The Somerset Herald.

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The Somerset Herald

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No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers will be held liable for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one Postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address,

Somerset Printing Company,

JOHN I. SCULL,
Business Manager.

Business Cards,

DR. E. M. KIMMEL, will continue to practice Medicine, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and surrounding country. Office at the old place, a few doors east of the Middle House. nov. 8, '71.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in the Jail Building. jy 5-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barclay House. jan. 23, '70.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kristinger's store. nov. 22, '70-tf.

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Colfrath has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in the Recorder's office. feb. 28, '70.

KIMMEL & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in residence of J. J. Colborn. aug. 12-ly.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 12-ly.

J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to. aug. 12-ly.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in the front part of jail, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material inserted. All operations warranted. june 7, '70.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOMERSET, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection etc. Office in his residence, on Main street. jan. 1, '70.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Court House. feb. 18, '70-ly.

HENRY E. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa., office in the Court House. jan. 11-tf.

BARNEY HOUSE.—

The undersigned respectfully informs the public he has leased this well known hotel in the Borough of Somerset. It is his intention to keep it in style which he hopes will give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.

JOHN HILL.
Apr 27 '72

CORUS MEYERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office on Union street, opposite the residence of Col. Scull. jy. 5-tf.

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years' active practice in Shanksville, has permanently located at Somerset for the practice of medicine, and tenders his professional service to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.—Office in the 4th shop formerly occupied by C. A. Kimmel, where he can be consulted at all times, unless professionally engaged.

☞ Night calls promptly answered.
dec. 13, '71-ly.

F. KNEPPER, Physician and Dentist, Berlin, Pa. Will give prompt attention to all cases entrusted to his care. Office one door west of the "Shaffer House," same as occupied heretofore by Dr. J. C. Musser.

W. H. POSTLETHWAITE, ATTORNEY at Law, Somerset, Pa. Professional business respectfully solicited and punctually attended to.

F. J. KOOSER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Somerset, Penna.

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Plate, Window and Fier Looking Glasses and Picture Frames a Specialty.
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Refer to J. M. Holderbaum, Somerset.
Messrs. M. D. Miller & Co., Meyers Mills.
Messrs. Meyers & Amaweh, Berlin.
Cashier Brooks, President Western National Bank of Baltimore.
aug 13, '71-1y*

THE NEW FLOUR MILL.

The new Flour Mill built on the site of the OLD "DENNISON MILL,"

Three-fourths of a mile south of Somerset is completed and running. It has all the latest improvements, and is warranted to do the best kind of work. Highest market price paid for all kinds of grain.
Jan 3 '72 VALENTINE HAY.

[From the New York Tribune.]

MABEL.

BY W. D. O'CONNER.

The shining sickles the reapers wield
Are bright to the sunlit morn—
They go to the opulent harvest field
To reap its wealth of corn.
The choral winds of morning chant
A harvest-song of praise,
And the mellow sunlight shines aslant
Through the Autumn's golden haze.

No more to bind the amber sheaves
With reaper bands I go;
I stand where the rays in the gilded eaves
From the Orient softly flow.
The days of my life are old and sere,
But my heart is glad and young,
For the song of the singing birds I hear
Are the melodies once they sung.

I am old, but hope can never decay,
And why should my spirit care—
The sun sheds blessings on locks of gray,
And hallows an old man's hair.
My prouder and pastoral days are flown,
But the light in the valley shines—
And from the odorous woodlands still is blown
The balm of the balsam pines.

My hopes are plumed with the wings of doves,
And away from earthly things,
Let the amaranth visions of early loves
Find rest for their weary wings.
O, Poesie hopes! such rest ye found
When ye rose from a heart of flame
To a heaven of love, to gather round
One simple sylvan name.

Mabel—dream of the years that fell—
That fell by the reaper, Time;
It was here in the affluent harvest dell
When my youth was in its prime,
It was down in the harvest pride, unshorn,
We stood with the reaper bands,
And love to our hearts was thrillingly borne
In the tremulous clasp of hands.

The golden radiance lent your face
The hyacinth hue of the grain,
And flushing your cheek with a maidenly grace,
And bloom-roses there were lain;
And love saw mysteries in your eyes—
Twin stars in the mellow morn—
And dreamed in your red lips' parted dyes
Of pearls amid the corn.

So the sweet vision of gentle Ruth
Is annaled in Orient lore,
When the Syrian noldeman gave his youth
To her beauty forevermore.
And I was lord of the lands from whence
In the Autumn's amber pride,
Your beauty and virginal innocence
Were borne a wedded bride.

That night there was joy in the gabled manse,
When home were the harvest swains;
The young and the beautiful met in the dance
To the bounding music's strains;
And the trusting love in Mabel's eyes,
In their clear and holy shine,
Was the love—O, spirit in Paradise!
When they last looked in mine.

Thou hast gathered home to Thy garner, God!
The sheaves of my golden years—
But Thou leavest hope in the sepulcher cold,
And smiles in a world of tears;
The pines are green Immortalities
When the Eden blossoms die;
And the Passion that sinks with the sunset sees
Sweet peace in the star-sown sky.

Softly the winds of Autumn sing
Their choral song of praise,
And a prophecy thus to my soul they bring
Of its slowly parting days—
Of the sleep that shall fondly and gently glide
On my eyes from a chilly hand—
Of the dawn, with Mabel by my side,
In the calm of another land.

DIVERGENT PATHS.

The sun lacked a quarter of noon, and was beginning to pour down, scorching hot, upon the piece of cornland in the bottom. The laborers stopped at the end of the bout to wipe the perspiration from their heated brows. It seemed a long way across the lot, and the dry sand, unshadowed as yet by the young corn, looked far less inviting than the closely cropped turf under the shady elms in the pasture lot near by. The little spring, which bubbled from beneath the gnarled roots and lost itself a few paces further on in a tangled growth of cattails and wild grasses, seemed to beckon the tired men to forget their toil and rest beside it.

Old Hiram rubbed his shining bald pate with the remains of a red silk handkerchief and, settling his palm-leaf upon his head aimed a savage blow at a thrifty young burdock standing so close to a stock of corn that it had escaped the tooth of the cultivator.

"Now, lads," said he to the three or four younger men who stood each at the end of a new row; "let's get back here agin afore the old horn blows, an' so hev time ter rens out our mouths afore dinner."

"I declare, Hi," said John Marvin, "I believe I'll take a rinse now, for I am powerful dry.—Joe, just keep my row along won't you," asked he carelessly of the young man next him, who had already loosened the earth around two or three hills of his own allotment. The other nodded and proceeded to bring the idler's task along side his own by a few swift strokes of his hoe.

Marvin leisurely climbed the fence and strolled down the declivity, chopping off the heads of such mullein stalks as were within reach, and picking up a stone to fling at a golden-winged woodpecker that was foraging on the half-decayed trunk of a blasted tree growing near his path.

He was just out of ear-shot when Hiram remarked:

"John's a good natured chap, but he's mighty lazy. How many rows have we fetched up for him since we began on this twenty acres?"

"This makes my third one to-day," said Joe laughing, "but I guess I am the only one that he has asked this morning. John does not like to work very well, that is a fact.

"If I had to pay the hands on this farm, I should almost be inclined to dock him when Saturday night comes 'round," put in another of the men, as he uncarthed a Canada thistle.

"Pshaw, Tom," answered Joe, with a smile, "John is a philosopher and looks upon work as one of the necessary evils existing in this lower world. He calculates upon dodging it, so far as possible."

"If that's what you call a philosopher, Joe," said old Hiram, "them animals is not of much account in a cornfield. You've been to school, which is a better chance than workingmen, as old as I am, had when they were boys; and so has John, though I guess he was never over fond of a book."

Half-way across the field the laggard overtook his fellows.

"I say, boys, if it as hot as this to-morrow, I believe that I've got to go to town to see about some Summer clothes."

Tom winked at Joe, who looked grave but said nothing.

That night, after the milking was done, John, with a cigar in his mouth strolled out into the orchard, where Joe was seated under a tree, laying the fading twilight under contribution for rays enough to enable him to extract the pith from a coarsely-printed article in an agricultural journal, transferring now and then a thought to a note-book, which lay upon his knee.

"I say, Joe," said the farmer as he came up, "let's go into the village to-morrow. I want to see about some clothes, and can't stop to wait for a rainy day, and you can make some errand in as well as not, so let's go and have a good time. Let's lay off half a day any way.

Joe closed his note-book, and deliberately folded his paper, replying as he did so, "Can't afford to lose the time, my boy, don't need any clothes, and, beside, the work on the farm is already two or three days behind the point where I should want it to be if I were carrying it on myself."

"If you were carrying it on yourself!" said the other, with a curl of his lip, very nearly approaching a sneer; "what does that have to do with laying off half a day? You don't suppose a fellow is to take as much pains for old Foster as he would on a farm of his own, do you?"

"Why not, John, doesn't he take a great interest in the men he hires? Are we not welcome to read his books and papers when work is done, and doesn't he take as much pains to look after our welfare as though we were friends instead of merely hired laborers?"

"I should like to know what you mean by merely hired laborers? I'm as good as old Foster any day, and don't see any reason why I should slave myself to death on his farm, because he is sharp enough to leave books and papers around where we can pick them up, just as he leaves salt where the cattle can lick it. He's a keen old chap, and thinks that if the men take an interest in keeping up things, as he calls it, he will get more work out of them; but he don't come it over me, I can tell you."

"Now, John, I am really very sorry to hear you talk in that way, for I think Mr. Foster is trying to do us all the good that he can. He expects his work done, of course, since he pays for it, but a good man can always get a little more from him than from anybody else in the township,

"Why, you act as though he had hired you to blow for him. Expect to have your wages raised, don't you?"

"I certainly shouldn't object if I didn't receive now as much as I could have the conscience to charge. I mean to be worth more next year, though."

"But see here, John;" calling after him, as he was moving away, "you won't be angry if I speak plainly to you?

"Why, no, of course not."

"Well, then, I'm afraid that it will make trouble, if you try to get off to-morrow, for the boys think that you 'sojer' just a little now and then. They are sure to complain loud enough for Mr. Foster to hear of it, one or another of them, if they really get the idea into their heads, and you know, kind as he is, he won't stand any nonsense."

"Neither will I," answered the other, hotly, "and if any sneak says that I shirk my work, because I don't grub like a nigger all the time, it won't make any difference with my going to town when I choose to."

Next morning, as the old farmer set on the porch after breakfast, reading his newspaper, John came around the house and asked leave to go to the village for the afternoon.

"Looking over the top of his spectacles, the old man said:

"Well, John, we are pretty well driven, you know; last week's rain has given the weeds such a start that we shall have brisk work to prevent their getting ahead of us; though of course you understand that, and won't ask to get off unless it were necessary. You can go."

As John passed through the gate Mr. Foster turned to his daughter, who sat near by busy with the farm accounts, and said:

"Mary, just see how many days and half-days that young man has laid off since the Spring work commenced."

Running her nimble fingers over the pages; she said:

"Why father, you don't intend to charge them to him, do you?"

"Certainly not, child, I only want to know if old Hiram Foster isn't losing too much money by hiring a hand who has so much business off the farm in the busy season."

"He has been away three whole days and five half days, since work in the sugar-bush stopped. Shall I go back any further than that?"

"No; that will do. I guess that I shall have to recommend John to turn his attention to something not quite so confining as farm labor, after this month is up."

"That means, sir, that you will discharge him, I suppose."

"Humph! you have guessed it very nearly," he replied. "I cannot encourage loose business habits in a man whose only capital lies in his muscles, and I never refuse a man leave to go when he asks it. Each must judge for himself as to the number of holidays which he requires, for I wish to satisfy those whom I employ."

In a few minutes Mary had closed her book and was gliding through the half-open door, when her father said:

"Child, there was a young man from the village, out here yesterday while you were down at the lower farm, and he wanted to know if I should object to receiving him as a son-in-law."

The girl opened her eyes very wide.

"So you are getting tired of me, father?"

"Why put that into your silly pate?"

"Why sir, you know have brought us up to consider your own occupation the most heathful and among the most worthy of earthly pursuits. Now, of course, if I were to go into the village—for I suppose I was wanted since you are speaking to me—where would be all my girlish fancies of.

"A little farm well tilled, a little wife well willed, and all that?"

"Nonsense, girl, I thought that young Granger's name was *Joe not Will.*"

This time the rich blood, mounting swiftly to check and brow, left no doubt as to the fate of the young man from the village.

"Is that all, father?"

"No. Just see how much that saucy fellow, the mere mention of whose name brings up so much color, is entitled to call on me for. Expect he will be asking for it one of these days."

"Joe has your note for five hundred, sir, ane he only takes up half of his wages every month."

"Oh ho! so you can tell without looking, can you, Miss Book-keeper? Then it has gone so far as that, has it? Pray, how much do I owe you for butter and eggs?"

"The egg money belongs to Kate, father."

"Yes, yes, so it does. You girls have that fixed to suit yourselves. What were the profits on your flock of sheep last year?"

"About two hundred dollars, sir, and there was not quite a hundred dollars worth of butter sold. But I must go and skim the milk if you have done with me."

"Don't be in a hurry, child; to-day is your birthday' isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Why, father, you know that I am twenty, don't you?"

"Suppose I should, puss, if I stopped to think about it: but it is easier to ask you than to reckon up. How much will you give for the lower farm?"

"Why, I haven't enough to pay for the stock that is on it, to say nothing of the farm. I haven't over eight hundred dollars besides my stock of sheep."

"Go to my secretary, and bring me that large envelope that is in the little drawer on the left side."

The girl did as she was bidden.

"Open it, child," he said, as she again stood before him, "and see if you will agree to the provisions of the document."

Hastily running her eyes over the paper, she threw her arms around the old man's neck, exclaiming, "Why, you dear, good father, if you meant to give me the farm, why did you put in the deed that I was to give you a dollar for it?"

"Because a gift, without a consideration therefore, does not constitute a legal transfer. But, Mary, has Joe ever asked you to be his wife?"

"He has said that he should, sir, if I were not the daughter of a man in so much better circumstances than himself."

"What did you tell him?"

"What could I say, sir? He didn't ask me to say anything."

"What would your answer have been if he had?"

"That my father began life with nothing, and that his daughter has been taught not to consider an industruous young man like himself as unworthy of a much better wife than I could make him."

"Tut, tut, I can't allow that. My Mary is worthy of any young man in the land."

* * * * * * *

Ten years have passed since the above conversation took place.

Farmer Foster is seated at twilight under the old porch, with a grandchild on each knee. The last load of hay from the hillside is passing, on its way to the barn. The old man seldom remains in the field all day now, for he is needed at the house to mind the children, he says; and Mary, but a trifle more matronly in her appearance quite agrees with him.

A bearded man, with a rake upon his shoulder, walks behind the wagon and stops close to the farm-yard gate. As the children run to meet him we notice that he extends but a single hand, for the possession of which a playful scuffle takes place.

Joe's right arm struck its last blow for freedom at Five Forks, but he often quietly remarks that it is surprising how much a man can do with one hand after he is used to it.

Seating himself upon the lower step, he bids the little girl ask mamma if a poor cripple can have a bowl of bread and milk. The tiny sprite laughs and runs into the house.

Returning presently, she replied: "Yeth, thir, if he won't carry off the thtoon.

Just then a boy, riding up to the gate, calls out. "Mr. Granger, I brought up your mail from the village."

"Thank you, my lad," answered our old friend, you needn't get off from your horse, I'll come for it."

Opening a newspaper and glancing rapidly over its columns, Joe said: "There's another strike on the railroad, and the militia have been called out. Bless me! if the discharged brakemen haven't been stoning the troops until they have provoked them into firing upon them. Let's see, here's a list of wounded: Patrick Morrow, James McCaffery, Bernard Coyle, Mat Ferguson and John Marvin."

"What!" said old Farmer Foster, "can that be the young fellow that used to work on the farm, Joe?"

"I fear it is, sir. John was railroading the last that I knew anything about him. He was conductor of a freight train for a while, but was so careless and unsteady that he had to go back to a break."

"Poor fellow, I am sorry for him," remarked Mary. "He has no home to go to."

"I'll just drive down to the village and see how badly he is hurt," said the younger of the two men, rising. "We were boys together, and if John is in trouble, I must do what I can for him."

Late that night, Joe returned, bringing with him in a hired conveyance, his old schoolmate stretched upon a bed. He had found him upon the floor at the railway station, and refused to leave him to the care of the town authorities.

The poor fellow never recovered his former vigor, but does light work about the farm, and lectures soundly all idle young men he chances to meet.

"I have a right to preach," he says, "since I furnished a text in my own person."

IT is of no advantage to have a lively mind if we are not just. The perfection of the pendulum is not to go fast, but to be regular.

Said a Detroit lady to a gentleman of that city: "You are not a musician I believe." "No," said he; "if I were the proprietor of a hand organ set expressly to play "Old Hundred," I couldn't get seventy-five out of it."

Danger from Lightning.

The notion that lightning does not penetrate the earth to any considerable depth, was in ancient times a wide spread one. It is still prevalent in China and Japan. The emperors of Japan, according to Kæmpfer, retire during thunder storms into a grotto, over which a cistern of water has been placed. The water may be designed to extinguish fire produced by the lightning; but more probably it is intended as an additional protection to whatever may be below; but this does not prevent fish from being killed by lightning, as Arago has pointed out. In the year 1670, lightning fell on the Lake of Kirknitz, and killed all the fish in it, so that the inhabitants of the neighborhood were enabled to fill twenty-eight carts with the dead fish found floating on the surface of the lake. That mere depth is no protection, is well shown by the fact of those singular vitreous tubes called fulgurites, which are known to be caused by the action of lightning, often penetrating the ground to a depth of thirty or forty feet, and instances have been known in which lighting has ascended from the ground to the storm-cloud, instead of following the reverse course. From what depth ascending lightning spring is impossible to say. When the Chateau Neuf les-Moutiers church was struck by lightning during divine service, two of the officiating priests were severely injured, while a third escaped—who alone wore vestments ornamented with silk. In the same explosion, nine persons were killed, and upward of eighty injured. But it is noteworthy that several dogs were present in the church, all of which were killed. It has also been observed that dark colored animals are more liable to be struck (other circumstances being the same) than light colored. Nay, more; dappled and piebald animals have been struck; and it has been noticed, that after the stroke, the hair on the lighter parts has come off at the slightest touch, while the hair on the darker parts has not been affected at all. It seems probable, therefore, that silk and felt clothing, and thick black cloth, afford a sort of protection, though not a very trustworthy one, to those who wear them.

The notion has long been prevalent that metallic articles should not be worn during a thunder storm.—There can be no doubt that large metallic masses, on or near a person, attract danger. Arago cites a very noteworthy instance of this. On the 21st of July, 1817, while a thunder storm was in progress, there were assembled twenty prisoners in the great hall of Biberach jail. Among them stood their chief, who had been condemned to death, and was chained by the waist. A heavy stroke of lightning fell on the prisoners, and the chief was killed, while his companions escaped.

It is not quite so clear that small metallic articles are sources of danger. The fact, that when persons have been struck, the metallic portions of their attire have been in every case affected by the lightning, affords only a presumption on this point, since it does not follow that these metallic articles have actually attracted the lightning stroke. Instances in which a metallic object has been struck while the wearer has escaped, are more to the point, though some will be apt to recognize here a protecting agency rather than the reverse. "There is," says Arago, "a source of danger where large assemblages of men or animals are present in the ascending currents of vapor caused by their perspiration." Like water, moist air is a good conductor of electricity, and lightning is attracted in the same way, though not, of course, to the same extent, by an ascending column of vapor, as by a regular lightning conductor. It is on this account, probably, that flocks of sheep are so frequently struck, and so many of them killed by a single stroke. Barns containing grain which has been housed before it is quite dry are more commonly struck by lightning than other buildings, the ascending column of moist air being probably the attracting cause in this case, as in the former. When we are overtaken by a thunder-storm in the open air, precaution is more necessary than within a house. It is well to know, especially when no shelter is near what is the most prudent course to adopt.

It has been stated that there is danger in running against the wind during a thunder storm, and that it is better to walk with than against the wind. One should even, it is said, if the wind is very high, run with the wind. The rationale of these rules seems to be this: a current of air is produced when we run against the wind, the air on the side turned from the wind being rarer than the surrounding air. A man so running "leaves a space behind him in which the air is, comparatively speaking, rarefied!" Lightning would be more likely to seek such a space for its track than a region in which the air is more dense. An instance is recorded in which, during a gale, lightning actually left a conductor which passed from the mast of a ship to her windward side, in order to traverse the space of rarefied air on the ship's larboard side.

It is quite certain that trees are very likely to be struck by lightning, and therefore, that it is an exceedingly dangerous thing to stand under trees in a storm. No consideration of shelter should induce any one to adopt so dangerous a course. The danger, in fact, is very much greater when heavy rain is falling, since the tree, loaded with moisture, becomes an efficient lightning conductor. For similar reasons, it is dangerous to seek the shelter of a large building (not protected by a lightning conductor) in a thunder storm. One of the most terrible catastrophes known in the history of thunder storms occurred to a crowd of persons who stood in the porch of a village church waiting till a thunder shower should have passed away.

In the open air, when a heavy thunder storm is progressing and no shelter near, the best course is to place one's self at a moderate distance from some tall trees. Franklin considered a distance of about twenty feet the best. Henley also considered five or six yards a suitable distance in the case of a single tree.—But when the tree is lofty, a somewhat greater distance is to be preferred.

The reader need hardly be reminded, perhaps, that the necessity for taking these precautions only exists when the storm is really raging close at hand. When the interval which elapses between the lightning-flash and the thunder-peal is such as to show that the storm is in reality many miles away, it is altogether unnecessary to take precautions of any sort however brilliant the flash may be, or however loud the peal. It must be noticed, however, that a storm often travels very rapidly. If the interval of time between the lightning and the thunder is observed to diminish markedly, so that the storm is found to be rapidly approaching the observer's station, the same precautions should at once be taken as though the storm were raging immediately around him. So soon as the interval begins to grow longer, it may be inferred that the storm has passed its nearest approach, and is receding. But the laws according to which thunder storms travel, are as yet very little understood; and it is unsafe to assume that because the interval between flash and peal has begun to increase after having diminished, the storm is therefore certainly passing away.—*Chamber's Journal.*

ROLLICKING RAMBLES.

Mr. Griswold, the "Fat Contributor" of the Cincinnati *Times and Chronicle*, on a recent steamboat trip down the Ohio amused himself by taking a vote for President. He tells the story as follows:

Tired of rambling by railroad, I have recently been indulging my roving disposition in a steamboat ramble down the Ohio, and I propose to ramble about it on paper, for the readers of the *Times and Chronicle.*

I took the steamer General Lytle, of the Mail Line, for Louisville, the other evening, and had a delightful trip. After ten I thought I would take a vote of the passengers.

This is the period for taking votes on board railroad trains, steamboats, &c., on the Presidential question.—The result is frequently published in the newspapers as "A Straw," though I have observed that no newspaper ever prints a straw that does not show the political wind to be setting in their direction. When I essayed to take a vote of the passengers of the General Lytle the other night, Lytle did I think of the embarrassments I would encounter in securing it. I am not much in politics, though I am probably as much in politics as politics is in me.

ONE VOTE FOR PIERCE.

I began with the captain of the Lytle as a starter.

"Captain Whitten," said I, "who is your choice for President?"

"Well," replied the bold commander, thoughfully, "Captain Pierce has been as good a President as the old Mail Line ever had. Reckon he'll do for some years yet."

He thought I was talking about hte President of the Louisville Mail Line, but I put down one vote for Pierce.

THE MATE "GOES" FOR ME.

I next tackled the mate, who was below superintending some perplexing manœuvre in freight.

"Mate," said I, cherily, trying to get out of the way of his men, and getting in their way worse than ever, as a matter of course, "who are you going for?"

"Who am I going for?" roared the mate, angrily; "I'm going for you if you don't get out of this."

I got out immediately. I had to do it, or become his *mate.*

FAVORING HORACE.

I ascended to the cabin. A scholarly looking man was reading by a table. (He was reading by a lamp, more properly, yet he was by a table, too.)

"My friend," I remarked, blandly, as I produced note book and pencil, "do you favor Horace?" (He did favor him a little in his feet.)

"That is a fair question," said the scholarly looking man, laying down his book, which I perceived was a Latin work of some kind, "and I will answer it without undue circumlocution. While many of the odes of Horace are unexcelled either in his own or any other language, yet his verses lack the heroic ring which the poetic lyre gives forth when a Virgil sweeps the strings."

I told him Virgil might sweep the strings, but could he sweep the South? that was the question.

"Your language, my friend," continued I, "satisfies me that you are in reality a Greeley man."

"How so?" inquired the man of letters.

"You call a Virgil a poetic *lyre!*"

Down went the scholarly man for Horace.

A MAN OF LETTERS.

I am a man of letters, as this letter will show. If she shows anything else, why letter!

It may not be generally known, by the way, that letters were invented in Phœnicia, but they were. That is the reason you can't Phœnicia education without them. [See it? Finish ye, eh? How's that? Ha!]

ANYBODY TO BEAT GRANT.

While I was gathering up my straws, two men, somewhat intoxicated, got very much excited in discussing the relative fitness of Grant and Greeley for the Presidency. While one insisted that Grant knew nothing about farming, the other inquired contemptuously "what Greeley knew 'bout war? He never fired (hic) two hors-lumber-wag'n!" He seemed to think that settled Horace.

"My friends," said I, "let us have peace. Why this strife, this contention, this bitterness of spirit? And all, as Shakspeare says, for Hecuba."

"Oh, (*hic*) *you* be d—d," said the man of gin. "An'body to beat Grant."

HOW THE LADIES GO.

My next experiment was among the ladies. I approached a dark-eyed daughter of Kentucky, and in a fatherly and motherly way, which the difference in our years warranted:—"Daughter, if you could be Grant or be Greeley, which had you rather be?"

"B. Gratz Brown!" she replied, with a proud toss of the head.

There is something I admire in these Kentucky women—they never go back on a native Kentuckian.

"I am for Adams," cried an angular old maid in a shrill voice. "Adams is *my* man." The ladies ought certainly to favor the Adams movement, since Mother Eve was the original Adam's woman.

HE WOULDN'T SUPPORT RELATIONS.

"I support Grant," put in a brawny Hoosier farmer, "and the country will support him, too."

"Well," returned a sinister chap, "the country may support Grant, but you can't expect the country to support all of Grant's relations into the bargain, can you? This relation business is played out."

I afterwards ascertained that the sinister chap had recently run away from a wife and six children in the East. He don't believe in taking care of one's relations, he don't.

"I am waiting for the Baltimore Convention," said a man whom I remember to have seen at fairs with a facinating little game called "Three card Monte." I told him he needn't wait for the Baltimore Convention. He might pick up quite a little game at the Philadelphia Convention, if he would go there—lots of folks to "go for" in Philadelphia. Thinking to molify him, for he scowled fearfully, I said: "Come, old high-ball, tell me who I shall put you down for."

He moved angrily away, and I heard him mutter a remark about putting somebody down "for a d—d fool," but I don't think he meant me.

When I got through taking the vote it summed up as follows:

For Grant,	Several
For Greeley,	Frequently
For Capt. Pearce,	The Mail Line
For Women's rights,	The Female Line
For Louisville,	The Gen. Lytle
For-get-me-not,	The Fat Contributor

The above, you perceive, shows a clear majority for the people's choice. When I announced the "straw," the scholarly man remarked, in a solemn tone:

"Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

The Loneliness of Farming Life in America.

In *Scribner's Monthly* for June, which is already upon our table, Dr. J. G. Holland gives a new and not over-agreeable picture of American farm life in the following sketch:

An American traveler in the Old World notices, among the multitude of things that are new to his eye, the gathering of agricultural populations into villages. He has been accustomed in his own country to see them distributed upon the farms they cultivate. The isolated farm-life, so universal here, either does not exist at all in the greater part of continental Europe, or it exist as a comparatively modern institution. The old populations, of all callings and professions, clustered together for self-defense, and built walls around themselves. Out from these walls, for miles around, went the tillers of the soil in the morning, and back into the gates they thronged at night. Cottages were clustered around feudal castles, and grew into towns; and so Europe for many centuries was cultivated mainly by people who lived in villages and cities, many of which were walled, and all of which possessed appointments of defense. The early settlers in our own country took the same means to defend themselves from the treacherous Indian. The towns of Hadley, Northfield and Deerfield, on the Connecticut River, are notable examples of this kind of buildings; and to this day they remain villages of agriculturalists.—That this is the way in which farmers ought to live we have no question, and we wish to say a few words about it.

There is some reason for the general disposition of American men and women to shun agricultural pursuits which the observers and philosophers have been slow to find. We see young men pushing every where into trade, into mechanical pursuits, into the learned professions, into insignificant clerkships, into salaried positions of every sort that will take them into towns and support and hold them there. We find it impossible to drive poor people from the cities with the threat of starvation, or to coax them with the promise of better pay and cheaper fare. There they stay, and starve, and sicken, and sink. Young women resort to the shops and factories rather than take service in farmer's houses, where they are received as members of the family; and when they marry, they seek an alliance, when practicable, with mechanics and tradesmen who live in villages and large towns. The daughters of the farmer fly the farm at the first opportunity. The towns grow larger all the time, and, in New England at least, the farms are becoming wider and longer, and the farming population are diminishing in numbers, and, in some localities, degraded in quality and character.

It all comes to this, that isolated life has very little significance to a social being. The social life of the village and the city has intense fascination to the lonely dwellers on the farm, or to a great multitude of them. Especially is this the case with the young. The youth of both sexes who have seen nothing of the world have an overwhelming desire to meet life and to be among the multitude. They feel their life to be narrow in its opportunities and its rewards, and the pulsations of the great social heart that comes to them in rushing trains and passing steamers and daily newspapers, damp with the dews of a hundred brows, thrill them with longings for the places where the rythmic throb is felt and heard. They are not to be blamed for this. It is the most natural thing in the world. If all of life were labor—if the great object of life were the scraping together of a few dollars, more or less—why, isolation without diversion would be economy and profit; but so long as the object of life is life, and the best and purest and happiest that can come of it, all needless isolation is a crime against the soul, in that it is a surrender and sacrifice of noble opportunities.

We are, therefore, not sorry to see farms growing larger, provided those who work them will get nearer together; and that is what they ought to do. Any farmer who plants himself and his family alone—far from possible neighbors—takes upon himself a terrible responsibility. It is impossible that he and his should be developed and thoroughly happy there. He will be forsaken in his old age by the very children for whom he has made his great sacrifice. They will fly to the town for the social food and stimulus for which they have starved. We never hear of a colony settling a Western prairie without a thrill of pleasure. It is in colonies that all ought to settle, and in villages rather than on separated farms. The meeting, the lecture, the public amusement, the social assembly, should be things easily reached. There is no such damper upon free social life as distance. A long road is the surest bar to neighborly intercourse. If the social life of the farmer were richer, his life would by that measure be the more attractive.

After all, there are farmers who will read this article with a sense of affront or injury, as if by doubting or disputing the sufficiency of their social opportunities we insult them with a sort of contempt. We assure them that they cannot afford to treat thoroughly sympathetic counsel in this way. We know that their wives and daughters and sons are on our side, quarrel with us as they may; and the women and children are right; "The old man," who rides to market and the postofflce, and mingles more or less in business with the world, gets along tolerably well; but it is the stayers at home who suffer. Instead of growing wiser and better as they grow old, they lose all the graces of life in unmeaning drudgery, and instead of ripening in mind and heart, they simply dry up or decay. We are entirely satisfied that the great curse of farming life in America is its isolation. It is useless to say that men shun the farm because they are lazy. The American is not a lazy man anywhere; but he is social, and he will fly from a life that is not social to one that is. If we are to have a larger and better population devoted to agriculture, isolation must be shunned, and the whole policy of settlement hereafter must be controlled or greatly modified by social considerations

Farmers' Wives.

One of the most important helps in manageing a farm successfully is a housewife who thoroughly appreciates all the efforts put forth to make the farm pay. Such a wife is, indeed, a blessing to her husband. But a wife who is not in sympathy with him who is striving to make the broad acres bring forth a proper return for the labor expended, is not only useless but is a positive injury both to her husband and the noble calling of agriculture. Our lady readers will say it is easy enough for us to find fault with the farmer's wife, but we wish to be understood on this point, for we have an idea of writting one word that shall reflect on the fair sex. Every farmer's wife knows that there is a very large number of farmers who have failed to interest their wives in their pursuits. Failed to interest—these are the words we use, and this, in our mind, is where most of the difficulty lies. Farmers do not understand *educating* their wives so that they may become useful in managing the farm. Some may take exceptions to this view of the case, but it is the truth nevertheless, for in these days girls are brought up with an idea of becoming the wife of some man who is not *obliged* to be a farmer, but, alas, many fall, far short of their expectations, and at last their lot is cast with some honest tiller of the soil. They may be able to put up with the man of their choice but they are not in sympathy with his calling; simply because they have all their sweet lives been made to believe that farming is one of the least among the many pursuits of industry. Now, if this is true, and it is more than half true, we all know, there is something wrong at the fireside. The farmer, as a general rule, lacks enthusiasm; too many are only half way in earnest and fail to inspire the family with confidence in their operations. Often the father of the family is found repining over his lot, while he laments that he did not, in days gone by embrace opportunities which, in immagination at least, might have placed him in as comfortable a position as A or B, who went to the same school with him. This train of thought, if expressed aloud, must affect wife and children. They behold his toil-stained garments, and the mother resolves that her children shall be placed in the path that leads to gold and luxury, and in this free country who may not aspire to these things for their children? This is why it is there are so many wives who do not interest themselves in the farm. They come by their dislikes honestly; for if they have not been taught to despise the calling of their fathers they have never been taught to respect it. This is why they become wives with no ideas as to their duties to themsel