THE JOURNAL,

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W. B. MITCHELL,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Of all kinds, plain or colored, executed on short notice, in the best style, and at St. Paul prices. Printing done in German and Norwegian, as well as English, and warranted to give satisfaction.

LAND SALE.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
LAND OFFICE,
St. Paul, Sept. 6, 1873.

NOTICE is hereby given that the State Land Commissioner will offer at public sale all the School, Agricultural College and University lands that have been appraised and remain unsold, in the counties hereafter mentioned, as follows:

Faribault—Blue Earth City, Tuesday, Oct. 14, 1873.
Martin—Fairmount, Wednesday, Oct. 15, 1873.
Jackson—Jackson, Thursday, Oct. 16, 1873.
Anoka—Anoka, Saturday, Oct. 18, 1873.
Wright—Buffalo, Monday, Oct. 20, 1873.
Meeker—Litchfield, Tuesday, Oct. 21, 1873.
Kandiyohi—Willmar, Wednesday, Oct. 22, 1873.
Otter Tail—Fergus Falls, Saturday, Oct. 25, 1873.
Douglas—Alexandria, Monday, Oct. 27 1873.
Stearns—St. Cloud, Wednesday, Oct. 29, 1873.
McLeod—Glencoe, Thursday, Oct. 30, 1873.
Pine—Pine City, Saturday, Nov. 1, 1873.
Ramsey—State Land Office, Monday, Nov. 3, 1873.

Internal Improvement lands will be offered in the counties of Jackson, Martin, Kandiyohi and Otter Tail.

Printed lists showing the tracts to be offered, their appraised value, and the terms of sale, will be distributed in the counties mentioned.

No lands will be sold for less than their appraised value.

At least fifteen per cent. on the purchase money must be paid at the time of the purchase, together with interest on the remaining portion to the first of June, 1874, at the rate of seven per cent. per annum. On timber lands the first payment must equal the value of the timber to be separated from the land.

The balance of the purchase money or principal, may be paid in full or by instalments, as any time within twenty years from the date of sale; provided that the interest is paid as required annually in advance.

Upon a failure to pay interest when due, the land reverts back to the State without further notice or process, and will be sold again at public sale unless double the amount of interest due is previously paid.

ORLEN P. WHITCOMB,
Commissioner.

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INDIAN SUMMER.

As we watched some loving life die out,
And shut the lids down on the glazing eye,
And felt the cheek we'd clasped grow cold and hard
In the first coldness of the agony!
If in that moment, when the soul was strained
To catch the gone one—the dear hand should rise,
The eyes unclose, the soul give one last look,
And then die out, indeed! 'Twere like to thee,
Oh sweet, last smile from the dead summer's face.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

Quick as the bolt fell and wildly flew for it.
The life insurance folks cried: "Let 'em sue for it."

Jane used camphene to light her fire the faster.
"We lay her to rest," intoned the pastor.

Smith blew the gas out ere the bed he glided for,
Leaving his family quite unprovided for.

To learn if charged, Jones breathed into his fowling-piece.
His widow's uncle will support his bowling niece.

Brown thought he'd fifft with Simpson's wife a little.
The jury stood a dozen for acquittal.

"I'll shave," said Ruth, of woman's rights the fore-runner.
"The razor must have slipped," observed the Coroner.

Styles jumped to reach a moving rail-car's platform
A home's bereavement shocking is in that form.

"What whisky one can stand," said Tompkins, "try, oh! lets."
His sleep is sweet beneath the early violets.

His shop girls put on topmost floor, did Blaney.
After the fire they did not count so many.

Jinks tried to stop, by hand, a something-other-in'sew.
"My daughter's next shan't smoke," remarked his mother-in-law.

—*New York Graphic.*

LAFAYETTE AND ARNOLD'S TREASON.

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN.

But the event of this visit of mine to Paris was my introduction, by Frances Wright, to General Lafayette. Of all men living, he was the one I most enthusiastically admired, and the one I had the most earnestly longed to see. These feelings had gained fresh fervor in the United States. Just two months before I landed at New York, Lafayette had returned home in the Brandywine, after a year's sojourn in the land which he had aided to liberate, and by which he had been welcomed as never nation till then, had welcomed a man.

I heard his praise on every tongue, I found love and gratitude toward him in every heart.

My admiration and sympathy were no doubt transparent, and these may have won for me, from one of the most genial of men, a hearty reception. At all events, he devoted himself to satisfy my curiosity, with an overflowing good-nature and a winning kindness and simplicity that I shall remember to my dying day.

A few items of our conversation I still most distinctly recollect. One incident, presenting the Father of his Country in a rare aspect, ever recalls to me, when I think of it, the tender eyes and the gracious, loving manner which made the grand old Frenchman the idol of all young people who were fortunate enough to share his friendship.

It was just before the unmasking, of the sole traitor who loomed up during our Revolution, on one of the most eventful days in all that eventful period, and more than four years after the immortal Declaration had been read from the steps of the old Philadelphia statehouse; it was the 25th of September, 1780. On the afternoon of the preceding day, Washington, after dining at Fishkill, had set out with his suite, intending to reach Arnold's headquarters, eighteen miles distant, that evening. What would have happened had he carried out his intention, we can now only conjecture. What men call chance—a casual meeting near Fishkill with the French minister, De Luzerne—induced him to remain there that night. Next morning, after sending notice to Arnold that he might expect him to breakfast, he again changed his intention, turning off to visit some redoubts on the Hudson, opposite West Point, and sending two aides-de-camp to apologize. It was while these officers were at breakfast with the family that Arnold received the despatch which announced Andre's capture, and caused his (Arnold's) instant flight, on pretence, to his visitors, of a call from West Point. Some hours later, Washington, arriving with General Knox and General Lafayette, and finding Arnold gone, followed him, as he supposed, across the river, and learning that Arnold had not been to West Point, returned to dinner. As Washington approached the house, his aide, Colonel Hamilton, who had remained behind, came hurriedly to meet him, and placed in his hands a despatch which, as confidential staff-officer, he had already opened, and which disclosed Arnold's treachery. Washington communicated its contents, doubtless before dinner, to General Knox, and to him alone, with the brief and significant words, "Whom can we trust now?"

The usual version is that he thus communicated the portentous news to General Knox and Lafayette jointly; but that is an error. The statement made to me by the latter, during our journey to La Grange, surprised and interested me at the time, and has remained indelibly impressed on my memory. It was this:

When Washington sat down to dinner, no unusual emotion was visible on his countenance. He was grave and silent, but not more so than often happened when recent tidings from the army occupied his thoughts. At the close of the meal he beckoned to Lafayette to follow him, passed to an inner apartment, turned to his young friend without uttering a syllable, placed the fatal despatch in his hands, and then, giving way to an ungovernable burst of feeling, fell on his neck and sobbed aloud. The effect produced on the young Frenchman, whose devotion to Washington was almost that of a son, and who had been accustomed to regard his general (cold and dignified in his usual manner) as devoid of the common weaknesses of humanity, may be imagined. "I believe," said Lafayette to me in relating this anecdote, "that this was the only occasion throughout that long and sometimes hopeless struggle that Washington ever gave way, even for a moment, under a reverse of fortune; and perhaps I am the only human being who ever witnessed in him an exhibition of feeling so foreign to his temperament. As it was, he recovered himself before I had perused the communication that had given rise to his excitement, and when we returned to his staff not a trace remained in his demeanor either of grief or despondency."—*Atlantic Monthly for October.*

THE DEVIL'S CANON.

In the California Geyser Region.

There are no spouting fountains in the canon, but numerous bubbling springs, that sink and rise with spasmodic action. These number a hundred or two, and are of varying temperature and constituents. A few are quite cold, closely adjoining hot springs; while others have a temperature of 100 to 207 degrees. Some appear to be composed of alum and iron, others of sulphur and magnesia, while a few are strongly acidulous. Here the water is pale yellow, like that of ordinary white sulphur springs; there it is as black as ink. The mingling of these different currents, with the aid of frequent steam infusions, intensifies the chemical action, the spatter and fuming, that are incessantly going on. These phenomena are not confined to the narrow bed of the gorge, but extend for a hundred or two feet in places up its sides, which slope at a pretty steep angle. These slopes are soft masses of rock decomposed or slackened by chemical action, and colored brilliantly with crystallized sulphur, and sulphates of iron, alum, lime and magnesia, deposited from the springs and jets of steam which are highly charged with them. As the rocks decompose and leach under the chemical action to which they are subjected, the soft siliceous mass remaining, of a putty-like consistence, mixes with these salts. Some of the heaps thus formed assume conical shapes. They have an apparently firm crust, but are really treacherous stepping places. One of the most remarkable steam-vents in the canon is in the top of such a pile, fifty feet up the steep slope. It blows like the escape-pipe of a large engine. The beautiful masses of crystallized sulphur which form about it, as about the innumerable small fumeroles that occur along both banks, tempt one to dare to climb, and face the hot steam. The mass shakes beneath the tread, and is probably soft to a great depth. Wherever in these soft heaps a stick is thrust in, the escaping warm air soon deposits various salts. Of course a walk over such material is ruinous to boot and shoe leather, while the splash of acid waters often injures the clothing. Everybody stops to gather specimens of the various salts and rocks. The guide presents to be tasted pure epsom-salts (sulphate of magnesia), and salts of iron and alum, of soda and ammonia. Few care to taste the waters however, which rival in their chemical and sanitary qualities all the springs of all the German spas together. Perhaps the most remarkable of the Geyser springs is that called, happily enough, the Witches Caldron. This is a black cavernous opening in the solid rock, about even feet across, and of unknown depth, filled with thick inky liquid, boiling hot, that tumbles and roars under the pressure of escaping steam, emitting a smell like that of bilge-water, and seems to proceed from some Plutonic reservoir. One irresistibly thinks of the hellbroth in Macbeth, so "thick and slab," and repeats the words of the weird sisters:

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

A clever photographer, Mr. Muybridge, conceived the idea of grouping three lady visitors about this caldron, with hands hooked, and alpenstocks held like magic wands, in which position he photographed them amid the vaporous scene with telling effect. Another notable spot is the Devil's Gristmill, where a large column of steam escapes from a hole in the rock with so much force that stones and sticks laid at the aperature are blown away like bits of paper. The internal noises at this vent truly resemble the working of a grist mill. Milton's hero is sponsor for another spring called the Devil's inkstand, notable for its black waters, specimens of which are taken off in vials, and used at the hotels to inscribe the names of guests on the register.—*Scribner for October.*

—"What's your business?" asked a judge of a prisoner at the bar. "Well I s'pose you might call me a locksmith." "When did you last work at the trade?" "Last night, when I heard a call for the perlice, I made a bolt for the front door."

—Mrs. A.—"Well, good bye, dear You must come and see my new dresses from Paris, one charming morning dress, among others, quite simple, and only costing sixty-seven guineas! You'll come, won't you? and tell me what you think of it!" Mrs. B.—"Oh, my dear, I'm no judge of such clothing, you know!"

RAILROAD EXTORTION.

GEN. EDGERTON'S VIEW OF THE REMEDY.

OFFICE OF RAILROAD COM'R.,
ST. PAUL, MINN., Sept. 16, 1872

DEAR SIR—In answer to yours of the 13th inst., asking me if there "is any remedy for the unjust and unreasonable rates recently adopted by the railroad companies for the transportation of wheat," and "if they have the power to grab the whole crop of the farmers," I would respectfully say there is a remedy; but if the present case now pending in the Supreme Court of the United States should be decided adversely to the State (which I do not believe), it may need some amendment to render it complete. The next Legislature should, in my opinion, so modify the rules of evidence, and otherwise amend the present law, as to admit a species of proof, now inadmissible, that all over and above the fixed rates are unreasonable and extortionate. The introduction of such proof, and that the company sought to be charged, has charged such unreasonable rates, should constitute a *prima facie* case. The company should then be allowed to rebut this by such evidence as it may have or the peculiar circumstance of the case will admit.

The question will then go to the jury upon the *prima facie* case of the plaintiff. If the jury shall find that the company has failed to adduce sufficient proof for the reasonableness of the rates charged, then, of course, the plaintiff must recover. The whole question, must in such cases, be determined by a jury of the county where the unreasonable charge is made.

Perhaps it might be well in such cases to provide for treble damages, and also make a reasonable allowance for costs, so that the burden should rest where it properly belongs.

I do not believe this course can work any hardship. As the rules of evidence now stand, the plaintiff must show that the rates charged are unreasonable by proof exclusively within the possession of the railroad companies. This plan only reverses the rule, and throws the burden of proof upon the parties who are in possession of it; and it further makes the local jury, instead of the legislature, the judge of what is reasonable.

The companies all admit that they are compelled to carry at reasonable rates. This is not only a principle of common law, but is expressly incorporated in most of the charters. The question whether a certain rate is reasonable or unreasonable thus becomes purely an issue of *fact to be determined by a jury.*

This course will impair no vested rights, as the legislature has the unquestionable authority, at any time, to alter and modify the rules of evidence.

There is another reason why this plan should be adopted. The decision of the supreme court of the State does not determine the authority of the State over companies having charters like the St. Paul & Pacific.

I would therefore recommend that every one injured by the present unreasonable rates keep an exact account of the losses sustained for future adjustment.

These remedies, in my opinion, will secure us against abuses and extortionate rates in the State, but in order to render this remedy complete, we must appeal to the authority of the General Government. Congress, under the constitution of the United States, has the undoubted authority to supply all needful remedies. And the sooner the producers of the West and the consumers of the East unite and demand of that body this needed protection the better.

One of the most distinguished U S. Senators has lately given utterance to the following significant words:

"Under the constitutional provision giving Congress 'power to regulate commerce among the several States,' Congress has power to regulate the great through lines of railways engaged in conducting the interests of State commerce."

In answer to your second inquiry, I would say that if all these remedies fail us, to-wit: the law of 1871 and the course recommended above, then we are indeed at the mercy of these monopolies.

I have not mentioned the possibility or practicability of State ownership of the roads, for I have full confidence in the legal authority of the State and the remedies above alluded to.

Respectfully yours,

A. J. EDGERTON,
R. R. Commissioner.

—*St. Paul Press.*

—It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend. Seeds thus sown by the wayside often bring forth an abundant harvest. You might so spend your summer among the people that they and their descendants should be better and happier through time and eternity, for your works and your example.—*Ruskin.*

—We ask for long life, but it is deep life, or grand moments that signify. Let the measure of time be spiritual, not mechanical. Life is unnecessarily long. Moments of insight, of fine personal relation, a smile, a glance—what ample borrowers of eternity they are.—*Emerson.*

WHAT IS IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA?

BY CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

What do we know about things ten miles down in the stupendous valleys of the ocean? On land, here, the vegetation of the Alpine base is not that of its summit; the wild goat skips upon the peaks of the Himalayas, but the rhinoceros has his lair miles below. Our acquaintance with the mysteries of the deep must be absolutely and literally superficial, for we may assume that its mountain-tops alone are revealed to us, and these dimly, and that to its valleys our senses can never penetrate. All the creatures that disport themselves on or near its surface, are more or less familiar to us,—the whales, the porpoises, and the sharks, that come tumbling over its undulations much in the same way that buffaloes come floundering over the waves of the prairie. The countless broods that feed on its shallow banks, and are taken therefrom to feed shallower mortals, are all within our grasp, and we grasp them. On the ledge of the iceberg sits enthroned the walrus, and we salute him as the elephant of the sea, and esteem him unspeakably for the commercial value of his ivory tusks. The huge seacow has no mystery for us. We make the harmless creature up from its bed of seaweed on the isolated rock, and having wished it a good morning, we stick spears into it, and convert it to the noble purpose of gain. The magnificent sea-unicorn, king of the Arctic waters, is no stranger to us, which is just so much the worse for him. We have cognisance of all these sea creatures and many more, the range of which appears to be in the upper regions of the deep; but what can we aver of the mystic realms that lie far, far down about the bases of the great submarine mountain ranges,—mountains compared with which our highest dry-land peaks are possibly nothing but mere hillocks?

There is a sea monster known to fishermen as the Horned Ray, a monster most fearful in itself, but interesting as an illustration of that which is, and a suggestion of that which may be, —a veritable dragon of the sea, whose lateral fins extend like wings, and frequently measure more than thirty feet from tip to tip. This voracious fish will sometimes make its appearance among the swimmers in the surf, and taking one under each arm, so to speak, descend with them to depths unknown. Until ocean shall have been dried up, or drained off, no human being can ever explore the strong grottoes into which this hideous man-eater glides with his prey. The great fishes and sea beasts that are known to us may be creatures of the upper deep alone, never descending below a certain depth, lest they encounter far more hideous and powerful monsters than themselves, which dwell at the bases of the marine mountains leagues farther down. One can easily imagine a polypus anchored there below in some distracting valley, of which it is the lord and tyrant,—a stupendous mass of bloated matter, grasping at everything within a circumference of half a mile, and absorbent of all living creatures under the size of a whale. In the China Sea there are bivalves—whether oysters or mussels I am not certain—the shells of which are large enough to contain a man properly doubled up. If a monster like this inhabit comparative shallows, there is no limit to one's imaginings of the bivalvular enormities at the bottom ten miles further down.—*Atlantic Monthly for October.*

HOUSEKEEPING VERSUS HOUSE-KEEPING.

The truest homes are often in houses not especially well kept, where the comfort and happiness of the inmates rather than the preservation of the furniture, is first consulted. The object of home is to be the centre, the point of tenderest interest, the pivot on which family life turns. The first requisite is to make it attractive, so attractive that none of its inmates shall care to linger long outside its limits.—All legitimate means should be employed to this end, and no effort spared that can contribute to the purpose.—Many houses called homes, kept with waxy neatness by painstaking, anxious women, are so oppressive in their nicety as to exclude all home-feeling from their spotless precincts. The very name of home is synonymous with personal freedom and relaxation from care. But neither of these can be felt where such a mania for external cleanliness pervades the household as to render everything else subservient thereto.—Many housewives, if they see a speck on the floor or wall, or even a scrap of thread or bit of paper on the floor, rush at it, as if it were the seed of pestilence which must be removed on the instant. Their temper depends upon their maintenance of perfect purity and order. If there be any failure on their part, or any combination of circumstances against them, they fall into a pathetic despair, and can hardly be lifted out. They do not see that cheerfulness is more needful to home than all the spotlessness that ever shone. Their disposition to wage war upon maculateness of any sort increases until they become slaves of the broom and dust pan.—Neatness is one thing and a state of perpetual house-cleaning quite another.

Out of this grows by degrees the feeling that certain things and apartments are too good for daily use. Hence chairs and sofas are covered, and rooms shut up, save for the special occasions when they are permitted to be violated sacredness in a manner to mars every pleasure of hospitality. Nothing should be bought which is considered too fine for the more domestic appropriation. The plainest furniture, on which children can climb, than satin and gilt ask which must be shunned once. Where anything is secluded, to disguise the fact is extremely difficult. A chilly air it round, and the repulsiveness is experienced by the most sible.

There are few persons who have not visited houses where they have introduced to what is known as the pany parlor. They must remember how uncomfortable they were sitting in it; how they felt impossible to be at ease, and the reason that their hosts were not themselves at ease. children were watched lest they should displace something; so that the entertainers friends became very much in discipline. They must breathe sweet the fresh air around them, and how they inwardly rebelled ing that temple of form and that something more than would be required to incite them to turn.

Home is not a name, nor a It is a spirit, a presence, a Material and method will not make it. It must get its life sweetness from those who from flowers and sunshine, sympathetic natures which, exercise of sympathy, can by tyranny of the broom and the duty of endless scrubbing.—*Scribner for October.*

A DEMOCRATIC DODGE.

In certain sections of the country where the Patrons of Husbandry hold the balance of power there seems to be a growing tendency to convert the order into one of a political character.—The temptation to form a new party which shall represent a leading interest, and unite a powerful element against smaller and weaker ones, is both strong and natural, and to resist it demands the highest order of patriotism. We have large sympathy for the farmers' movement, and believe that by proper management it can greatly benefit the interests which it was formed to protect. Its founders saw the dangers which the introduction of politics would create, and wisely excluded its presence from the order. We are glad to see that the prevailing sentiment of the granges is against the movement look in foot by certain designing men to use the order for political purposes. The best friends see in this movement the defeat of its principal object, and the early dissolution of the order itself.—Whatever tends to weaken the Republican party as a national power, takes from it the ability to bring about the reforms which the farmers of the West are in need of. To break away from the party, and form another on purely class grounds, may for a time insure special advantages, but these will be purchased at the expense of greater advantages, which must of necessity be forfeited in their character. Cheaper transportation to the seaboard, and to the markets of the East is one of necessities of the hour. It is the all sections of the country, and to obtain it about requires the united efforts of representatives of all branches of industry. The Republican party is fully alive to the importance of opening new outlets for western products, and has already taken steps to secure them at an early day. To cripple the party by withdrawing from it enough strength to throw the election into the hands of the Democracy would be to imperil the best interests of the West. We cannot but regard this movement towards the formation of a third party as nothing more nor less than a Democratic dodge, having for its object the disruption of the Republican party by a division in its ranks. Every Republican farmer in the West should be on his guard against the seductive influences of those politicians who assure them that nothing but a farmer's ticket can secure the relief they demand. If the farmers hold the balance of power in any State, they have it within their power to elect men who shall represent their interests. This can be done through the Republican party without in the least weakening its power. We sincerely hope that the Republican farmers everywhere will frown down all attempts to nominate a class ticket. It will lead to the organization of other interests against them, and defeat the project now on foot for their relief. If they want to be felt in politics let them be more active in the caucuses of the State and seek the nomination of men who will truly represent them in the State and national councils.—*Washington Republic.*

—The resources of the country are ample, and the present stringency must be of short duration. Business of all kinds is reviving and promises well.—Harvests are plentiful. The cotton crop is unusually large. The foreign demand will be greater than ever.—England alone will want nearly a hundred million bushels of our breadstuffs, and already American iron sells in her markets. Ship building is reviving, and the tone of mercantile and manufacturing enterprise was never so firm and high as to day. Underneath the frauds and defalcations that destroy the community and shake the public confidence, there is a sturdy sense of honor and an integrity that nothing can shake. The prospect is very cheering, and there will be no trouble if our people will confine their operations that are legitimate and in with the really productive industries of the country in an honorable and manly way.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—The Danbury *News* man's take well in England. The London *Athenæum* calls his book "exceedingly dull and wearisome."

The St. Cloud Journal.

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