CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY ALFRED LEONARD.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
A little form drooped low,
As these heavenly words
From its heart began to flow.

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
The form drooped lower still;
Its little dreamy blue eyes
Were bending to Nature's will.

"If I should die before I wake,"
Its voice was faint and slow;
Its little hands were clasp'd so tight
Its head was bent so low.

"I pray the Lord my soul to take,"
Sweet sleep sealed its eyes,
And in happy, heavenly dreams
Is reached beyond the skies.

The German Emigrants.

BY MRS. GILDERSLEEVE LONGSTREET.

One beautiful morning in June the sun was lighting up the craggy cliffs of Rhineland, tinting with a gayer hue the fresh verdure, and lending a flashing luster to the dew-decked foliage which drooped in luxuriance over the rocks, as though to hide their grimness and coldness from the pilgrims gazing in admiration at this vine-draped river. The waters were flashing on the brink of the cateract, and then falling in whitened foam to the shadow beneath, while it seemed to offer its curling spray, as incense to the Creator of its beauty.

A little cottage, almost hidden by spring blossoms, overlooked this scene, and its inmates were mingling their songs of praise with nature's thunder-toned voice, which ascended from the depths of the falling waters.

An old man, whose long, floating locks were scarce darker than the foam of the river, was leading the devotions with a tremulous voice, and flowing tears. His only child, a son, sat beside his young wife, while on either side of their grandfather knelt a boy and girl, dressed in the holiday costume of the country. Each face was buried in their hands, as the old man called on the God of their fathers to be their guide over the pathless waters of the deep, blue sea, and be their support amid the trials of parting with friends and 'fatherland.'

The sobs of the children interrupted the old man, and he bowed his head while the unuttered prayer shook his frame, as he continued to kneel in silence, loth to rise for the last time from the spot where his father and his father's father had knelt with their kindred, and let it pass to the posession of strangers. When they all rose, the father, Philip Van Cheff, beckoned to his son to follow him once more to the grave of the wife and mother, for these two, whose souls seemed so exalted by the grandeur about them, clung with more affection to the resting-place of the dear departed, than less noble ones feel for the living. In silence they stood for awhile, and then Philip stooped, and gathered from the flowers on the grave a handful, and placed them in his bosom, to carry to their far-off home. He then said to his son, 'Albert for thy sake I leave this grave to go to the 'free land' over the ocean. I can not see thee toil for Dora and the children, and know that thy earnings will be taken from thee by bad rulers. I long to feel that thy children will be far from the reach of war. I could not die in peace, and leave them here, lest the darlings' lot should be worse than ours has been. But, Albert, I love every vine that grows in our little vineyard; I love every tree and shrub that grows about our cottage; and, more than all, I love the music of the falling waters. It has echoed to our boyish laughter, and to our manhood's songs; but has grown sadder, when she who sleeps here listened no longer with us to its swelling tones. Yet I do not wish to remain. I go gladly, even though my tears seem to contradict my assertion. We can build a cot like this near the great waterfall of the New World, and the children will love it as well, and we can grow glad in their joy. So don't think, dear Albert, 'tis all sacrifice, even though I go weeping.'

Sadly they turned toward the cottage, and found Dora trying to look cheerful, while the children were eager for the novelty of the journey. They bade farewell to the cottage, and walked on toward the town of Schaffhausen, whither they had sent their few relics of home, and their wardrobe. Many a sad look followed them, and a 'God bless you' came reverently from many a lip, over the clasped hands of the parting ones. But sad scenes, like happy ones, came to an end; and the sunset lingered, unheeded in its beauty, about them, far from the spot of their morning devotions. Lena, the fair-haired little girl, had grown weary of gazing at the changing scenes so unlike her quiet life, and had laid her dimpled cheek upon the white locks which fell upon her grandfather's shoulder. The boy, the manly lad, was trying to assume the dignity of a traveler, and hide his weariness, by chattering of everything they passed to the unconscious old man, who was living over again, in his thoughts, his younger and happier years, in his vine-trellised Rhineland home. Albert and Dora had, for a time, forgotten the sorrow of the morning, and were talking gaily of the future, which began to grow in brightness, now that the bitterness of parting was past; and many were the plans they formed for the happiness of their father and little ones, when they should reach their new home, which fancy began to picture to them as a golden land. Days flew by, and the tossing waves were all they could look upon; yet the sky was bright above them, and hope was busy at their hearts; and so on and on they sped till the spires of New York told them they were near the home of their adoption.

When they separated from their ship companions, they began to feel that they were indeed among strangers, with whom they could find little companionship. Every thing looked strange to them, and they, in turn, were gazed at with a disagreeable enriosity, which made them feel very uncomfortable. They were glad to be whirring off to the place where they were to spend the coming autumn and winter, that they might look about for a spot to build upon in the spring. They secured lodgings, and were soon comfortably settled for the winter, as they hoped; and Albert was looking about for employment, as he did not wish to spend the little money they had left after their expensive journey. Poor exiles! they did not know how much there was for them to bear, and how many there were who scarcely deemed them human, and had no sympathies in common with those who spoke a strange language.

If we could for a while change places with some of these poor wanderers, and feel the stings and insults unintentionally given them, we would be more careful in our deportment, and less charry of kind looks and acts, even though we can not speak to them.

Imagine our own fathers laboring for bread, and think how our blood would boil with indignation to see them made a target for fun and mischief. This may seem impossible to some of us, but changes come sometimes. Albert came home day after day unsuccessful in his search for employment, and his high hopes and bright visions were fast passing away before each day's disappointment.

Carl and Lena ventured out, but seldom alone, for they were teased by the less gentle children in the streets. They were rudely gazed at by some, and the little plume in Lena's cap, which she considered the choicest part of her dress, was pulled by the passers-by, as though it were a handle to the pretty curly head beneath.

Carl grew larger with the anger he felt and resented like a little soldier their rudeness to his sister, which the boys construed into a disposition to fight, and so he was beaten for that very trait of character which we most admire, and which was never appreciated in him, because he was poor, and a stranger.

We sometimes forget that God made us all one brotherhood, and we should treat all with kindness, for the same immortality dwells within all. Lena cried to be taken back to the cottage and grapevines, where *people said something when they spoke.* She said, *free people* never smiled—they laughed, and she did not like to be laughed at; and so she and Carl made a grave under the shade of a stinted peach tree, and called it grandmother's grave, and a shrubby vine they called their vineyard. Carl promised Lena that when he should become a, man he would make a *Germany*, and she should be his housekeeper. They were the whole world to each other, and so their love for each other strengthened them so that they might together bear the trials of life.

It was a sickly season, and the cholera came, and Albert was one of its earliest victims. Dora's heart was illy prepared for this heavy affliction, and the light of her life seemed to go out as they closed those eyes, and hurried him to the potter,s field, where no blossoms grew, and she might not watch his grave.

Carl and Lena were bewildered at this unexpected event, and could not realize their loss; yet they grew sad when their father came not, and wept, they scarcely knew why, when the hot tears fell upon their upturned faces from the once laughing eyes of their gentle mother. Old Phillip choked down his grief, for the sake of the helpless darlings left to his care, and tried to grow young again, for he felt how precious his life had become. Dora tried hard to say from her heart, 'Thy will be done,' and feel that 'it was well;' but it was too crushing a sorrow, and her pale face grew paler as the snowflakes came, and she knew that she would soon sleep with the unrecorded ones who rest from a weary life in the city burial ground. She tried to prepare the hearts of the children for the battle of life, and store their young minds with lessons of duty and love to all about them, when they should be alone in the world. Their money was all gone, and Philip and his saw were their only earthly dependence. His life was one of grief and toil at best, and doubly hard to bear, from the insults daily received from the boyish despots, who chose to see nothing in his age to reverence.

How Dora wept to think that the good old man should be subjected to this mischievous thoughtlessness, and vexatious life of service. She had learned too well how little respect is shown to years and worth, when clothed in a coarse garb, and toiling in the streets of a great city. Yet it must be so. He who had been venerated in his own country for his virtue, must be crushed in spirit by persecutions in our own goodly land, when we have grown proud of our freedom. 'There is such a thing as being too free,' thought old Philip, as he returned daily to feed the little ones from his earnings. There was not always enough, yet Carl never complained, and coaxed Lena to eat his share, for he said he did not like 'free bread;' besides, grandfather did not always eat, and to be a man, was to imitate him.

Old Phillip came home one day with a deep gash upon his head, and though he did not tell Dora the cause, she knew too well, and hastened to wash the blood from his long white hair, before Carl and Lena should see it. She did not wish to have them know that there were children cruel enough to make an old man their sport; and so they never knew that it was a piece of ice thrown with unerring precision by a boy, which kept their grandfather in bed for a long, long week, and caused them to go half-fed. He ventured out again one morning, and soon came back with his arm so lamed by a ball of snow, that he could not use his saw, and there was nothing in the house for little Lena to eat. Her moaning hunger drove sleep from poor Dora's eyes, and she sent Carl out, for the first time, to beg for food, to still the little weeper, so that grandfather could get some rest. And he *did rest*: for the morning sun found him kneeling by his bed-side, with cold lips, and a still breath—the old man was dead! His half uttered prayer was finished in heaven. A physician said he died from *natural* causes. Did he, think you? I fear a higher Judge would pronounce it an *unnatural* cause, and some unthinking one be called to answer for his death. One drop too much in an already brimming cup of sorrow, crushed the life out from a noble, unselfish heart, and Carl and Lena were beggars.

Kind, though strange hands, closed Dora's eyes before the spring blossoms came, and those little ones, for whom she would have gladly lived and toiled, were orphans. Yet the Father of the fatherless provided them with a pleasant home, were not divided, and the remembrance of their grief grew fainter and fainter, beneath the influence of affection, till it seemed like a half-remembered dream, that home of the 'vine land,' and their dead parents. They repay the care bestowed upon them by their dutiful love, and many a blessing is called down by the adopted parents of these poor emigrant children.

POTPOURRI.

Mrs. Terry of Virginia will not play ghost again until she recovers from convulsions caused by the vigorous conduct of the person she tried to frighten.

"Cruel as the Grave," one of Mrs. Southworth's thirty-four stirring titles, has been hit upon also by an English novelist for a forthcoming work. This is *two* cruel.

The man who will deliberately sell to children unripe and rotten fruit, after steaming for days in the sun, should be compelled for every offence to read the full account of the troubles of the Methodist Book Concern, or suffer some penalty equally severe.

A poultry fancier in Titusville has an old hen that raises chickens on the Chicago plan. She never sets, but waits until some other fowl comes off with a fine brood of chickens, then whips the mother out and brings up the little ones herself.

Gail Hamilton says of women reporters: "If they are reporting the proceedings of their own conventions, they will give you the color of the feather in Phœbe Cozzen's hat; but Mrs. Howe's weightiest epigram they will leave you to learn from a chance comer, or from a male reporter.

A new game called the "dot" game has been introduced, an is said to afford considerable amusement. Each player must be provided with pencil and paper. Let one of the party read aloud—distinctly and not very fast—and as he or she reads let the rest each make a dot for every word read. When the page is read, count the words, and the let each player count his dots, and see who has been accurately "up to time."

A duel with sabres has just taken place near Amiens between a young man of that town, aged 20, and a Prussian officer. The latter in walking through the streets, had puffed the smoke of his cigar in the face of the other, who replied to this insult by slapping the German in the face. The officer had the good taste not to demand the intervention of the armed force, and a meeting took place the next morning, when the Frenchman, who had been a corporal of Hussars in Faidherbe's army, killed his adversary.

A half dozen ladies called on the keeper of a house of doubtful repute in Troy the other day, and attempted to missionize her into life. The woman listened with eager attention until they had finished, and then said: "Do you know who it is that supports my house? It is your own sons and your own husbands; and to prove that I am not imposing on you, I only ask you to call here quietly any night—I will place you in a safe position, in a closet, and you can see with your own eyes and hear with your own ears. Don't take my word for it." And they did.

Paul de Cassagnac has explained in behalf of the Emperor how it was that the latter functionary lost the battle of Sedan. The principal reason is that the German miscreants "kept behind their guns, protected from French bullets and bayonets." This was very dastardly of the Dutch. If they had the heart of a chicken, the liver of a ghost, or the kidney of a grasshopper, they would have stacked their muskets on the hill and come down close, so that the French could kill them with clubs. To hide behind their guns—well, nothing better could have been expected of them.

To Young Men.

You are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your strength of body and soul. Take for your motto self-reliance, honesty and industry; for your star, faith, perseverance and pluck; and inscribe on your banner "Be just and fear not." Don't take too much advice; keep at the helm and steer your own ship. Strike out. Think well of yourself. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position. Don't practice excessive humility; you can't get above your level, as water don't run up hill—haul potatoes over a rough road and the small potatoes will go to the bottom. Energy, invincible determination with the right motive, are the levers that rule the world. The great art of commanding is to take a fair share in the work. Civility costs nothing and buys everything. Don't drink, don't smoke; don't swear; don't gamble; don't steal; don't deceive; don't tattle. Be polite; be generous; be kind. Study hard. Play hard. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Read good books. Love your fellow man as your God; love your country and obey the laws; love truth; love virtue. Always do what your conscience tells you to be a duty, and leave the consequence with God.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Mormons are building a church at Fort Ephriam at a cost of $200,000.

There are 122 Episcopal clergymen in New Jersey, and 115,000 communicants.

The camp meeting of the N. J. M. E. Conference commenced at Pitman Grove, in South Jersey, on Tuesday. It will continue during next week.

At Vassar College, the 350 students have "Quaker grace" at breakfast. No audible blessing is asked, but each person thanks God silently.

An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you ever wait for summit to turn up you might just as well go and sit down in the middle of the medder with a pale twixt your legs, and wait for the cows to back up to be milked."

A venerable writer in the *Christian Era* seems to have expected to find in Mr. Weiss's new book some account of the religious beliefs of the North American Indians. Probably he found the volume original, although not aboriginal.

Thomas Buchanan Read seems to be the Roman Catholic poet-laureate. With evident pride and delight the *Pilot* publishes some laudatory verses addressed to the Pope "on the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of his Elevation to the Pontificate."

Several journals have adopted the plan of making persons whom they do not like appear ridiculous by appending D. D. or LL. D. to their names, in anticipation of academic honors. Mr. Bergh's attention should be called to the cruelty of this practice of killing men by degrees.

From the Watertown (N. Y.) *Reformer* we learn that a general revival of religion is progressing at Plessis and vicinity at the present time. The church is said to be crowded every evening with anxious hearers of the Word, "and best of all, that God is within, in saving power." One hundred and twelve converts are already numbered, and the interest is still increasing.

According to the *Congregationalist*, "the Presbyterian Church of Scotland is said to be greatly exercised over the question of the possible salvation of the devil. Part of the Presbyterians believe that he can be saved, and part that he can't." As the doctrines accepted by both parties in this controversy imply the eternal perdition of a great majority of human souls, this concern about the salvation of Satan is clearly premature and gratuitous at present.

The distinguished English writer, William Howitt, thus testified, a few years ago, to the advantages of a life of temperance: "I am temperate, because I have seen and felt the good policy of it. As a literary man, if I had fallen in with ordinary literary habits I should not have been sitting here to write about the advantages of temperance. If I had lived as a majority of literary men of this age, as 'a man about town;' if I had lived in town, and kept the usual late hours, and passed evening after evening in hot, crowded rooms, breathing the deadly poison of physical effluvia, gas and air deprived of its ozone; if I had sat over the bottle at late suppers—foolishly called dinners; and, in short, had 'jollified,' as my literary cotemporaries call it, I should have been gone thirty years ago.

The *Christian Register* says that religious reform is progressing in Italy. It quotes from the London *Inquirer* to the effect that "letters received by Rev. Charles Beard and the Secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, from Prof. Bracciforte, of Milan, show that an earnest effort is now being made to promote a new reformation of religion in that city, through religious services and by his paper, 'The Reformers of the Nineteenth Century.' He pities very much the Roman Catholic priests, who are suffering from their refusal to sign the 'Infallibility dogma.' He urges that a subscription should be made for their benefit, and adds that 'such a practical demonstration of sympathy would exert the most blessed influence in the present religious crisis in Italy.'"

Who will heed the following excellent advice of Dr. Murray; 'Speak to your son. Say to him, 'My son I am not educating you for this earth; I am educating you for heaven. I am not showing you how to serve yourself, I am showing you how to serve God. It will not delight me one hundredth part so much to know that you are fitted for business, as to feel that you are fitted in character and taste for heaven.' Say to him, 'My boy I am not able to keep you, God alone is able to keep you. He alone gives the breath you breathe to your nostrils; He alone upholds you; but for Him, you would even while I am talking with you, drop dead. Remember that you are not mine; You are not your mother's; you are God's. He gave you life. He upholds you day by day; without Him you could do nothing. By and by, your stay here will end. He will send for His messenger to bring you home, and you must go. Ah! see to it that you are prepared to meet Him in that hour.' Say this to your son, father: say it in so many words. Some things must be spoken to be fully understood. The voice adds force to the truth, and deepens its impressions. Bear testimony then for God, and your children will remember it while you live; and when you have gone from sight, being gathered to your reward; they will say—'Our father failed not in his duty toward us, but taught us all he knew of wisdom;' and they will rise up and call you blessed.'

The Liverpool *Leader*, in an article on a sermon by Rev. C. Voysey, says: "We knew, long before he mentioned the name of Theodore Parker, who was the apostle of his faith, and at whose feet he had been sitting to drink in wisdom. Twenty years ago that greatest of all New Englanders, and one of the greatest of modern Anglo-Saxons, was preaching this high treason against orthodoxy from the pulpit of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Church, in Boston. Whether the disciple is to produce such a revolution in English thought as was certainly brought about in America by the great mind allied to the pure life of Theodore Parker, remains to be seen. No new religion, no new faith, could have a better exemplar than he was; no purer man has lived in this century; and that his life and teachings have had an immense influence on the American people is beyond all question. We are perhaps speaking quite within bounds when we say that three-fifths of all the intelligent and educated people in the United States have imbibed more or less of the doctrine of Theodore Parker, and his influence has extended itself to this country. Whether for good or for evil, there can be no doubt of the fact that a large portion of the people in our day who attend, with their families, the services of the National Church, would scarcely like to admit that they had a firm belief in its creed. In fact, we may go further, and say that we have met with hundreds of the nominally orthodox who hold Theodore Parker's views, but have not the moral courage to abandon old associations and ties.

A late number of the *Register* has an article upon Christianity in Japan. It says that the new Japanese policy begins already to bear good fruit, and gives promise of a richer harvest. As a people, they are more impressible than the Chinese. Some of the Daimios have already declared for toleration. The establishment of this would be the opening of the door for Christianity to come in. Already the government is eager to extend instruction in history, science and the arts, but is strict at present in its exclusion of Christianity. Still, there are signs of softening, even in respect to the latter. Koro, a young Japanese student in one of our colleges, having embraced Christianity, at once wrote to the authorities at home saying that he felt bound in honor to inform the government of his conversion and changed purpose in life, in order that they might release him from his responsibility for the other students, and no longer provide for his support. To this he received a reply from the proper official that he should continue his studies under their auspices as before, and retain his charge of the other students, at the same time securing an increased allowance for his support. The fact certainly is a decided straw. The government at present is more intent on rooting out Buddhism than in opposing Christianity. But the former is said to have a stronger hold on the people than the Shintoism which the government upholds. The present condition of affairs in Japan is very interesting, and the nation promises to take the lead among the Orientals in progressive civilization. We may have hopes that they will also become Christian.

AGRICULTURAL.

Sweet Potato vines must not be allowed to root, and the soil kept clear of weeds, and light.

No better plan has been devised to keep butter sweet than to put it in clean jars and cover it with strong brine. No kind of vessel, cask or tub will answer so well as a jar. In this way it can be kept fresh and sweet for twelve months.

Milch cows should not be exposed to the sun during the hottest part of the day when they are not feeding. If there are no shade trees or other shelter in the pasture field, it will pay to put them in clean, well ventilated stables, from 10 o'clock A. M. until 3 o'clock P. M., giving them water when put in and when taken out.

Hearth and Home says: "There is scarcely any knowledge either in the arts, sciences, commerce or literature, but would be a help to a farmer. A farmer thus educated has, besides the material advantages he enjoys, a great facility for appreciating all the beauties of nature with which he is brought into close daily contact, and will thus learn to love his profession."

A writer in the Germantown *Telegraph* considers it a great pity that the delightful odor emanating from the fields of blossoming clover should be all lost in the ordinary method of curing, and suggests the following mode: "Let the grass be cut as usual and piled immediately into heaps, and when put in the mow be placed in layers alternately with dried straw. It it said it will keep thus remarkably well, retaining both color and perfume, and that the cows fed upon it will yield that most desirable luxury, 'grass butter,' all the season."

A steam plough built at the great locomotive works in Patterson, N. J., has been successfully introduced on the great Wells farm, in Minnesota. Four breaking ploughs on a public trial were hitched to the motor, which effectually did its work by pulling them through the sod. The ploughs turned the turf at the rate of about forty acres per day. The machine is said to be capable of drawing ten loaded wagons over an ordinary road as rapidly and safely as the same could be done with ten pairs of horses. It was invented by a Mr. Thompson, of Edinburgh, Scotland, and has been patented in Great Britain and America.

The *Maine Farmer* has the following in ralation to the Owen potato: Through the kindness of Mr. W. H. Pearson, of Vassalboro, we have received a small quantity of the above named potato, a variety that originated near Woodstock, New Brunswick. The specimens are long, tapering at both ends, the color of the skin closely resembling the early rose, white inside. Some of those received are 7½ inches in length, and 6 inches in circumference. Their quality is very good, and they are a late-keeping sort. Although their form and color will not make them a popular market variety, we regard them worthy of dissemination, and should be glad to know more of their origin.

The *German Agriculturist* says that a great portion of the fine flavor of fresh butter is destroyed by the usual mode of washing, and recommends a thorough kneading for the removal of the buttermilk, and a subsequent pressing in a linen cloth. Butter thus prepared, according to our authority, is pre-eminent for its sweetness of taste and flavor, qualities which are retained a long time. To improve manufactured butter we are advised by the same authority to work it thoroughly with fresh cold milk, and then to wash it in clear water; and it is said that even old and rancid butter may be rendered palatable by washing it in water to which a few drops of a solution of chloride of lime have been added.

We live in an age when minutes have a value formerly belonging to hours. Improvements are now valued in proportion as they tend to save time. We suggest to inventors that improvements are needed in the arrangements for fastening harrness and straps. The old fashioned buckle is still retained and it is often a very inconvenient fastening. Who will not call to mind the annoyance of unharnessing a horse after a drive during a shower of sleet or freezing rain, when the half-frozen fingers find it almost impossible to loosen a buckle? But a snap-hook offers no such difficulty, and why, in place of having the difficult buckle, cannot we have a hook properly formed and secured, to answer the same purpose, with a gain of time and lessening of cost. There seems to be an opening here for ingenuity. We have used hooks and rings on harness sufficiently to know that they may be made to replace almost every buckle, and being made of a snitable shape, could well displace them altogether.

The Watertown, New Jersey, *Reformer* says; "We have no recollection of a season when we had more favorable weather for growing crops as well as for securing the ripening ones, than the present. Every description of spring and summer crops, unless it may be grass has grown to perfection; and now that the wheat harvest is nearly over and not a bundle necessarily injured, we think our people producers as well as consumers, have abundant reason for thankfulness. Wheat is uncommonly good and as we said before, has been gathered without injury by rains. The crop is, we should judge, far beyond the average in amount, and excellent in quality. Barlay and oats promise well. Potatoes are very heavy, and unless spoiled by early fall rains, the crop will be immense. Corn looks splendidly; the hight is good, and the color just what it should be to insure a good crop. The weather has not been as warm as is usually desired for corn to grow rapidly; but for some reason it has gaown well, and now the promise for a good crop is good.

As celery is one of the most palatable and wholesome vegetables, it should be found in every garden. Another advantage it possesses is, that it may be kept perfectly fresh throughout the winter. It may be planted at any time from the middle of June to the middle of August. The ground for this should be deeply tilled and well pulverized, and if not exceedingly rich, should have an abundance of well-rotted barnyard manure placed in trenches one foot wide and eight or ten inches deep, so that when the manure and soil are in the trench, the surface will be a little below the ground level. By this means moisture will be retained about the roots, and a greater length of the stock can be blanched than if the plants stood on the ground-level. The rows should be at least three feet asunder, the wider the better, and the plants six inches apart in the rows. The leaves and roots should be shortened considerably at the time of planting, and shaded and watered until they have become well rooted. The plants may be grown on the level surface in rows one foot asunder, plants six inches apart, and when they have arrived at full growth they may be blanched by standing them close together in deep trenches and covered with soil and stablemanure. The latter plan is now adopted by gardeners. The former is perhaps best for private gardens.

When cows are in profit, a little extra feed, in the shape of oil meal, will be amply repaid in the yield of milk and butter. It must not be supposed that because a cow is on pasture there is no longer any need for stimulating food. The fact is, that with an ample supply of grass, the appetite of the cow for the meal is quite as vigorous as during the winter, when she was fed on hay. Cows may be very profitably fed with a quart of oil meal morning and night. They will lick it up from a trough, if it is made sufficiently large, without waste. When cows are not tied up at night, a good plan of feeding them is to have a square box for each cow, large enough for her to put her nose in easily, and six inches deep. Put the allowance of meal in these boxes. They may be scattered about the yard, at such a distance as will give each animal an opportunity to eat without being driven away by others.

Calves will soon show in their improved appearance and hastened growth that oil meal is good for them also. A small handful given them in their pasture daily will push them forward rapidly. It is well to set a small tin pan to feed them with, and a few minutes spent with the young stock daily is not only an agreeable occupation, but highly profitable; for the more regularly the owner's attention is given to his cattle, the sooner he will perceive anything wrong, and be able at once to remedy it, and a daily visit is seldom made unless there is some express purpose in it. Let the purpose then be to give them a little extra feed, and a double benefit will result.

A REMARKABLE EVENT.

Statement of the Doctor Who Witnessed the Death of the Double Children.

Knowing that your numerous readers will be anxious to hear something in regard to the wonderful double-child's death, I send you the following hasty and imperfect statement:

Their death presented a strange appearance, and excited the curiosity and pity of all present. They were nine month's and six days old, and died at Temple House, No. 6 Bowdoin street, Boston, Mass., July 18, 1871. They had always enjoyed excellent health from their birth until July 4, when, on exhibition in Newark, N. J., Minnie showed symptoms of illness, and had a severe attack of cholera infantum, and came near death to all appearances, and remained so for about three days, when she commenced recovering very rapidly. This sickness seemed to affect Mina but very little at the time, but about the 11th instant, Minnie was attacked with continual vomiting, which was very difficult to manage, and this tendency to sickness at the stomach continued more or less until about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 18th, when she had several light convulsions, after which she sunk gradually until 4:35 in the evening, when she breathed her last and the heart belonging to her stopped beating. She was dead, to all appearance, without a struggle, and looked as if sleeping pleasantly, in which condition she remained for one hour and forty-five minutes, when she commenced gasping for breath, and artificial means were resorted to to restore respiration. This gasping continued at short intervals until 7:15 o'clock, when she gave the last gasp.

After this, Mina, who had been perfectly well to all appearance until Minnie stopped breathing, showed signs of uneasiness and commenced sinking very rapidly, and died at 8:15, just one hour after Minnie gave the last gasp for breath. They both died very easy, and looked as if going into a pleasant sleep, and never gave a struggle, and they are quiet and lovely to look upon in death, as they always were in life. The two souls have passed from the one body to the God that gave them this truly wonderful and curious body.

They apparently escaped the ordinary suffering incident to death, for the countenance had the expression of sweet repose. Through the influence of myself and several of the leading physicians of Boston we had a fine plaster cast taken of the child, which I can have duplicated at any time for the benefit of science. After this we had a *post mortem* examination, which revealed many wonderful curiosities, both in anatomy and physiology, a full account of which will be shortly given in the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal*.

The exciting cause of their death was a cystic abdominar tumor, weighing three pounds and six ounces. I may at some future time give you a more detailed account of this wonderful being's life as well as its death.

Yours, very respectfully,
H. BESSE, M. D.

The Delaware *Gazette* says editorially:

Dr. Besse reached his home in this place on Saturday evening last. The *post-mortem* examination, at which he assisted, developed the fact that the connection of the viscera in the two bodies—if we may so speak of the two opposite sections or ends of the child—takes place by interjunction of the intestines just above the colon, which organ is not duplicated, but is common for both infants. There was also but one womb and one bladder, the latter being the receptacle of two different uterers. Above the colon all the organs were duplicated and perfect as in any well-developed human being.

The body of the child, or children, was carefully embalmed and put into a casket containing alcohol and having glass facings, which afford a good view of the body, which is well preserved. In the casket the child looks natural, and appears as if in repose. It has been brought by the parents to their home near Ashley, where it yet remains. The Boston Medical Society offered $6,000 for it, but the offer has been declined. Probably not less than $10,000 would induce the parents to part with the treasure.

A BEAUTIFUL DEMON.

The Young Girl who Roasted a Man.

In going through the parish prison of New Orleans, a few days since, the attention of the reporter was attracted to a young girl, apparently not more than fifteen years of age. She had fair nut-brown hair and a complexion fresh and white as milk. The mild blue eyes were singularly soft and intelligent and her whole appearance indicated the free, joyous characteristics of youth and happiness. Yet this amiable looking creature, this fair delicate Minerva of slender form and ingenuous face, is said to be a devil incarnate. She was not a prisoner, only a visitor to the institution, and when the reporter saw her she was conversing with a noted burglar; indeed she says she is a cousin of Pete Munday's, and goes under the soubriquet of Lily. She is almost as fair and delicate as one. Her career is a remarkable series of adventures and hair breadth escapes. About a year ago she lived in San Antonio, Texas and for some real or fancied misconduct received a severe castigation at the hands of the man with whom she was living. Burning with resentment and conscious of her inability to cope with him in physical strength, she waited until the next night when he was asleep, and then locking the doors of the room and closing every avenue of escape, she prepared for a work of horror almost impossible to conceive. On one pretext or another she sent all the inmates of the house away and procuring paper and other inflammable material, built a funeral pyre around the bed of the sleeping man. This, done, she set fire to it, and locking the door behind her, fled the house. The man woke up when the house was full of flames, and in escaping from the room was literally roasted. One side of his body was almost burned to a cinder. He has never recovered from his injuries and is to-day a hopeless invalid, suffering excruciating torture and continual anguish. His generosity—perhaps his sense of atonement—prevented his prosecuting the girl, and she made her escape to New Orleans. Arriving there she took apartments on Toulouse street, between Rampart and Burgundy, where she still resides. She is yet very young, certainly not more than seventeen at furthest. Her vindictive and savage fury when excited is a terror to all her acquaintances. It is strange that beneath an exterior so fair and beautiful should be concealed the element of such lawless violence.

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