, and in a little over an hour the cat was taken out "done brown."

Music by Handel—A street organ.

A Sharp Encounter with a Panther.

Sir: As some of your readers may feel an interest in sporting adventures in this remote part of our Indian empire' I send you the fallowing extract from my diary: Mr. W. Culbard, of the Burn Brae Tea Estate, having some business to transact at the Palumpoor Tehseel, rode over, and whilst there a report came in that a large panther had attacked and wounded a man cutting grass near the village of Googur. Culbard immediately galloped over to give me the news. I hastily finished my breakfast, and both being armed, started for the place where he had been marked down. We left our horses on the Kangra and Dhurmsala road, close to Googur, and proceeded through the standing corn (*villages'* houses being dotted about here and there) till we came to a place where a dense crowd was assembled. We inquired from the scouts where the panther was then supposed to be, and they indicated an irregular sort of hedge, with tall, reed-like grass growing up on both sides, making it very close cover. This hedge divided two cornfields, and there were houses some distance to our front and beyond this hedge. Being ignorant of the precise *locale* of the brute, we agreed to take opposite sides. As soon as Culbard had taken up his position, I inquired from a man behind me if he could distinguish anything, because a man perched in a tree declared he saw the panther crouching down in the grass; he answered he thought he could see him, and attempted to point our the spot to me. I looked, but could make nothing out clearly, and while I was wondering if the animal could possibly be there or not, out rushed the panther with a roar from this very place, and with a wonderful spring came flying through the air straight at me. Curious though it may appear, the uppermost sensation I then experienced was that of admiration for the extreme beauty and grandeur of his appearance; this feeling of course had only momentary possession of my mind, for the next instant he was on the top of me. I had not time to bring my rifle to the shoulder but took a hasty snap shot when he was in the air, and about ten feet distant from me. I fancied at the time that this shot had taken effect on his chest, but found subsequently it had penetrated his nose and glanced off his upper jaw, and slightly wounded his left foot. I then experienced the pleasant sensation of a stunning blow on the crown and side of my head, with streams of blood pouring down over my face filling my eyes and blinding me. He did not quite knock me over, because I had instinctively taking the precaution of standing sideways to him, with my legs wide apart; but the fact of his great weight, together with his hanging on by his claws to the top of my head and back, caused my head to be pulled downwards; so I gave a great heave, and with the barrel of my rifle grasped in my left hand, dealt him a thundering blow on the side of his head and neck, and also administered a tidy one with my right fist, which had the effect of knocking him over and of righting myself. He recovered himself and dashed away at a hard gallop through the standing wheat. I wiped the blood hastily away from my eyes to enable me to see a bit, reloaded, and followed him up sharp; as, notwithstanding the entreaties of the natives to go at once to the dispensary and get my wounds seen to, I had not the smallest intention of letting the brute escape after the mauling he had given me. When he was about seventy yards off I saw Culbard running up and taking aim; but I begged him not to fire, as the beast was tail on, and merely the top of his back visible above the corn, and a shot in that position was not likely to take fatal effect, but rather to make him more "ugly" as the Yankees say, Culbard however, fired, but without effect; I followed up his track, and saw blood on the blades of wheat, by which I felt certain I had hit him with my first shot. Some natives standing outside a house told me they had seen the panther pass out of the corn into a dry nullah; believing this, I stepped out more freely, and had the pleasure of almost walking on the top of him as he lay crouched in the wheat with his head straight towards me, tail wagging violently, and eyes glaring savagely. To step quickly back and give him a snap shot in the head was the work of a moment, and none too soon, as he was in the act of springing on me, his hind legs being almost off the ground at the instant I fired. Giving a short, sharp growl, he at once collapsed, and turned over on his side. Allowing a slight pause, I approached and found him quite dead. The last bullet had hit him in the centre of the forehead above the eyes, passing through his brain, and longitudinally down the length of his neck, heart, and out at the middle of his stomach. A man then rushed up with a long flaming piece of wood, to perform the last toilet by singeing his whiskers. I warned him however, to desist from this delicate attention, as I had no fear of his ghost haunting me. Having obtained six men to bring him in, and to take care that none of his claws were stolen, Culbard and I rode slowly to the Palumpoor Hospital, where I had my wounds dressed, because I felt a little faint from the great loss of blood.

It was uncommonly lucky that we came up with the animal so quickly and bagged him as we did, for he evidently meant mischief (which was shown by his attacking the unfortunate grass cutter in so unprovoked a manner), and would certainly have killed some man or animal that evening as it was a populous village, and he was lying *en cachette* right in the middle of it. He was a very handsome, full grown male panther, with a dark skin, beautifully marked with those rosette-shaped rings.

It was great fun to see all the people skedaddle when he was on top of me. A Brahmin told me afterwards that there was no longer reasons to doubt my having a "bohut atchee kismut." Altogether it was a most satisfactory half-hour's bit of sport, GEORGE A. HARRISON,
Late Captain 79th Highlanders.
Bundla Castle, Palumpoor, Kangra Valley, Punjab.—*London Field.*

Brooklyn will have a remarkable wedding this month. Three brotheas will lead to the altar three sisters.

Do the patrons of husbandry remember that Adam, the first man to receive a land grant, died poor?

Lightning rods are to be discontinued at Sing Sing prison, as it is proved they convey more prisoners than lightning to the ground.

Penning a Pig.

Two families in Slawson have had an experience somewhat similar to that suffered by Mr. Cobleigh several weeks ago. These families live in a double house, and each had a pen with two pigs. Last Friday the woman in one part discovered that her two pigs were free from their pen, and looking after geological specimen at the foot of the yard. She also discovered at the same time that the gate to a cabbage-yard adjoining was open, and that the pigs might at any moment become ravished by a view of the glories within. Her husband being away, she hurriedly secured the gate, and then set about to return the truants by the following ingenious plan: Taking a shovelful of corn, she approached as close to the animals as possible, and, holding the tempting morsel near enough for them to learn its inviting character, she screwed her face into an expression of winning sweetness, and backed slowly toward the pen. It was a beautiful illustration of woman's faith, and we regret to write that it did not work. The pigs took one snuff at the contents of the shovel, just to show that they took some interest in the matter