Poetry.

TO FARMER BOYS.

"I'm sick of hoeing in the corn
And following the plow;
Of working hard from dewy morn
Till eve, with heated brow;
No longer will I stay to mow
Or pitch the great old hay,
To the great city I will go,
Where wealth is gained by play."

Tut, tut my man! hush up that song;
Let wisdom be your guide;
That dream of wealth may lead you wrong
And wreck you on the tide.
Sit down with me upon this stone;
Your team will take no harm;
If we ain't kings upon a throne,
We're kings upon a farm.

God's healthy breezes round you blow,
His birds your music make,
And sweetest rest is yours, you know,
When night doth overtake.
The harvest will your toil repay;
The ... fields of waving grain
Are growing through the sunny day
And in the summer rain.

Men work as hard as you, in shade,
O'er books and papers bent;
The work of life is easy made
Only by sweet content:
It may be news, my friend, to you,
But 'tis the truth I tell,
All work is very hard to do
To those who do it well.

In speculation you must stand
The rough commercial shocks;
You may in safety reach the land,
You may land on the rocks!
Your pay is certain on the farm,
Though grain may not be sold,
In panics you feel no alarm,
Wheat is as good as gold.

Pick up your whip, and bid your team
Drag on the noble plow,
And do not let an idle dream
Becloud your youthful brow.
In years to come, when children roam,
You'll take them by the arm
And say, "you'd better stay at home
Upon the good old farm."

Selected Miscellany.

MY FIRST LIE.

I never intended telling a lie, for I had always been taught that it was wicked and dishonorable to speak falsely. My mother and father had often said that to me at home. I heard the same thing at my Sunday school, and from my teacher at day-school, when he found out that any of his scholars had been guilty of telling things that were untrue. I had seen the picture of George Washington standing by the cherry tree with his little hatchet, in his hand, and knew by heart this story of the great and good man, who said, "Father I cannot tell a lie."

How easy that was to do, I had often thought, and wondered why people said so much about the anecdote of the cherry tree. Besides, I read my bible, and came across a great many texts about the sin of lying and the punishment of liars, so in my heart I had learned to have more contempt for the boy, who was pointed out to me as the fellow that told lies," than I had hatred for the sin. I felt myself entirely too good to associate with such contemptible boy, fellows until—well, after I told my first lie. I will tell you how it was done, though something like a blush comes even now to my wrinkled cheeks when I recall to my mory, for I have never forgotten it, the sin of a little fair-haired, smooth-skinned boy.

One cold Winter night, after I had put out my light and was just about getting in a high, soft feather bed, my father came near my door and said, "Charles did you put away the wood from the kitchen stove?"

I hesitated as I stood shivering by my bedside a moment before I replied.

"If you did not you must go down now and attend to it," said my father. "Your mother says it can not be left there all night."

Every second it seemed growing colder; the light in the kitchen was out, and the fire, too, I presumed by that time, I would have to go down alone those cold black stairs. They were always as cold as Greenland, I thought, and my bed seemed so warm and tempting. What difference could it make after all? This all flashed through my mind before father asked again, "Have you forgotten it, Charles.

"No, father," I called in a loud voice.

"It's all right then—good night."

"All right," I repeated, and shivered more than ever before.

I plunged in my feather bed, and drew the clothes over my head, thinking I would soon be asleep, I had been so sleepy only a few minutes before, but I turned and tossed about for a long time, and was very restless.

"Pshaw," I exclaimed, "what possible difference can it make.

But I felt mean, I was contemptible, and I felt too, that I had lost or parted with something that had been very dear to me—something that would have made me happier if I had kept it. I was very cross with myself, not at all sorrowful that I had committed a sin, and I could not get to sleep until I made some kind of a compromise with my conscience, and resolved to go to mother early in the morning and tell her that I did not put the wood away as she had ordered before she discovered this herself.

I went to sleep after that, but I was still very uncomfortable, for after I had fallen asleep bad dreams came to annoy me, and among other disagreeable ones I dreamed that the house was on fire and the smoke was choking me. I coughed and started up, and as I did so a loud and fearful cry from the street rang in my ears. "Fire! fire! fire!" shouted a voice directly under my window.

I could not move for a moments, seconds I should say, but at such times seconds seemed moments and moments like hours. Then I felt certain that our house was indeed on fire, and my dream was a true one, for the smoke in my room was so thick it almost stifled me.

I ran to the front window and then to the back, and, though I could not see the flames, smoke was pouring in dense clouds out of the kitchen window, and I could hear the flames rising. My father was up and after hurriedly dressing we were sent over to a neighbors house for safety and protection; while my father remained behind with a few friends who had been roused by the cry of fire, and were assisting him in trying to extinguish the flames.

There was little hope of doing this, they said, the house was built of wood, it was very old and dry, and our cistern was frozen so hard no water could be procured until the ice was broken with an ax. The snow was half a foot deep on the ground. I could see where we watched in breathless anxiety the bright red reflection of the cruel flames through the cracked and broken panes of our kitchen window.

"There is no hope, I believe," said mother sadly, "for the house is like tinder. Everything will be lost, I am afraid."

O, I cannot describe my feelings. It was agony to hear one say to another, "How did it take fire?" And I heard one or two low whispers; about carelessness. When another said in a sad voice, without looking at me "There was some wood left too near the stove," I knew of what she was thinking, though she said nothing to me. I could have stood that better, but there was nothing for me to do but stand there and watch the devouring flame, and with the consciousness that I did it all—it was all my fault. I saw the fire seeming to creep higher and higher, and then feeling my utter helplessness, and thinking this a just punishment for my sin, I turned away heart sick, and prayed as earnestly as I have ever in my life for forgiveness from One who holds the elements in his hand, and for mercy.

I could not believe it when, half an hour after, some one came running in and exclaimed, "The worst is over, we will soon put out the fire." I trembled, and then I went to mother, and putting my arms around her, I whispered, "Forgive me mother, forgive me!"

When father came to us he looked very tired and pale. He had been working with desperation, and said he did not suppose he could save anything when the fire was first discovered, but the cistern was very near the house, it was a still, quiet night, and his neighbors had worked with might and main.

"How much worse it might have been," said mother. "How thankful we should be that we have made such a narrow escape."

"Yes, indeed," said father, "a very narrow escape, but that is not the worst part of it. I did not know until to night that my son was a liar."

My mother caught his hand and led him into another room. Father did not once look at me—not once at the liar.

I have never forgotten that night. Father forgave me, he said, but I knew that he mistrusted me for a long time afterward and I do not wonder, for I well deserved it, and, though it was very mortifiying and hard to bear, it made me humbler, and taught me to have less confidence in my own ability to keep in the steady, narrow path unaided by heavenly strength, and assisted me in looking upward for guidance to One who pities our weakness and strengthens our hearts in the hour of temptation. I am an old man now, and I can never forget my first lie.

—A proposition to change the divorce laws is being freely discussed in Washington. As the law now stands, conjugal infidelity is the only cause for which the courts of the District are authorized to dissolve a matrimonial contract freely made without fraud. The law proposed authorizes divorces, in the discretion of the Chancellor, for other causes. This law was introduced in Congress last winter, but it met with strong opposition, and its passage at the next session is considered doubtful.

HISTORY OF A WAIF.

An Incident of the Freshet of 1847—An Infant Floating all Night in the Flood—What Became of Her.

The Cincinnati Times tells a very interesting and romantic story heard as above, which is worth repeating if true, and if a "fancy sketch," it is so well gotten up that it can easily be credited, on the ground that "truth is stranger than fiction." At all events we give the substance of the story as it appears in the Times, and which when condensed reads "thusly:"

During the great flood of 1847, when the Ohio river so far overleaped the bounds of propriety as to come up to Pearl street without any invitation, a great many dwellings located on the river banks were swept away and came floating down the pitiless tide. Loss of life not unfrequently attended these disasters, as when a family unconscious of their danger were asleep in their beds when the water rose about their house and lifting it from its foundations bore it away amid the darkness and the turbulent flood.

On the west bank of the Ohio at that time between Marietta and Pomeroy stood an humble dwelling occupied by a small farmer and his wife, together with five children, the youngest an infant girl a little over a year old. The river rose during the night while the family were in bed. The rocking of the house as the surging waters claimed it awoke the inmates, and through great and hasty exertion the farmer was enabled to get all his family, as he supposed, to a place of safety, though he lost everything else. Standing on a little eminence near by, he saw, through the gloom of that dreadful night, his house with all its contents, yield itself to the grasping and avaricious flood, and float down the river, where it was soon lost in darkness. He supposed all were saved, but, alas! it was soon discovered that their infant girl was missing.

In the confusion and excitement of the moment the baby was left asleep on its bed and had been swept away to destruction with the house. Great was the grief of the parents at the loss of their youngest born, and although due efforts were made to learn whether or not she had been rescued, nothing was heard of her, and it was very naturally supposed she was drowned in the river.

Such, however, was not her fate. A hundred miles below where this dwelling was swept away, some person on the river bank the next morning saw something peculiar floating down on the current. They thought it was the form of an infant. A boat was procured, and the object was indeed found to be an infant girl, sleeping calmly and profoundly upon a bed.

She was taken in charge by a family in the vicinity, who took such means as they knew to ascertain to whom the child belonged, but there was no clue to guide them, and soon the little waif that had floated down to them came to be considered as their own child. Meanwhile the waif grew into a beautiful girl, and became as dear to her adopted parents as though she was their own. She had mourned for "mamma" a little time, but ere long all recollections of her early surroundings were but dim and shadowy, and her new parents and her new home became all-in-all to her. A few years after the family moved into Illinois, settling on a farm near Chicago. The man prospered there, and was enabled to give his beautiful Ohio river foundling an education fitting her graces of person, her amiability and her virtues. A short time ago her hand was sought in marriage by a worthy young farmer in the vicinity of where she lived, consent obtained, and the happy day appointed. One day the family were in Chicago, purchasing her wedding outfit. At a dry goods store a clerk who was waiting on them observed our heroine intently, and seemed singularly affected—so much so as to attract attention.

"Excuse me," he said in some confusion, addressing the young lady, "don't be offended at my staring at you, but the truth is you are a perfect picture of a sister of mine at home, and I couldn't help thinking you looked just as another sister of mine would have looked, who was swept down the Ohio in a great freshet and was lost."

The words attracted the attention of the young lady's adopted parents. The resemblance spoken of, and the incident of the freshet taken in conjunction, could hardly have failed to do that. Explanations followed, and it was pretty satisfactorily concluded that the clerk and the young lady were brother and sister, as indeed, was afterward proved to be the case.

Her parents, too, had emigrated to Illinois, and lived not far from her own home. The families were brought together, and what was before believed to be true was established beyond question, when the bed on which the child was found was produced, and the garments she wore; for what frugal housewife wouldn't recognise one of her own beds, and what mother would not remember the garments worn by her favorite babe?

There is little more to tell. Our heroine was married to the husband of her choice last week, and had the satisfaction of having her own as well as her adopted parents at the wedding. We don't consider it necessary to give the names of the parties, but the story is a true one, and we had the facts from one who is thoroughly conversant with them.

A Woman Preaching in a Trance.

From the Cleveland Herald.

Mrs. Nancy Birney was born March 20, 1807, near Cadiz, Ohio. Her father reared thirteen children, of whom five boys and four girls are still living. At the age of 18, while pitching a load of hay from a wagon into a mow, she was struck by lightning, which paralyzed the right half of her body, from the crown of her head down. She was entirely insensible two hours. She recovered, and at the age of 23 years married Mr. Birney. They are considered wealthy, having a fine farm and a good brick residence about one mile east of Tippecanoe. They have reared three children, two sons aged respectively 39 and 28 years, and one daughter aged 26—all married and in good circumstances. Mr. Birney is an exemplary member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but his wife belongs to the Presbyterian Church, but she says is not a sectarian in any sense whatever.

About 23 years ago she was suddenly taken ill, as was supposed, and while in an unconscious state delivered a religious discourse. From that time until the present these spells have come upon her regularly every two weeks. At first they occurred on week days, but for the past twenty years they have invariably happened on Sunday at about 10 o'clock a. m. For a long time the house was crowded on her preaching days, but latterly the novelty of the case has ceased to excite the wonder of the neighborhood, and those who now attend her preaching are mostly persons from a distance. But rain or shine, summer or winter, whether there be a crowd or only her own family present, she regularly passes into an unconscious state and delivers a religious discourse, always one hour to an hour and thirty minutes in duration.

She affirms most solemnly, that she is not conscious before nor after her discourses, of a single word that she utters. Indeed it was a long time before her family and friends could convince her that she spoke at all while in this strange state of obliviousness as to what is passing in the outer world around her.

WHIPPING OXEN.—It is a cruel and generally useless act of barbarism to whip oxen; yet many farmers are in the habit of continually keeping the whip going when teaming their cattle. Instead of inviting the animals to exertion by proper words, the first imitation the poor creaturers have from their master that he desires them to start, is the cut of the whip or a prick from the goad. This is not only savage but absolutely wicked: and wholly unnecessary. Another practice that is often seen is that of pounding and thrashing the oxen because they don't readily back a load, when they have not been learned to back an empty cart down hill. I have no doubt that the selling value of many a yoke of oxen is depreciated from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars by being abused in this way. If animals are desired to work, they must first be taught to work, and when they understand what is wanted of them, they will cheerfully comply. But there is a better way to communicate your desires to them than through the whip. Kindness and skillful management is far better. Remember that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast."—*The People.*

DEATH FROM USING HAIR DYE.—Dr. J. M. Witherwax, an old and esteemed citizen of Davenport, Iowa, and a prominent man in his profession, died sometime last June, after a painful illness. It was announced at the time that his disease was chronic diarrhoea, but it appears from the report of a committee appointed by the Medical Association of that city, to look into the matter and ascertain the true cause, that death was caused by the use of hair dye. It appears that for some time previous to his death the Doctor had been using a compound upon his hair and whiskers that contained a solution of lead. A *post mortem* examination reveals the fact that the lead had entered the system through the roots of the hair in poisonous quantities, and its presence was detected in the vital organs. The nature of the dye is given, but it is asserted that lead is used in all hair dyes.

—A Cincinnati gentleman has bought ten thousand acres of land in Tennessee upon which to establish a colony.

General Intelligence.

THE POWELL EXPEDITION.

Letters up to June 23—Running the Rapids—Scenery of the Canons—Accidents and Exciting Adventures.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

COLORADO RIVER EXPLORING EXPEDITION,
ECHO PARK, MOUTH OF BEAR RIVER,
June 18, 1869.

On the 8th our boats entered the Canon of Lodore—a name suggested by one of the men, and it has been adopted. We soon came to rapids, over which the boats had to be taken with lines. We had a succession of these until noon. I must explain the plan of running these places. The light boat Emma Dean, with two good oarsmen and myself, explore them, then with a flag I signal the boats to advance, and guide them by signals around dangerous rocks. When we come to rapids filled with boulders, I sometimes find it necessary to walk along the shore for examination. If 'tis thought possible to run, the light boat proceeds. If not, the others are flagged to come on to the head of the dangerous place, and we let down with lines, or make a portage.

At the foot of one of these runs, early in the afternoon, I found a place where it would be necessary to make a portage, and signalling the boats to come down I walked along the bank to examine the ground for the portage, and left one of the men of my boat to signal the others to land at the right point. I soon saw one of the boats land all right, and felt no more care about them. But five minutes after I heard a shout, and, looking round, saw one of the boats coming over the falls. Captain Howland, of the No Name, had not seen the signal in time, and the swift current had carried him to the brink. I saw that his going over was inevitable, and turned to save the third boat. In two minutes more I saw that turn the point and head to shore, and so I went after the boat going over the falls. The first fall was not great, only two or three feet, and we had often run such, but below it continued to tumble down twenty or thirty feet more, in a channel filled with dangerous rocks that broke the waves into whirlpools and beat them into foam. I turned just to see the boat strike a rock and throw the men and cargo out. Still they clung to their sides, and clambered in again and saved two of the oars, but she was full of water, and they could not manage her. Still down the river they went, two or three hundred yards to another rocky rapid just as bad, and the boat struck again amidships, and was dashed to pieces. The men were thrown into the river and carried beyond my sight. Very soon I turned the point and could see a man's head above the waters seemingly washed about by a whirlpool below a rock. This was Frank Goodman clinging to the rock, with a grip on which life depended. As I came opposite I saw Howland trying to go to his aid from the island. He finally got near enough to Frank to reach him the end of a pole, and letting go the rock, he grasped it, and was pulled out. Seneca Howland, the captain's brother, was washed further down the island on to some rocks, and managed to get on shore in safety, excepting some bad bruises. This seemed a long time, but 'twas quickly done. And now the three men were on the island with a dangerous river on each side, and falls below. The Emma Dean was soon got down, and Sumner, one of the men of my boat, started with it for the island. Right skilfully he played his oars, and a few strokes set him at the proper point, and back he brought his cargo of men. We were as glad to shake hands with them as if they had been on a voyage round the world and wrecked on a distant coast.

Down the river half a mile we found that the after-cabin of the boat, with part of the bottom ragged and splintered, had floated against a rock, and stranded. There were valuable articles in the cabin, but on examination we concluded that life should not be risked to save them. Of course, the cargo of rations, instruments and clothing was gone. So we went up to the boats and made a camp for the night. No sleep would come to me in those dark hours before the day. Rations, instruments, &c., had been divided among the boats for safety, and we started with duplicates of everything that was a necessity to success; but in the distribution there was one exception, and the barometers were all lost. There was a possibility that the barometers were in the cabin lodged against a rock on the island—that was the cabin in which they had been kept. But then how to get to it? And the river was rising—would it be there to morrow? Could I go out to Salt Lake and get barometers from New York? Well, I thought of many plans before morning, and determined to get them from the island, if they were there.

After breakfast, the men started to make the portage, and I walked down to look at the wreck. There it was still on the island, only carried fifty or sixty feet further on. A closer examination of the ground showed me that it could be easily reached.

That afternoon Sumner and Hall volunteered to take the little boat and go to the wreck. They started, reached it and out came the barometers. Then the boys set up a shout. I joined them, pleased that they too should be so glad to save the instruments. When the boat landed on our side, I found that the only things saved from the wreck were the three barometers, the package of thermometers and a two-gallon keg of whisky. This was what the men were shouting about. They had taken it on board unknown to me; and I am glad they did, for they think it does them good—as they are drenched every day by the melted snow that runs down this river from the summit of the Rocky Mountains—and that is a positive good itself.

Three or four days were spent in making this portage, nearly a mile long, and letting down the rapids that followed in quick succession. On the night of the 12th, we camped in a beautiful grove of box elders on the left bank, and here we remained two days to dry our rations, which were in a spoiling condition. A rest, too, was needed.

I must not forget to mention that we found the wreck of a boat near our own, that had been carried above high-water-mark, and with it the lid of a bake-oven, an old tin plate and other things, showing that some one else had been wrecked there and camped in the canon after the disaster. This, I think, confirms the story of an attempt to run the canon, some years ago, that has been mentioned before.

On the 14th, Howland and I climbed the walls of the canon, on the west side, to an altitude of two thousand feet. On looking over to the west we saw a park five or six miles wide and twenty-five or thirty long. The cliff formed a wall between the canon and the park, for it was eight hundred feet down the west side to the valley. A creek came winding down the park twelve hundred feet above the river and cutting the wall by a canon, it at last plunged a thousand feet by a broken cascade into the river below. The day after, while we made another portage, a peak on the east side was climbed by two of the men, and found to be twenty-seven hundred feet high. On each side of the river, at this point, a vast amphitheatre has been cut out, with deep, dark alcoves and massive buttresses, and in these alcoves grow beautiful mosses and ferns.

While the men were letting the boats down the rapids, the Maid of the Canon got her bow out into the current too far and tore away from them, and the second boat was gone. So it seemed, but she stopped a couple of miles below in an eddy, and we followed close after. She was caught—damaged slightly by a thump or two on the rocks.

Another day was spent on the waves, among the rocks, and we came down to Alcove Creek, and made an early halt for the night. With Howland, I went to explore the stream, a little mountain brook, coming down from the heights into an alcove filled with luxuriant vegetation.

The camp was made by a group of cedars on one side, and a mass of dead willows on the other.

While I was away, a whirlwind came and scattered the fire among the dead willows and cedar spray, and soon there was a conflagration. The men rushed for the boats, leaving all behind that they could not carry at first. Even then, they got their clothes burned and hair singed, and Bradley got his ear scorched.

The cook filled his arms with the mess kit, and, jumping on to the boat, stumbled and threw it overboard, and his load was lost. Our plates are gone, our spoons are gone, our knives and forks are gone. "Water ketch em," "He-a-p ketch em." There are yet some tin cups, basins and camp kettles, and we do just as well as ever.

When on the boats the men had to cut loose, or the overhanging willows would have set the fleet on fire and loose on the stream they had to go down, for they were just at the head of rapids that carried them nearly a mile where I found them. This morning we came down to this point. This had been a chapter of disasters and toils, but the Canon of Lodore was not devoid of scenic interest. 'Twas grand beyond the power of pen to tell. Its waters roared unceasingly from the hour we entered it until we landed here. No quiet in all that time; but its walls and cliffs, its peaks and crags, its ampitheatres and alcoves, told a story that I hear yet, *and shall hear, and shall hear,*, of beauty and grandeur.

June 20 1869.

At the point where the Bear, or with greater correctness the Yampa River enters the Green, the river runs along a rock about 700 feet high, and a mile long, then turns sharply around to the right and runs back parallel to its former course for another mile, with the opposite sides of the long narrow rock for its bank. On the east side of the river, opposite the rock, and below the Yampa, is a little park just large enough for a farm.

The river has worn out hollow domes in this sandstone rock, and standing opposite your words are repeated with a strange clearness but softened, mellow tone. Conversation in a loud key is transformed into magical music. You can hardly believe that 'tis the echo of your own voice. In some places two or three echoes come back, in others the echoes themselves are repeated, passing forth and back across the river, for there is another rock making the eastern wall of the little park. To hear these echoes well, you must shout. Some thought they could count ten or twelve echoes. To me they seemed to rapidly vanish in multiplicity, auditory, perspective, or *perauditory*, like the telegraph poles on an outstretched prairie. I observed this same phenomenon once before among the cliffs near Long's Peak, and was delighted to meet with it again.

CAMP AT MOUTH OF WINTER RIVER,
ISLAND PARK, June 23.

When we left Echo Park on the 21st, we we soon ran into a canon very narrow, with high vertical walls. Here and there huge rocks jutted into the water from the walls, and the canon made frequent and sharp curves. The waters of the Green are greatly increased since the Yampa came in, as that has more water than the Green above. All this volume of water, confined as it is, in a narrow channel, is set eddying and spinning by the projecting rocks and points, and curves into whirlpools, and the waters waltz their way through the canon, making their own rippling, rushing, roaring music. It was a difficult task to get our boats through here, as the whirlpools would set them spinning about the cannon, and we found it impossible to keep them headed down stream. At first this caused us great alarm, but we soon found there was no danger, and that there was a motion of translation down the river, to which this whirling was but an adjunct. That 'twas the merry mood of the river to dance through this deep, narrow, dark gorge, and right gayly did we join in the dance. Soon our revel was interrupted by the view of a cataract, and its roaring command was heeded with all our power at the oars as we pulled against the whirling current. The Emma Dean was landed against a rock, about fifty feet above the brink of the cataract. The boats following obeyed the signal to land. The Maid of the Canon was pulled to the left wall where the cliff overhangs the water, and where, by constant rowing, they could hold her against the rock. The Sister was pulled into an alcove on the right, where an eddy was in a dance, and in this she joined.

I found that the portage could be best made on the right bank. The little boat was on the lift, and too near the fall to be taken across, but we thought it possible to take her down on the lift. The Maid of the Canon was under the cliff, out of sight. The roaring of the cataract would drown any human voice, but I must get them word what to do. By much search I found a way along the cliff to a point just over where the boat lay, and by shouting loud and slow made them understand. The portage was made before dinner.

Below the falls the canon opens out, there is more or less space between the river and the walls, which is often covered by cottonwood and boulders, but the stream, though wide, is rapid, and rolls at a fearful rate among the rocks. But we proceeded with great caution, and ran the large boats altogether by the flag. We camp at night at the mouth of a small creek, which affords a good supper and breakfast of trout and proceed again by stages of a half mile to a mile in length. While we are waiting for dinner, to-day, I climbed a point that gives me a good view of the river for two or three miles and we think we can make a long run. So, after dinner, the large boats are to follow in fifteen minutes, and look out for signal to land. Out into the middle of the stream we row and down the rapid river we glide, making strokes enough only to guide the boat. What a headlong ride it is, shooting past rocks and islands? I was soon filled with exhilarations felt before only when riding a fleet horse over the broad prairie or outstretched plain.

One, two, three, four miles we go, rearing and plunging with the waves, and shoot out into a beautiful park filled with islands; Island Park, we call it, and the canon above, Whirlpool canon. J. W. POWELL.

A Very Obtuse Witness.

Pat Fogerty went all the way from Manchester to London to thrash Mick Fitzpatrick, winding up the performance with the assistance of an "awful horse-shoe." He was detected and brought before a Justice. A part of the examination is annexed:

Court. Well, sir, you came from Manchester, did you?

Pat. Your Honor has answered correct.

Court. You see the complainant's head; it was cut with a sharp instrument. Do you know what cut it?

Pat. Ain't your Honor after saying a sharp instrument did?

Court (becoming restive). I see you mean to equivocate. Now, sir, you cut that head; you came here to court, did you not? Now, sir, what motive brought you to London?

Pat. The locomotive, sir!

Court (waxing warm.) Equivocating again, you scoundrel; (raising up the horse shoe and holding it before Pat) do you see this horse-shoe, sir?

Pat. Is it a horse-shoe, your Honor?

Court. Don't you see it is, sir? Are you blind? Can you not ell at once that it is a horse-shoe?

Pat. Bedad, no, your Honor.

Court (angrily). No?

Pat. No, your Honor; but can yerself tell?

Court. Of course I can, you stupid Irishman!

Pat (soliloquizing aloud). Oh! glory be to goodness, see what education is, your Honor; sure a poor ignorant creature like myself wouldn't know a horse-shoe from a mare's.

An Ancient Indian Maiden.

The Sioux City Times has the following penograph of one of the lovely women native to the Iowa forest.

"A Winnebago squaw, whose name is Pee-kwa-no, or 'Smiling River,' may be seen in this city, two or three afternoons during the week. We saw her yesterday, promenading up and down Pearl street, endeavoring to dispose of a big cat fish she hod captured in the Big Sioux. The lady of whom we speak has attained the remarkable age of 117 years, and some of the members of her tribe assert that she is even older than that. Pee-kwa-no is not handsome. Judging from present appearances, we should judge she never was exquisitely beautiful. She trots around as spry as a young girl in her teens, sells berries in their season, and generally manages, in one way or another, to pick up money enough to buy tobacco, whiskey, and the other necessaries of life among the Indians. The ancient damsel is the mother of thirty-five children, and has, it is said, more than three times that number of grandchildren. From present appearances, we should judge that she would live two or three hundred years longer—more or less."

A LOST BOY FOUND. Some years ago, says the New Orleans Picayune, a gentleman named Paul Escott, a resident of New Orleans, but formerly living in France, lost his little son, a lad of ten years of age, from a vessel off the Canary Islands. It was night at the time and although every possible exertion was made to rescue the boy, yet they were unsuccessful, and the little fellow was given up for lost. Shortly afterward the family came to New Orleans, and in time the grief of the parents for the loss of their son became only a sorrow living in their memories. He was dead, they thought, and griet could not bring him back to life. But he was not dead. He had got possession of one of the planks thrown out to him; and although missing his friends, was picked up the next day by an English vessel. In this ship he made the voyage to China, and, failing to communicate with his family on his return, continued in the employment of the vessel for several years. At last, learning the whereabouts of his family, he reached this city in quest of them a few days since. The joy which the appearance of one they had long considered dead can, as the novelists say, be more easily imagined than described. It was like one risen from the grave, and discloses a series of incidents as fruitful of romance as often engages the pen of the novelist and essayist.

A HONG KONG correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin calls attention to the horrible traffic in Chinese women for California. Within two years it is estimated that twenty thousand women have been kidnapped in the Tonquin empire, and within one missionary district six hundred have disappeared during the last year. The scenes attending the landing of these women at the San Francisco wharves have been fully described. The manner in which they are obtained for export and the purpose for which they are intended being known, the California authorities ought to be able to devise some remedy.

—Cleveland has a female club of billiard players known as the "White Stockings."

THE GREAT ROWING MATCH.

Harvard vs. Oxford—More Comments by English Newspapers.

LONDON, Aug. 23.—The Morning Telegraph to-day, has an editorial on the forthcoming international boat race, wherein it says that a point in favor of the Americans is that they are in such a state of high training, of the best kind, that they have not submitted to a sharp regime for a few months with a view to a particular event, but have been in perfect training for the last three years. What hardness of muscle, soundness of heart and honesty of lung must be the result. It is almost impossible to overrate the effects which such a state of facts has upon the event of the race.—Four young athletes, kept for three years under conditions to develop every available power, is something more excellent than the results of four months' training. What may be not expected from a crew called upon for a quarter of an hour's strain, when they have been at work for years? Taking our information as correct, we should consider the superior hardness of the Americans more than the set-off against the style of the English, and conclude that the contest will be mainly a battle of coxswains. Whatever the events may be, we trust the increase of kindly feeling and good fellowship between the two nations may be one of the results.

The Telegraph, to-day, in its sporting article, alludes to the inter university race. It says that many of the best judges of boating offer two to one on Oxford. It predicts that the Oxonians will win, but believes that the Harvard boys will make a better fight than is anticipated by the supporters of the Oxfords.

The Times has the following editorial on the forthcoming race: "The momentous question has to be decided whether an American or English University can turn out the best carsmen. It fortunately happens that in each country the leading Universities simultaneously boast the possession of an excellent crew. We know what Oxford can do, and how proud she is of her repeated triumphs, despite a twinge of respectful sympathy for the pluck with which Cambridge annually renews the contest. Harvard is by curious coincidence in the same position as the Oxfords. She has beaten her usual rival, to say nothing of unlettered professionals, until no more glory is to be got at home. The new world conquered, there was nothing to do but seek fresh laurels in the old. The fame of Oxford reached Harvard, and with a spirit worthy of mediæval paladins, the Americans resolved to measure oars with Great Britain. Great difficulty arose in the style of boating practiced by the Americans, who make the bow-oar steer. Nothing could induce the English crew to adopt the fashion, while the race would not be fair it one boat had four and the other five men. This difficulty delayed the contest. However, your true paladins would rather fight on any terms than not at all; and the Harvards chivalrously accepted the English custom, the only compromise practicable. A coxswain is indispensible on our rivers, and the Americans, in carrying one, sacrifice what would have been an undue advantage, and do not incur disadvantages. We prefer to compromise, because there seems to be a notion that the Americans have conceded too much for the race to be a fair trial of strength and skill between the representative oarsmen of the two countries. The impression is heightened by having gradually assimulated their style of rowing to that of the English. It is complained that this Anglo-American race is not to be a test of the relative merits of these distinct national styles of rowing—the object which promised to be the chief source of interest—but to decide which of the young men rowing happen to be the best." This seems a pedantic way of putting the matter. It misinterprets the character of the international struggle. What is a style of rowing compared with the men who row? When the fight between Heenan and Sayers excited such a world-wide interest, the question was whether America or England could turn out, not the best style of boxing, but the better man. The same stake is on this issue. Now, good rowing must be the same all the world over, however accidental the circumstances, but there may be a diversity of external characteristics. The Harvards have not water like the Thames at Putney, and they have, therefore, wisely modified their pulling to suit the change. If the Oxfords went to Charles River, they would have to do the same thing, but the essential qualities of skill, pluck and strength, which have won for both crews their many laurels, require no change, and will be put with perfect fairness to a test. Whichever wins must be recognized as the better master.—We do not wish in the slightest degree to detract from the high prize deservedly due the Harvards for the chivalrous spirit in which, throwing prejudices to the winds, they have come to encounter the Oxfords on their own waters and in their own way; also, for the prompt versatility, characteristic of their nation, with which they have adapted their novel position. It is impossible not to admire the business-like, unpretentious way in which they have settled down to work. Carefully shunning opportunities of parade and publicity, they have done all they can to deserve success. If they gain it, no Englishman, however he may wish his own side to win, will grudge it them. We trust that the hearty good-will they from the first received, and are still receiving, from all classes, will convince their anxious fellow countrymen that there is no ground for apprehension of foul play. One of the best points about boat-races is the freedom from trickery which now disgraces the English turf. Boat-racing has happily escaped this foul contagion. There is no danger that anything but an accident will prevent the race from being fairly rowed. We are glad to see that most stringent precautions to prevent accident have been adopted. Only two steamers will follow the crews while rowing, and the river will be kept carefully clear. We are not without expectations of seeing a realy good race, notwithstanding the confidence with which each party has predicted an easy victory for its own side. We hope that the day will find both crews come to the start in fine condition and with equal pluck, and may the best men win."

Muhlfield's Great Memory.

Muhlfield, the liberal Austrian Representative, who died last year, had a most remarkable memory. A writer in Neue Freie Press relates that when they had a financial report he would deliver the greatest column of figures, without the slightest error, from memory, having no notes, because his weakness of sight, nearly approaching blindness, rendered it impossible for him to read printed or written matter. He has been known to read three pages of printed statistical matter on the register of landed property and its revenues, entirely from memory, and without an error. As advocate he would sometimes have a dozen cases on hand, and at the same time would perform his duties as a member of the various committees and commissions in Parliament, engaged with the most heterogenous and voluminous projects for laws, &c. He had, besides, the whole current Austrian code of laws in memory, and the required paragraph, with its number and exact words, were ever at command.

His power of memory became greater with his increasing weakness of sight. In his fiftieth year, when engaged as counsellor, he would make notes of the proceedings; but when he became nearly blind he trusted to his memory alone. He heard the case read to him weeks before; and, though he was engaged with a hundred other things before the day of trial came on, when he stood up he was perfectly ready, and knew everything by heart. Not the slightest variation in the testimony of a witness, given even at a week's interval, could escape him; he had not to refer for what had been said; he had it on his tongue's end. His memory is held in great esteem by all classes of Austrians.

A MAGNIFICENT PRESENT has been made to the Historical Society of St. Louis by Mr. J. C. Barlow and his wife, a daughter of Mr. Auguste Chouteau, jr. It consists of three oil portraits of Pierre Laclede Liguest and Auguste Chouteau, the two founders of the city of St. Louis, and of the old Madame Chouteau, the ancestress of the whole Chouteau family. Of Liguest and Madame Chouteau these are the only pictures in existence, and no amount of money could have bought them. Pierre Laclede Liguest was the man who gave the name to St. Louis in 1761, after having put up his business house on the block on Main street, directly in front of where the Merchants' Exchange now stands; and Mr. Auguste Chouteau cut the first tree on the Place d'Armes, which was the square on which the same Exchange is now erected.

—A young English naturalist has lately purchased the valuable collection of birds' eggs of Prof. Herman, of Philadelphia, comprising upwards of 4,000 specimens, and also that of Edward A. Samuels, of Boston, numbering more than 2,200. Both collections will be forwarded to England.

—The following advice is given by a medical publication: "Never enter a sick room in a moment of perspiration, as the moment you become cool your pores absorb. Do not approach contageous disease with an empty stomach; nor sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the vapor."

THE WOMAN SIDE.

Feminine Economy—How Women go Shopping, and Make Their Own Bonnets.

An indignant lady writes as follows to the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser:

If a license could be procured enabling one to walk one block on Broadway, inquiring of every lady if she made her hat, I will wager the best batch of cream griddle cakes ever tasted by a New Yorker that eight out of a dozen would inform you that she bought the frame and made it herself, perhaps inform you that she saw one just like it which cost twenty-five dollars or maybe forty dollars, while the real cost of hers is—well, we don't tell all we know—a mere trifle in comparison, and looks as though it might have been twice the price of the model. You would bow down to the pavement with humility if the truth were known what natural economists women are and therein lies the secret of shopping; we must find the cheapest price! if an article is high priced we leave the purchase of it for another day, when, no matter if we buy nothing else, we call it shopping, and the ignoramus wonders how we can be satisfied to spend so much time in shopping.

Would you like to see my bonnet? I attend Mr. Beecher's church and sit in the third seat from the front, in the gallery; it is what many would call a "perfect love," and yet I presume if the young man who sits just behind me were asked the probable cost he would more than double the real value, that is if he is a good judge of lace. If I tell you the lace has been worn for years, and goes to parties during the winter season in another capacity, don't be surprised. The little bud which lies gracefully over one side, as it is just drooping, is to cover a good sized darn. The light silk, trimmed with lilac flounces, just across the aisle, has a little history, too. It has been lying for years, awaiting a resurrection. The main skirt is a remnant bought at Stewart's for a song, and if the upper skirt were raised, which you will perceive is carefully adjusted now and then, you will discover lining instead of silk. The lilac silk was pressed and cut into strips, and that same young lady and the writer spent all of one morning in a front basement, hammering away upon a pinking-iron, to produce an effect which, it seems, is going to help to doom us to old maidism—because we are extravagant!

"Young men are positively afraid to marry." "Daughters must consider they are born into the world for some other purpose than to lead a butterfly life." This is to us, who are willing to share sorrow and adversity at any time with those we love! Is our extravagance the true cause of so many young ladies being without affianced husbands, or is it because there are so many more young women in New York state than men, that there isn't a man apiece? Perhaps the young man's habits may have something to do with it, as cigars and drinks cost considerable, or, may be, the good ones have all been taken; at any rate, something is the matter.

The gentleman who writes articles about us, warning the world as he would trespassers in forbidden orchards, "Beware of the dog, for he bites," should be judged by a jury composed of ladies once young and interesting, but fast falling into the "sere and yellow leaf," who fully understand the crime for which the prisoner is tried. Those young ladies who are weak-minded enough to confess that they wouldn't object to a good husband, if such a thing could be found now-a-days, are never to be seen except in the plainest, the cheapest and the ugliest of bonnets and dresses. Yours, awaiting an apology.

Speech of Zacharian Spicer.

On the question, "Which enjoys the greatest amount of happiness, the bachelor or the married man?"

Mr. President and Gentlemen, I rise to advocate the cause of the married man. And why should I not? I claim to know something about the institution—I do. Will any gentleman pretend to say I do not? Let him accompany me home. Let me confront him with my wife and seventeen small children, and decide.

High as the Rocky Mountains tower above the Mississippi Valley, does the married man tower above that of the bachelor. What was Adam before he got acquainted with Eve? What but a poor, shiftless, helpless creature? No more to be compared with his after self than a mill dam to the roaring cataract of Niagara. (Applause.)

Gentlemen! there was a time, I blush to say, when I was a bachelor; and a more miserable creature you could hardly expect to find. Every day I toiled hard, and at night I came home to my comfortless garret—no carpet, no fire, no nothing. Everything was in a cluster, and in the words of the poet—

"Confusion was monarch of all I surveyed."

Here lay a pair of dirty pants, there a dirty pair of boots, there a dirty play bill and here a pile of dirty clothes. What wonder that I took refuge at the gaming table and bar-room. I found it would never do, gentlemen, and in a lucky moment I vowed to reform. Scarcely had the promise passed my lips, when a knock was heard at my door, and in came Susan Simpkins after my dirty clothes.

"Mr. Spicer," says she, "I've washed for you for six months, and I haven't seen the first red cent in the way of payment. Now I'd like to know what you are going to do about it."

I felt in my pocketbook. There was nothing in it, and I knew it well enough.

"Miss Simpkins," said I, "it's no use denying it, I haven't got the stamps. I wish for your sake I had."

"Then," said she, promptly, "I don't wash another rag for you."

"Stop," said I. "Susan, I will do the best I can for you. Greenbacks I have none; but if my heart and hand will do, they are at your service."

"Are you in earnest," says she, looking a little suspicious.

"Never more so," says I.

"Then," says she, "as there seems to be no prospect of getting my pay any other way I guess I'll take up with your offer."

Enough, said I. We were married in a week; and what's more, we haven't had cause to repent it. No more attics for me, gentlemen. I live in a good house and have somebody to mend my clothes.—When I was a poor, miserable bachelor, gentlemen, I used to be as thin as a weasel. Now I am as plump as a poker.

In conclusion, gentlemen, if you want to be a poor, ragged fellow, without a coat to your back or a shoe to your feet; if you want to grow old before your time, and uncomfortably generally as a "hedgehog rolled up the wrong way," I advise you to remain a bachelor; if you want to live decently and respectably, get married. I've got ten daughters, gentlemen, (overwhelming applause), and you may have your pick.

Mr. Spicer sat dawn amid loud and continued plaudits. The generous proposal with which he concluded secured him five sons-in-law.

Weather and Crop Items

—At Louisville the weather on the 23d was intensely hot, and much suffering from drouth.* Only half a crop of tobacco is expected. Corn looks shriveled.

—Accounts from all sections of Maryland represent that drouth is prevailing to an alarming extent. No rain has fallen for weeks in some counties. The farmers despair of making over half a crop, of corn, and potato vines have become parched and dried up before maturity. The tobacco crop is suffering dreadfully.

—In Western Tennessee the weather is intensely hot. News from the valley region gives unfavorable accounts of cotton on the hills and uplands. The crop will be short. Corn and cotton are both suffering for rain in many localities.

—No rain has fallen in Nashville since the 6th. The crops of corn and cotton in that county are badly injured. In many counties of Middle Tennessee the same state of affairs prevails, though a timely rain may yet bring both crops out all right. The drouth is only partial, and though it may continue it is believed that average crop will be made.

—The crops in Western Pennsylvania have not been excelled in growth and substance since 1855. The potato crop will suffer somewhat from rot, caused by drouth but everything else, including fruit is abundant and good. There has been plenty of rain.

—In Louisiana the crop prospects are reported to be good. Rust and premature opening of the balls of cotton, on account of the drouth, are reported in some sections, but on the whole the cotton crop is reported favorable.

—Not a drop of rain has fallen at Philadelphia since August 4th, the night of the great whisky fire, nor have any accounts of rain been received from the interior except of a short thunder-shower on Saturday last about thirty miles up the Schuylkill. All reports agree as to the damage to corn from drought in this state.

—The weather and crop reports from the leading localities in the south, west and east, generally report hot and dry weather, which in some sections has been greatly prolonged. All accounts represent the corn and tobacco crops as greatly injured, and short one-fourth to one-half of last year's yield.

—Amos Skeeter, a well-known resident of Chicago, and a fine singer, was instantly killed at the Tremont House, on the 17th, by a stranger, who became angry at his attentions.

THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

A Husband Finds His Wife on the Dissecting Table.

From the Cleveland Plaindealer.

Several years ago a regular organization of "resurrectionists" existed in the States of Wisconsin and Illinois, with headquarters at Chicago. They carried on a thriving trade with the colleges and the medical men of that region, and were ready at all times to furnish one to half a dozen bodies—old or young, male or female. They managed their affairs so quietly and carefully that the public knew nothing of the extensive robbery of graves going on until the disclosure of an aggravated instance of body-snatching led to an examination of different burial grounds, when the astounding discovery was made that a large proportion of new-made graves had be opened and the bodies removed.

The case referred to was carefully suppressed at the time; but years have passed since then, and the facts can now be made public without violating any confidence or wounding the sensibilities of friends.

In the little village of R——, in the State of Wisconsin, a young and beautiful married lady died suddenly, and was buried in accordance with prevailing custom. A day or two after the funeral the bereaved husband repaired to the cemetery to make arrangements for suitably inclosing and adorning the family burial lot, when he discovered certain unmistakable evidences that the grave had been disturbed.

Calling in the aid of the sexton, the new made grave was soon opened and the worst fears of the poor widower were confirmed. The coffin and casing were still in the grave, but the corpse had been removed.

No words can describe the horror and anguish produced in the mourning husband by this terrible discovery. He had read of similar instances of body-snatching at distant points, but never realized how much of suffering and suspense these robberies entailed upon the surviving relatives and friends. The grief over a loved and loving wife had almost crushed him, but the additional blow drove him to frenzy. He resolved that neither effort nor money to recover his wife's remains, and punish the ghouls who had despoiled her grave, should be spared.

Officers and detectives were sent out immediately in all directions, and a tempting reward made the search a thorough and energetic one. But two days elapsed, and no clue to the perpetrators of the outrage had been discovered. The husband himself repaired to Chicago, and at once secured the services of a famous detective to work up the case. In less than twenty-four hours a "point" was obtained. The night previous two or three mysterious "packages" had been left with the janitor of the Medical College; and, armed with the necessary official authority, the detective and his employer visited the institution that afternoon.

The business had been managed so quietly and well that no suspicion was aroused in the college, and the visitors were allowed to stroll through the library, the museum, and other interesting departments of the institution. As they approached the ante-room leading to the dissecting room several students were observed to pass themselves in with latch keys, carefully closing the door behind them. It was evident a practical lecture was in progress, and the detective determined to effect an entrance to the lecture room.

Lounging carelessly near the door, he watched for the coming of another student, and had soon pressed his way through the passage and into the dissecting room. He was followed closely by the person most interested in the result of this investigation. The semi-circle of seats, arranged like those of an ampitheatre, was well filled with professional spectators.

On a long table below lay an outstretched form, covered with a white cloth from head to foot. The Professor had evidently been talking a few minutes to his class, and was just getting ready to illustrate, practically, his subject. On the other side of the corpse several cases of instruments were arranged, and two assistants stood by with aprons on and sleeves rolled back.

The order to remove the covering from the corpse was given, and as the cloth rolled back, exposing the face and bust of a female, an exclamation was heard which sent a thrill of terror through the assembly, and blanched the Professor's face with fear.

"Great God! my wife?"

A wild and tumultuous scene followed.—The frantic husband rushed to the table, pistol in hand, and, re-covering the exposed face of the corpse, threatened with instant death whoever should again uncover or touch it. The lecturer and his class were not disposed to dispute the claim thus set up, and rushed pell mell from the apartment.

A few words complete the story. The rifled grave once more received its original occupant, and for many months a constant watch was kept over it. Legal proceedings were commenced against the medical institution, but the affair was compromised and settled without a trial. The calling of the "resurrectionists" received a terrible blow, and body-snatching, for years thereafter, became both a difficult and dangerous employment.

The Indian Languages.

At the recent philological convention at Poughkeepsie, J. H. Trumbull, of Hartford, Ct., the well known student of Indian antiquities and tongues, and Rev. Joseph Hurlbut, for forty years a Moravian missionary among the Indians of Canada, and who has spent fifteen years in preparing an Indian grammar, gave some very interesting information about what are generally regarded as the barbarous languages of the North American aborigines. Mr. Trumbull considered it a cause of regret that so much of the material for studying the native languages of America is useless, and that much of the time and labor of the scholar must from this reason be wasted. Much time and patience have been wasted in showing the resemblance between the Indian and the Hebrew languages, whereas a few hours of careful study would show that no such resemblance existed. The time may come when a connection between the Indian languages of Central Europe may be demonstrated, but it has not yet arrived. The American languages differ from the Indo-European, both in their structure and plan of thought. In the English language the analytic character has attained its highest point; in the Indian language the tendency is synthetic, and has attained a very high degree in this respect. The speaker quoted a single Indian word, the translation of which required five English words, as an example of the synthetic character of the Indian language.—This tendency to synthesis is not limited to grammatical structure, but extends away back to the roots of the language. There was no Indian word which was the precise equivalents of the English words to go, though there are plenty signifying to go away; to go by land, etc. Yet the standard vocabularies are based on the ground that such equivalent exist. Rev. Mr. Harlbut said he had spent forty years among the Indians, and had become so familiar with the Ojibway language as to dream in it; and the Indians insisted that he was not a white man, but an Indian with a white skin. Mr. Hurlbut claimed that the Indian languages are marvelous, and not the mere "bow-bow" sounds that many persons think them to be. In many respects they are similar to the Turkish language, and in inflection of every form surpass our own. The number of roots appears to be small, but the modifications of them, by using suffixes and prefixes, were almost infinite; he had made a calculation of the number of modifications to which one single word could be subjected, each having a different meaning, and the result was thirty-two millions. At the close he announced his intention of revising his grammar, which he hopes to do in about two years.

Amusing Paragraphs.

—An individual the other day went to one of the drug stores in Boston and called for a pint of whiskey, claiming that he wanted to put it on some roots for medicine. He obtained the whiskey and immediately raised the bottle to his lips and imbibed a grown person's dose of the ardent. The drug clerk remonstrated with the customer for his duplicity, and was informed that it was the roots of his tongue for which he desired the whiskey.

—Contempt of court was alleged agains a Texas lawyer, and a fifty dollar fine imposed. Afterwards the judge remitted the fine on the grounds that the man was drunk and was a natural fool, and the court record gives the reasons for the remission.

—Why is a newspaper like a wife? Because every man should have one of his own. But suppose one can't get one of his own?

—A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified the act by quoting the passage: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

—A "no account" wife is the best. She never runs up any bills. Bill Smith says that ain't so. His wife ain't of "no account" but she runs up lots of little Bills.

—A German lady in Chicago has probably the largest pearl in the world. It is of oval shape, about two inches long and one wide, and so immensely valuable that a purchaser cannot be found in this country.

Agricultural.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

SMALL FARMS MOST PROFITABLE.—Small farms always do return the largest profit. There are thousands of farmers all over the United States who would make more clean money to dispose of one half their land and work the remainder thoroughly, than they now make by going over such a large breadth. Still large farms can be cultivated with more net profit to the proprietor than small ones by proper management. Yet, according to the present system of management, small farms do return the most profit. The reason of this is that a farmer with a small number of acres is more apt to fill better, manure more bountifully, and perform every operation more thoroughly than if he were required to work double the number of acres. If a farmer, for example, works twenty acres he must necessarily keep a good team, and as complete an assortment of tools and farm implements as if he were cultivating fifty acres. A good team will usually perform all the labor on a farm of fifty acres, and require a very little more care and feed than if they performed only the labor of a twenty acre farm. Taking this view of the subject, it will be perceived that it costs comparatively more to carry on a small farm than a large one. But the chief argument is that farmers are liable to work over a great breadth of land without doing every part of the cultivation thoroughly.—The man with a small farm will make more manure in comparison to his neighbor who cultivates twice as much land as himself. For this reason, the farmer who has the greatest breadth of cultivatable acres will not usually raise as bountiful crops as if he tilled only half the amount of land. A thorough farmer may cultivate fifty acres with as satisfactory profit, acre for acre, as he can till twenty, if he manage it judiciously.—*Western Farmer.*

WHAT IS A GOOD COW?—A writer in a recent number of the Galaxy gives the following general hints regarding the selection of a good cow for milk producting:

First. Health, good constitution or digestive apparatus, for which we require a capacious belly.

Second. That the largest possible development of the animal shall be behind, in the udder and parts adjacent. A good cow is likely to be wedge shaped, of which the head is the smaller end. Big heads, or horns, or shoulders are not desired, because they have to be nourished by the food. But these are indispensable; a large bag, and hindquarters to support and minister to it. What do our milkmen look for in selecting milk-giving cows? The first appearance, to a judge, will convey an idea as to the health or constitution of the cow. He will ask, also, a bony frame, one that does not steal the fat from the milk; and he will feel the skin, to find it flexible and covered with close softish hair; he will ask for good lung room, a capacious belly, a wide rump and well developed bag, covered with soft hair. Extending from this bag forward, he will be desirous to see prominent the two great veins which lose themselves in the belly; and on the back of the udder he will look for many well-defined branching veins. Then comes Guenon's "milk-mirror," which is a broad strip of hair running up from the udder to the vulva, which he considered the one thing needful; but which has not, in this country, been found an infallible test, though it is a good one. If, in addition, the cow is gentle, good tempered, you are almost sure of a milk-maker. Look for that kind.

CORN FODDER.—The falling off in milk, and the neglect to provide food for soiling, induces many to turn stock into the meadows early, and before they have become thickly coated with aftermath. It is very bad economy, very injurious to meadows, while the seemingly "fair feed" is swept away in a few days, and a scanty yield of milk is the result for the balance of the season. There is no crop, therefore, that pays the dairyman better, one year with another, than the few acres devoted to corn fodder. Corn fodder should be fed in the stalls, as there is no waste, besides the stock thus fed are more quiet and less disposed to hang about, waiting for their feed, as they do when the fodder is given them in the open field. Each cow in the stall gets its proper share of food, and there is no hooking or soiling of the fodder by master cows. The herd should be fed regularly at stated hours, and they soon become accustomed to the time, coming of their own accord to the stables, and during other portions of the day they will feed more in the pastures.

Corn fodder for soiling should be wilted before feeding. It is a good plan to cut in the morning and let it lay in the sun till afternoon, and then feed. In this way some of the external moisture will be got rid of, and the food will be preferred by animals and produce better results. Corn fodder is very succulent, and does not need to be further diluted by feeding when the dew or water is adhering to it. Better reduce the water in it by wetting and partially drying.

YELLOW WASH FOR BUILDINGS.—Dissolve one pound of pulverized copperas in 8 gallons of water; let it stand for 24 hours, stirring two or three times from the bottom. Use this for slaking the lime and thinning it to the consistency of ordinary whitewash; add hydraulic cement equal in quantity to the lime used, and there may also be added, with advantage, ½ gallon of clean fine sand to every 15 gallons of the wash. While using, stir frequently, to prevent sand from settling. The walls or buildings should be first well cleaned of dust, and thoroughly wet with the rose of a watering pot, and the wash applied immediately after, beginning at top, laying the coat on horizontally and finishing vertically. Before leaving the work at any time, finish the course to a point in the wall, to prevent leaving a mark where the two courses join on a renewal of the work. This wash is stated to have lasted for fifteen years without requiring renewal. For a gray or stone color, add to the above lamp-black, previously deadened with whiskey.—*Southern Planter.*

FOOD FOR FATTENING SWINE.—Deitz's Experimental Farm Journal says that the practice of feeding the offal of the butcher's shop to hogs renders the pork unfit for food and should be discouraged. They should be fed corn, oats, peas and beans, with occasional roots, such as potatoes, turnips and beds. Perhaps hogs thrive best when fed on the waste of the dairy, with cooked corn, peas or barley, and are known to increase in weight from two to three pounds per day. Young pigs thrive best on skim milk, oats and barley, with a little ground corn or pea meal.

Hogs require clean and comfortable quarters in a well built and water proof sty, with sleeping apartment cut off from the feeding place. The trough should be of strong oak boards, a portion partitioned off for fresh water. In the sleeping apartment a little rye straw should be thrown, and exchanged for clean from time to time.—When fattening, hogs should not have an excess of water, but just enough to slake their thirst. Being omnivorous, hogs devour almost everything that is given them to eat, and oftentimes disgusting and improper food is given them. Almost any place is thought good enough for a pig, no matter how damp, dark and filthy it may be. This is a grave error, however, as from such filthy dens come diseases of the skin, swelling of the joints, dullness, loss of appetite, and intestines infested with worms and parasites.

—If wilted flowers have about half an inch of their stems cut off, and the stalk thus trimmed is inserted into boiling water they will in a few minutes resume their original freshness. The process is most applicable to colored flowers, as roses, geraniums, azealeas, &c., white ones turning yellow. Thick petalled flowers show the most marked improvement. Another excellent method of restoring freshness to old flowers is to place them in water and cover with a glass shade. Finely powdered charcoal placed in the bottom of the water in vases has a marked effect in maintaining flowers fresh a long time and keeping the water sweet.

Seduction—A Doctor on a Quickstep.

From the Toledo Commercial, Aug. 14.

The village of Elmore, Ottawa county, was treated to quite a sensation a few days since. A physician in that place formed the acquaintance of a young lady, and by constant attentions and studied effort, succeeded finally in winning her affections, after which he accomplished her ruin. Not content with this villainous proceeding, he induced the confiding young woman to go before a magistrate and make oath that a young man residing in the village was the author of her disgrace. Soon after the birth of the child, it became evident that the mother could not live. She was informed of this fact by her physician, when she expressed a desire to have a magistrate called in. The justice of the peace called, when she again made oath, stating all the facts in the case. The citizens of the village were so indignant at the conduct of the physician that they at once organized a vigilance committee, and gave the offender a few hours in which to make his departure. He left. On Monday last, however, he returned, when the village women held a meeting, and some thirty-five or forty of them resolved to visit summary punishment upon the scoundrel if he did not leave instanter. Our informant thinks the doctor did not like to have them perform a surgical operation on his person, and therefore took his departure again.

—Chang and Eng, the Siamese twins, have seventeen children—nine on one side and eight on the other.

Brevities.

Miscellaneous Items.

—The eclipse was invisible in New Orleans owing to a cloudy sky.

—The aggregate value of property in Tennessee is \$208,073,36ff.65.

—Civilians receive no attention whatever from the ladies at West Point.

—Reports from all parts of Oregon indicate a much larger yield of wheat than was anticipated.

—It has cost, thus far, \$29,577 to pump and clean the Chicago river, and yet it remains as filthy as ever.

—The Pennsylvania Central Railroad are making arrangements to run through cars from New York to Omaha.

—It is said that the Czar Alexander's favorite drink is absinthe, of which he takes more than is good for him.

—The police of Chicago are on the watch for a gang of counterfeiters who advertise to sell exact United States bonds.

—The American Flint Glass Works in Brooklyn, N. Y., were damaged by fire on the 21st to the amount of \$12,000.

—A young colored man, of Nashville, complained to the police authorities, a few days since, that a negro girl had so charmed him that he could not speak.

—The Iowa State Fair offers a hundred dollar premium to the county of Iowa furnishing the largest and best variety of grain and vegetables.

—Commodore Vanderbilt was married on the 21st inst., at London, Canada, to Miss Frank Crawford, daughter of Robert L. Crawford, of Mobile, Ala.

—The reported finding at Newark of a portion of the money stolen from the American Merchants' Union Express Co. near Albany, on the 11th inst., is incorrect.

—Ezra Martin, proprietor of the Pacific Hotel at Council Bluffs, Iowa, was arrested at that place last Saturday night, on a charge of counterfeiting United States currency.

—It is said that General Butler takes the ground that a fair adjustment of the relations between capital and labor, would require the laboring man to work but six hours a day.

—An exchange thinks "it is idle, in this age of the world, in which few schoolmen and casuists are left, to spend any time in speculating upon what would now be if one's aunt had been his grand mother."

—The colored waiters of the International Hotel, Niagara Falls, recently mutinied because a white cook was employed. An assault was made upon the cook, which resulted in the discomfiture of the colored braves.

—The transmission of unauthentic news by cable and telegraph is one of the greatest sources of the prosperity of these enterprises, because a bogus dispatch is generally followed by a communication rectifying the misstatements.

—Fourteen cases of sunstroke occurred in New York on the 21st, of which five were fatal. There were four deaths in Cincinnati from the same cause. In Washington on the 21st the Mercury stood at 105, and at Philadelphia at 102 in the shade.

—General Thomas says that the military force stationed in Alaska "produces little or no result, except chronic rheumatism, which spoils in a single year two-thirds of the troops unfortunate enough to be stationed in that land of fogs and chills."

—There is not a single case of yellow fever in New Orleans, and the papers are congratulating themselves that the season will pass without the usual occurrence of that dreadful disease.

—A Chicago divine says: Politics have become so corrupt that a man who becomes a politician cannot always serve God. Beware how you give up God for political preferment—you are pitching your tent toward Sodom.

—A great derth of gentlemen is complained of at the watering places this season, and match-making mammas are fearful that they will have to return to town with their fair daughters still in the market.

—A correspondent says: Without the waters, Saratoga would be a bore and a a swindle, and a very dusty bore at that. The season is short and the hotel bills are long. It requires a good deal of nerve to call for your bill, if your party numbers more than one.

—The capital stock of the newly consolidated Michigan Southern and Lake Shore Railroad from Chicago to Buffalo, is over \$50,000,000. The total length of the roads with their branches, is 924 miles; number of employes, 7,000; and monthly pay-roll, \$400,000.

—A three year old boy of a Pittsfield clergyman, watching his mother making biscuit one Sunday for tea, asked her if it was not wicked to work on Sunday. Of course she said it was, and the logical little chap continued, "Oo'll catch it when 'oo gets to heaven."

—A New Zealand chief lately issued the following proclamation: "*News put forth for the information of all men*: 1. All killing of men on account of land must cease. 2. All killing of men by men must cease. 3. The left hand must attend to things of the left hand, and the right hand to those of the right hand. By order of TAWHIAO."

Articles of agreement have been signed by Jim Coyne and Patsy Reardon for a fight, at 142 pounds, for five hundred dollars a side, to take place on the 24th of November, in Kentucky, within fifty miles of Cincinnati. If either party weighs more than the stipulated weight he is to forfeit the money put up.

—Gov. Harrison Reed of Florida, was married at Syracuse, N. Y., on the 10th instant, to Miss Chloe Merrick, who was for several years a teacher of freedmen in Florida, and is a lady of ability and culture. The Governor and wife will make a brief tour in the North, and then proceed to their home in Florida.

—Statistics recently published show that Michigan ranks third in the Union in the number of sheep kept by her farmers. The return is for 1869, and shows for the seven leading wool producing States as follows: Ohio, 6,750,126 sheep: New York, 4,996,-824 sheep; Michigan, 3,918,191 sheep: Pennsylvania, 3,422,002 sheep; Indiana, 2,-882,176 sheep. Wisconsin, Missouri, and Vermont follow in the order named, and the entire number of sheep, in the country is about 39,000,000. Michigan has nearly as many as the twelve southern States together.

—A writer in a Sacramento paper asserts that their river is a running mine of wealth—that its sand and deposits, at and about the city, are worth \$8 per ton. "This wealth," says the enthusiastic gold-finder, "is supposed to be the tribute to us (who have lost so much by fire and flood) in the form of float gold. By the chlorination process, or perhaps by some other, it would pay a company to dredge the Sacramento river hence to its mouth, and make it a navigable stream for sea-going vessels, with profit."

—In Chicago there are about twenty Unions, with a membership of nearly 5,500, distributed as follows:

	Members.		Members.
Bricklayers	1,150	Painters	400
Printers	450	Plumbers	100
Iron Moulders	350	Cigar-makers	275
Puddlers	200	Engineers	175
Stone cutters	450	Musicians	100
Carpenters and joiners	450	Firemen	100
		Tailors	200
Harness makers	55	Miscellaneous	1,000

Total.........5,455

—Messrs. Earl and Fowler have a farm of 30,000 acres in Benton county, in one body, well watered, and with permanent improvements, having 140 miles of hedge fence and sixty-five miles of board fence, thirty dwelling houses for tenants, three blacksmith shops, etc. To cultivate the corn lands 169 one and two horse plows are kept in daily use, and on the pasture lands 4,100 head of cattle are now feeding for the New York market, and will be shipped this fall by rail.

—"Well, I went to Albany and took dinner at a tavern. Right beside me sat a member of the Legislature from one of the back towns. Before his plate was a dish of peppers, and he kept looking at them. Finally, as the waiter was very slow bringing on the things, he up with his fork, and in less than no time soused one into his mouth. As he brought down his grinders the tears came into his eyes. At last, removing the pepper into his hand, he laid it down by the side of his plate, and with a voice that set the whole table in a roar, exclaimed: 'Just lie there and cool!'"

—Female preachers were the feature at the Round Lake camp meeting. One of them mounted on a water hogshead, made a sensation. "Shame on you, young woman, with that brazen head-gear, and that ungodly hump on your back! Where's the modesty your mother teched you to kerry through life with you?" [Here a very pretty girl vanished into the wood.] "There's a full-grown man chawing a nasty filthy weed that the pigs wouldn't tech. Next to godliness, young man, is cleanliness. Ef I didn't love the human race as I do, bless God, I'd like to get down from this waggin and sicken you tobacker chawers with your nasty mouthsful."