The Democratic Advocate.

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Select Poetry.

APRIL SHOWERS.

Patter—patter!
Listen how the rain-drops clatter,
Falling on the shingle roof;
How they rattle,
Like the rifle's click in battle,
Or the charger's iron hoof!
Cool and pleasant
Is the evening air at present,
Gathering freshness from the rain;
Languor chasing,
Muscle, thew, and sinew bracing,
And enlivening the brain.
Close together
Draw the bands of love in weather
When the sky is overcast:
Eyeballs glisten;
Thankfully we sit and listen
To the rain that's coming fast.
Dropping—dropping
Like dissolving diamonds, popping
'Gainst the chrystal window-pane,
As if seeking
Entrance-welcome, and bespeaking
Our affection for the rain.

The Traveller.

From the Snow Hill Messenger.

A TRIP TO NORTH CAROLINA.

From the days of Anacharsis down to the present, it has been customary for persons to write an account of their travels and observations, as a means of entertainment and instruction to those who have not visited such parts of the country. Especially is this the case, when the scenes and adventures lie in some foreign country, while the more humble realms of our own vast domain remain *terra incognita* to our own citizens.

Having recently made a short tour through a portion of a neighboring State in the dead of winter, and met with some casualties and incidents out of the usual routine of observation, I have concluded to jot them down.

From Crisfield I proceeded to Norfolk. The next morning I took the steamer for Elizabeth City, via Dismal Swamp Canal, which canal we reached at Deep Creek and entered the first lock of about six feet in height. This canal is about 40 miles long; has 4 feet of water, and admits boats 18 feet wide. On the west side it is one unbroken swamp chiefly of cedar or juniper, but has been worked out and burned out for many years, except some portions west of Lake Drummond, in which Messrs. Baird & Roper are operating. On the east side of the canal there are several very large and fertile farms, for some miles after leaving Deep Creek, and then it also becomes swampy and apparently worthless. Here I saw the ruins of a Peat Factory that had been in operation some years ago, but it would not pay. Here I saw a lot of ground enclosed and said to contain 3,000 bee hives owned by one man. When we got opposite the feeder from Lake Drummond we had ascended 18 feet, the highest point, and from there we descend till we reach South Mills, where we entered Pasquotank River, and thence to Elizabeth City, which place we reached about 11 o'lock at night.

The next morning I took the hack for Hertford. There is some good country around Hertford, and they now make cotton their chief paying crop, where before they made none at all.

My next point was Edenton, and I had for my companion an Episcopal clergyman who was quite entertaining. He told me he was on a begging tour to raise $40,000 for the support of the Episcopacy of that Diocese. I reached Edenton for dinner, and saw gentlemen to whom I had references and letters. This place suffered but little from the effects of the war, it being a kind of neutral ground.

Here I met with Major Gilliam, who was captured at Hatteras and confined in Fort Warren with the members of the Maryland Legislature, who were made prisoners there. He named over a good many of my acquaintances who had taken up quarters in that inevitable resort for those times. He is a leading member of the bar and attends the courts in the surrounding counties.

Late at night I took the steamer for Colerain, in Bertie county, and reached there about midnight all alone, one mile from the town. This was not at all pleasant, but there was no help, and I started afoot, when a young gentleman in a buggy came along and took me up. He took me to a village of only a few houses, and routed up a clerk who told me where I could find lodging for the night. It was a large, bleak two-story house, and very dreary and cold; here I shivered and slept the best I could for the remainder of the night. The next morning I called on certain parties who took me around the country, and I spent two days very agreeably.

From this place I took the steamer to Plymouth, and in the morning went by hack to Jamesville on the lower part of Roanoke River. Here I went out on the railroad to the Land and Lumber Company's Mills. Henry H. King, Esq. of Philadelphia, is President of the company, who had given me a letter to G. H Everson, Esq. the Superintendent. This company has a large lumber yard on Roanoke River, from which their railroad runs back eleven miles in a straight direction for Washington, and only 9½ miles from the the last named town, on the Pamplico River, which they will probably reach this year, or at an early day. Mr. Everson told me this eleven miles cost the company $90,000. They have two large saw mills, one at a cost of $30,000 and the other $20,000. In one of these mills they have a muley saw, gang saw, circular, double edger, crosscut, plaining machine, grist mill and shingle mill. They turn out 32,000 feet a day. A store house in connection sells $24,000 worth a year; there is also a blacksmith shop, hotel, &c. They have an immense tract of land lying in Martin county, covered with pine, cypress and juniper.

From there I hired a private conveyance across to Washington, where I arrived before night, and stopped at the only hotel, kept by a Mr. Adams. I had references to certain gentlemen in this place. One of them, Colonel C. the Marshal of the State, was home on a visit and rode around with me and offered every kindness. Messrs. B. & G. also invited me to their Scuppernong wine establishment, where they have about 5,000 gallons on hand. They make a light Champagne wine, also brandy from the same grape, which is a native of this State, and highly prized. The country is diversified and quite poor in general, though there are many fertile sections. Washington suffered more from the late war than any place I saw. More than half the town was burned, including all of the business portion, and there are many of the chimeys still standing like dismantled masts of a stranded ship, though there are quite a number of new and tasty residences now built and others in contemplation. Bath, a few miles below here, was once the seat of Government for this State. There are but few houses there now, and very little commerce, though there is a belt of good land around it. Washington is a good fish market, and I ate shad during my stay there every day—say 22d of February and for several days. They also have excellent oysters in large supply down to the eastward and along the sound.

I left here in an oyster boat manned by Capt. Day and his son; and with a fair breeze we reached Goose Creek about dark, too late to go ashore that night, a distance of 40 miles from Washington. Next morning we went ashore and stopped at Mr. C——'s, who was very hospitable. The people here seem contented and are quite primitive in their habits. They dress in home-made clothes and live in a plain way, and have never learned the extravagancies that ease and luxury beget. I was told that there never had been a lawsuit in this whole community, even before a magistrate; and their smoke houses and corn cribs were never locked, and larceny was a crime unknown to them. Some of our fast folks who pretend to the greater refinements of modern civilization would fall these people behind the age, and so they are, and so may they ever be, when the age thrusts forward mental culture at the expense of moral worth. When the time came to leave, we were unable to find a buggy to take us, and so we got into a small cart drawn by a pony like our beachers. Thus we jolted and jogged along a distance of 23 miles to Bay River, most of the time on foot far ahead of the pony cart, which came along at a snail-pace seldom getting out of a slow walk.

At Bay River I made the acquaintance of Dr. A. and a very tall N. C. preacher, Rev. H. who told me he was only 6 feet 3½ inches in his stockings, and that he knew of seven men in his county—Green—6 feet 7 inches tall. That portion of N. C. that lies between the table lands and the tide water region, is noted for its tall, bony and muscular people. This part of Craven county has been recently set off, and formed into a new county, called Pamplico. The location for the county seat is not yet fully determined, and the people around Bay River want to make it at the junction of Bay River and Trent River. A beautiful site it is for a town, with good navigation on both rivers, and quite central for the whole county.

I then went out some two or three miles in a southerly direction and saw some as good land as I ever saw anywhere. A gentleman told me he made 2522 lbs of seed cotton, or 840 lbs lint, per acre, which at 16 cts. per lb. would be $134.40 per acre. But this was an exceptional crop. I met a Mr. A. however, who told me he could pay $100 per acre for cleared land, around there, in five years, without having a dollar to pay down. He said the land paid from $20 to $33 a year per acre, rent—and I thought so too, from what I saw. Many persons told me the average product in corn was from 40 to 60 bushels per acre, and no manure—though after about six crops manure is beneficial. An afflicted man close by, and unable to work has three daughters who made last year with their own labor and one small pony, 1500 bushels of corn, 4 bales of cotton and 300 bushels of sweet potatoes. The average crop of sweet potatoes is 400 bushels per acre, and I saw some 18 inches long and large in proportion, and was told that 45 potatoes filled a barrel. All of this land has to be well drained, and the timber on it is very heavy, of pine, poplar and gum, mixed on the same soil.

They have an economical way of clearing the land I had never before witnessed; it is thus: They first ditch the land, and then from August to March, cut down the timber; in May they burn it thoroughly, which consumes all but the bodies of the trees; they then take a pointed stick, punch holes in the ground and drop the corn. It is left to grow till about waist high, when a man or boy with a stick in hand beats down the butter weeds around the hills of corn, and this is all the labor that crop gets. No horse or plow is used. They get from 20 to 30 bushels per acre this crop. The next year the logs are cut and rolled in heaps and burnt, when the land is plowed and planted, and they usually get from 40 to 60 bushels per acre. After the land is cultivated three or four years in corn, it is then in condition for cotton, which pays much better.

I was struck with one remarkable formation throughout this section of the country. Marl of marine character underlies this whole region. In some places it crops out at the surface; in other localities it is from one to four feet below. It is composed of little shells from the size of a grain of wheat to that of your thumb nail, and then again there are large sea shells, oyster, clam, &c. It has a good effect upon the crops, and is inexhaustible.

On Sunday it was quite cold, and snowed and rained alternately; nevertheless, there had been no preaching for eight weeks, and we must have a sermon. So off we started to church and made up a congregation of nine persons. The house was quite large and no stove. It was not yet plastered, and there was abundance of ventilation. There I sat and shivered anxiously expecting the preacher to omit the usual services on account of the small audience and bad weather. This, I knew, our ministers, under similar circumstances, usually did. But he did no such thing, and took his text and gave us an excellent sermon; yet, highly as I appreciated all that was said, I must own I felt great pleasure when the benediction was said. By this time I was chilled through and hastened to a good fire at Capt. B's. Mrs. B. had a nice dinner, which I enjoyed.

The next day I was to start for Newbern, some 25 miles across the country, in a one-horse hack. When the morning came, Rev. H. said he would take me in his buggy. This I accepted with many thanks, and we started. I soon found there was a perfect understanding between Bro. H. and his horse Dolly. Most of the entire journey was measured in a slow walk, and when the beast did trot, it appeared to me she went slower than in a walk. Country only passable, and in many places no more than a barren heath. Bro. H. told me there was a new ferry below the old one, which would cut off a mile, so we bent our course that way, and stopped at Mr. L's. where the horse was left, and we took it afoot 2½ miles to the ferry. Mr. L. was very kind and gave me some cuttings of the Scuppernong grape, which I brought home; he also accompanied us part of the way to the ferry.

This ferry and its surroundings I shall never forget. It is owned by a Mr. Howard of Newbern, and kept by Mr. Ephraim, Quigly. Here we are, in sight of Newbern, and the Neuse River, one mile wide, between us, the ferry boat on the town side, the swells running high and night approaching. Five colored men soon drop in, all anxious to pass over, but find it too rough. Despairing of getting over that night we hovered close to the fire and gave over to fate. The house is a new one, not finished and very cold. On looking around, saw but one bed for the long preacher, the Ferry-man and myself. The colored men had a room to themselves. We sat up talking till near midnight, and when we could do no more we went to bed. There were few dreams and but little sleep by one of that party that night I assure you. The next morning the wind was blowing as fierce as ever, and no prospect of crossing.

In conversation with one of those colored men, a youth of eighteen years, I found he could read and write, and to my surprise repeated the whole of the 3d chapter of Matthew by memory, I holding the book at the time, and he made no mistake. I asked him if he went to school, he said no, had never been to school a day in his life, but kept his book with him wherever he went and if he stopped along the road or in the field, but for a moment, he studied his book. He could also sing well, and carried the different parts of music: this seemed natural to him.

About 11 o'clock the five men left in a row boat, and promised to send the ferry boat for us if they got over. They did not get over, but came near being swamped, and were covered with ice and the boat half full of water when they reached shore. About 3 o'clock the wind abated and we got across. Here I saw the largest man in North Carolina. His name was Jones, from Green county. He is six feet high and weighs a little over 600 pounds. For all he is so large he is quite active and attends to business. He has a wife and several children. It annoys him very much to be gazed at, and when on a recent trip to New York City, the boys followed him in such gangs he had to take a buggy to escape the annoyance. As I am now about to leave this section of the country, I will close my remarks with a brief summary on some matters of which I have not spoken.

Of course this is an old section of country, being one of the original 13 States. But through much of it the population is very sparce. When slavery prevailed, large tracts of land were owned by individuals at mere nominal prices. The owner generally resided in some town, where society and educational facilities abounded, and his slaves, under an overseer, were sent to the lands, where small log cabins and stick and clay chimneys were erected, and there put to work, bleeding pines and making naval stores generally. No more than small patches of ground around the huts were opened for corn and potatoes, which the women and children worked, while the men bent all their energies to the production of turpentine—crude, and spirits—tar, &c. A good hand at this business would make from $700 to $900 a year, which paid better than other pursuits. But of course this kept the country in a forest condition, and the fertile belts of country were not valued for the worth of the soil. That industry, through the section I have traversed, is now exhausted—the long straw pine or turpentine pine, is only found in small belts and will soon be extinct—though there are in North Carolina vast tracts of such pines, but not in the eastern slope of counties. This being the case, labor has taken a new direction in the last twenty years. Steam mills for lumbering have been erected in many places, furnishing the means to build better houses, and exhiting more taste and comfort. The soil is now sought for whatever it is productive, and a better class of society is settling the country, and drawing around them religious, educational and commercial influences and advantages, that must develop that hitherto obscure section of the old Bay State.

True, there are drawbacks to this region of country; it is generally malarious, and chills and fevers and bilious derangements prevail to a great extent, from July until December. By observing the laws of health as to diet and exposure, I do not think our own country has any advantages over that in a sanitary point of view. Again, there is another drawback of some importance, but which can be overcome by a small outlay of means—I allude to the drinking water. As before observed, this country is underlaid with marl almost everywhere, and a well of good water is a rare thing. Usually they dig down into the marl and can go no farther, and the water is of a hard brackish taste, unfit for dringking. Most of the people have eave gutters to their houses which catch rainwater in a cistern prepared for the purpose. This furnishes good drinking water, while horses and other stock use the well water. Mosquitoes and gnats are quite troublesome at certain seasons of the year.

On the Albemarle Sound and its tributaries they catch fish in large quantities with seines from one to three miles long, drawn by steam engines, stationary on shore, where they frequently catch 100,000 herrings at one haul. Rock, perch, shad, blue fish and mullet (which we call flat-backs) abound in great quantities in their season. Wild fowl, such as geese, ducks, brant and swan, are also numerous. Oysters and clams are found generally in the Sounds and Rivers and their tributaries, and are of excellent quality. Wild game, such as deer, bears, some wild turkies and wild cats, foxes, 'coons opossums, squirrels, rabbits, otters, muskrats and minks, furnish sport and profit to the huntsman and trapper.

The turpentine business that used to be of first importance is fast giving way to other pursuits in Eastern N. C. I learned some facts, however, connected with it, which I here give. During the month of February a man goes into a pine forest (none but long straw will do) and with a long narrow bitted axe, proceeds to box the trees by cutting deep hollow cups that will hold about one quart. These are made on two sides of the tree and sometimes on four sides. Five hundred of such boxes are considered a day's work for one man. The 10th of March they begin to chip the pines which is done by a sharp, crooked iron, fastened in a staff or pole; and one rake each way bringing the angle down to the box, or in that direction, is done at that time. The turpintine runs down into the box. 10,000 turpentine trees is considered a task for one man to chip, and this must be done once a week to October. Another set of hands come around and dip out the turpentine from the boxes by using a thin flat, iron dipper; the turpentine is put into barrels, and at a proper time is carried to the still, where from 15 to 30 barrels are poured up and distilled at one time. The spirits are put into barrels well glued inside, and the residuum is drawn off into barrels as rosin. 200 trees will drip one barrel of turpentine, and this dripping must be done seven times a year.

I witnessed the setting of a tar kiln also. The wood that makes the tar is generally cut from the turpentine trees after they cease to be useful for turpentine. The one I saw was about 20 feet in diameter, and I was told it would run 60 barrels. Two hands can set and burn a kiln of this size every month.

When you meet with a sprain, wet the injured part with flannel dipped in hot water; if the sprain be very painful, wet the flannel with laudanum and cover the whole with a dry cloth. Then, with the arm in a sling, if it be the wrist that is sprained; or the leg in a horizontal position if it be the ankle; wait and see if it be necessary to send for the doctor.

A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter: "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

Our Olio.

The Blind Preacher.

William Wirt, one of the most celebrated Maryland lawyers of his day, says in his *British Spy*: I was one Sunday traveling through the County of Orange on the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, when my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship. Curiosity to hear the Preacher of such a wilderness induced me to join the congregation. On my entrance I was struck with his supernatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of palsy; and a few moments ascertained to one that he was perfectly blind. It was the day of the Sacrament. His subject was the Passion of the Saviour, and he gave it a neater and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed. When he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his voice and manner, which made my blood run cold and my whole frame shiver. His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene seemed acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew to the life his blessed eyes streaming with tears, his voice breathing to God the gentle prayer: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," the voice of the preacher, which all along had faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his voice being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief.

The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks. I could not imagine how the speaker could let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them without impairing the solemnity of his subject, or shocking them by the abruptness of his fall. But the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic. The tumult of feeling subsided and a death-like stillness reigned throughout the house, when the aged man removed his handkerchief from his eyes, still wet with the torrent of his tears and slowly stretching forth his palsied hand, he exclaimed: "Socrates died like a philosopher," then pausing, clasping his hands with fervor to his heart, lifting his sightless eyes to Heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice, he continued: "But Jesus Christ died like a God." Had he been an Angel of Light, the effect could have scarcely been more divine.

Stupidities.

Under this head Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health* for March, 1873, humorously discourses on the tendency of the times as follows:

It is really a great wonder that everybody is not dead and buried, and the world itself used up entirely, if the thousandth part of what is told us about microscopical and other "discoveries," so called, is true. One man will have it that the glorious Union over which the stripes and stars float so proudly will soon become depopulated, because respectable people don't have children; another has discovered myriads of bugs in the chatelaines and waterfalls of the ladies, boring into their skulls and sucking out all the remaining brains of the dear delightfuls. A German savan now tells us that every sip of tea we take is full of oily globules which get into the lungs directly, weaken them, set up a cough and the person dies of consumption. Another man has found that the purest spring water, clear as crystal to all appearance, if let alone will deposit a sediment which generates typhoid fever; hence he proposes that everybody shall quit drinking water. Another says that bread has so much lime in it that it is turning us all to bone, and makes us all stiff at the joints, that being the reason we have no lithe, sprightly old men now-a-days; hence we are full of limps and rheumatics long before our time, therefore we had better quit eating bread altogether and live on rice and sago and tapioca. The water cure folk assure us that pork and beans, and ham and eggs are full of abominable *trichinæ*, and that if one is swallowed and gets fairly nestled into the system, he, she or it will breed a million more in a short time, and that roast beef has juvenile tape worms in it. And here come Tom, Dick and Harry, all in a row, loaded down with microscopes and spy glasses, which show as plain as day that the air is swarming with living monsters and putrid poisons, which fly into the mouth and crawl up the nose and creep into the ear; hence it is death to breathe such pestilential air, that the best way is to keep the mouth shut, plug up the nose and ram cotton into the ears.

Ever so many learned professional gentlemen have been torturing poor figures for years to make them tell the stupendous fib that everybody is either crazy or soon will be; that the annual increase is ten per cent., consequently in eleven years everybody will be crazy, and more too.

The fact is that the people who spend their time in hatching out the tomfoolceries, ought to be put to work and be made to earn an honest living. This world has been pretty well taken care of for some thousands of years, increasing in comfort and wealth and life, the average length of which has doubled within two centuries, and the population increased perhaps threefold; and the presumption is that the Great Maker of all will so arrange all the antagonistic forces of life for the future as eventually to make "the wilderness and solitary place to be glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose," and the race be happy still.

There are persons who emerge from every affliction and trouble and vexation, purified like fine gold from out of the furnace. There are others—and they are more numerous—who are embittered and soured, and made despondent and apathetic. We think the latter belong to the class that try to stand alone during the storms of life, instead of looking above for aid. When one can truly say, "He doeth all things well," the sting is taken out of affliction, and courage is given to bear what the future has in store. This we think, makes the great difference between these two classes.

After Hoyle—The "heart" is the best card in the chance game of matrimony; nevertheless, it is sometimes overcome by diamonds and knaves, often won by tricks, occasionally treated in a shuffling manner, and then cut altogether.

What is a Chromo.

The *American Agriculturist* gives an interesting account of the manner in which chromos are produced, and as this style of picture is very popular just now, we transfer the account to our columns, feeling sure that it will interest the reader. The stone used is a peculiar limestone, capable of receiving a polish, and yet absorbent of water. To paint a lithograph, the stone is first polished, and then, whatever design is required is drawn upon it with a pencil made for the purpose, and which contains some greasy matter. Let us suppose that the artist draws a picture, or, what is simpler, prints out the words American Agriculturist. The stone is then wetted, and the water sinks into the pores everywhere except the place where the greasy ink formed the words. Ink, or paint, is then applied to the whole stone with a roller just as it is to types. This ink does not adhere to the stone where it is wet, but to the words drawn with the greasy pencil the ink will stick. Then a sheet of paper is laid over the stone, and the whole passed under a press; when the paper is lifted off it will be found to have taken up the ink left adhering to the words upon the stone. This process can be repeated over and over indefinitely by inking the stone and keeping it wet. There must be as many stones as there are colors and tints in the picture to be copied. One stone must have all the red parts drawn on it, another all the blue, another all the brown parts of the picture, and so on. Sometimes one color is printed over another to get the proper shade, so that, to reproduce the picture the chromo has to be printed a color and a bit at a time, on from ten to twenty or more stones, every touch of the painter being faithfully copied. When the chromo picture has received sixteen or eighteen different paintings on as many different stones, so that it is shadowed every way like the original, it is finally pressed upon a clean stone, which has been cut in grooves like the threads of canvass, and it now has all the appearance of being real painting on canvas. The reader will see that it is an immense work to prepare the different stones at first, so that each shall have some of the picture in just the right place and color. It takes three to six months to prepare a set for one picture, even if but one copy was to be printed. But after the stones are once prepared, copies can be transferred to other stones in a few minutes, and after that they can go on and print as many thousand, or tens of thousands, as are desired.

Calling Boys in the Morning.

Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this; so do their boys. And yet the mother seems to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair door and insinuatingly observes: "Johnny." There is no response. "John-*ny*." Still no response.. Then there is a short, sharp "John," followed a moment later by a prolonged and emphatic "John Henry." A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made, and the mother is encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there an' give you something you'll feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda bottle ejects its cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity and pierces the deepest recesses of his very nature. And he pops out of that bed and into his clothes and down the stairs with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.—*Danbury News.*

THE FIRST PRINTING BY STEAM.—In 1814, on the 29th of November, the *London Times'* leading editorial said: "Our journal of this day presents to the public the practical result of the greatest improvement connected with printing since the discovery of the art itself;" and the editorial proceeds to describe the new machinery of a steam press by which "no less than 1,100 sheets are impressed in one hour." This is believed to be the first application of steam to the printing press. The idea was so bitterly opposed by the old pressmen and such apprehension of violence from them was entertained by Mr. Walter, the proprietor, that he had the machine secretly constructed, and on the night of November 13th the old presses and pressmen were kept waiting with the statement that important foreign news was expected. When the impression was finished (some 4,000 copies only) they were informed of the grand change in affairs, with the addition that an ample police force was at hand to protect the machine. —*New York Observer.*

THIRTY CENTURIES OLD.—The oldest relic of humanity is the skeleton of the earliest Pharaoh; incased in its original burial robes, and wonderfully perfect, considering its age, which was deposited eighteen or twenty months ago in the British Museum, and is justly considered the most valuable of its archæological treasures. The lid of the coffin which contained the royal mummy was inscribed with the name of its occupant, Pharaoh Mykerinus, who succeeded the heir of the builder of the great pyramid about ten centuries before Christ. Only think of it! the monarch whose crumbling bones and leathery integuments are now exciting the wonder of numerous gazers in London reigned in Egypt before Solomon was born, and only about eleven centuries or so after Misraim, the grandson of old father Noah, and the first of the Pharaohs, had been gathered to his fathers.

DOMESTIC LIFE.—The banes of domestic life are littleness, falsity, vulgarity, harshness, scolding, vociferation, incessant issuing of superfluous prohibitions and orders, which are regarded as impertinent interferences with the general liberty and repose of the household, and are provocative of rankling and explosive sentiment. The blessed antidotes that sweeten and enrich domestic life are refinement, high aims, great interests, soft voices, quiet and gentle manners, magnanimous tempers, forbearance from all unnecessary commands of dictation, and general allowances of mutual freedom. Love makes obedience lighter than liberty. Man wears a noble allegiance, not as a collar, but as a garland. The graces are never so lovely as when waiting on their virtues; and where they thus dwell together, they make a heavenly home.

"The horse that frets is the one that sweats," is an old saying of horsemen. It is just as true of men as of horses.

Edge Tools.

Shear steel began to be made in Sheffield in 1800. The inventions of Mushet and Lucas in 1800 and 1804 futher extended the manufacture. Forks and scissors were made by rolling in 1805. From this time, immense cutlery works sprang up in England, France, and Germany, and the competition between the three countries has been highly beneficial, for while England stands undoubtedly foremost, yet both France and Germany possess their peculiar excellencies. Amongst the imports connected with cutlery, there is in Sheffield an annual consumption of more than seventy tons of ivory for the handles of knives and forks, and about 3,000 operatives are employed in forging and grinding the blades. An equal number of workpeople are engaged on pen and pocket knives, made annually to the value of $500,000. Very many are occupied in fabricating razors and scissors.

French cutlery is chiefly fabricated at St. Etienne and Thiers, where many hands are employed. Table cutlery is here produced at a rate almostly incredibly cheap.

Germany, despite the superior natural advantages of England, exports knives and edged tools to a considerable amount. Solingen has received the appellation of the Sheffield of Germany, and has, since the middle ages, been celebrated for its cutlery, being especially famous for its swords, the blades of which sometimes sell for $500.

In Austria, scythes, sickles, and table knives are made annually by millions, at an exceedingly small cost of production. It is computed that 80,000 Bavarian grindstones are consumed annually in the preparation of these implements.

With the rapid development of the mechanical arts, the manufacture of tools has correspondingly grown. At one time England possessed a monopoly and the English trade-mark was a guarantee of quality throughout the world. The efforts of other European States, however, have been rewarded with a share in the manufacture, while the demand for cheaper tools has extended British trade and yet allowed a considerable portion to fall to foreign cutlers. Operatives in wood work, as carpenters, joiners, builders, turners, and cabinet makers, employ a great variety of cutlery tools; sculptors, modellers, and pattern makers, require steel tools of many kinds, and all their branches of industry and art are much increased. The demand, therefore, for planes, augurs, chisels, saws, and gravers is continually increasing. In some instances, the French and Germans claim to have outstripped the English. English planes, however, are as yet unequalled. Paris, on the other hand, since the period when Dubois and Dupuytren advanced practical surgery to the high scientific position it now holds, has prepared the finest surgical instruments, especially for dentistry. The most perfect steel work has now been enlisted in the service of science, and delicate balances and other philosophical apparatus have contributed to the investigations made by our chemists and astronomers.

Catching Reindeer.

In many bleak, Northern regions these animals are the sole support of the people. When liberated from the harness they go directly in pursuit of food—a peculiar species of nutritious moss, which their instinct enables them to find deeply covered with snow. Sometimes as many as one hundred start off foraging, there being nothing provided for them by their exacting master. Like camels under similar circumstances, when unladen, they stroll off miles in different directions. When they are wanted again their sealskin-clad drivers get behind them in several directions, and by hallooing, throwing snowballs and making considerable uproar the deer are gradually driven into a smaller circle. The herd is then encircled by a small cord, the men drawing in nearer and nearer till it strikes their long legs. They neither try to leap over nor break it, but huddle together as close as possible.

Finally, the two ends meet, held by one person, while the others enter under the line and select the animals they want, seizing them by their horns, bringing them outside and tying them to something strong enough to hold them till harnessed to the sledge. The remainder again scatter in pursuit of moss.

Strong, tall and fleet though the reindeer are, able with a sweep of their antlers to mow down a score of sturdy Northmen, they cower at the voice of man. Their masters are rude, harsh and unkind toward them, and the deer are always in fear of them. Under no circumstances of oppression or hardship do they evince the slightest resentment. They are so timid that the sound of their driver's voice sets them running at such speed that they will die before halting if the drivers continue to urge them.

Culture of Cranberries.

Where do all the cranberries come from, is a question often asked; and, on investigation, we are fairly astonished to witness the remarkable amount of business now transacted in this small fruit. To those having low lands, useless for any other purpose, the cranberry, once planted, often yields the possessor a greater profit than any similiar area of other crops on the same farm.

The consumption of this fruit is extending rapidly into all parts of the world; is becoming more a household necessity. New Jersey raises the largest bulk of cranberries in the country, employing about six thousand acres for the purpose, the value of the crop raised on which last year was $600,000. The whole cranberry crop of the country is estimated at about $1,500,000. Massachusetts raises not less than ten thousands barrels a year. Within the past five years Wisconsin has made rapid progress in the culture of the cranberry, and the crop in that State last season is estimated at $300,000. The average price per barrel of this fruit is ten dollars, Cape Cod cranberries commanding the highest price. The fruit raised on the Cape is the best of its kind in the world. It is exported largely to England, and finds its way to the Queen's dinner-table.

APRIL.—According to the ancient Alban Calendar, when the year consisted of ten months, April was the first, and had 36 days. According to the calendar of Romulus, it was the second month, and had 30 days. The twelve month calendar of Numa gave it the fourth place, with 29 days; but when Julius Cæsar reformed the year, it was again given 30 days, and has so remained till the present time. April is the flower-producing month of showers and sunshine. Hence the proverb:

"April showers make May flowers."

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember that an impious or profane sentence, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate on the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown on polished steel, staining it with rust which no after scouring can efface.

The Earliest Newspaper.

Authorities have differed widely as to the nation and city entitled to the honor of having started the first printed newspaper. For many years it was supposed that the credit belonged to England. It was claimed that the British Museum had a copy of the earliest paper in its collection. It was called the *English Mercurie*, and printed July 23, 1588; but it has been shown that this copy, like specimens of rare old coins, was spurious, and gotten up for sale. Watts, the bibliographer of the Museum, who saw on examination that the type and paper were of modern origin, and did not belong to the sixteenth century, exposed the forgery. It was an ingenious fabrication, pretending to give the news of the Spanish Armada, which was destroyed in the English Channel by Drake and Howard a day or two previous to the date of the sheet. There were several numbers of this spurious *Mercurie* produced—four in manuscript, and three in print.

Venice has also claimed the honor of leading the way in giving newspapers to the world. The *Gazetta*, thus named because it sold for a small piece of money called gazetta, it is asserted, was printed there in 1570, and it is pretended that copies of this paper of that date are in one or two collections in London. But late discoveries have apparently established the claim of the old German city of Nuremberg to this high honor. A paper called the *Gazette*, according to trustworthy authorities, was printed in that city as early as 1457, five years after Peter Schoffer cast the first metal type in matrices. Nuremberg, with the first paper in the fifteenth century, also claims the honor of the first paper in the sixteenth century. There is an anciently printed sheet in the Libri collection which antedates all other others except the sheet of 1457 and the *Chronicle* of Cologne. It is called the *Neue Zietung aus Hispanien und Italien*, and bears the date of February, 1534. The British Museum, it is said, has a duplicate of this sheet.

Thus to Germany belongs the honor not only of the first printers and the first printing, but also the first printed newspaper. It also has another claim to distinction. In 1615 Egenolf Eurmel started *Die Frankfurter Oberpostamts Zietung*, the first daily paper in the world. This journal is still published; and the city of Frankfort is to erect a monument in honor of its founder and editor as the father of newspapers.—From "Newspapers and Editors," by S. S. Conant, in *Harper's Magazine for March.*

Why Jefferson Davis was not Tried.

The proposed trial of Jefferson Davis, according to the Charleston (S. C.) *News*, was the subject of an interesting revelation made by Justice Nathan Clifford, at a dinner party recently given to him in Charleston. According to this account, a few months after the rebellion was over, President Johnson summoned a secret council of prominent lawers, including Attorney General Speed, Justice Clifford, William M. Evarts, and about six other persons, to determine whether the prosecution for treason should be pressed against Jefferson Davis. At this conference, the Federal Constitution, the law of nations, the decisions of Chief Justice Marshall in Burr's trial, and the State trials of other nations were thoroughly studied, and at last the conclusion was arrived at that, unless the conviction of Davis was certain, it would not be good policy to proceed against him. The prosecution, in consequence of this conclusion, was suddenly abandoned, on the ground that the laws of the United States did not afford any certainty of the punishment of high treason or rebellion. About the same time, Governor John A. Andrew is reported to have said that the criminal law had no application when an entire people committed an act, rash, impolitic and direful in its consequences, and that the suffering caused by the rebellion was the only punishment to be inflicted.

ST. VITUS.—Mrs. Jamison tells us the story of St. Vitus, in her "Legendary Art." It seems he was the son of a Sicilian noble, said to have lived about 303 A. D. His foster-parents were Christians, and he was secretly educated in the true faith. When his father discovered this his indignation knew no bounds. The child, now twelve years old, was beaten and put into a dungeon. His father looked through the keyhole and saw his son dancing with seven beautiful angels. The sight was too much for him; he became blind, and his sight was only restored at his son's intercession. Being again persecuted, Vitus went to Italy in a little boat guided by an angel; but there he fell into the hands of the cruel Diocletian, who, on account of his faith, had him plunged into a caldron of boiling oil. This gave St. Vitus the crown of martyrdom. He is one of the fourteen patron saints of Germany. His pictures are found principally in Venice, Munich and Prague. The Cathedral of the latter place being dedicated to him. He is the patron saint of dancers and actors, and always to be invoked against that nervous dance, St. Vitus' dance. He is always seen as a beautiful boy, with a palm in his hand. In some pictures he has a cock in the other hand, whence he is invoked by people who are not early risers.

WHAT IS THOUGHT OF US.—A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, who has recently been in Northern Minnesota, saw there a number of Canadian citizens from Manitoba, and asked one of them what he thought about annexation, and how he and his people would like to belong to the United States. "I don't want any of it in mine," he said abruptly. "Is that the general feeling?" "Yes; you cannot find one Canadian in twenty who would consent to annexation. If ever we join the United States it will be at the point of the bayonet. Right now we are freer than you are, and have less taxes to pay. You are taxed to death in your rotten republic, and don't know it. Your Congressmen and officials steal more than it takes to run our whole government in Canada. Do you suppose we outside people, knowing these things as well as we do, want to pin our destinies to such a government? The theory of yours is good enough, I know; but the corruption and imbecility have corroded it until what you call the best government the world ever saw has become the worst."

HOW TO MEASURE THE HEIGHT OF TREES.—When a tree stands so that the length of its shadow can be measured, its height may be readily ascertained as follows: Set a stick upright, (let it be perpendicular by the plumb line.) Measure the length of the shadow of the stick. As the length of its shadow is to the height of the stick so is the length of the shadow of the tree to its height. For instance; if the stick is four feet above the ground, and its shadow is six feet in length, and the shadow of the tree is ninety feet, the height of the tree will be sixty feet; (6:4::90:60.) In other words; multiply the length of the shadow of the tree by the height of the stick, and divide by the shadow of the stick.

Odds and Ends.

Presents to the Arbitrators.

The U. S. Government is having made three elegant sets of silver to present to the Arbitrators at the Geneva Conference from Italy, Brazil and Switzerland, each of whom had refused compensation for his services. The order for the manufacture of these sets was given early in January last, and with a strict order that no outside parties should know for what purpose they were to be made. The sets, silver oxidized, and for beauty of design and artistic finish have probably not been surpassed. Each set consists of two candelabra, a pair of vases and a large punch-bowl. The latter is twenty-four inches in height and eighteen inches across the top. The inside is lined with gold, and on the sides are two figure heads of Bachantes. Each of the coudelabra is thirty-one inches in height and represents a female figure supporting twelve candlesticks. The vases are fourteen inches high, and on each side are two allegorical figures representing commerce and agriculture. The combined weight of the three sets is 3,384 ounces.

The silver will be sent to Minister Washburne, at Paris, April 3, and will be forwarded by him to each of the embassadors. Each set will be put in a separate case made especially for the purp