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"PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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Thursday Morning April 5, 1855

☞By special request of a lady we publish the following richly and delicately humorous poem, which was written expressly for and appeared originally in the Commercial, two years ago, and has ever since been restlessly going the rounds of the press, credited to various papers and magazines, distributed to and complacently claimed by divers authors alike incapable of writing or appreciating it. Some mistakes of the printer occurred in its original publication, which in its travels up and down the earth, it has suffered much from rough usage; and now in welcoming the wanderer home, we have the satisfaction of restoring its colors and fine touches with even more than their original brilliancy and delicacy. We must take occasion to say that it is from the pen of Chas. M. Barras, Esq., of this city, who under the quaint *nom de plume* of 'Muggins,' has earned the reputation of one of the raciest writers in America:—*Cin. Com.*

Cho-Che-Bang and Chi-Chil-Bloo.

An Oriental Romance in Thirteen Cantos.

BY ADOLPHUS LONGFELLOW MUGGINS.

CANTO I.

Away, far off in China, many, many years ago,
(In the hottest part of China, where they never heard of snow,)
There lived a rich old planter, in the Province of Ko-Whang,
Who had an only daughter, and her name was Cho-Che-Bang.
The maiden was a jewel, a celestial beauty rare,
With narrow, slanting eyebrows, and carrot-colored hair;
One foot was scarce three inches long, the other knew no bounds,
She was a hundred fourteen summers, and she weighed three hundred pounds.

CANTO II.

On the dreary shores of Japhanit, mid their never ending snows,
Where the Poly-Poly Alicef in her ruddy beauty glows,
Lived a little dwarfish tinker, who in height stood three feet two,
And from his endless shivering they called him Chi-Chil-Bloo;
This crooked little tinker, as he dragged his weary way
From hut to hut to ply his craft, scarce seemed of human clay;
His eyes were like two marbles, a tin little nose of glass,
He coughs a sickly yellow, and his nose a dirty blue.

CANTO III.

Now, Chi-Chil-Bloo, though born in snow and reared upon its breast,
Loved not the bleak, chill land where dwelt the spirit of nurse;
He did adieu unto the scenes of never-ending storm,
And travelled forth to seek some land where he might keep him warm.
He trudged two moons his weary way, far from the land of snow
Inside the walls of China, whither strangers seldom go,
When, wearied with his pilgrimage, he halted at Ko-Wang,
And there fell in with old Shi-Hi, the father of Cho-Bang.
The old man heard his wondrous tale of sights that he had seen,
When nature wore a winding-sheet, and shrouded all things green;
And pond'ring o'er, within his mind, if wonders such could be,
He last engaged poor Chi-Chil-Bloo to cultivate his tea.

CANTO IV.

It had always been the custom of the fairy-like Cho-Bang,
Ere evening shadows fell upon the valley of Ko-Whang,
To wander 'mid the tea groves, like an oriental queen,
On the shoulders of her servants in a fancy palanquin;
So she emerged from out the hut, the shadow of a Celtic-Perry tree,
And espied the little tinker stopping down the fragrant tea;
She gazed upon his wondrous form, his eyes, his nose of blue,
A moment gazed, then deeply fell in love with Chi-Chil-Bloo.
She stopped from out her palanquin, and there dismissed her train,
With instructions that an hour past, they might return again;
She then, upraised the slimy veil that hid her charms from sight,
And poor Chil-Bloo beheld a face to him surpassing bright.

CANTO V.

He gazed transfixed with wonder—to him surpassing gain,
Where her rounded-up proportions and her salmon colored hair;
He lingered in a dreamy trance, nor woke he from his bliss,
Till her loving arms entwined him and her lips imprint a kiss.
She led him to a bower, and beside the dwarf she kneeled
And sighed like Desdemona at his 'scapes by flood and field.
He told of seals and rein-deer, and bears that live at sea,
He told her tales of icicles, and she told tales of tea.

CANTO VI.

Long, long they fondly lingered thus—locked in each others arms;
She saw in him and he in her a thousand glowing charms;
When looking down the distant vale, the sun's fast fading shoon
Flashing on the gold of her returning palanquin.
"Yonder come my slaves," she cried, "and now, Chil-Bloo, we part,
My father—though my father has a cruel, flinty heart—
He has promised me to Chow-Chow, the Crœsus of Ko-Wang,
But Chow Chow's old and gouty, and he wouldn't suit Che-Bang."

CANTO VII.

"Oh come beneath my window at a quarter after three,
When the moon hath gone a bathing at her bath-room in the sea,
And we will fly to other lands across the waters blue,
But hush—here comes the palanquin; and now, sweet love, adieu."
They placed her in her palanquin, her bosom throbbing free,
While Chi-Chil-Bloo seemed busy packing up his gathered tea;
As rested from his weary round the dying god of day,
They raised her on their shoulders, and they trotted her away.

CANTO VIII.

At the time set made appointed, 'neath her lattice stood the dwarf,
He whistled to his lady and she answered with a cough,
She threw a silken ladder from her window down the wall,
While he brave knight stood fixed beneath to catch her should she fall.
She reached the ground in safety, one kiss, one chaste embrace,
Then she smiled and retreated softly in silence from the place.

CANTO IX.

Swift, swift they held their journey—love had made her footsteps light,
They had themselves at morning's dawn and fled again at night.
The second Night had buried Day and folded up her pall,
When they reached the sentry's station, underneath the mighty wall.
Che-Bang told well her tale of love, Chil-Bloo told his, alas!
The sentry had no sentiment, and would'n let them pass,
But he called a file of soldiers, who took them to Dun-Brown,
The chief, the local magistrate or Mufti of the town.

CANTO X.

Dun-Brown, half Turk, half Tartar, was the terror of the land,
And ruled his special Province, with an iron bloody hand,
—A pompous, bloated Mandarin, as rich as Scripture Dives,
He'd the wisdom of old Solomon and twice as many wives.
This vile old lecher heard the charge, the tempting maiden eyed,
Then feigning well a burning rage, in thunder tones he cried:
"You vile mis-shapen scoundrel, you dispoiler, rascal, off,
I sentence you to prison and I take Che-Bang myself."
He took her to his harem, and he dressed her mighty fine,
He sent her bird's-nest chowder, and fat puppies done in wine,
But she spurned the dainty viands as she spurned to be his bride,
She took to eating rat-soup—poisoned rat-soup—and she died.

CANTO XI.

In a dark and dreary dungeon—its dimension six by four—(?)
Lay the wretched little tinker, stretched upon the mouldy floor;
The midnight gong had sounded, he heard a dreadful clang,
And before her quaking lover stood the spirit of Che-Bang.
"Arise, Chil-Bloo! arise!" it cried, "lay down life's weary load,
Let out thy prisoned spirit from its dark and drear abode,
And we will roam the spirit land where fortune smiles more fair.
Arise!" it cried, "and follow!"—then it vanished into air.

CANTO XII.

On the morrow when the jailor served around his mouldy beans,
(The only food the prisoners got except some wilted greens)
He started back in horror—high upon the door-way post
Hung the body of the tinker, who had yielded up the ghost.

CANTO XIII.

There's a legend still in China, that beneath the moon's pale sheen,
Ever fondly linked together, may in summer time be seen,
—Still wandering 'mid the tea plants, in the Province of Ko-Whang,
The little Lapland tinker and his spirit bride Che-Bang.

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* Chinese for "touch and go off."
† Vulgarly called Auro-Borealis.
‡ Laplandische for fever and ague.
‖ Pronounced pal-an keen.
§ Feet.

Women Should Shun Men of Bad Character.

Did woman feel the responsibility of the station she holds in society—did she feel how much she is the arbitress of man's destinies on earth, nay, even beyond it, how different would she act! Instead of dispensing her smiles equally on the worthy and unworth, she would show by her discountenance of vice, how hateful it was to her; no matter how talented a man was, how graceful in his manners, or pleasing in person, unless virtue was the guiding star of his conduct, she should banish him from her presence, as being unworth of breathing the same air with her;—she would shrink from his society as she would shun a noxious reptile. Is such the case? No. No matter what a man's vices, if he is handsome, brilliant in conversation, and versed in the arts of flattery, all the smiles and attentions are lavished on him that ought to be bestowed only on the virtuous; while the man who is endowed with every good quality that can render him estimable, if wanting in the showy acquirements of society, is treated with the utmost indifference; thus gives rise to the too generally received opinion that, the worse a man is, the more agreeable he is to women. Can it then be wondered at, that, to meet her in society, win her affections by a thousand nameless attentions; and slight them when won, is the pastime of an hour to those honeyed flatterers, those destroyers of woman's happiness, who, like a gilded serpent, captivates but to annihilate. Were they regarded as the pests of society, instead of being treated as its ornaments, the race would disappear.—*Emerson.*

A Child's Sympathy.—A child's eyes! those clear wells of undefiled thought; what on earth can be more beautiful? full of all hope, love, and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest; in joy how sparkling; in sympathy how tender! A man who has never tried the companionship of a child, has carelessly passed by one of the great pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think; speak to it of the holy things of your religeon, of your grief for the loss of a friend, or your love for some one you fear will not love in return—it will take, it is true, no measure or soundings of your thought; it will not judge how much you should believe, whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek; but its whole soul will incline to yours, and engraft itself, as it were on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour.—*Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

A French Railroad.—Dick Tinton, in the New York Times, furnishes the following item:

On the railroad between Paris and Lyons they travel a mile a minute, on the average. There is a resident guard at every mile, occupying a stone two story house, built by the Railroad upon its own territory. There are four hundred miles of rail, with four hundred responsible inmates for the most part raising families and cultivating ornamental patches. The most serious accident that ever occurs is that when an axeltree gets hot.

The Anglo Saxon.—The Anglo-Saxon statesman is a keen observer of the facts, but knows and cares little for abstract truth or for principles. The Anglo Saxon has immense practical power, but little identity. The Anglo-Saxon is more moral than pious. He observes forms, but is not devout. He formerly would not believe in the soul's immortality unless he could see a ghost, and now scarce will believe unless he can hear one.—*Theodore Parker.*

JEPTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

BY ADELIA.

There are very few passages in the holy writ, recording human transactions, more touching and sublime, than the description given of Jepthah meeting his daughter after the overthrow of the children of Ammon. He had made a vow that if he should conquer his enemies, on his return home, whatsoever should come forth to meet him, should be offered as a burnt offering to the Lord. He returned in triumph, with the warrior's wreath encircling his flushed brow; his heart, elated with his recent successes, throbbed with unusual animation as he was drawing near his home. But see! he stands transfixed with horror; a deathly pallor supplants the roseate flush; for what does he behold! his daughter, a beloved daughter, an only child, coming out to meet him with timbrels and dancing! In one brief moment his parental feelings are wound up to the highest key; slowly his quivering lips part, and with tremulous accents, in which a father's agony is revealed, he says:—"Alas! my daughter, thou hast brought me very low, thou art one of those that trouble. I have made a vow, and cannot go back." No repining at her lot, no reproaches escape her lips, but with true filial devotion warming her heart, she answered, "My father, if thou hast made a vow, do unto me according to that which has proceeded out of thy mouth." No bitter words escaped her lips, no vain regrets rankled in her breast, only one request she makes, and that is, for two months to retire to the mountains, with some of her boon companions, to prepare herself for an acceptable offering.

Methinks with the eye of imagination we can behold that lovely group, on the mountain summits, with their glossy tresses waving in the wild wind, their burning temples cooled by Heaven's auspicious gales. Behold Jepthah's daughter, with her eyes raised to the vaulted sky, her hands folded to her tranquil breast, calmly turned to her weeping companions, and say, "Weep not for me, for I am going to a place where no glittering tear-drops ever course down the checks of others' woes. To a place where the wild, tumultuous heavings of the palpitating heart are stilled, where parting scenes are unknown; there, to that happy, that blissful abode let me go; for my fathers' vow must be fulfilled. I know that in your gay and happy moments in after life, the recollections of these scenes will cause a sympathetic pang to thrill every fibre of your hearts, at what you term my untimely fate; but in reality, it is my early release." For two short months that beautiful train of white robed virgins inhabited their mountain home.—The cressent and full-orbed moon cast her silvery light on the mountain's brow, revealing, by the pale and mellow softness of her beams, that little band of female friends, in sweet repose on a natural couch. The sighing wind would come in fitful gusts, as if dolefully singing the silent requiem to all her earthly hopes and anticipations. Oh, the melancholy pleasure, the painful sympathy they experienced while scaling the shelving rocks, or walking on the sloping declivity of that mount of lamentation! The term that her grief-stricken father had given her has expired, and the last dirge like strain burst from throbbing hearts, and is borne along on the silent breeze; wilder yet it rings, thro' the echoing caverns, and returns laden with the echoing sighs of nature as they descend the sloping bank, with trembling and faltering steps they advance; all save one hesitate to approach the altar. That one, with modest mein and fearless step, is Japthah's daughter. She beholds her father awaiting her approach. "Father, I am ready now, but first let me bid adieu to my mother." With a countenance glowing with heavenly love she was clasped in the maternal arms, which had so often enfolded her in life's early morn, and utters one word,—farewell! Now she turns to receive the last parting kiss from her father's lips. He murmurs in her ear, "My daughter! oh, my daughter!" She now ascends the altar, erected by her father's trembling hands. One glance she casts over the assembled multitude. A murmur of admiration for such a final love and heroic fortitude, displayed by one so young and lovely, runs through the crowd.—Hark! her lips move; she speaks, and a heavenly lustre beams from her bright eyes; a saintly smile plays over her lovely features. "Farewell, dear father and mother, who first taught me the power of love divine; farewell, weeping friends, one and all; a long farewell, until we all meet in one eternal home." The perfume of that offering ascends, and naught now remains but the ashes of that once animated form. Slowly the assembled multitude retire from that sacred spot; silently they separate, and wend their way home, for the annals of time has never recorded a similar transaction. With what heroic fortitude did she meet her fate—with what unflinching integrity did she pass through the fiery ordeal—with what firmness did she offer herself as a sacrifice to her Maker! She was nearer divinity personified than any other human being that ever had existence. A firm reliance on the promises of her Maker always supported her; and we can truly says in the language of the poet,—

"'Tis this, my friend, that streaks my morning bright;
'Tis this that gilds the horrors of the night."

The common happiness of the world is closely connected with, and dependent on the exercise of mutual benevolence.

Position of the Powers of Western Europe.

The London correspondent of the *Tribune*, in a late letter, gives the following statement of the position of the various Governments in relation to the war, and the prospects as to future action:

In order to understand the intricacy of European alliances, I must call your attention to the following statement, which shows the relations of the different powers now involved in the transactions:

1. Turkey, England and France are the original allies at war with Russia.

2. Austria is allied to all the original Allies; she declares her hostility to the Czar; still she is not at war with him.

3. Prussia is in defensive alliance with Austria; she is snubbed by the original allies, but is on the eve of signing a treaty of neutrality with them, though still on friendly terms with Russia.

4. Sardinia is allied to the original allies, and preparing to send an army against Russia, but her Ministers disclaim any alliance with Austria.

5. Naples, on the other hand, has nothing to do with England, where Gladstone is Minister, or with France, where Murat is dreaming of the Neapolitan crown—but King Bomba allies himself to Austria, and sends an army corps to the Danubian Principalities.

6. Tuscany, Modena and Parma are to ally themselves with Austria, and to furnish contingents to her army.

7. The German Princes, bound by the treaty of 1815 to defend the frontiers of Germany, waver between the neutrality of Prussia, friendly to the Czar, and the neutrality of Austria, hostile to the Czar, but in any case they decline to play the second fiddle and to arm for the benefit of either party.

Such is the position of Europe, complicated as it never was before, and altogether depending on the life and good health of Napoleon III, who has no heirs, and no statesman able to continue his work in the same direction. It is believed in Paris that he is about to proceed to Sebastopol, and to take the command of the army. He is dissatisfied with Canrobert, he does not like Pelissier, and distrusts Bosquet. He has made overtures to Cavignac which were rejected with scorn, and he has conceived the notion of trying his own fortune in the field. Still, the difficulties are almost insurmountable. Who can govern France, in the meantime? His half brother, Count Morny, is devoted to him, but he cares more for the operations of the Societe Mobiliere and the Stock Exchange, than for high politics, and Paris remains the most dangerous and most treacherous city of the world. The rumor about his departure to the seat of war, is, therefore, not fully credited here in London; and excites intense displeasure. The army at Boulogne is now officially called *the army of the Rhine*, as a threat against Prussia. Another army is soon to go by way of Milan, Venice, Trieste and Vienna, to Bohemia and Galicia, in order to force Austria to the offensive. But Austria will not stir, unless subsidized by England; and the English Parliament will scarcely even return to the old system of subsidies, which has saddled the country with its present enormous debt. Everybody, therefore, would be glad to see peace reestablished, except Napoleon, who has not yet reaped any glory in the field.—The Turks have had their Oltenitza, Tshetate and Silistria, the English their Alma and Inkermann, the Russians their Asiatic campaign and Sebastopol; but the French have nothing to boast of, and the French nation is peculiarly bent upon glory, and Napoleon cannot conclude peace without winning at least one signal victory. Therefore the English do not believe in a speedy termination of the war by the Vienna Conferences, and the English and French armaments go on as if the war was to be everlasting.

How much Seed to the Acre.

This question cannot be answered definitely, as the opinions of farmers differ materially; and then the climate and soil have much to do with the quantity. The quantity of seeds sown broadcast to the acre as follows:

Wheat,	1½ to 2 bushels.
Barley,	1½ to 2½
Oats,	2 to 4
Rye,	1 to 2
Buckwheat,	¾ to 1½
Millet,	1 to 1½
Indian Corn,	1 to 2
Beans,	2 to 3
Peas,	2½ to 3½
Hemp,	1 to 1½
Flax,	½ to 2
Timothy,	12 to 24 quarts.
Mustard,	8 to 20
Herds' grass, (redtop,)	12 to 16
Flat Turnip,	2 to 3 lbs.
Red Clover,	10 to 16
White Clover,	3 to 4
Kentu'y Blue Grass,	10 to 15
Orchard Grass,	20 to 30

The quantity per acre, when planted in rows or drills, is about thus:

Broom Corn,	1 to 1½ bushels.
Beans,	1½ to 2
Peas,	1½ to 2
Pea Nuts,	1 to 2
Onions,	4 to 5 lbs.
Carrots,	2 to 1½
Parsnips,	4 to 5
Beets,	4 to 6

☞Our readers would do well to keep this table for reference.

A Fox Story.

The editor of the Richmond Daily Dispatch gives the following in a late number of his capital little paper:

An old gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Bacon Quarter Branch, tells a yarn about a fox chase when he was a young man, which not only goes far to show the natural cunning of Reynard, but the ability of the sporsman to get up a good thing when hard pressed for a polished story. We give it in his own way:

'When I was a young man,' says the hunter, 'the neighborhood in which I lived was celebrated for fine horses, fast men, and the best of fox hounds. One pack in particular was looked upon as unequalled, for they had never been known to lose a fox after once jumping him. Some distance from this neighborhood, the reputation of the pack having spread over the eastern portion of the State, we were invited to a chase in a section where dogs always started, but always failed to 'catch,' and we therefore accepted with pleasure. On getting to the skirt of the woods frequented by the unconquerable fox, our pack was turned loose, and soon thereafter the well known voice of old Drummer, as it echoed and re-echoed through the valley, told that the game was up. Every huntsman was immediately on tip toe for the chase.—Now the whole pack is in full cry, and horses, dogs and huntsmen are all excitement, the woods fairly alive with the music of that favorite pack, whose voices were far sweeter to their hearers than the melodious notes of an æolian harp.

The base of the mountain is but two miles off and the fox is making directly for it, while the horses and hounds are straining every nerve and muscle to overtake him. But he has doubled—he makes for the starting point, the dogs in full cry, yet no nearer the fugitive than when they first gave tongue. His course is now eastward, and he pursues it for at least two miles, when he again doubles, and thus the chase is continued in this favored valley, backward and forward, for at least eight hours, when the pack comes to 'bay,' to the great delight of the huntsmen, whose jaded horses told too well the fatigue they had endured, in the memorable chase. Knowing by the bay of the dogs that they had treed, the wearied sportsmen gathered around them, and to their great delight found that old Reynard had taken refuge in the hollow of a tree. An axe was speedily procured, the tree cut down, when there lay two red foxes, both as stiff as pokers, first one and then the other having fled before the pack, until each in turn had been run down and captured. Of course this circumstance explained the reason why the valley was never left, and why the fox always doubled in the chase, and ran from the place from which he was first started.

The Soldier Among the Poor.—The *Salut Public* of Lyons, (France) has the following, who though dressed in plain clothes, were very evidently, from their martial aspect, and from their red ribbon at their button holes, officers of the army, were, a few weeks ago, walking in the Jardines des Plantes. A poor woman with two children begged alms of them. Two of them immediately gave her some money; the third felt in his pockets, but found to his regret that he had forgoten his purse. A little further on the three gentlemen were again solicited for alms, the beggar being a little boy, aged about nine, and as an inducement to them to give, the boy began turning head over heels before them. 'The little fellow gives me a good idea,' cried the officer who had forgotten his purse; 'I will bet you twenty francs that I can turn head over heels as well as he does!' 'The thing is worth seeing,' said the other two laughing, 'and we take the bet!' Immediately, the author of the proposition proceeded, with all the agility of a boy, to execute the feat; and when he had done it he extended his hand for the money. On receiving payment of the twenty francs, he immediately gave it to the poor woman. Some persons who were present complimented the officer on his generosity and skill. 'Poh!' replied he, 'there is not a soldier in the French army who would not, on such occasion, be delighted to exercise the gymnastic skill he may have acquired in his regiment.'

Orchards.—Look through the orchard and put the trees into good shape, prune when necessary.

If any of the trees are to be grafted the work may be commenced the last of this month and continues into April.

The trees should be washed early in the season, before the buds expand, so that the washing may be extended up the main branches without causing injury to the buds.

A good and cheap wash for trees and plants, and one that is easily procured, is the suds of the kitchen. Let the suds be saved and while at moderate temperature be applied to the trunks and limbs of trees with a brush or cloth, and the beneficial results will soon appear.—*Michigan Farmer.*

Why is the British army like a looking glass? Because it cannot be beaten without being destroyed.

An Irishman remarked that a true gentleman never looks at the faults of a pretty woman without shutting his eyes.

Rearing Calves.

Herdsmen and others who have had some experience in raising young cattle, have expressed various opinions in relation to the most proper course or mode of treatment to be pursued, some contending with a good deal of stringency for the natural way as they term it—*i. e.*, permitting them to enjoy the company of their dams till four, five, six or ten months of age, while others assert with equal pertinacity, that the better way is to separate them from the cows when a few days old, and raise them "by hand." The farmer of course will reflect upon the relative advantages of the two methods, and consider the claims of each to preference before he adopts either. But after all, whether the one or the other is most expensive, will depend wholly, or in a great measure, upon the circumstances of time and place. In very many localities, the butter and cheese a judicious and economical dairyman would be able to realize from the milk, or the milk itself, without manufacturing it, would be worth more in ready cash than the carcass of the calf, while in others, it would scarcely defray in the market the cost of manufacturing, while the calf would be very valuable.—A friend who has had much experience in dairying and rearing calves, has directed attention to the following able article on the subject in the Genesee *Farmer*. We present it from that sheet as conveying a most lucid and readily understandable synopsis of our own views of what in a large major of cases, would unquestionably be found the most judicious and economical course for the farmer engaged in stock raising for the market to pursue.—*N. E. Farmer.*

"The cost in both cases ought to be taken into consideration. In the first instance, the butter and cheese, which might be made from the milk, would amount to more in four months than the value of the calf at that age. In the latter the proceeds of the milk, are nearly attained independent of the raising of the calf. This can be established by unquestioned and unquestionable authority. Then there is a very great balance in favor of the latter.

That the calf that runs with the cow four months, will somewhat exceed in growth and proportion the one reared by hand, is readily granted. But after that period, it is taken from the cow, and has to graze to get its own living. There is a change of diet takes place; it shortly becomes stunted; its growth is checked, and this too at the very period when it ought to be in the most thriving condition. The reared by hand becomes more and more accustomed to food, continues gradually to improve without receiving any check in its growth, and when winter arrives, is in far better condition than the others.

There are different procedures in preparing the mess for the calf. Each one has a favorite plan. One mixes with a small portion of milk, a portion of boiled potatoes and fine bran. Another boils the milk, and lets it stand till it cools to the temperature of milk from the cow. The plan most generally adopted (and perhaps the best,) is, to let the milk stand twelve hours, at first, when it is skimmed, heated to the temperature of the cow and a handful of shorts and flour added to each calf's mess. Four or five quarts is at first a proper quantity. This is to be gradually increased as judgment can best decide. After four or five weeks, when, with a small quantity of shorts added, can be be taken with equal success. Calves raised in this manner are more gentle and docile than when they run with the cows, and can be better managed through the winter, and most generally afterwards. Another very important consideration is, they soon forget their mother, and the trouble of keeping them separate through the fall and winter is dispensed with."

☞We think that the Americans have a great passion for statistics. Here is the latest exploit in that line. We have not examined into the correctness of the estimate, preferring that our readers shall "cast it up" for themselves:

A Formidable Undertaking.—A contemporary puts the tobacco question into the following shape: "Suppose a tobacco chewer is addicted to the habit of chewing tobacco fifty years of his life, and that each day of that time he consumes two inches of solid plug, it amounts to six thousand four hundred and seventy-five feet, making nearly one mile and a quarter in length of solid tobacco, half an inch thick and two inches broad. Now what would the young beginner think if he had the whole amount stretched out before him, and were told to chew it would be one of he exercises of his life, and also that it would tax his income to the amount of two thousand and ninety-four dollars?"

Provide for the Birds.—There are few who object to cultivating an intimate acquaintance with the birds; to having them next, ring chatter, rear their young, prey upon the worms and bugs, in orchard, garden and shrubberies. Invite them by putting up small bird-houses, and furnishing them facilities for nesting. A half-gallon empty oyster keg turned down, will attract the wrens, and in all the feathered family there is no more sociable singing and chattering summer companion. Bring them near your bed-room, and their voices will be mingled with the healthful morning air that enters its casements.—*Niagara Democrat.*

A Faithful Girl.

A case of woman's devotion has recently been brought to our knowledge which certainly equals anything that we have ever met with in the realms of romance.—The circumstances occurred in this city, and are perfectly well authenticated.—While the small pox was raging here a few weeks ago, a young man employed in a store on Lake street, was seized with the disease. It was, of course, improper for him to remain there, and the people with whom he lived, who were distant relatives of his, refused to permit him to stay in their house. The result was, that he was taken to the pest house.

It so happened that he was engaged to be married to a most estimable and amiable young lady. No sooner did she hear of his condition than she determined at once that she would nurse him. She underwent vaccination, and then went where they had taken her betrothed to the pest-house. Here she found him, alone, sick, wretched, deserted by all the world.—And here she remained like a ministering angel, waiting beside his bed of pain, soothing his distresses and attending to his wants. He died. But how consoling must have been his last moments.

Though all the world had forsaken him she, whom he loved better than all the world, remained faithful to the last. Her hand it was that smoothed his pillow; her eyes still beamed upon him with mournful but unabated affection; into her ear he poured his last words of love, of sorrow, and of hopes that in this world might never be fulfilled.

It recalled to our mind, when we heard it, the words that Bulwer puts in the mouth of one of his characters:—"To be watched and tended by the one we love, who would not walk blind and barefoot over the world."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Waif.—We find the following beautifully written paragraph, floating, without a word of credit to their author, through the newspaper world:

Child Lost. Such is the heading of an advertisement in another column. A little girl, upon whose head the blossoms of but ten summers have descended, has drifted away from the home anchorage, out upon the rough waves of stranger life; and the Press becomes a tongue to herald forth the cry of the mourning mothers hear't—'Come back, my lost child, come back!'

'Child Lost!' There are shadows gathered now where all was light before; the dark mantle of a heavy grief lies upon the mother's heart, shrouding it as a veil of ashes, and even the anxious prayer hovering on the pale lips of Hope wears a melancholy tinge. The brightest jewel has slipped away from the string of affection; the whitest rose of the family tree has been wafted off—what wonder, then, there is sorrow sitting on the household shrine, and darkness gathering on the threshold! Who is there that loses a lamb from his fold, and goes not forth in quest thereof in all the by-lanes and side paths of the outer world, offering rewards continually for the restoration of the lost one?

'Child Lost!' There are many lost children wandering through this world of ours. Children lost in sin and iniquity—children lost to all the sweet purposes of Time and the grand hopes of Eternity.—In every path of life these lost ones are wandering up and down, foot sore and weary, their souls faint for waters they cannot taste, and their lives wither up like the stubble of the field. Scarcely is there a home in the land which has not sent out such an one to tread the dim aisles where the beautiful light never penetrates—where only serpents hiss and pitfalls yawn beneath the thriving night-shade.

A Scotchman's Opinion of America.

From Chambers' Journal for November.

"The persons in America who seem to me to merit compassion most, were not the poor, for of these there are not many, except in a few large cities; those who are to be pitied are the rich. Obtaining wealth by a course of successful industry, it would appear as if there were no other means of spending it than in rearing splendid mansions and in furnishing them in Oriental luxury, and thereafter living in gorgeous magnificence, like the prince merchants of Genoa in the time past of Italian glory. So far as the actual founders of fortunes are concerned there is perhaps little to discommend in all this, but it was disagreeably pressed on my notice that the sons of these millonaires, born to do nothing but to live off their father's earnings, were to be pitied. In New York they were seen lounging about idly in the parlors and bar rooms of the hotels, worn out by dissipation and the nightly victims of the gambling house, of which there are a number in Broadway on a scale of matchless splendor.

In Great Britain, as we all know, a considerable portion of the fortunes realized in a trade is expended in the purchase of land and effecting rural improvments of various kinds, the country by such means, becomeing a useful engine of depletion to the town; but in America land conveys no honor, and is not bought except as a temporary investment or a source of livelihood.

"Wealthy men, therefore, would have nothing to look for in rural life beyond the pleasure of a villa; so far as I could learn, they do not even go that length, but consume their means, for the most part, in the more seductive but not very refining enjoyments of the city.