Poetry.

WHICH WINS?

This sighing after beauty,
This longing after curls,
This chasing after fashion
Where ever fashion whirls,
And all that sort of thing.

May do for those who like it.
For those devoid of taste;
For those who barter diamonds off
For diamonds made of paste,
And other blockheads.

But to the wife who truly loves,
Who is just she appears;
Who sheds a sunshine round the man
Who keeps away her tears—
And brings her taters home.

I'd whisper softly in her ear,
I'd grave it on her heart,
That well I know to broil a steak
Beats sentiment and art
A — sight.

Miscellaneous.

RACHEL'S WAR.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

Mrs. Pettigrew had come in ostensibly to borrow Rachael's large dripping pan; and she meant to inquire, before the call was over, whether Rachel intended to use her preserving-kettle on the following week. But there was an admirable interest in all about the good woman's mode of proceeding; so she settled down in a comfortable rocking-chair, which creaked with her weight, and took off her sun-bonnet and smoothed out the folds of her gown.

Rachel was making pumpkin-pies; and the etiquette of the country did not oblige her to forego her occupation on account of her visitor. There was a pan of sitted pumpkins upon the table, and a pan of golden milk, showing the richness of fall pasturage, and eggs, and butter, and whiffs of cinnamon perfume were coming and going. Rachel held up a blue pie plate upon her hand, and slitted the crust from about the edge with dexterity.

At the moment, in that not unpicturesque attitude, with the plump bared arm and well-poised head, Rachel was a fit representative of the genuine Yankee girl. Nature had put no journey-work upon her. The clear, positive lines of her face told that. If she was not strictly handsome, there certainly was no other girl in Basset with the spirit and courage of Rachel Henderson.

"Have you got acquainted with the Braytons, Rachel?" Mrs. Pettigrew was inquiring, as a sort of roundabout introduction to quince "sass" and the preserving-kettle. "You know that family that has bought the old Shorter place?"

"No, I haven't," returned Rachel, with a slight jerk in her tone, which showed her disposition was not unmitigated sweetness; "but I know their pigs and chickens too well," she added. "They have been overrunning the garden for a month past, and father is so easy he won't say *boo* to a neighbor whatever happens; but, at last, I have taken matter into my own hands and declared war. We know our animals at home, and expect other folks to do the same, or else take the consequence."

"I know what you can do, Rachel, when you get your dander up; but it seems to me you have got a breachy cow of your own," remarked Mrs. Pettigrew, who took peculiar comfort in touching up her friends on their weak points.

"Oh, yes," returned Rachel, carelessly; "old Bess was trying in that respect last summer. But we always paid damages, and now rather keeps a board on her head, and looks well to the fences."

"Wal," and Mrs. Pettigrew shifted, "I don't why the Lord put such propensities into critters; but I s'pose rooting and scratching is the way pigs and chickens have of arning a living, though some of 'em do seem to be totally depraved. And if I wanted to prove total depravity, I'd pint to them shotes we had a year ago come next spring."

"As a general thing, if pigs and chickens have enough to eat at home, they won't trouble the public," remarked Rachel, with a little asperity, as she opened the oven door and tried the temperature with her hand.

"The Braytons haven't had time to get things ship-shape. Old Eli Shorter was dreadful shiftless, and let the place run down at the heel. Besides, Rachel, don't spile your market. There's a likely young man over there. Everybody has a good word for Herman Brayton. Folks say he has been through college, and knows a sight; but he don't put on any airs, and has chosen to be a farmer rather than go into lawing or doctoring."

"I am not acquainted with the young man," said Rachel, coldly; "but I can tell him one thing—it takes more than college learning to teach some people to observe the rights of others."

"Look out, Rachel," and old Mrs. Pettigrew screwed her eyes into an odious wink. "I've heard girls talk jest as you do afore now; but there's no knowing what may happen. I must tell you of a remark Philander made last night, just as he was blowing out the candle. It seemed to strike him suddenly; and, says he, 'Huffy,' says he, 'I shouldn't be a bit surprised if one of these times Rachel and Herman Brayton struck up a match. For you see the farms jinc; and it would look, as we might, say, providential.'"

"Folks needn't trouble themselves about making matches for me," broke in Rachel, with her face in a flame. "I can attend to my own affairs without anybody's interference; and Herman Brayton is the last man I should ever look at."

"Come Rachel, don't get ril'd," the old lady made haste to say, in a purring tone. "It was all a joke, and Philander says, says he, 'Rachel Henderson is as smart as a whip, and any man who gets her will be doing pleguey well; but she'll be awful pertickerler, I know she will.' Deary me, how late it is. How late it is. I must be going. Now I think of it, Rachel, could you lend me your big dripping-pan? Sister Blake is coming over with her family to-morrow, and mine won't take in an extra-sized roast."

The negotiation for the preserving kettle also accomplished, Mrs. Pettigrew went off, swinging, the dripping-pan lustily; and Rachel Henderson, in the interval of washing her pies, stood at the window to cool her flushed face. Constitutionally she hated the gossip of a little country neighborhood; and it nettled her to know her name had so soon been joined with Herman Brayton's.

Now, with a positive feeling of dislike, she looked across the pleasant fields—with broidveries of red and purple and gold-fringing upon the fringe of forest trees, and corn lands ready for the sickle undulating upon the little knolls until their russet touched the blue of the sky—to where the chimney-stacks of the old Shorter place came out from amidst their nest of trees.

"Rachel! Rachel!" called out a half-grown boy, running at that moment round the corner of the house, and holding up the lifeless form of a fine cock. "You told me to let fly if I see any of Mr. Brayton's hens on the place; so, when I ketched this tall strut at the cabbages, I just chucked him a stone, and he plumped as dead as a doornail."

"That was right, Jack; but upon my word, you have killed the Shanghae rooster." And Rachel felt a little twinge of remorse, knowing the expense and rarity of the dead specimen before her. "However, I am not a bit sorry," she said, after a moment's reflection. "Experience costs dear, as the copybook says; and I guess, in time, our neighbors will find out that we are not to be imposed upon. Take the rooster home, Jack, and throw it over the dooryard fence. It will be a declaration of war!"

"If father should find it out," said Jack, reflectively, "he might scold like Sam Hill. Then I s'pose you could bear the brunt, Rachel, eh?"

"Did you ever know me to shirk responsibility?" inquired Rachel Henderson, loftily. "Go along, Jack, and don't be a coward."

When Jack came in with the menfolks at dinner time, he looked sulky and out of sorts, and kept telegraphing in dumb show to Rachel Henderson across the table; until, at last, when she got up to cut the pie she followed her into the buttery and shut the door.

"I tell you what it is, Rachel," he broke out, "that was a sneaky piece of business; and I don't mean to do any more such jobs. I threw the rooster into Brayton's yard, and then I got behind a tree; and pretty soon one of the girls came out and found it, and began hoohooing like a baby. As near I could make out, it was a present to her, and she had raised it in a basket; and I felt just as if I had been stealing a sheep."

"Let them hoohoo," replied Rachel, with severe dignity. "They ought to think enough of their choice fowls to keep them a home."

After the dinner dishes were out of the way, and the chores all done up, Rachel Henderson replenished her fire, and put on an extrasized kettle of water to heat. Then she went up stairs and changed her dress; and when she came down again there was a bit of a lace collar with transferred work, and a cherry bow at the throat of her delaine dress, over which she wore a jaunty black silk apron with braided pockets.

She seated herself with her work-basket at the sitting-room window, almost as if looking for company, and let her gaze wander down the visible stretch of road, where golden-rod and asters bloomed, and the sumach bushes beside the old stone-walls appeared to drip with scarlet color, and the pokeberry was turning a vivid purple.

Presently her eye lit up with a gleam of triumph. There were the Brayton pigs, nosing along the dust of the road; and, for once, she was glad to see the pests. They were long-mounted, slab-sided animals, with plentiful marks of the slough upon their coats and unappeasable appetites.

Rachel watched with a grim species of amusement to see them turn in from habit toward the Henderson side-gate, which was shaded by a huge black-cherry tree, and begin the process of rooting under. They dug with the nozzle, bent the forelegs, in-clined the dorsal column, and lifted powerfully, until the gate was unlatched, and the whole bristly tribe poured into the yard with grunts of satisfaction.

Under one of the kitchen windows lay a tempting pile of potato parings, previously prepared for bait, which a vicious old female, the mother of numerous disreputable children, immediately scented. They gathered together, pushing and struggling for the tit-bits, when slap dash down came a pail of boiling water upon the backs of the miscreants, and with heart-rending squeals they galloped in a body from the yard.

It was evident to Rachel's mind that the hair and hide of her enemies had suffered considerable damage; but still she replenished the fire and put on more water, determined to be prepared for action should the porkers return. However, during the remainder of the afternoon there was peace along the border; and Rachel went to bed that night flushed with a consciousness of victory.

The next morning early, Mr. Henderson and his men went off to a distant detached meadow, to do a job of top-dressing, and took their dinner with them. The partridges had been heard whirring through the bright wood for some days past, which caused Jack to shy away with the long-shooter from the garret—an ancient firearm, supposed to be worthy of much reverence, because of a tradition which connected it with the war of 1812. It would "kick beastly," as Jack expressed it; and, by a deal of coaxing, managed to go off one time in ten.

Rachel had enough on hand to keep her pleasantly occupied for two or three hours. There was a tray of solid, golden butter standing upon the shelf, which must be worked over and layed down for winter use, and the last scald was yet to be given to her sweet pickles.

She opened the window and let the warm air in, laden with the mellow, ripened smell of apples dropping from the orchard trees, and the crysanthemums and zenias blooming about the yard door. Over the prismatic-tinted woods, softened by a tender haze, crows were circling, and their loud caws alone broke the country stillness, which always seems deeper of a dreamy autumn day.

Rachel was contented in the midst of her busy loneliness. There was something about the mild glow of the morning, and the beauty of the world, and the soft wind coming in through the south window, that filled her with rest. She had almost forgotten the annoyances of yesterday and those provoking Braytons, and was stepping about at her work, singing "Greenville," in a clear, sweet, but untutored voice, when a gawky lad, all of a color—from his tow trowsers, hitched high in the back by improvised suspenders, to the straggling locks that strayed from below the rim of a torn straw hat—made his appearance at the door.

"I thought I'd stop and tell the folks," said he, putting his head in, "that Brayton's cows are in your corn. Gosh! they have stuffed themselves till they're ready to bust!"

Instantly the strain died on Rachel Henderson's lips, the spirit of peace went out of her, and she was prepared to act on the old law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

"They shall go to pound," instantly she exclaimed. "The man folks are away from home; but if you will help me, Tim, I will see you get paid for it."

"I'd do it to oblige you, Rachel, as quick as a wink; but, you see, father sent me down to the blacksmith's after a coulter. The horses are up and ready to do a job of fall plowing, and, if I should stop by the way, he might skate me."

"Go along, then," said Rachel, proudly. "I will drive them to pound myself," and at the moment she looked and felt equal to anything. At starting, Rachel tied on her sun-bonnet and armed herself with a long carriage-whip having a particularly vindictive snapper.

The cornfield, which was rustling with ripened grain almost ready for the sickle, lay on a cross road; and it gave Rachel a peculiar feeling of satisfaction to know that she would be able to drive the cows past her enemy's very door, and thus cast another act of defiance in their teeth. Secretly she hoped to find the whole Brayton dairy of thirty cows browsing and crushing the tall stalks; but instead of that, only two animals had broken bounds, and having eaten to the point of satiety, they were now stupidly standing by the gap in the rail-fence.

Rachel drove them out into the road at a smart trot; but as she neared the Brayton place she slackened her gait, and looked up at the front windows. But none of the family were visible, and thus part of her triumph proved abortive.

The pound was a good long country mile distant. Rachel Henderson was in a hurry; for she had left unfinished work at home. The heat of the autumnal mid-day appeared to come straight down, with scarcely a breath of air stirring; and Rachel did not spare the cows. When she arrived, hot and tired, at her destination, the pound-master, who was a jolly, fat man, came out to meet her.

"Well, now, Rachel," said he as he took in the situation, "you are a spunky little girl; but I tell my wife I wouldn't give a brass farthing for a girl that hasn't some snap to her."

"We couldn't stand it any longer," said Rachel defiantly. "The Brayton animals were overrunning us, and it's my opinion that there's point where patience ceases to be a virtue."

"That's true as preachin', and all the better for my trade," said the man, walking slowly round one of the cows which was shaking and quivering now as if in ague fit, "But it strikes me you must have drav a pretty good jog," he added, with a refreshing disregard of grammar. "This one acts as if she was sick. She had eat herself as full as a tick; and it ain't safe to stir critters much in such a case. They sometimes die in less than twenty-four hours. That would be a bad piece of business. You would not like to kill a neighbor's cow, now, would you?"

"Of course, not," returned Rachel, sharply, with a dreadful sinking of the heart.—"You don't mean to tell me there is any such danger?"

"I'm afraid so," he replied, eyeing the cow professionally; "it looks a little scaly; but you had better go and find Herman Brayton, and tell him all about it; he is better posted on cattle diseases than half the cow-doctors in the country; and if anybody can save the critter's life he can."

Rachel turned back on the road, feeling half-dazed and wholly frightened. Her father was slow to anger; but she did not like to think what the consequences might be should he discover that his girl had been instrumental in killing a neighbor's cow. Her pugilistic spirit had cozed out, and left her in a bad scrape. How could she face those Braytons with her story; and how could she beg pardon and assistance, as it were, of Mr. Herman Brayton, toward whom she had begun to feel a settled dislike?

While she was hurrying along, with burning cheeks, turning over these wretched thoughts in her mind, and feeling very humble, a young man sprang over the low wall by the road side, and politely raised his hat. He wore a farm-laborer's blouse and checked shirt; but the lines of his form were graceful, and his manner had a charm quite foreign to the homespun youth of the neighborhood.

"Excuse me, Miss Henderson," he said, at once. "I knew you by sight, and, seeing you go by, thought I would take the opportunity to send word to your father that six of his cows are in my barnyard.—Of course, he can have them on demand. Old Bess, I believe they call her, has a vicious pair of horns. She slipped her hamer, and let the others into my buckwheat field. I shall leave it to Mr. Henderson to estimate the damage, for, from what report says of him, I know he will be inclined to do the fair thing."

For a moment Rachel stood quite overwhelmed by the lesson in Christian forbearance which Herman Brayton had unconsciously taught her; but at last the tears would come to relieve her painfully excited state of feeling, and I must admit that for the moment her conduct was not at all in keeping with the character of a high-stung, spirited girl. How confession was made I do not quite know; but certain it is that Herman, as old Mrs. Pettigrew expressed it, "took a shine" to Rachel, even in her tease.

"Don't distress yourself about Brindle," he said, soothingly, as soon as matters were made plain to him. "I understand cow-doctoring pretty thoroughly, and think I know just what to do for her. You have been sadly pestered with our unruly animals this summer; but I must say, by way of apology, that the old place when we moved in was neither hen nor pig-proof. Crops were pressing, hands short; and, of course, some things were neglected. Be assured you shall have nothing of the kind to complain of in the future, Rachel Henderson, unless you take me up for trepassing; for I mean to come over some day and see if we cannot arrange a treaty of peace."

That evening Herman Brayton sent a messenger to say the cow was out of danger, and a strange new flutter awoke in Rachel's heart.

A few weeks later, when the first snows were lying on the ground, one Sunday morning in church the parson took for his text these words: "Love your enemies.—Do good to them that hate you and despitefully use you;" and Rachel, turning around, caught a glance from Mr. Brayton's eyes, which shot forth mischief and triumph.—When she walked away at noon, Herman joined her in the most natural manner possible.

"Do you know, Rachel Henderson," said he, 'how I construed the minister's text? To me it sounded like this: 'Love them that stone your chickens, and scald your pigs, and drive your cows off to pound; and it did not seem a very difficult command to obey."

Mrs. Pettigrew, who was walking behind, nudged her daughter, Ester, and whispered "I allus told you how it would come out."

Now the Henderson and Brayton farms are united in one, and Herman has demonstrated to his neighbors, by his tall grain and fat meadow lands, the reasonableness of scientific farming. He never tires of joking his wife, Rachel, about her war, and if she expects to hear the end of it during the term of her natural life, I fear she will be disappointed.

LIFE IN HUNGARY.

A Truly Educated Girl.

The author of "Flemish Interiors" has just published an interesting volume entitled "Pictures of Hungarian Life," in which there are some striking passages illustrative of domestic life. Here is a picture of a mother and daughter belonging to the upper middle circle of Magyar society:

"The eldest daughter, a charming girl of eighteen, might be said to possess all the qualifications, physical and mental, one could wish to find in a young woman of good position. To a very sweet face, with clear blooming complexion and beaming eyes, and a graceful figure, she added the charm of the most winning manners, while her conversation betokened high cultivation, whether in reading, languages or accomplishments. We were surprised when her mother told us she had no longer any trouble with the *menage*, for that Illona took the entire charge of the household, and even gave an eye to the management of her younger brothers and sisters. 'There is not,' she added, 'any department of needlework with which she is unacquainted, from darning a stocking or a table-cloth so exquisitely that no one would detect the spot, to the choicest embroidery. 'In the kitchen,' she continued, 'she is equally efficient; and as soon as she heard you were coming this evening, she begged the cook to let her prepare every dish that was to appear. She understands making all kinds of pastry and preserves, and even the curing of bacon. And you must not think this is anything extraordinary. No Hungarian mother would consider that she had done her duty by her daughter if she had not thoroughly grounded her in all the knowledge she is likely to require as a mistress of a family.'

"We heartily admired this sensible mode of training, and secretly wished that English mothers entertained similar ideas on the subject; but could not help thinking that such a training, useful as it is, must have interfered with the perfection which might have been attained by such a girl in the more elevated branches of her education. Any such doubts, however, were completely removed when, at her mother's entreaty, Illona opened the piano and played with her same national duets, without notes and with the most consumate taste and feeling. Our astonishment was not to end here, for we found that our fair young friend possessed an admirable talent for drawing when she produced a portfolio of most spirited sketches from nature. Her French accent was excellent, and she spoke English with tolerable fluency, being also well acquainted with many of our authors, whether in prose or verse. German she did not understand; but this apparent deficiency in her knowledge was explained by her mother, who assured us that, however yielding and dutiful in her whole conduct, she could never be persuaded to learn anything by which to talk language. So powerful is the feeling of patriotism in Hungary, that hardly any of the rising generation can be persuaded to speak, read or in any way recognize the German language.

The quaint legends of the Magyars are also embodied in this volume. One of these, concerning the "Nun's Tower," is romantic:

"A valorous knight, one of the former lords of Trebsen, having fallen in love with the beautiful daughter of a neighboring baron, between whom and himself existed a deadly feud, the father strictly forbade all intercourse between them; and finding one day that the girl favored her lover, and that stolen interviews took place, was so infuriated that he at once determined to immure his daughter in a convent. The enamoured knight soon discovered the retreat of his mistress, and taking with him an armed body of his retainers, attacked the convent by night, sending terror into the hearts of the abbess and her nuns, and carrying the trembling recluse off to his castle. Arrived here, he placed her for greater safety in a solitary turret perched upon a rock, and standing aloof from the rest of the fortress, which he surrounded with men in ambush. While, however, dallying in his lady's bower, the castle was surprised by a very superior force, headed by the enraged father. The castle was ransacked, and the lovers not being found, the soldiers were ordered to surround the smaller tower, to the dismay of its inmates, who soon saw that their precautions were wholly inadequate to the circumstances.—They resolved, however, not to be taken, preferring a voluntary death to an ignominious capture, and a subsequent fate of which imagination presented to them a frightful picture.

"The secret passage which may now be seen leading from a spiral staircase thro' the rock to the water's edge below, unhappily did not then exist, and there remained but one resource for the hapless pair. They appeared for one moment on the summit of the tower, locked in each other's embrace. As they looked down despairingly on their besiegers, a prompt order to draw their bows was given to his archers by the relentless baron; but ere the heartless command could be executed; both had leaped into the stream below, and the peaceful waters were flowing on, regardless of the cruel tragedy of which they had been the scene."

Hope for Inebriates.

[From the Philadelphia Day.]

We are glad to chronicle the fact that temperance men are beginning to indicate a change in their opinions and policy with reference to the treatment of inebriates. At the meeting of the "Temperance Blessing," held at Concert Hall, on Saturday night, Judge Allison presiding, the report recommended the establishment of homes for the treatment of intemperance as a disease; and denounced the common practice of dealing with drunkards as offenders and criminals. We regard this as a hopeful sign of the times. The principle that intemperance is a disease, and should be treated in institutions provided for the purpose, was recognized by our Legislature in 1866, by granting a charter to the Citizens' Association of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of establishing just such institutions as the "Blessing" recommends.

The Sanatarium, at Media, is the first fruit of this effort. It was opened in a small way for the reception of the inebriates in June, 1867, since which time 104 have voluntarily placed themselves under its care. Of this number forty have returned to society, and are successfully engaged in business. Twenty-seven have been much improved; nineteen have not been heard from, and only eleven have proved to be irreclaimable.

Let the people encourage this work by their sympathy and means, and let the state and city recognize it in a similar way, and an era will commence which will be marked by this new philosophy, and will deal with the drunkard in the spirit of charity and good will, which is essential to his recovery.

Erring man cannot be restored by disgusting reproaches. Diseased men cannot be cured by law, or by force. The Christian and humanizing methods which have characterized the organization and conduct of the Sanitarium at Media, and marked it as a success, must become the popular means of reaching and restoring the large class of our citizens who are addicted to alcoholic and opium excess. Public opinion should not regard it as more disreputable for a drunkard to go to an institution to be cured of this disorder, than it is to go to the seashore, springs and mountains, for the cure of scrofula, rheumatism or dyspepsia. When our civilization shall have advanced thus far, and our Christianity becomes more thoroughly practiced and less technical and rigid, there will be hope for much thorough reform.

—The late John A. Roebling bequeathed $30,000 to the "Trenton Society for the relief of respectable aged indigent widows and single women," and a like sum to the "Union Indigent Home Association for destitute.

—Large shipments of Fenian arms have taken place at New York within a few days.

AMERICAN INVENTIONS.

The Exportation of Arms and Machinery.

It is a fact exceedingly gratifying to the pride of every true American, that American inventors and manufacturers are to-day supplying the Old World with many of its best implements. In the matter of improved fire-arms, we are so far ahead of the nations of Europe, that many of them are sending large orders to our manufacturers, and where they have attempted to get them up themselves they have almost invariably adopted American inventions. The Spider alteration of the Enfield, in England, was an American invention; the Henry Martin is but a very slight modification of the Peabody gun, and the Swiss gun is the Winchester (formerly known as the Henry) magazine rifle, altered very much for the worse. At the various trials abroad, the American guns have invariably come out ahead, and the English commission reported as to manazine guns in favor of, first, the Winchester, and, second, the Ball guns. The Messrs. Remington, of Ilion, N. Y., have furnished to the Danish government 25,000 of their celebrated breech-loading rifles, and to the Swedish government, 25,000; while this year they will send to Europe fully 100,000. The rifles have been sold to Austria, France, Italy, Spain, Egypt, and Cuba, in smaller quantities, with a prospect of much larger sales in the future. Colt's company is completing 30,000 Berdan rifles for Russia, and it is rumored that the order has been increased to 100;000. At the same time Col. Berdan has gone to Russia to superintend a factory there, probably for altering their present arms. Turkey has bought 200,000 of our rifles and sent them home, and has just completed the purchase of over $60,000 worth of machinery, with which to convert them into breech-loaders, on the plan, probably, of those altered at Springfield. Sharp's company have been converting 30,000 of their rifles and carbines into metalic cartridge guns for our government. At the same time the Winchester company is turning out over 100 per day of its repeating rifles, and is increasing its works. It has also bought out the Spencer company of Boston, including the Spencer and Forarty patents, thus combining and controlling all the prominent magazine guns, except the Ball, which is owned by the Windsor company of Vermont and of which quite a number have been recently sold in Persia. The Winchester and Remington rifles are being sent to China and Japan; and the former are also sent to Australia, as well as all over the west, the plains and the Pacific coast. Nearly one-half of the entire product of Smith & Wesson's pistol factory, employing some 300 hands, is sold in Europe, mainly in France, notwithstanding their cheaper labor. This result is of course due to the fact they are mainly the product of machine labor, which machines are themselves of American invention and manufacture, and which produce an accuracy of work and finish that their hand labor cannot equal. But not only are we furnishing Europe and the old world generally with arms, but we are also supplying them with ammunition. The Union metallic cartridge company, of Bridgeport, under the control of Hobbs, of lock fame, is furnishing metallic cartridges—far superior to any ever before seen,—to nearly all the world. They had one order of 25,000,000 from the Russian government, and it is report that the order has been increased to 100,000,000.—They make them of every variety and size, their sale of one small size for pistol averaging 45,000 per day; a large portion going to Australia. And these, too, are all made on machines invented by the Americans, the like of which do not exist elsewhere in the world.

In addition to all this the Windsor Company, of Windsor, Vt., are just completing an order for $80,000 worth of milling and screw machines, to be shipped to Edinburgh, Scotland, to establish there a large factory for the manufacture of the Singer sewing machine! Not content with shipping the sewing machines themselves—of which large numbers of the leading kind are constantly sent—we are now making them there, and that, too, with American machinery! Already the Windsor Company has sent one or two lots of similar machinery to Canadjo for the same purpose; but sending machinery from here to Great Britain is bearding the lion in his den to some purpose. It is also specially worthy of note that the milling machine—one of the most important and useful of all metal working machines—and the screw making machine are purely of American origin.—*N. Y. Tribune, Dec. 7.*

Old New England Homes.

At the last meeting of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society in Boston, Mr. Thos. C. Amory read a paper on "Our Old New England Homes." He also exhibited part of a window, taken from an old house in Ipswich, made of diamond panes of glass, three or four inches broad, set in lead, brought in coils from abroad. Considering that there were then no saw-mills, he said the houses were remarkably well constructed. But few of the carpenters' tools have been preserved. It is hoped that we may soon have a Hotel de Clugney, to transmit the modes and appliances of the past. Some of this period, particularly after Phillip's war, when of wood, had their second floors project a foot or two for warmth and to keep wet from the lower door, or that if molested, the occupants might, through openings for that purpose, fire their guns or pour hot water upon their assailants. On some farms were garrisoned houses, sometimes erected at the public charge. The house in Newbury, built by Benjamin Pierce, ancestor of the ex-President, still remains as specimen of a garrisoned mansion.

"Of the better class of garrison houses is Governor Cradock's, at Medford, built in 1634. It has been but little altered. Mr. Amory said that if this was not the oldest building in the country, certainly it was the oldest that retained its original shape and arrangements. It has stone foundations, brick walls eighteen inches in thickness, beams, rafters and boards of oak. Being remote from the centre of trade and improvements, there have been no inducements to modernize and spoil it. It stands on a slight elevation about a mile east of Mystic, commanding a view in prospect from its roof is attractive. In front is the Mystic, down whose stream have glided in virgin pride and beauty many a noble bark since the "Blessing of the Bay" first floated upon its water. In the midst of a country of noble lakes, hills, meadows and primeval forests, near the sea, the place was happily selected. The house is forty-four feet in front by thirty-two it is in depth. The bricks in its walls were made on the ground. On either side of the front door, which opens to the south are two windows on each floor, besides circular portholes at each extremity of about a foot in diameter. Probably the windows on the lower floor were originally arched. The roof is of double pitch, very steep, each side of the ridge of the roof pole about six feet being nearly flat. It originally had an elegant staircase, and the wainscot was hung with arras. The fireplaces, two in the west and two in the east wall, are large, the timber and boards of oak. Cupboards are in the brick-work, for the deposit of valuable articles. Some family of wealth should purchase and preserve it for the general good. Stanley place, one of the most ancient structures of English Chester, is kept in its original state by a society of antiquaries. Mr. Amory describes a residence of a friend of his where he passed some weeks not many years since in Herfordshire, as strongly resembling the Cradock house.

"Mr. Amory described quite minutely many other houses—the Bishop house, at Danvers, built by Townsend Bishop; the Sheldon house; the Coffin house, at Newbury, lately occupied by the well known historian of the town, Joshua Coffin, and built by his ancestor, Tristam Coffin, which has been occupied by seven generations of one family; the Jaques house, large keeping-room, its enormous fire-place, capable of receiving yule logs of fabulous dimensions windows of different sizes, irregularly distributed, give a pleasing variety to the exterior.

Under its roof have been born a host of estimable citizens, who have done good service to the public in their day and generation in the learned professions, on the sea and in the army, and of whom can be numbered graduates of Harvard and other colleges almost by the score. The Hancock, Franklin, Pickering, Leonard, Province, Phipps, Brinley Shirley houses were mentioned, and some of them particularly described. Upwards of forty mansions were included in Mr. Amory's papers, some ten or twelve of them he particularly described."

AGRICULTURAL.—The New York WEEKLY TRIBUNE is a great farmer's paper. Its Agricultural Department, valuable always, containing as it does full reports of the American Institute Farmers' Club, and articles written for its columns by the most eminent Agriculturists of America, is about to be enriched by other attractive features in a Horticultural Department, which will comprise Management of Small Farms, Fruit and Vegetable Culture, and how to make them pay. Also, a Veterinary Department, for which Prof. JAMES LAW, Veterinary Surgeon in Cornell University, has been engaged to answer questions concerning diseases of Cattle, Horses, Sheep, and other domestic animals, and prescribe remedies through the columns of The Weekly Tribune. See advertisement in another column.

—A destructive prairie fire is raging in Texas.

Chromo Picture Making as Seen by Mark Twain.

From the Buffalo Express.

Mark Twain has been to Boston, and here is what he says of Prang's picture establishment:

I have been looking at Mr. Prang's great chromo establishment. It ought to be called the Temple of Patience. No American need ever hope to become a successful chromo artist. Only German patience and evenness of temperament can endure such pains-taking tediousness. One month of it would turn an American's hair gray, two months would make him bald, three would strike him blind, four would drive him crazy, and five would kill him. Would you like to try?

You have often seen Prang's chromo of a little boy asleep in a chair, and a cat surreptitiously helping himself to a pudding in his lap—a pleasant little picture that grows on you and holds you with its naturalness. It is all simplicity—there is nothing gaudy about it—and yet each of those small pictures goes through a lithographic printing press nineteen separate and distinct times! First, a sheet of fine, transparent tissinglass is laid on the original painting, and on this the artist sketches in delicate outline the prominent features of the picture, as children copy engravings by help of the window glass. The etching is in lithographic ink, and is easily transferred to the smooth surface of a block of lithographic stone by a heavy pressure. Proofs are printed from it for the use of the chromo artist. On one stone he draws the groundwork surrounding the boy and the cat, and this is printed in a faint pinkish tint. On another stone he draws the boy's legs, arms, and part of the cat. These are printed in a sort of mild leaden color. On another stone he draws again all that was drawn before, and adds a string hanging from the wall, which is to support a broom. This is printed in brown, for instance. He draws portions of the boy on three or four more stones, and adds the broom, the pot and the ball, leaving blank spots for the pudding, for the gloss on the hair, and the sheen where the light falls on the child's knee. When all these stones are printed on a sheet, one on top of another and all of different colors, you begin to discern a vague, shadowy resemblance to a sleeping boy—ghostly, spiritual, dreamy, uncertain. Some printed proofs show nothing but two or three splotches of red scattered seemingly at random on the broad white surface. In subsequent proofs they appear in their proper places, and become a red division of the boy's ball, the cat's tongue, and so on. Then, patch upon patch, and smirch upon smirch of color, the boy and the cat are drawn and redrawn, printed and reprinted for nineteen times, on a sheet of paper, till at last the chaos of arms and legs, tails and paws, tints and splotches, are harmoniously blended together, and the finished picture is before you. And then at a distance of six feet it is a nice judge that can tell it from the original oil painting.

Chromos are printed from sixteen to twenty-six times, usually, according to the elaboration that may be necessary. The finest, and certainly the most elaborate chromo yet issued in this country is Mr. Prang's latest—the "Pompeiian Mother"—a picture of an elegantly dressed lady of that damaged city, sitting in her chamber with her child standing by her side. It required *forty-two* separate printings to complete this dainty picture, and of course the artist had to draw it on forty-two different stones. He remarked that he was much interested in it till he had drawn it about twenty-seven times, but towards the last he began to get tired of it—he began to hanker after something fresh. He says he can blindfold himself, now, and get drunk on nineteen different kinds of liquor, and go deaf and dumb and crazy, and stand on his head, turn around on his heels and tie other tied behind him, and draw that picture straight through and never miss a line. I do not believe it. The circumstances would be against him.

After the picture had been printed in colors forty-two times, the same artist had to draw it entire, once more, on stone, and engrave it, so that it could be printed from a hand down, and every way, to represent the threads of the coarse canvass of an oil painting and the places where the colors in an oil painting stand out from the surface. The finished picture is laid on this stone and run through a steam press that comes down it with the weight of a couple of continents, and there is your picture with a surface as rough and nasty as any oil picture in the kingdom. The artist's four tedious months of slaving over the same old tiresome picture is at an end—for a coat of varnish is all that is needed now to make the Pompeiian Mother ready for the picture stores. Four months' ceaseless work repeating the same picture—am I not right in saying that no American need ever hope to succeed as a chromo artist? Solomon could not have said a wiser thing, I do not care how much he drained himself.

An Elephant on a Tear.

Forepaugh's Menagerie, at Connersville, Indiana, a few days since, was the scene of a terrible excitement, caused by the wicked old elephant "Romeo" having concluded to free himself from the control of man. It will be remembered that Forepaugh purchased of Sheriff Weber, "Lalla Rookh," the female elephant formerly belonging to Dr. Thayer's circus. Miss Lalla was taken out to the winter quarters at Connersville, where she bewed herself with becoming propriety until last Monday evening, when she happened to remember that according to elephant chronology this is leap year, so she very deliberately freed herself from her chains and strayed over to where "dear Romeo" was standing, meditating over his happy days in the jungles of Africa.

When morning dawned the keeper concluded to send the handsome maiden back to her quarters, which was very reluctant, against the wishes of her male friend, who showed his resentment by throwing the keeper a distance of thirty feet against the side of the house. A dog came next, and in the twinkling of an eye he was crushed into a mere pulp, ready to be boiled down in the tank of the Fertilizing Company. The attendants finding that "Romeo" was in just such a state of excitement as he experienced at Hatboro, Penn., three years since, when he killed his keeper, the famous showman Tom Williams determined to put him through a course of sprouts. But how to do it was for some time the question, for whenever any one would approach with the necessary chains, "Romeo" would make such terrible demonstrations as to cause a hasty retreat.

As a last resort a few loads of shot were poured against his trunk which caused him to howl with pain, and while he was weeping over the great abuse shown him, a strong cable was quickly slipped around one of his beautiful ankles, the guys were carried from the most remote portions of tests, Romeo was forced to lie down on his side. Then the order was given for all hands to belabor him with clubs, which was done with a hearty good will, as many were anxious to pay off old scores, but so stubborn was the beast, that eight hours passed before he cried "hold, enough!" but when he did, he was as thoroughly conquered as an army mule, and promised never to even look at Lalla Rookh, or any other of his race as long as he lived, which promise appearing to have been made in earnest, he was allowed to resume the even tenor of his way.—*Cin. Times.*

Bad News from India.

A correspondent of the Times of India, writing from Malwa, says the Marwaree exodus, which slackened during the rains, has now set in again as strongly as ever. The mortality continues very great; the roads are strewed with bodies, and in the neighborhood of Mundisore, Jourah and Ruttlam the dead are lying everywhere in the public roads till the sweeper drags them away and buries them or throws them into the nearest nullah. A small sum is allowed by native states for burying the dead, but in many instances it is appropriated by the sepoys whose duty it is to see this done. The poor people experience no difficulty in disposing of their children, the young girls being generally purchased by the Mohamedans for their zenanas. The dubar authorities take charge of most of the orphans, who are employed about their courts as slaves, a certain number being allotted to each rajah's family.

There is some anxiety on account of the cotton crop in the Berars and Central Provinces, owing to the continuous and heavy rain. When the plant had flowered and bolled, many bolls rotted and dropped off from extreme moisture. In the lands on which the cotten was backward, no great harm has been experienced. The plant has shown most hardiness in the country around Khamgaon.

THE OTHER DAY a panther entered the dwelling of Eli P. Whidden, of Manatee, Fla., and attacked a little daughter of Mr. Whidden. The father rushed to the rescue of his child, whereupon the panther turned on him, and compelled him to retreat. The animal followed him into the yard, where Mr Whidden seized a foot-adze and, with one blow, killed the beast. It is supposed that hunger urged the panther to make the attack. The little girl was not seriously injured.

—The general council of the Medical University of Edinburgh has decided to admit women students. During the preliminary discussion Professor Masson stated that, in the examination which had already taken place, women had exhibited greater knowledge of medicine and surgery than the men. The regulations require that women shall only attend classes entirely composed of females.

Foreign.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

Turkey and Egypt—Intrigues of Russia and France—Probable Complications.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Times.

ATHENS, Greece, Sunday, Nov. 7, 1869.

—The Eastern question is rapidly approaching a new phase of development and a possible solution, on the condition that Napoleon III. remains chief of the French nation. There remains no doubt in my mind, from evidence gathered from a large correspondence on, and an intimate acquaintance with, the political condition of the Greek and Greco-Slavonic provinces of the Ottoman Empire, that the Russian government is making preparations for a general and sufficiently desperate insurrection of the Christian population of that Empire, and that the Egyptian question has been raised by the same influences to increase the Sultan's embarrassment, and at the same time to give the French Government a common interest in the hoped-for solution. The Viceroy, to my certain knowledge, has long been in treaty with the Czar for the abolition of the capitulations and the virtual recognition of the independence of Egypt, which is equivalent, under actual circumstances, to throwing it, a little later, into the hands of the French. The withdrawal of the Egyptian troops from Crete during the continuance of the insurrection was a consequence of the engagement of Russia to consent to the abolition of the capitulations, (in the preservation of which she has a trivial interest,) and the recent understanding between the French and Russian Emperors relates, in all probability, to the Egyptian question.

GENERAL OPPOSITION TO THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

The insurrection in Crete was equally favored by the Russian Government as a means of weakening the Sultan; and the more recent troubles in Dalmatia stimulated by it, to show Austria how strong a hand Panslavism had in that Empire, as well as to make a menace against its tranquility in case of alliance with Turkey. Servia and Moldo-Wallachia, as well as Bulgaria