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"THE UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS."

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From the North Western Farmer.

OLD LANDS.

We often hear the question asked, "What can I do with my worn-out lands?" There are many farmers living on farms that will hardly sprout black eye peas—(well now let us stop for a moment and look at that sentence. Really it seems to us that the sentence contains two or three misnomers. There are many farmers (?) living (?) on farms (?) that will hardly sprout, &c. *Farmers* who are worthy of that noble and really dignified title never occupy such a place. It is only the miserably lazy and shiftless soul, the ignorant and careless mortal, that will consent to stop for a season on such ground. Then, those who do stop there don't *live* there only stay. And then again, such a place is not worthy of the dignified title of *farm*: it is nothing but a sterile, barren waste, where sedge grass and dowberry vine, sinkfield and yorrow grow.)

But if any one has through mismanagement, sickness, or idleness, let his lands so run down, and now repents him of the error of his ways, and would reform his habits, and asks the question above given for information, we will gladly give all the advice we can on the matter.

The best plan in such case is, *first*, to plow the ground up about three to four inches deeper than it has ever been plowed before: then give it a complete harrowing so as thoroughly to pulverize the ground. By thus plowing deep you will bring to the surface portions of the earth that have been entirely exhausted. Then, if you have no manure for surface dressing, sow it down in clover, and if it be in a latitude where clover will flourish at all, you will be likely to succeed in getting the ground "set" in clover. If a light coat of manure, only, put it on, for this will increase the probability of the clover "taking;" and if you can get a tolerably good crop started, your success is almost certain. In the early spring sow about two bushels of plaster to the acre, or what is better, if you can procure it at a reasonable cost, put bone dust on, or guano in a moderate degree. Then, when the clover is about at its hight in maturity, take a good plow and two or three good horses and turn it under, at the time of about six to ten inches. Or it may be pastured a very little after the grain ripens in the head and then turned under as above. Treat your ground thus about two or three years, and we warrant a splendid crop of corn the third or fourth year.

AN OBJECTION.

But I hear an objection to our plan: "It is going to cost too much." Well, friend, let us say in all kindness, and we hope you will not think us hard-hearted, cruel or unkind—but it is this, it is cost, or total abandonment. What do you propose to do? To live on it you can't. You must actually starve or abandon your lands, and seek a place less exhausted, or you must resuscitate your own lands. Now, to treat land as you have treated yours, and then, in its exhausted and worn-out condition, to go off and leave it to grow up in sprawling briars, sedge grass, and sour, poison weeds, to be only the "pasture of kill-deers," and whip-poor-wills, is absolutely a sin and burning shame. It is like working a good horse or servant till you can get no more service out of him, and then, if it is a horse, turn him out to die, or if it be a servant (as under the old regime) give him his liberty. What a shame!

Well, now, let us look at this question still further and make a few figures and look at a few facts—for "facts are stubborn things and figures won't lie," it is said.

FACTS.

You went on your present place about ten or fifteen years ago. The land was then comparatively "fresh," and would produce what you and your neighbors were wont to call a pretty fair crop—say thirty to forty bushels of corn, or eight to twelve bushels of wheat to the acre. Well, you commenced to cultivate (?) in your way the thin soil, seeding down the same field year after year in wheat or some other grain, taking off all that was produced and returning nothing, not even a pound of manure—though about the barn it lay half a leg deep, and when it rained you could scarcely wade through it. Probably corned your land year after year, and to add to the aggravating circumstances you sowed buckwheat in the corn, as if you were determined to kill your ground outright by imposing a burden too intolerable to be borne. Then when your field

"Cries out oppressed,
Impatient to be free,"

as the last and unkindest cut of all you planted your exhausted ground in tobacco, or sowed it down in buckwheat. Either of these crops will prove to be the "straw that breaks the camel's back."

Then, too, you remember how you used to plow: A little shovel plow about as wide as your two hands, to which you hitched one horse, and he not the largest, fattest or strongest, and with this kind of a rig you would simply skim over the surface, not disturbing the soil to the depth of over two to three inches, and on this miserable plowing you sow your wheat and "brush it in" with a crab apple top, or the limbs of some brushy tree. Then you sat down and expected a crop. (May be you did and may be you didn't.) Blessed are that they that expect nothing for they shall not be disappointed. That kind of farming (?) is enough to ruin any land, and if followed long enough it would come near exhausting the soil on a Mississippi bottom, where it is said to be fifteen feet deep. It will not cost a great sum to treat a few acres as we have described. If you are not able to purchase plows and teams suitable for the work join with your neighbor, "double teams," as it is called, and by a concentration of forces you may soon do a good thing for your exhausted lands. Then next spring do the same for a few acres more, and so on as you have time and means, and it will not be long till you may have your whole farm regenerated, and it shall blossom as the rose. We remember well to have seen some farms in Old Virginia first butchered as described in this article, then treated with good plowing, clover, plaster, etc., as above indicated, and it was but a few years until, on those worn-out fields that were grown up in briers and weeds and straggled hedge-grass, clover grew as high as a man's waist, and fat cattle, horses and hogs in abundance on the little farm.

FIGURES.

Let us now make a few figures, for the more thoroughly we investigate this question the better it will be for many of our readers east and south of us, if we can induce the people to look at these facts in a proper light. And we claim to be perfectly unselfish in the matter. In one sense of the word we would like to see everybody, so to speak, out here in the West helping us to build up a mighty Empire as to extent and wealth, but we are sure that there is a better plan for Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, North and South Carolina, etc., than to have their inhabitants desert the old homestead and brave the hardships incident to making a new home in the west. To be sure, there is a great quantity of land in the far West to be had at government prices, but these lands are in a state of nature—no house, no barn, no fence, no nothing, except the land. Where you have at least some kind of a house, barn, stable and fencing. To get to the West will cost you, say, for equipage and the journey, not less than from $300 to $500, and to put up in the West after you get there such tenements as you have where you now live; say from $350 to $550, and to purchase the provisions for man and beast to meet the demands of one year, till you can raise a crop for yourself, at least $300 more. To pay for a quarter of a section of land at Government rates, $200, and if it is prairie land you must purchase from ten to thirty acres of wood land, at say, from $10 to $20 per acre. So here is quite a little sum. Let us see how much money you must have in cash to fix yourself in the West as well as you now are—except that in the West you may get a better quality of land:

Equipage	$300 00
Traveling expenses, say	50 00
Expenses for building, &c	500 00
Provisions for one year	300 00
Price of land	200 00
Timber lot, say	200 00
Whole amount	$1,550 00

Now suppose you take, simply, the simple interest of this amount at 10 per cent. per annum, and apply it in making those improvements to which we have referred, in less time than it will take to make a home in the West you may make the old worn-out place to blossom, bud, and bring forth in abundance. And then you will save the dear old associations—the nice old pear tree that stands in the yard, and the delicious apples that now fall from the old "spread-top" above the barn, and the grand old gum tree that has shaded the spring for a half century; and then, a little way down the lane are father's and mother's graves, beside which you have often sat at eventide in sweet, solemn, meditative silence.

But really we are making this article too lenghty, and must close for the present. Our idea is to benefit the poor man, the man in moderate circumstances, by encouraging him to *improve* his own farm, and thus improve the *whole* country, making the East equal to the West in point of productiveness.

Not long since, a green looking Vermonter walked into the office of Dr. C. T. Jackson, the chemist.

"Dr. Jackson, I presume," said he.

"Yes sir."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes sir."

"May I lock the door?" and having looked behind the sofa, and satisfied himself that no one else was in the room, he placed a large bundle, done up in a yellow bandanna, on the table and opened it.

"There, doctor, look at that."

"Well," said the Doctor, "I see it."

"What do you call it, Doctor?"

"I call it iron pyrites."

"What!" said the man, "isn't that stuff gold?"

"No," said the Doctor, "it's good for nothing; it's pyrites," and putting some of it over the fire in a shovel, it evaporated up the chimney.

"Wall," said the poor fellow, with a woe begone look, "there's a widow woman up in our town who has whole hill-full of that, and I have been and married her!"

Artist sketching in South Carolina. Two natives in the distance, armed with rifles:

"Who's 'im, Bill?"

"D——d carpet-bagger!"

"What kind of a Yankee trick is that he's up to, Bill?"

"Be dad drat if I know. SHALL I SPLIT HIS GIZZARD?"

What sin makes the most noise?—A toc-sin.

An Irish gentleman hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed:

"By me sowl and that's a good idea! Sure an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man his lifetime!"

There is a Gaelic proverb—"If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes."

Give the devil his due—but be careful there isn't much due him.

Best dower for widows—a widower.

The shortness of life is very often owing to the irregularity of the liver.

How does a horse regard a man?—As the source of all his whoas.

Home is Where There's One to Love.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.
Home! go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where there's one to love—
Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room;
Home needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
Where there's one we love to greet us!

To Marry or Not to Marry.

THE QUESTION HUMOROUSLY CONSIDERED.

"Cornelius O'Dowd," in the new number of *Blackwood*, discusses the question of marriage in a pleasant way. We call a few passages:

"Is life really life, if one must pass it on the tight rope? Is existence worth having when it is eternally a question of balancing—swaying to this side, and bending to that?

"Is it proven that all people have a vocation for marriage, and is conjugalism *per se* certain to require those who attain it, must divide between two what they had already found barely sufficient for one? These are simple questions which we have no need of a philosopher either to ask or to answer for us. If one were simply to pronounce it from what appears on the surface of life—and it is hard to go deeper—we should say that the single people, especially the men, have the best of it. They are the more in request among their friends—available for more attentions, and keep longer young than do their married brethren.

"The double barreled egotism of marriage spoils many a good fellow, and destroys the charm of many a delightful woman. The firm, that terrible partnership, crops up at every moment, and routs that glorious spontaneity, that delicious irresponsibility, we once remembered.

"I have no patience with those people who want to marry on what it is a puzzle to them to live single upon. They must be moral, forsooth! at the cost of reducing some unhappy girl to drudgery on the false pretense—for it is false—of loving her.

"Why can't they let it alone?" as the great master of common sense said of a less eventful contingency.

"I have met more pleasant and companionable people among the single than the married; but there is a canting notion abroad that marriage is a sort of backbone for good behavior and so the curate must be married, and the doctor ought to be married, I don't know how far the theory goes, or whether a lady's shoemaker should have a wife, but I am sure that her *coiffeur* ought.

"I hope we shall soon hear the last of this tiresome controversy, for, if any man wishes positively to ascertain, from his personal experience, whether it be safe to marry an £100 per annum, let him commit a small misdemeanor in Ireland, and be sent to jail for three months. If his constitution stands the dietary—the seven ounces of gruel and pinch of barley per diem—he may have his bands published the day he comes out, and certainly there will be nothing in his absorbent system to interfere with his happiness.

"But it is a mistake to suppose that marriage is a necessity except to a three volume novel. I am certain that a very large number of people are not made for that species of companionship. Mind, I am not enamored of Mormonism, spiritual wifery, nor have I the slightest sympathy with Agapemones. What I desire to insist on is, that our present day civilization inculcates conjugalism too indiscriminately, and takes most unjustifiable means to support its position. One of these, and the least commendable of all, is to disparage those who are called old maids. I have seen many a timid rider in a hunting field jeered into riding at a fence that cost him a 'cropper;' and I am convinced that many women are driven into marriage to escape the obloquy and sarcasm of belonging to that maligned category.

"It is no exaggeration to say 'maligned.' I would ask any one who has seen much of life—who has, so to say, been a man of the world, watching its ways, and studying its doings—I would ask of him, has he ever met in any section of humanity greater kindness, gentleness and patience than among these same old maids? Where has he found more hearty, genial, generous natures? where sounder views of life disfigured by fewer prejudices? where more charity in discussing the motives? where, in one word, less of those very attributes by which it has pleased the world to characterize this class?

"It is no part of my work to call witnesses to what I say; but one I will cite, because she so eminently represented all I have so feebly attempted to picture; and if her genius might seem to outshine the luster of her personal qualities, it is only to those who had not the happiness—and it was happiness—of her intimacy. I am talking of Miss Edgeworth, and it is well worth all the weight of the years it obliges to have met and known her.

"I will not affirm that marriage could have spoiled such a nature, but I will say it could not have bettered it. Nor is it a small part of the matter that at eighty she was the guiding spirit, the delight and the charm of that family which derived glory from her name and happiness from her presence.

"Is it a class which numbers Miss Edgeworth and Miss Nightingale among its members, that women need shame to belong?

"I have done. I will only add, that instead of heaping ridicule on the condition of unmarried women, and out of sheer decision, driving them to accept anybody—anything—as husbands, let us accord them all the deference and regard we bestow on others; and let us not forget, in the presence of some 'old maid,' whose qualities of mind and heart have so charmed us, and whose traces of beauty are not few nor faint, that if we do deem matrimony the great prize in life, it is a living shame to our sex, that such a woman should be single.

"If I have wandered from my text of Marriages on Starvation Allowance,' it is simply because I have not that overweening impression of conjugalism that I would recommend any one to face beggary to attain it any more than I would advise a man to lay out his last shilling to buy a lotery ticket with.

The Temporal Power.

THE POPE'S APOSTOLIC LETTER TO PROTESTANT AND NON-CATHOLIC BODIES

The following is the text of the Apostolic letter addressed by the Pope to all Protestant and non-Catholic bodies:

Pius, Sovereign Pontiff, Ninth of the Name to all Protestants and other Non-Catholics:

You must already know that we, who, despite our unworthiness, have been raised to the throne of Peter, and therefore have been advanced to the supreme government of the whole Catholic church, and to its administration, which has been intrusted to us in Divine fashion by Christ Himself, our Lord—we have judged it fitting to summon before us all our venerable brethren, the Bishops of all the world, and to convince them in an œcumenical council, which is to be celebrated next year in such a manner that, with those same venerable brethren who have been summoned to take part in this subject of our solicitude, we may be able to adopt all the most opportune and necessary resolutions to dissipate the shadows of so large a number of pestilential errors which daily are extending their power and license to the great prejudice of souls, and daily more and more to establish and strengthen among the Christian people committed to our watchful care the reign of the true faith, of justice, and of the true peace of God. Relying, then, with firm confidence upon the close and affectionate bonds of union which unites those our same venerable brothers to our person and to the apostolic see, and who have never ceased at any period of our pontificate to give to us and to the apostolic see the most striking evidence of faith, of love, and of respect, we truly hope that, as it has been in times past with our general councils, so it may be in the present, and that this œcumenical council convoked by us may bring forth, with the help of the Divine grace, the most rich and the most fertile fruits, to the great glory of God and the eternal welfare of man.

Therefore, in that hope, and instigated and encouraged by the charity of our Lord Jesus Christ, who laid down his life for the salvation of the world, we can not forbear, on the occasion of the meeting of the next council, addressing our apostolic and paternal word to all those who, while recognizing that same Jesus Christ as our Savior, and rejoicing in the name of Christianity, yet still do not profess the veritable faith of Christ, or follow the communion of the Catholic Church. And if we do so, it is, before all, to warn, exhort and supplicate them with all our zeal and all our charity to consider and seriously examine if they in truth follow the path prescribed by our Lord Jesus Christ, and which leads to eternal happiness. In fact, no one can deny or doubt that Jesus Christ Himself, in order that all future human generations might enjoy the fruit of His redemption, built up here below His Church in the person of Peter—that is to say, the Church, one, holy, Catholic and apostolic—and that He has granted to him all the necessary power in order that the faith should be preserved intact and entire, and that the same faith should be transmitted to all people, to all races and to all nations, in such a manner that all men should be able to be united in His mystical body in baptism, and always to preserve in themselves, until the entire development, that new life of grace, without which no one can ever merit or obtain life eternal, so that the same Church that constitutes the mystical body shall remain, until the end of time, firm and indestructible in its own constitutions, developed in vigor, and furnishing to its children all that is necessary to life eternal.

Now, whoever wishes well to consider and examine with attention the different religious societies, divided among themselves, and separated from the Catholic Church, which, since the time of the Lord Jesus Christ and His Apostles, has always uninterruptedly exercised, and still exercises, by means of its legitimate pastors, the power entrusted to her by our Lord Himself—whoever, we say, shall thus examine, will easily convince himself that not one of those religious societies, nor all the religious societies together, constitutes, or in any way can be considered as, the one and only Catholic Church which our Lord Jesus Christ founded, constituted and desired—should see that they can not in any way be regarded as a member, or as a part, of that same church, because they are visibly separated from all Catholic unity. As, in fact, those societies are deprived of that living authority established by God, who pointed out to mankind, before all things, the matter of faith and the rule of morality, who directed and presided over them in all things affecting their eternal welfare, therefore those societies themselves constantly varied in their doctrine, and thus this instability in unceasing.

Every one can easily comprehend that this state of things is altogether opposed to the Church established by Christ our Lord—a Church in which the truth must always rest unaltered, without being the subject of any change as a charge intrusted to that same Church in order that she may preserve it in all its integrity, a charge for the care of which the presence of the Holy Ghost and its aid has been granted forever to this Church.

No one can ignore the fact that these differences of doctrine and opinion give rise to the social schisms, and that therefrom spring those innumerable sects and communions which are daily increasing to the detriment of Christian and civil society.

Whoever, in fact, recognizes religion as the foundation of human society, cannot refuse to admit and avow the influence exercised over civilized society by those divisions and disagreement of principles of that nature, and of religious societies struggling one with the other; and also with what power the denial of authority established by God to regulate the convictions of the human intelligence; and to direct the actions of men, both in their social and private life, has excited, has developed, and has fomented those most unfortunate troubles, those events, and those disturbances which agitate and affect almost all nations in a most deplorable manner.

Therefore, in order that all those who are not instilled with the principles of the unity and truth of the Catholic Church should seize the occasion offered to them by this council, in which the Catholic Church, to which their ancestors belonged, shows a proof of its complete unity, of its vigor, and of its unextinguishable vitality; that they should obey the necessities of their hearts; that they should strive to bear themselves away from that state in which they can not be assured of their salvation; that they should address without ceasing the most ferveut prayers to God that He should dissipate the cloud of error, and that He should bring them back into the bosom of the Church, our holy mother, where their ancestors received the salutary nourishment of life, and alone preserves in its integrity the doctrine of Jesus Christ, handing it down and dispensing the mysteries of celestial grace.

We therefore, who ought most zealously to fulfill all the duties of a good pastor, in accordance with the charge of our apostolic ministry, intrusted to us by Christ our Lord Himself, and who ought to embrace all men in the world in our paternal charity, we address this letter to all Christians separated from us, a letter in which we exhort and supplicate them to hasten to return to the fold of Christ.

It is because we heartily desire their salvation in Jesus Christ, and fear one day to have to render an account of their soul to that same Jesus Christ, our Judge, if we do not point out to them and open to them as much as in us the way which they must follow if they would gain their salvation.

Also, in all our prayers and supplications, while performing acts of grace, we never cease humbly to ask for them both by night and day the celestial light and the abundance of grace from the eternal Pastor of souls. And, whereas, despite our unworthiness, we fulfill upon earth the functions of the vicar of Christ, we await with open arms the return of those wandering sons of the Catholic Church, in order that we may be able to receive them with all affection into the dwelling of the celestial Father, and make them participators in his everlasting treasures.

It is that much wished for return to the truth and communion of the Catholic Church upon which depends not only the salvation of each one in particular, but of the whole Christian society; and the world will never enjoy true peace until it forms one flock under one pastor.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter, September 14th, 1868, in the twenty-third year of our pontificate.

How to Keep Winter Apples.

Fruit growers who are so unfortunate as to have winter apples, can prolong their keeping by packing in saw dust, other than pine, if possible. Put it in some dry place for several weeks before using, spread out thin so as to be perfectly dry. Keep your apples on the trees as late as possible not to be touched with frost. Pick in the middle of a pleasant day, when perfectly dry. Handle with care, and leave all the stems on. Pack no bruised, wormy or defective fruit. Pack in barrels. Take them and the sawdust to the place of packing. Sprinkle an inch of the latter on the bottom of the barrel. Place the apples in layers very carefully on the saw dust—a row next to the staves, and the row next to those, and so on till you finish in the center with a single apple. Cover this layer with sawdust, and so continue until the barrel is full, with a layer of fruit and a layer of sawdust leaving an inch or more of the latter on the top. Put the head in with a slight pressure, gently shaking the barrel and keeping its contents perfectly tight. Remove to some out-building and keep there till hard freezing weather comes on, when the barrels should be stored in a dry cellar, placed on blocks or plank so as not to touch the ground.

In this way the latest keepers will be perfectly sound the fourth of next July, and they will be perfectly fresh, in perfect order, and flavor unimpaired. Packing in sawdust has many advantages over sand. First, it is so much tighter, and adds nothing to the expenses of freight. Second, the sawdust absorbs all the moisture and sweat from the apple. Third, if by chance an apple rots, it cannot contaminate its neighbors by coming in contact with them. If the barrels are made as tight as they should be, the fruit will be kept from the air, and come out as good as if canned.

The above is no theory or guess work, but has been tested for several years, I have packed many a barrel which kept perfectly good as late as above stated.

People often wonder at the most natural things in the world. "I say, Digby," said Quilp to an acquaintance, "you look sober this morning." "And for a very obvious reason," said Digby; "I am sober."

Sambo was hacking away at a tough oak when lightning struck a tree near him and shivered it. "Bress de good Lord," said he, "I jes' like to see um try dis one; I reckon dey find dare match!"

No Dorg to Love.

No dorg to love, none to kresses
How can I ever mi sadness ekpress?
Chunck is defunct, dead as a nale;
Hushed is his barkin, and still is his tale.
O, such a tale, white on the end,
Opht did he chase it with wiggle and bend;
Chase it with nose twisten around,
Till overcum he reposed on the ground.
Now he's ekstinct, and dead as a nale,
Where is the bark, and the wag of his tale?

In dreams alone, poor Chunck I see,
Swigging his milk, or scratching a flea,
'Tis but a dream, waking I weep,
For under 2 feet of ground he sleeps.
O, blissful pup, onst full of pis,
Hav'n't I fed you day after day,
Given you milk, given you bread,
Given you manis pat on the head?
Now you're ekstinct, dead as a nale,
Where is the bark, and the wag of your tale?

The Spanish Succession.

Nearly all the leaders of the people in Spain have expressed their preference for a constitutional monarchy above all other forms of government. The question now is, who shall be placed on the throne?

The Duke de Montpensir, Louis Philippe's son, has no claim, save as the husband of the late Queen's sister, the Infanta Louisa. Even this is rather an obstacle than a claim, as the whole nation seems determined to dispense with Bourbons, and Napoleon is understood to prefer any other prince in Europe to an Orleans.

The Prince Napoleon, son of Jerome, King of Westphalia, and son in-law of Victor Emmanuel, is talked of by the European press. The only ground for connecting his name with the vacancy is that he is a cousin of Napoleon III, and it may be thought that such an arrangement would please the Emperor. But "Plon-Plon" is by no means a king, but merely a rake of uncommon capacity. Whether there is stuff in him to make a king is doubtful; certainly he has no peculiar knowledge of the Spanish people, and no adaptation to them. He is the next heir, except a sickly boy of twelve, to the French throne, and this alone would be a fatal objection, on the part of England and Prussia, to his accession in Spain.

The young King of Portugal has been mentioned; but it is thought not to be available. His people do not want to be absorbed in Spain; and he has no desire to place himself in the hands of strangers, for the sake of a more splendid title. But the cable to-day suggests that a new candidate from his family is now proposed in Europe, the late titular King Ferdinand, the father of the present King Luis of Portugal.

This Ferdinand is of the family of Saxe-Coburg Gotha; a cousin of the reigning Duke Ernst II, of that family, and of the late Prince Consort Albert of England. It is doubtless true that he would be more acceptable to both England and Prussia than any Bourbon; but the assertion by the cable that "he would be unobjectionable to the Emperor Napoleon," is very doubtful. Moreover, a monarchy hereditary in his line would inevitably, upon the next demise of the crown, unite Portugal with Spain, since the loyal house of Portugal are the children and heirs of Ferdinand.

There is need of no lightning from the sea to tell us that Prince Alfred, of England, is out of the question. The people of Great Britain will never permit a possible heir to the throne of Victoria to accept a foreign crown, or Alfred might have been king long ago, either in Crete or Mexico.

But their remains one claimant of whom little has been said, perhaps for the same reasons that Louis Napoleon was little talked of at the time of the revolution of 1848. The leaders in France dreaded him, and kept silence. The writers out of France little knew his strength. Yet the tidings on September, 30th, just as Queen Isabella crossed the French frontier on her flight to Pau, the Count de Montemolin crossed it by the same railway on his return to Madrid, has made a sensation throughout Europe.

Ferdinand VII, the last King of Spain, died on the 29th of September, 1833. By the Salic law, which had always been he law, of succession in Spain, no woman, and therefore neither of his daughters, could wear the crown. It would go to his brother "Carlos" or Charles.

But in 1830 Ferdinand had assumed the power to abrogate this law, and by this "pragmatic sanction" of March 29, decreed that henceforth females should be preferred in the succession to males more remote in blood. Isabella II. was born in October following; and, sustained by the constitutional and liberal parties, the Queen-mother Christina, her guardian, succeeded in establishing her throne, after a long civil war with the "Carlists."

A considerable party still cling to Charles especially the priests and the extreme believers in divine right. It was not until March, 1845, that Queen Isabella was acknowledged by the Pope. In return, she immediately threw herself into the hands of the priests. Three months later "Don Carlos," then an exile in Trieste, abandoned his hopeless claim to the throne; but by a solemn act of abdication in favor of his son, of the same name, bequeathed the strife to him, and died in Trieste in 1851.

This second head of the Carlists was born in 1818, assumed, on his father's abdication, the title of Prince of the Asturias, which answers in Spain to the title of Prince of Wales in Great Britain, and in 1860 married a lady of the royal family of Naples. Both he and his princess died suddenly of scarlet fever in Trieste, on the same day, January 13, 1861. His brother Fernando had died of the same disease a few days before.

Had Carlos had no other child, the next heir to the throne, on the Carlist theory would be the present husband of Isabella, the late titular King of Spain, Francis Ferdinand, the weakest of princes, and the most despised of husbands. In this case all theories of legitimacy in succession would doubtless be thrown away easily now.

But there still remains one son of the oldest brother of Ferdinand—Juan Carlos, Count de Montemolin, who is therefore the true heir to the throne, under the old laws of the Spanish monarchy. On his mother's side he is a grandson of John VI. of Portugal. He was born in Madrid, May 15, 1822, and is therefore in the maturity of his strength. He married in 1847, the Archduchess Maria Beatrice of Austria, daughter of Francis IV., Duke of Modena.

His appearance in Spain now can hardly be accounted for, otherwise than by supposing that he claims they want throne; and he would not claim it without encouragement from a party which may be much stronger than is now supposed. Though quite unknown to the world, he seems likely to be one of its rulers as any descendant of Henry of Navarre now living.

His strongest claim seems to be, not so much his legitimate descent and divine right, in themselves, as the danger that, if he be set aside, anarchy will follow. There are many claimants, none of whom overshadow the rest. Some think that without his name and title the leaders of the revolution will be in hopeless confusion. How much they can gain by taking him as their ruler is uncertain; but of this they are the best judges. Their past course seems to promise that they will decide wisely.—[N. Y. Post.

Farmers Eat too much Pork.

A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker writing over the signature of a "Farmer's Wife," holds forth as follows on the above subject:

"EDS RURAL:—The Jews were forbidden the use of swine's flesh. I have thought sometimes it was a useless injunction, for the very sight of the animal is enough to disgust the most inveterate meat eater. Our best physicians and physiologists, too, agree that trichinæ, scrofula, erysipelas, putrid sore throat, and a thousand other ills that flesh is heir to, are engendered by the use of pork. There is no reason why farmers who ought to live on the best the land produces, should eat so much salt pork—the most expensive of all meats. The same amount of food given to young calves or sheep, would, in my estimation, yield a greater amount of food than if fed to swine. If a few farmers in each neighborhood, during the summer months would club together and fatten and kill in rotation small animals, making an equal distribution of the meat, we farmer's would not be obliged to resort so often to the pork barrel. There would be no difficulty in keeping meat any length of time during the hottest weather, if put down according to the following directions I speak what I do know, and testify what I have seen:

"Cut the meat in slices ready for frying. Pack in a jar, in layers, seasoning each layer with just salt and pepper enough to make it palatable. Place a piece of writing paper over the top; cover with about one half inch thickness of salt. Cover the jar closely, and whenever any is wanted it is ready. My neighbors and I have kept veal in this way for several weeks. Try it and see."

We second the motion of "A Farmer's Wife," in regard to eating pork. If people must eat flesh, there are other kinds in abundance that is better adapted to the wants of human beings than the greatest scavenger upon earth—the hog. For a number of years we have discarded the grunter from our table in toto. This spring, however, while everything was scarce, it was almost impossible to get any other than India rubber beef, when company came, we bought a nice sugar cured ham. Our guests pronounced it sweet and delicious. To all appearances it was nice and perfectly sound. After we had sliced it off, however, until we came near the joint, we discovered a live worm—not a skipper, for no fly had been near it—but a worm with a black head and tail. We proceeded forthwith to dissect the remainder of the ham, and to our disgust, found between every layer of muscle, these were found in every stage of development. The flesh in which they were imbeded looked perfectly sound and natural, and we are convinced that they had grown up with the hog, and were a part of the hog. The result is, we have been cured the second time, and *effectually* cured, too, of pork eating. Under no circumstances whatever, shall the filthy thing appear upon our table in the future.—[N. W. Farmer.

To communicate with the denizens of the deep—Drop a line.

A foppish fellow advised a friend not to marry a poor girl, as he would find matrimony with poverty "up hill work."

"Good," says his friend: "I would rather go up hill than down hill any time."

Mr. John G. Saxe recently met on board a steamer a lively young lady to whom he made himself agreeable. Of course he made an impression upon the damsel, who said at parting, "Good by, Mr. Saxe. I fear you'll be forgetting me." "Ah, miss," replied the many times defeated candidate for Governor of Vermont, "if I was not a married man already, you may be sure I'd be for getting you."

Occasionally the peacock is eaten in this country, but not so frequently as they should be if people knew how delicious their flesh is, and how easily they are raised. We had the pleasure of dining once with a farmer in Illinois, who raises this bird in large numbers for family use. A large fat one was served up for dinner in the style of a roast turkey, which it resembled, but which it is greatly superior to. The flesh is much finer grained and richly flavored, and juicy. The gentleman informed us that they were as easily raised as turkeys, and that they were very profitable for their tails alone, and the flesh was clear profit, and no small item either.—[N. W. Farmer.