The Saline County Journal.

VOLUME 1. SALINA, KANSAS, THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1871. NUMBER 10.

THE
SALINE COUNTY JOURNAL
IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, AT
SALINA, KANSAS.

OFFICE.—No. — Santa Fe Avenue, nearly opposite the Real Estate office of Maj. John W. Banks'.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Copy, one year,..... $2 00
One Copy, six months,..... 1 25
One Copy, three months,..... 75

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Salina, Kansas.

TOILERS OF THE SEA.

We ride on the hauk of the wave,
We dip in the trough of the sea;
Our boat is stout and our hearts are brave,
As fishermen's hearts should be.
For winds may be fierce and strong,
And the waves may do us wrong,
And those may weep ere long
Who wait for us three.

We laugh when the winds are fair,
And the nets drag heavily
With the weight of fish, and there is no care
For my fisher-boys and me.
But the winds may rage and roar,
And the surf beat on the shore;
And those wait evermore
Who wait for thee.

'Tis toil and danger and strife;
Yet we love the greedy sea
That gives us bread for a wagered life,
Bread for my lads and me.
But the ways in anger churn,
And the winds seem cruel and stern,
To those who wait and yearn
To welcome us three.

We laugh when the wind is light;
But my heart is heavy in me,
Sometimes when I think of my lads at night,
And the perils of the sea.
For winds may be fierce and strong,
And the wave may do us wrong,
And those way weep ere long
Who wait for us three.

THE LIEUTENANT'S LESSON.

Some five years ago I was a lieutenant in a marching regiment, and quartered in a large garrison-town in England. My duties consisted of the usual round of morning and afternoon parades, visiting the men's dinners and teas, and other regular work. In addition to this, we had occasionally to mount guard, and to pass twenty-four hours in a sort of half imprisonment.

It is one of the regulations of the service that when officers or men are on guard they should always be in a state of readiness to "fall in" on parade at a moment's notice. If you feel very sleepy, and desire rest, you must take it whilst you are buttoned up to the throat, and strapped down at the heels; a lounge in an arm-chair, or probably a little horizontal refreshment upon a sofa, are the extent of rest which an officer on guard is *supposed* to indulge in.

Among my brother-subalterns in garrison, it was our usual practice to infringe upon this strict letter of the law; and when the principal part of our duty had been accomplished, we used to indulge ourselves by divesting our limbs of their armor, and seeking refreshment between the sheets of a little camp-bed that was placed in the inner guard-room.

It was part of the duties of an officer on guard to visit all the sentries during night, the time for visiting them being usually an hour or so after the field-officer had visited the guard—the field-officer being a colonel or major who was on duty for the day, and who came once by day and once by night to visit the guards, and to see that all was as it should be. There was no exact limit to the number of times that this field officer might visit the guards, but it was the usual thing, and had become almost a custom, for him to come once by day and once by night, so that after the last visit the subaltern usually waited an hour or so, walked round the limits of his post, visited all his sentries, and then turned into bed.

It was on a bitter cold morning in January that my turn for guard came on. I marched my men to their post, relieved the old guard, and then, having gone through the regular duty and dined, endeavored to pass the time until the field-officer had visited me. The previous evening I had been at a ball in the town, and in consequence was very tired and sleepy, and looked with considerable longing to the period when I could refresh myself by unrobing and enjoying a good snooze.

At length I heard the welcome challenge: "Who comes there?" which was by the response, "Rounds!" "What rounds?" "Grand rounds!" and "Guard turn out!" was a signal which I willingly obeyed, for I knew that in about one hour afterwards I should be in the arms of the god of sleep.

Slipping on my cloak and cap, and grasping my sword, I placed myself in front of the guard, and received the field-officer, who briefly asked me if all was correct, directed me to dismiss my guard and rode off without saying "Good-night," —a proceeding that I thought rather formal. Giving directions to the sergeant to call me in an hour, for the purpose of visiting the sentries, I threw myself into my arm-chair, and tried to read a novel. The time passed very quickly, as I had a nap or two, and the sergeant soon appeared with a lantern to conduct me round the sentries.

It was a terrible night, the wind blowing hard, whilst the snow and sleet were driving along before it. The thermometer was several degrees blow freezing, and I felt that I deserved much from my country for performing so conscientiously my arduous duties. The sentries were very much scattered, and I had to walk nearly two miles to visit them all. I accomplished my task, however, and returned to the guard-room, where I treated myself to a stiff glass of grog, and throwing off my regimentals, I jumped into bed, feeling that I really deserved the luxury.

In a few minutes I was fast asleep, not even dreaming of any of my fair partners of the ball, but sound asleep. Suddely I became conscious of a great noise, which sounded like a drum being beaten. At first I did not realize my position, and could not remember where I was, but at last it flashed across me that I was on guard, and something was the matter. Jumping out of bed, I called to know who was there.

The sergeant answered in a great hurry, saying, "Sir, field-officer of the day is coming, and the guard is turning out."

I rushed to my boots, pulled them on over my unstockinged feet; thrust my sword-arm into my large regimental cloak, which I pulled over me; jammed my forage-cap on my head, and grasping my sword, looked to the outward observer as though "fit for parade."

I was just in time to receive the field-officer, who again asked me if my guard was correct. I answered, rather in a tone of surprise, and said, "Yes, sir, all correct." I could not imagine why my guard should be visited twice, as such a proceeding was very unusual, and perhaps my tone semeed to imply that I was surprised. Whether it was that, or whether a treacherous gust of wind removed the folds of my cloak, and exhibited the slightest taste in life of the end of my night-shirt, I know not; but the field-officer, instead of riding off when he received my answer, turned his horse's head in the opposite direction, and said, "Now, sir, I want you to accompany me round the sentries."

Had he told me that he wanted me to to accompany him to the regions below, I should scarce have been more horror-struck, for already I had found the change of temperature between a warm bed in a room and the outside air; and to walk two miles on a windy, frosty night, with no raiment besides boots, night-shirt, and cloak, was really suffering for one's country, and no mistake. I dared not show the slightest hesitation, however, for fear the state of my attire might be suspected, though I would have given a week's pay to have escaped for only five minutes. A non-commissioned officer was ready with a lantern, and we started on our tour of inspection.

The field-officer asked several questions connected with the position and duties of the sentries, to which I gave answers as well as the chattering of my teeth would permit me. The most nervous work, however, was passing the gas-lamps, which were placed at intervals of one or two hundred yards. The wind was blowing so fresh that it was with difficulty I could hold my cloak around me, and conceal the absence of my under-garments. Every now and then an extra gust of wind would come round a corner, and quite defeat all the precautions which I had adopted to encounter the steady gale. I managed to dodge in the shade as much as possible, and more than once ran the risk of being kicked by the field-officer's horse, as I slunk behind him when the gas-light might have revealed too much.

It was terribly cold, to be sure, the wind and snow almost numbing my limbs. I had a kind of faint hope that the field-officer might think that I belonged to a Highland regiment, and if he did observe the scantiness of my attire, might believe that the kilt would explain it. I struggled and shivered on, knowing that all things must have an end, and that my "rounds" must come to an end before long. But I feared that I should not again get warm during the night.

We had nearly completed our tour, and were within a few hundred yards of the guard-room, when we passed the field-officers' quarters. I fondly hoped that he would not pass them, and that he would dismiss me at the door, but I was rather surprised to see a blaze of light come the windows, and to hear the sound of music. It was evident that there was a "hop" going on inside, and I already began to tremble, from a sort of instinct that even worse misfortunes were yet to attend me.

My premonitions were true, for upon reaching his door, my persecutor, in quite a cheerful tone, said, "Well, we've had a cold tour; you must now come in and take a glass of wine, and perhaps a waltz will warm you."

"I'm really much obliged," I hastily answered, "but I should not like to leave my guard."

"Nonsense, nonsense, man; the guard will be all right: you must come in." This "must" he said in quite a determined tone.

I felt desperate, and again declared that I thought I should be wrong to leave my guard.

"I'll take the responsibility," said the demon; "so come along"; saying which, he grasped my arm, and almost dragged me into the porch of his quarters.

When we entered the house, and were exposed to the light of the hall-lamps, I fancied I saw a slight twinkle in the eye of the officer, and began to wonder whether he really knew of my predicament and wished to have his joke. He, however, gave no other intimations that I saw, but quickly took off his cloak, and said that I had better do the same. Seeing me hesitate, he said, "come, look alive: off with it."

Further remonstrance, I found, would be useless, so that there was no help for me but a full confession. Summoning my courage, and fearing to hesitate, I blurted out, "Colonel, I've no trousers on."

"The deuce you haven't!" he said.

"Well, you'd better go and put them on, and then come here as soon as possible and have a glass of something warm."

I rushed out of his quarters, half determined not to return. I was fully awake now, and shivered like a half-drowned dog; but no sooner had I dressed myself than the colonel's servant came over to say that a quadrille was waiting for me.

I determined to put a bold face on the matter, and entered the drawing-room, where a party of about fifty had assembled. It was evident by the titters of the young ladies, the grins of the men, and the subdued smiles of the dowagers, that my story was known.

The colonel had told it as a good joke to the major, who had whispered it to his wife; she had breathed it into the ear of two of her friends, and in about ten minutes every person in the room knew that a young subaltern had unwillingly gone his rounds in his night-shirt.

As long as I stayed in that garrison I was a standing joke. When the girls saw me they always looked away and smiled, and it seemed as impossible for me to obtain a serious answer from any of them as for a clown to preach a sermon. They even seemed afraid to dance with me, fearing, as I afterwards heard, to look at my legs, lest I might be dificient in some article of raiment. I soon exchanged and went into another regiment, and years afterwards heard my own adventure related in a crowded room, all the details of the story being true except the name of the performer—my misfortune having been attributed to an unfortuate fellow who died in India.

I never went to bed on guard after that night.

A South American Forest.

Strange was the contrast between human poverty and natural wealth. We were on the borders of a virgin forest, and the over-powering beauty of vegetation soon erased all memory of the squlor and lifelessness of La Mona. Our road—a mere path—suddenly entered this seemingly impenetrable forest, where the branches crossed overhead, producing a delightful shade. The curious forms of tropical life were all attractive to one who had recently rambled over the comparatively bleak hills of New England. Delight is a weak term to express the feelings of a naturalist who for the first time wanders in a South American forest. The superb banana, the great charm of equatorial vegetation, tossed out luxuriantly its glossy green leaves, eight feet in length; the slender but graceful bamboo shot heavenward, straight as an arrow; and many species of palm bore aloft their feathery heads, inexpressibly light and elegant. On the branches of the independent trees sat tufts of parasites, many of them orchids, which are here epiphytal; and countless creeping plants, whose long flexible stems entwined snake-like around the trunks, or formed gigantic loops and coils among the limbs. Beneath this world of foliage above, thick beds of mimosæ covered the ground, and a boundless variety of ferns attracted the eye by their beautiful patterns. It is easy to specify the individual objects of admiration in these grand scenes; but it is not possible to give an adequate idea of the higher feelings of wonder, astonishment and devotion which fill and elevate the mind. This road to the Andes is a paradise to the contemplative man. "There is something in a tropical forest," says Bates, "akin to the ocean in its effect on the mind. Man feels so completely his insignificance and the vastness of nature." The German traveler Burmeister observes that "the contemplation of a Brazilian forest produced on him a painful impression, on account of the vegetation displaying a spirit of restless selfishness, eager emulation and craftiness." He thought the softness, earnestness and repose of European woodland scenery were far more pleasing and that these formed one of the causes of the superior moral character of European nations. Live and let live is not the maxim taught in these tropical forests, and it is equally clear that selfishness is not wanting among the people. Here, in view of so much competition among organized beings, is the spot to study Darwin's Origin of Species." We have thought that the vegetation under the equator was a fitter emblem of the human world than the forests of our temperate zone. There is here no set time for decay and death, but we stand amid the living and the dead; flowers and leaves are falling, while fresh ones are bounding into life. Then, too, the numerous parasitic plants using of their neighbors as instruments for their own advancement, inaptly represent a certain human class.—*Andes and Amazon.*

The Emperer and the Queen.

The cable reports that Napoleon, the ex-Emperor of France, yesterday visited Queen Victoria at Winsdor Castle. It is not likely that the details of the interview will ever be made public. The "interviewing" reporter who would attempt to be present at the scene would probably get no nearer than the outside wall of the castle.

It is easy, however, to imagine that the visit must have been a rather exciting incident to both the hostess and her guest. Napoleon can not forget his last visit to England nearly a score of years ago, when he had just made himself master of France by an act of wholesale murder, when he was welcomed to London by obsequious officials and by the acclamations of a curious and not unfriendly multitude. Then he received the freedom of the city of London. At Windsor Castle he was made a Knight of the Order of the Garter and was welcomed as the leading man of Europe and the head of the most powerful continental nation. This, indeed, was the first of the many personal triumphs which this remarkable adventure was destined to enjoy.

A few years later, Queen Victoria returned his visit, and Paris welcomed amid dazzling festivities the monarch of England. The example of the Queen was soon followed; and the Saltan of Turkey, the King of Prusiss and the Czar of Russia were in turn the guest of Napoleon. The minor kings and princelings of Europe flocked to Paris, to behold the glories of he new Empire. The King of Italy, however, always held aloof, though if any monarch had cause for gratitude to Napoleon, it was he. The Queen of Spain averse to travel, kept away untill she became an exile without a thorn; and then she hastened to Paris to bask in the sunshine of imperialism.

Queen Victoria will, of course, have too much tact to ask the ex-Emperor to what business in life the ex-Imperial Prince will now devote himself, and Napoleon will certainly not be rude enough to hint at the possible spread of the revolutionary spirit of England, and the contingent danger of the Guelph dynasty. He cannot very well tell his hostess what he thinks of her relative the Emperor of Germany; nor can he hint as yet the desirability of the Queen's returning his visit. But if they are in a retrospective and Shakerpesian mood, which is not at all probably—they can both.

—fit upon the ground,
And tell the sad stories of the death of kings;
How some have been deposed——

the ex Emperior giving his personal experience on the latter point.

A daughter was born to Ole Bull in West Lebanon, two weeks ago. Can that child be properly called a calf?

Our Future Farmers.

The next great undertaking before the American people is the subjugating and development of the National Domain. We have to subdue, that we may inherit, our generous portion of the earth. We are coming to the close of our first century, and having attained such majority, may enter upon and possess our estate. The wealth of the nation lies in the land, and we must dig it out. Nor can we delegate the task to the mainly ignorant laborers coming to us from other lands; we need to give it our own intelligence and our own muscle—and we have shown that we are not the people to shirk such necessity. Indeed, we are already making a competent beginning—opening lines of transportation, making permanent peace with the Indians, learning the methods of organized colonization—and may call ourselves fairly ready to go to work. Agriculture, then, is to be our main business in years to come. We are to be a nation of farmers; and it is worth while to consider what sort of farmers we are likely to turn out.

Man makes circumstances, circumstances make men. Accepting this antithesis, we should look for new types of charater under the new conditions obtaining in this country, where, also, the requirements of good order are the only limit to freedom of development. We now afford some illustration of the aphorism; but the re-action of "circumstanes" on men being the work of generations, we are yet too young to exhibit its effects in any notable instance—the conventional "Yankee" being an unreal creature, fast fading into tradition. Still, we have already given evidences of human power, peculiarly American, promising good results. We are out-growing the wisdom of the world, and are destined to disprove the maxims that sum up the limits of human experience. The old saw, "When Adam delved and Eve span, where was then the gentleman?" involves negatively the assertion that manual labor is incompatible with grace and refinement. The reputation of this idea, heretofore dominant in civilization, we have now accomplished, and we shall not be long in dissipating it entirely. All there is in worth in the gentler experiences of life shall be free to the delving Adam of the New World. With increasing facilities of communication, perfected means of education, and the larger returns to labor, secured by intelligence—the man who "mows and hoes and holds the plow" will command the best, the world has to give of culture and soial consideration.

More than this, we believe that no prize coveted by the higher ambitions shall be beyond reach. We trust that war is, with us, almost an impossible contingency; the occupation of the soldier, with its brilliant triumphs, is, happily, gone. Our commerce has probably reached its height, and the bulk of trade will hereafter be the distribution of domestic products, rather than the vast imports from which our merchant princes have derived their wealth. In politics we have virtually settled those questions which have occupied our leading men since the foundation of the Republic. The equality of civil right has been established fully and forever; and the policy of Protection to Home Industry is assured in the minds of our people beyond serious disturbance. We return, then, to the statement that the development of our natural sources of wealth—of which Agriculture is the first—must be the principal concern of this and the next generation. And who can doubt that, in these untried fields of achievement, our best minds will find sufficient opportunities and rewards?

Now, while it is true that new methods and new means—inventions and improvements, organization and co-operation—will lighten burdens and make labor effective, yet it is also true that the successful farmer must work with his own hands; and it is better for us, as men, that it should be so. Manual labor is a direct, positive good to us, physically and spiritually. We have been declared a nation of dyspeptics—sallow, lean, and nervous; we are to owe our carnal salvation to the hard out-door work necessarily incident to the task before us. Comfort ahd culture, wealth and honors, will follow, with certainty and in full measure, beyond even the dreams of the care-worn seekers in the over-crowded market place or the narrow paths of the professions. The grandest opportunities Humanity ever had are now offering in this our land to the thoroughly qualified tiller of the soil. And it is to our future farmers we must look for that nobler groth of manhood which we have faith that America will produce.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Some years agoo, a lot of fellows got out on a little time, whon one of the number was taken to the lock-up. The next morning the young man sent for a friend to get him out, as he did not care to have his father know of his incarceration. The friend arrived, when the following conversation ensued:

"Ed, how did you come here?"

"I came by two majority."

It had taken threo policemen to lock the fellow up. The friend was so well pleased with the answer, that the bonds were furnished.

Victor Hugo says that the French nation will begin arming from now, that in ten, perhaps five, years, it will be able to take the field against Germany, with an army of four million soldiers; that it will conquer and drive out their Emperor for the Germans, as the Germans have driven out theirs for the French; that the two nationalities will then fraternize, and lead the way to the founding of the United States of Europe. But Victor Hugo is an author chiefly of romances.

An Irish soldier, who had been abroad, being asked if he met with much hospitality where he had been. "Oh yes," replied he, "too much; I was in the hospital almost all the time I was there."

How They Know the Yankee

An American traveler tells this story of his foreign experience:

One day last fall, in company with an eminent clergyman of London, I was making my way towards the Thames Tunnel, when we were stopped by an itinerant vender of pictures, who seemed to know my companion. "Buy some of these pictures of the public buildings of London, sir," said he, "and you can give them to your American friends to take home with him."

I was in a hurry, but my wonderment would have stopped me if I had been running to a fire.

"How in creation did you know I was an American?" I asked.

"Why, I couldn't mistake that," the picture seller replied with a quiet laugh. You're American all over."

I purchased a picture, and then asked him to explain himself.

"I would know you by your soft beaver hat," he said. "That's an American fashion."

"Well—if it were not for that!"

He glanced down at my feet.

"Your boots would betray you. Nobody but Americans wear square toes."

"Well—what else?"

"Your chin whiskers. Englishmen always wear the mutton chop style."

"Well, anything more?"

"If you won't be offended, sir!"

"Not at all; I am seeking for information."

"I should know you by your thin peaked face."

"Well, my friend," I said, "I fancy you are at the end of your catalogue now. Suppose that I wore a stiff, high-crowned hat, round-toed boots' mutton chop whiskers, and had a face as red and chubby as any in Britian—would you be able to know me for an American then?"

"Certainly I should, as soon as I heard you speak," the fellow triumphantly answerd. "You Americans invariably commenced every sentence with a well."

My English friend laughed long and loud at the man's adroitness.

"I believe he is more than half right," he said. "See if your nationality is not detected every where you go."

It was even so. In Paris I was importuned to buy a photograph of Lafayette, because he was "ze friend of ze American." In Genoa a dirty vagabond was clamorous to exhibit to me the house where Columbus was born, because he discovered "the signor's great countree;" and at Alexandria the climax was capped by a ragged little descendant of the Pharaohs, who besought me to take a ride on his donkey. "Strong donkey—fat donkey—nice Yankee Doodle donkey!" was his irresistible appeal, in the only English words he knew.

Kansas Timber.

Kansas is not a heavily timbered State. Its broad and fertile bottoms, rich deep soil, and rolling prairies, are not the accompaniment of a heavily timbered country, and it presents a strange comparison to the dense forests, and the thickly clustered stumps, adorning the "cleared" corn fields of our Eastern "timbered" States, which, themselves were considered but a few brief years ago as the "Far West," 'till the onward march of the "Star of Empire" coursing its way ever westward to a new world far beyond—was opened up to the tread of the locomotive, and the culture of incoming civilization. The resident of an Eastern "timbered" State will occasionally note this apparent scarcity of growing timber in our Prairie State. Its fertile farming lands in most localities lie unobstructed by trees and forests, and all cleared and ready for the breaking plow, where naught is needed but to tickle the earth with a hoe, she will laugh with a harvest. The settling farmer obtains his farming land ready for immediate use, and he, himself, obtains its bountiful yield without first working and wearing his prime of life away in effecting a "clearing," in which to afterwards start a farm and leave it stump and increase for his growing sons to carry on successful competition. Neither is Kansas by any means devoid of timber. Nature has bestowed its benefits in judicious and happy distribution. Her many rivers and innumerable tributary streams bountifully supplied with strips of most excellent timber of every kind and and best quality. Oak, ash, walnut, hickory, mulberry, elm, hackberry, cottonwood, &c., and no shelter for cattle can be more effectual and sufficient, than the thickly wooded cañons of our timbered streams.

The inexhaustible supplies of excellent bituminous coal, underlying the surface of our State, and cropping out here and there in frequent and varied localities, afford every facility for fuel, cheaper, better and easier of consumption than wood.

The traffic throughout the State in this one article of home production is immense; and ere long will be an invaluable source of commercial traffic and revenue.

New coal mines are being put into working and producing operation from time to time, in various portions of the State; and its use as an article of home consumption for fuel is fast superseding the use of fire wood.

A son of the late President Tyler, only twenty-one years old, is an Uhlan in the Twelfth Army Corps of Saxony, and served throughout the Franco-Prussian war. He had been for five years a mining student at Freiberg, but when the clash of armes came he laid aside his books and sought admission to the service. By an especial favor of the Minister of War this foreigner was permitted to enter the ranks of the King of Saxony. Being a fine looking, gallant young man, he made an excellent soldier, and his record as son of an American President was enough to cause every officer and private to seek his companionship. During the latter part of the war young Tyler is said to have carried his cavalry lance into several hot engagements.

Holland's Glory and Pride.

To visit Holland in December is to behold the inhabitants and the country in all their glory, and more can be learned of the habits and customs of the thrifty, honest Hollanders than in any other period. Warmly clad, they brave the fury of the elements, and if, as travelers say, their intellect is slow and dull, by the effects of their damp, foggy, misty land they are nevertheless happy and contented in their quiet little villages and peaceful, hard-working towns, and display an amount of genuine, pure patriotism unequaled by any other nation. England's powerful old rival has not forgoten its past glory, which is still vivid in the minds of the present generation, and although their immortal list of painters, *savants*, Admirals and Generals seem to have disappeared, they nevertheless, by their comercial integrity, devotion to literature, art and work, command universal respect and admiration.

They have their dykes and countless wind-mills, they love to respect and venerate old time-honored customs, their four large commercial cities, and their country life, and they boast with well-deserved pride of the lofty genius of their painters, and the glorious works and treasures of art and beauty bequeathed to their well-stocked museums by the inspired brush of Rembrandt, Rubens, Jan Steen, Paul Potter, Mieris, Van Dyck, Teniers and hundreds of others. They are contented with the resources of an ungrateful, barren tract of land, cultivated with care, and every inch of which proves the triumph of perseverance and industry over the difficulties of nature. They still boast of their vast possessions in India and South America, not yet wrested from them by envious rivals, and the artless peasants still take a childish pleasure in styling good old Amsterdam the "Queen of cities."

PLAY UPON NAMES.—The Washington correspondent of the Cincinati *Chronicle* makes the following reference to the names of some of the members of the new Congress:

"In the new Congress, by the way, there are two Blairs, two Brookses, two Harrisons, two Hazletons, two Myers, two Perrys, two Rices, two Robertses, two Rogers, two Speers, two Townsends, two William Williams, two Wilsons, three Fosters, and three Smiths.

"And, by the way, there will be Porter and Hale for the bibulous. Buck, of Alabama, has gone out with the Forty-first Congress, but he is succeeded by Bright, of Tennessee, in the Forty-second. This new Congress loses Cake, of Pennsylvania, but, as a compensative diet, gets Rusk, of Wisconsin. Biggs, of Delaware, and DeLarge, of South Carolina, will probably fraternize more or less. North Carolina sends a member who, no doubt, in spite of any youthful indiscretion, will always be Shober. The trades are represented by Barber, Cook, Sawyer, Shoemaker, Slater, and Turner. Havens and Dox will probably be put immediately on the Naval Committee.

All sensible women are rejoicing that open-throated house dresses have gone out of fashion. Another matter of rejoicing to the ladies of refined taste is that the Grecian bend painer, with its ungainly proportions and unsightly puffs, is numbered among the things that were. It has been displaced by a modest tournure and graceful drapery. We are glad to see that immense chignons and heavy padded false chatelaine braids looking like a burden upon the head of the wearer, are rapidly disappearing. The mode among our fashionable belles now is to braid their natural tresses in two long braids, which are gracefully looped to the back part of the head. The hair may be rolled or made in short curls in front, while long curls grouped among the braids look stylish. The reign of the massive chignon is evidently over. The mode for the arrangement of the front hair is pompadour, but it is not generally followed, as there are few faces that look well with the hair drawn back and tightly fastened. We think that the hair waved and falling slightly over the forehead with a sort of studied carelessness, is most becoming to all faces.—*Society Journal.*

COTTON.—The cotton crop of the last cotton year has now been nearly all marketed at our commercial ports; and it appears by the regular reports that the production of the year reached the vast aggregate of about four million bales, which is the largest crop that ever was raised. In view of this cotton product there are two deductions which we may make: Firstly, it shows that, notwithstanding all that was formerly said to the contrary, cotton can be raised in Southern States, in full supply, without the institution of negro slavery. Secondly, it shows that the great mass of the emancipatied slaves in the South have continued to carry on faithfully the industries which they were formerly compelled to prosecute as slaves. These are very interesting facts for the contemplation of speculative philosophers of the old school.

Somebody who has been studying Webster's new "unabridged" dictionary expresses a regret that the lexicographer's definition of the word "boil" had not met the eyes of the new-version people before they translated the Book of Job, as it would have been so beautiful to say, instead of boils, "And Satan smote Job with circumscribed subcutaneous inflammations, characterized by pointed pustular tumors and suppurating with central cores."

There is a convict in Auburn prison named John Five, who is fifty five years of age; he has been convicted five times of felony; each time receiving a sentence of five years. He has been married five times, has the father of five children; stands five feet five in his stockings, and has five months and five days yet to serve. His cell is number five on the fifth gallery. What an unlucky number.