The Democratic Advocate.

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Original Poetry.

VANITAS.

Written for the Democratic Advocate

BY C. H. V.

The mind of man from youth to age
Is strangely changing like a dream;
We gently scan sweet memory's page,
How real and unreal doth it seem.

A score of years have fled away,
Again I stand within these walls;
How many images of clay
Are gathered in celestial halls.

The laughing crowd—my fleeting youth—
Now I am old, though not in years,
I've seen and proved in bitterest truth
How brightest hopes dissolve in tears.

And yet it's sweet to stand alone
In places where our youth was gay,
And let dear memories atone
For ghosts of laughter fled away.

The Falls, April 3, 1877.

Select Story.

THE FIRST DINNER I COOKED.

"Oh, yes mother, please let her go! We'll get dinner, and have ever so much fun. Don't say no."

"And you really think you can do it?"

"O yes! I am sure we can. If we get into any trouble, there's old Dinah to put us right again."

"Very well, then, Martha. If Miss Retta is willing to undertake getting dinner, you may go." And thus settling the question, mother resumed her interrupted reading, though for some moments an amused smile played around her lips.

It was the first Fourth of July after the war; and though all of our old servants had remained with us till then, they were now anxious to attend a grand celebration that was to take place on an adjoining plantation, and to which they had been invited.

So each and all had received permission to go, except the cook. For how was it possible for the cook to leave? What would we do for dinner? Mother could not get dinner herself, even if she had known how, which she did not; she was too delicate. For sister and I to attempt it seemed equally absurd. What could girls, unaccustomed even to dressing themselves, know of cooking? There seemed to be no help for it, and mother was just saying, "I am sorry to disappoint you, Martha," when the thought which forms our introductory remark suggested itself to my mind; and so, as we have said, it was settled.

"Prepare just what you please, but don't attempt too much," was mother's final advice; and highly delighted with the permission sister and I proceeded to make out our bill of fare. Baked chicken, cold ham, rice, sweet potatoes loaf-bread, pickle and preserves, with canned peaches and preserves for desert, were the articles finally agreed upon.

"Don't you think, my dear," said mother, "that you had best dispense with chicken? Who will prepare it?"

We hadn't thought of that. But to give it up!

"Never!" said sister. "I'll run out to the kitchen and tell Martha she must prepare it for cooking before she leaves. That's all right," she continued, returning after a few moments' absence. "Martha says she'll see that Ben catches and kills a chicken at once."

I was so impatient to begin my novel employment that I scarcely waited for the servants to leave before I hastened to the kitchen. There, to my surprise, I saw Ben sitting on an upturned bucket, and wearing upon his dusky countenance an indescribable look of dejection. Resting his elbows upon his knees, with a chicken dangling between them, he looked up wistfully as I entered.

"Why, Ben! Why didn't you go with the crowd? What are you waiting for?"

"Didn't git fru wid dis here chickin in time, and mammy said I had it to do fore I set my foot cross de fence. Nebber did see sich a hard old thing to pick," he added ruefully, as he gazed longingly across the field and over the hill, beyond which the last of the happy throng had a few moments before disappeared.

"You have done it very nicely, indeed," said I, encouragingly, for I thought it looked quite perfect. "What else is there to be done? Maybe I can finish it?"

"Got to be singed, and de feet cut off," he replied. "Course you don't know how to do dat. Singing chicken's 'quires 'sperienced hands, if it ain't nuffin but holding them over der fire."

"Oh, no; that's easy enough," I cried. "Cut off the feet, and I'll do the rest."

"Kin you, sure nuf now? inquired the boy, his face brightening up.

"Oh, yes! Of course I can. But if you don't hurry you won't be able to overtake the rest of them."

"Yaas, ma'am, I will," he exclaimed; and seizing the knife, he severed the legs at the proper joints, and placed the fowl in my outstretched hands.

Ben had just disappeared when sister entered.

"You are in good time," said I. "Run and ask Dinah how this chicken must be treated to bake it." Aunt Dinah was a bed-ridden old servant, the only one left at home. "And then wash and put on the potatoes. I think this sort of thing splendid—don't you?—and we'll get on swimmingly."

Alas for human nature! Turning to leave the kitchen, sister's foot slipped upon the feathers, which Ben in his haste had neglected to gather up; and though she was not seriously injured by the fall, her ankle received a wrench, which rendered her unfit for work. Thus I was left alone in my glory. Of course, now that the getting of the dinner devolved entirely upon me, I drew on my thinking cap with renewed vigor.

"Biscuit! Let me see—they are made of flour, salt, lard and water. No," said I, "upon reflection I am convinced that water is only used to economize lard, and it shan't go in. Dear me, there is no salt in the box, and now, with my hands all stuck up in this way, I must go to the store-room. I wonder, too, how much I ought to put in. A half tea-cup will do, I suppose. How it sticks to my hands! Not greasy enough, perhaps, so I'll add another spoonful of lard. I declare it is strange how hard it is to make biscuit all of a size. I give it up; and so they must go to the oven in shape like the verbs—regular and defective."

"I believe Dinah said something about putting a little water in the oven with the potatoes to steam them. I wonder what good it will do them? Oh! I remember she said it would soften them. But why put so little? It will only soften one side, and I certainly am not going to turn them over while hot. No, indeed, I'll fill the oven and be done with it.

"Now for the coffee-pot. A measure of coffee, three pints of water (I don't suppose it makes any difference whether hot or cold, so I'll use the latter,) and be sure to settle with egg. Yes, that's just Dinah's direction, and a very easy one to follow. I don't wonder mother scolds about Martha's carelessness when we have it made poorly, when it's so easy to make right.

"Let me see! Biscuit, chicken, potatoes and coffee—all cooking. What's next? Oh, yes—the rice. I wonder how much I ought to get out! There's mother standing on the porch. I'll call and ask. "A nice dishful?" Oh, yes, of course. How absurd in me to ask, when I see it on the table so often! And now, that everything is cooking, I'll get something to read, for they say a watched pot never boils, and I won't risk it."

But soon my rice-pot claimed attention. It was boiling over! "I've put it in the wrong pot, that's all," was my mental ejaculation, as I drew forth a larger vessel, and proceeded to make fair division. Then, side by side, I swung the pots.

"What an unsavory odor? That, perhaps, is a peculiarity of chicken, and as it has been on long enough to be tender, I'll put it in the oven to bake—not forgetting to sprinkle it with flour, pepper, butter and salt, according to directions, or occasionally put a little more butter on during baking. That, I suppose, is to make it brown better." And now for my book again.

"But what is the matter with the rice?" I stood aghast, and gazed upon the pots and their snowy white contents, like one in a dream. In desperation I seized a third and still larger pot, and from both vessels proceeded to practically fill it.

That rice! Even now I never think of it without a sickening sensation. For two days it was served in every conceivable style; as a substitute for tea, fried for breakfast, and pudding for dinner.

Just before dinner father returned from town, accompanied by Cousin Will, who was my special aversion, insomuch as he never let pass an opportunity to plague me. On this account, therefore, I was, if possible, more anxious than ever that my dinner should be a success. With them came also Harry Lee. Now, I had often been teased about Harry. He certainly came to the house a great deal, and danced with me at all the parties, and in other ways showed his admiration. As yet, however, I could not make up my mind whether I liked him or not. He was rich, accomplished and handsome, and the girls all envied what they called "my good fortune," but I was, I must confess, a little afraid of him. He was so self-contained that I had an idea he was severe. I was all in a flutter, therefore, when I found he had come to dinner, and trembled least there should be some mistake. I almost regretted that I had undertaken to play the part of cook. What, in the morning, had seemed to me such rare fun, now appeared to be the very reverse.

But there was nothing to do, but to put a good face on the matter, and go on. All things being ready, I set the table, sweetened a can of peaches, and proceeded to take up dinner. The chicken I considered done to a turn; but neither biscuit nor potatoes had exactly the right look, the former being undeniably yellow and hard. One accidently dropping on the floor, startled me with its solid thud. The potatoes, I regret to say, were in a condition that rendered the use of a spoon not simply convenient, but simply essential.

At length, with beating heart, flushed cheeks and burnt fingers, I announced all things as ready and the family assembled in the dining-room.

"A very nice looking dinner, indeed," said father, wisely fixing his eye upon the side table, where stood the dessert of cake (not of my making) and the canned fruit. "Here, Will," he added, "I have the headache; take this seat, if you please, and carve."

"And so, Cousin Retta, you have turned cook," said Will. "A very nice looking dinner, considering." Here he suddenly paused, laid down the carving knife, and for an instant a puzzled expression overspread his face. Then, in spite of all efforts to restrain himself, he burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "Why, what's the matter with the chicken," he exclaimed, at length. Mother in mild tones came to my relief.

"They forgot to singe it properly for Retta," she said apologetically. "Suppose we have it taken away. Let us try the ham."

It would be useless for me to enter into the details of that dinner, or to attempt to repeat the many jokes that Will made at my expense. During that hour I learned the importance of grinding coffee, and discovered that hot water was preferable to cold in making that most delightful beverage. That part of my instructions I listened to in meekness of spirit, but when the whole egg, which had been boiled in the coffee-pot, was taken out, and even mother laughed, it was more than I could bear. The tears would come.

It was with a feeling of relief I arose to remove the dishes and help to dessert. "This at least is one thing about which there can be nothing wrong," I said to myself. Had I not, in remembrance of the family propensity for sweet things, put two full cups of sugar on those peaches? Was not the cream rich in quality and abundant in quantity? What more could be desired?

"So, Retta, to atone for this peculiarly-served dinner, you have given us our favorite dessert," said father, leisurely stirring the cream and sugar into his peaches before tasting them.

"And full atonement it is," replied Will, still laughing, as he raised his spoon to his lips.

How shall I tell the sequel? The next instant Will sprang from the table and rushed out of the room, with father following close at his heels. I turned first from mother to sister for explanation, I did not dare to look at Harry, but had they taken a dose of quinine they could not have worn upon their faces a look expressive of greater dismay and disgust.

I had not yet helped myself, but seizing a spoon I plunged it into the peaches. When I had tasted all was clear. I had salted instead of sugared the fruit.

I afterward found that I had mistaken the sugar barrel. Both stood together in the storeroom, side by side, and I had used their contents without looking critically at them. Hence my mistake.

All this time, while Will was making open fun of me, while mother could not always keep back a smile, Harry had never, for one instant, changed countenance. In his easy, well-bred manner, he kept up the conversation, as if nothing had gone wrong. Had he been dining at Delmonico's with everything working as smoothly as it always does there, with each separate dish the perfection in its way of culiniary science, he could not have worn a more unconcerned look. At the episode of the chicken, not a muscle of his face relaxed. When the peaches came on, he was the first to taste them, but he gave no sign whatever of their condition. And all through the dinner, with its other mistakes, which I gladly bury in oblivion, he showed the same delicate consideration for my feelings.

What wonder that, from that hour, I began to like him? He was no longer stern and severe in my eyes. He was, on the contrary, the embodiment of knightly courtesy. He carried his forbearance to such a point, that he never, even after we were engaged, alluded to that unfortunate meal. It was I, myself, that first spoke of it.

"I often wonder, darling," he said one evening, as we sat, hand in hand, alone, in a lover's *tete-a-tete*, "when you began to love me. I knew, at first, you were indifferent, and oh! how it used to pain me! Often I wondered if I ever should win you."

"And don't you know?" I replied. "Are you really ignorant? Well, then, I will tell you. Do you remember last Fourth of July, when I cooked the dinner, all the servants having gone out a frolicking? It was your consideration for my feelings on that occasion that won me." And nestling close to his heart, I whispered, "Gratitude soon ripened into something warmer, and now I love you as my life."

And so I reaped better than I sowed, for the happiness of a lifetime has come of "the first dinner I cooked."

The Use of Evergreens.

We extract the following from an address recently delivered by the Hon. H. Lord, at Pontiac, Michigan:

Within the last twenty-five years evergreens have greatly multiplied, during which time many new varieties have been introduced; nurserymen have learned to propagate them cheaply, and in such manner that they may be transplanted with certainty, so that they are within the reach of all who have grounds on which to plant them, and with taste and usefulness. Now one cannot travel far through the country without finding here and there fine displays of them, adorning and sheltering the homesteads of the farm as well as the urban and suburban dwellings.

Some ten years ago the writer purchased of a nurseryman at Detroit 1,000 little white cedars, the *arbor vitæ*; the plants were one year old from the seed, about six inches high, and cost one and a half cents each—$15 per thousand. Besides planting many of them in groups or singly about the house and grounds, a sufficient number were used to make a hedge or screen on the westerly and northerly sides of a large garden which had been very much exposed to the sweep of blasting winds, sometimes to the destruction of nearly all the early plants that it contained. These cedars, set out some two or three feet apart, all grew luxuriantly, and they now form a living wall about twelve feet high, as impervious to the winds as if built of brick or stone, affording a complete protection to the garden, and more than doubling its value for the purposes of its use. Delicate plants, that one blast of cold wind in a May morning would chill and destroy, now, no matter how bleak the gusty day, seem to nestle in the warm sunshine, unconscious of harm.

This is a cheaply obtained refuge that one may profit by, and an inexpensive ornamentation in which one may indulge. When rough wintry tempests seem to shake the earth, when you hear them howl about your window panes, driving December rains almost through them, when your fires burn briskly, but do not warm your house: then you may reflect that, had you a few years before planted your grounds thickly with a variety of evergreens, in the direction whence come the prevailing storms, the trees would overtop your dwelling and afford you a "hiding place from the wind."

If, in the place of our fences, all the roadsides, and the dividing lines between all fields or divisions of ownership, were lined with rows of evergreens twenty to fifty feet high, it is probable that we should hear no more of winter killed wheat, or very little. The expense would be small in the first instance compared with fencing. Ten evergreens to the rod would be sufficient, and would cost fifteen cents, and the labor of planting about as much more. But how about the cattle? Well, that is a question of considerable magnitude. It is our opinion that they should never be allowed to leave the inclosures provided for them about the barns and sheds.

It is not likely that many in this hall will live to see the day, yet we believe it is not very far distant, when there will be no fences in Michigan, except those provided to keep animals away from the fields, rather than to confine them in them. Farmers themselves, severely as they feel the weight of their expenses for fences, are as a rule unaware of the enormous burden of them, and how much it costs to perpetuate the incumbrance. If to the westward and northward of each farmer's farm and cattle yards a belt of evergreens were planted, they would in ten years form as complete a protection as a stone wall fifteen feet high, and be better every way, affording a hiding place from the winds, that sweet-breathed cows, and oxen, and gentle sheep would regard as a special providence, and for which they would pay their owners many fold. Belts of evergreens planted on the exposed sides of orchards afford such a hiding place from the winds that trees so protected have been observed to be fruitful, when others in bleak situations have utterly failed.

When these truths shall be fully appreciated, and the further truth that every three acres will sustain as much stock in the yard as five acres will in the field, then farmers will begin to inquire if fences cannot be dispensed with; and when they shall realize how destructive to crops it is to let the winds go wholly at large, then they will begin not only to decorate and adorn their homes and gardens with evergreens, but will extend them along the highways, and make landmarks of them between all neighboring possessions and property.

LEARN THE VALUE OF MONEY.—A silver dollar represents a day's work of the laborer. If it is given to a boy, he has no idea of what it has cost, or of what it is worth. He would be as likely to give a dollar as a dime for a top or any other toy. But if the boy has learned to earn the dimes and dollars by the sweat of his face, he knows the difference. Hard work is to him a measure of values that can never be rubbed out of his mind. Let him learn by experience that a hundred dollars represents a hundred weary days' labor, and it seems a great sum of money. A thousand dollars is a fortune, and ten thousand is almost inconceivable, for it is far more than he ever expects to possess. When he has earned a dollar, he thinks twice before he spends it. He wants to invest it so as to get the full value of a day's work for it. It is a great wrong to society and to a boy to bring him up to man's estate without this knowledge. A fortune at twenty-one, without it, is almost inevitably thrown away. With it, and a little capital to start on, he will make his own fortune better than any one can make it for him.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

Ingratitude in a superior is frequently nothing more than the refusal of an unreasonable request, and if the employer does too little, it is often because the dependent expects too much.

There is almost as much comfort in a pretty yard as in a pretty parlor.

Our Olio.

The Washington Monument.

There come strange rumors from Washington once more that the great monument rests upon an unstable foundation, and if it should be built up to the height proposed, 517 feet, will either sink bodily into the morass and quicksand on which it rests, or cant over like the leaning tower of Pisa, or a country tavern signpost gibed by the wind. This monument has a strange history, and it is worth telling, for the sake of the moral the facts embody. Every one has seen "the monument," of course, though not every one has understood what the vast unsightly object was meant for, hanging in the blue sky like a gigantic wind-sail, such as they use aboard men-of-war, to ventilate the vessel and improve the air. If the monument, when built, would be likely to ventilate the ship of State and improve the moral atmosphere of Washington, there would be "millions in it," and we should advocate appropriations for it to any extent. But there is no chimney big enough to carry off the foul gasses generated in the lobby furnaces and department smelting-rooms of the National Capital.

When the design for the new monument was first adopted, it was to consist of a tall shaft in the shape of an obelisk, surrounded at the base by a pantheon, a circular colonnade, to be filled with the statues of all our great and good men dead or retired from politics. There would have been room in this immense walhalla for statues of Red Jacket and Schuyler Colfax, Brick Pomeroy and Elder Knapp, Lord Timothy Dexter and Ben Butler. Horace Greeley, however, knowing that he was to have his own statue in Printing-House Square, poked such fun at the pantheon project that it was abandoned. He said that the monument, pantheon and obelisk together, would resemble a big pumpkin with a stick in it.

The Washington National Monument, as a *project*, will soon be able to celebrate its centennial. It is ninety-four years old, and very small of its age. In August 1783, the Continental Congress unanimously resolved "that an equestrian statue of General Washington be erected at the place where the residence of Congress shall be established." This statue was to be erected on a marble pedestal, on which were to be represented the four principal events of the Revolutionary War where Washington commanded in person, and was to bear a suitable inscription.

This statue never was made, but in 1853, Clark Mills, who (after his artistic feat of making General Jackson's horse rear up and stick his tail in the ground, till it froze there and held him in that attitude, like a hobby-horse in a Morris dance) had never rested from the belief that he was a great artist, and had, indeed, set up a brass foundry of his own to do the American heroes up at so much a cubic yard in bronze—this same ridiculous Mills got Congress to give him $50,000 for an equestrian bronze of Washington, and it stands there now, somewhere out upon the Georgetown turnpike, across Goose creek.

When Congress met in December, 1799, to do honor to the memory of Washington, it was resolved that the United States should erect a monument to him at Washington, and his family should be requested to permit his body to be deposited under it. A copy of the resolution was sent to Mrs. Washington, who replied, very feelingly: "Taught by the great example which I have so long had before me never to oppose my private wishes to the public will, I need not, I cannot say, what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty."

On the 8th of May, 1800, it was resolved that the monument should be a mausoleum, and Congress appropriated $200,000 for its erection. This resolution also remained unexecuted.

The next move in the matter was made by James Buchanan in January, 1824, who proposed to revive the resolutions of 1799, and spoke earnestly in favor of it; but the motion was tabled.

In 1832 Mr. Clay proposed to celebrate the centennial anniversary of Washington's birthday by removing the remains from Mount Vernon to the Capitol and depositing them there under Greenough's statue. Happily Mr. John A. Washington refused to consent to the removal. It would have been a national shame, a dishonor to the memory of the dead, to bury Washington in the Rotunda, with Trumbull's paintings all around and Greenough's lumpy Jupiter over him. Besides, this statue is so heavy it must inevitably have broken through. Mr. Greenough was a classical sculptor, but he deserves the epitaph written for Inigo Jones:

"Lie heavy on him, earth, for he,
Living, put many heavy loads on thee."

Mr. McDuffie, of South Carolina, while opposing the removal of the remains from Mount Vernon, was in favor of a monument, and, in his fine, fervid, florid style, observed: "As to a monument, rear it; spend upon it what you will; make it durable as the pyramids, eternal as the mountains, you shall have my co-operation. Erect, if you please, a mausoleum to the memory of Washington in the Capitol, and let it be as splendid as art can make it."

Congress having failed in its duty, in 1833 the Washington Monument Association undertook to supply the deficiency by voluntary subscription. John Marshall was the first president of the Association. After his death James Madison succeeded him. Mr. Madison was then eighty-five years old, and expressed himself very sensible of the distinction conferred upon him. If he had only foreseen who would be his successors! As Mr. Madison truly said: "A monument worthy the memory of Washington, reared by the means proposed, will commemorate at the same time a virtue, a patriotism, and a gratitude truly national, with which the friends of liberty everywhere will sympathize, and of which our country may always be proud." This was in 1835, and still the abortive wind-sail seems to flap in the Potomac breezes by day and by night, deceiving belated wayfarers with the notion that the moon has come down to kiss some Endymion on "the Island."

In 1847 the collections and accumulated interest of that society amounted to $87,000, and on this it was thought worth while to commence operations.

On January 31, 1848, Congress authorized the monument to be built on Reservation Three, which had been selected by the President of the United States and the Monument Association as "a suitable site" for the grand work. The Association, in an address to the people of the United States, said: "The site selected presents a beautiful view of the Potomac; is so elevated that the monument will be seen from all parts of the surrounding country. The adoption of the site was further and impressively recommended by the consideration that the monument to be erected on it would be in full view of Mount Vernon, where rest the ashes of the chief," &c., &c.

Reservation three is, in fact, a desolate moor, fit only for a brickyard and a goose and goat pasture. It rests on a catacorner made by the swampy debouch of the Tiber, alias Goose Creek, into the Potomac, and is near the spot where the sewers and the "canawl" empty their stagnant and fetid tides. Such a site might do for a bone-boiling establishment or a knacker's yard, but, for a great national monument, never! Reservation Three is as flat as Buzzards' Point and as unromantic as a garbage dump. It is a river shore, flat, of thin clay resting on a muck and quicksand which every tide filters through. It may, indeed, bear the monument, like the quaking wretch who was kept to his duty by the stern injunction, "*quid times caesarem vehis?*" but the monument will never be able to "bear" it. However, when the pantheon is completed, it is thoughtfully to be provided with a *vomitoria*—for the accommodation of visitors and the monument also.

The corner stone of the great monument was laid on July 4, 1848, and the work was commenced at once, the people of the country subscribing liberally.

In 1854 the obelisk was 107 feet high, and the funds were gone. Two hundred and thirty thousand dollars had been spent, and the society was not only bankrupt but had fallen into disrepute. In fact, the Washington Know-Nothings had captured it, the money was squandered, and there were disgraceful disputes about everything.

The Society made various efforts to raise the wind, but always failed. In 1859 the Association was new-modelled under a charter from Congress, and the monument was found to be one hundred and seventy-four feet high.

The war broke out and the building stopped again. A great deal of money has been contributed to it, and a great deal has doubtless been squandered. California gave $10,962. New York has authorized a conditional subscription of $10,000. Each State and two of the Territories contributed a block to the shaft, with an inscription, and foreign Governments have given many stones. Switzerland, Greece, Rome, Bremen, Turkey, China, Japan, have given each a stone for the cairn of the virtuous Washington. The stone contributed by the Pope was broken and mutilated by the pious Know-Nothings of the District.

Congress, at the last session, passed an act appropriating $200,000 to complete the monument, and it was at last thought that the preposterous abortion would be got through with. But now they want to make artesian borings to discover what sort of subsoil it rests on, and whether the superstructure will not sink it. Its present weight is 40,000 tons, and one corner is already a little higher than the other, while some of the foundation stones are chipping off. It is proposed to remove the monument bodily to higher ground; in other words, to take it down and build it up anew on some site where it will embellish and improve the property of Shepherd or some others of the District Real Estate Ring.—*Balt. Evening Bulletin.*

Is Friday an Unlucky Day?

A journal answers this question in the following satisfactory manner:

"On Friday, August 21, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery. On Friday, October 12, 1492, he first discovered land. On Friday, January 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent. On Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety. On Friday, November 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America. On Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VIII. of England gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American State-paper in England. On Friday, September 7, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United states by more than forty years. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower, with the pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown; and on the same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present glorious constitution. On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing at Plymouth rock. On Friday, February 22, George Washington, the father of American freedom, was born. On Friday, June 16, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, September 22, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved us from destruction. On Friday, October 19, 1781, the surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms, occurred. On Friday, July 1, 1776, the motion in Congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United States colonies were and of right ought to be, free and independent. Thus, by numerous examples, we see that, however it may be with foreign nations, Americans need never dread to begin on Friday any undertaking, however momentous it may be."

THE GREAT SUSPENSION BRIDGE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN.—The work of arranging, testing, and preparing for the laying the wires of the main cables is steadily progressing, and is watched with much attention by engineers and others interested in this remarkable work. As a matter for convenient reference, we subjoin the following epitome of principal facts and dimensions: Construction commenced January 2, 1870; length of river span, 1595 feet 6 inches; length of each land span, 930 feet (1860 feet;) length of Brooklyn approach, 971 feet; length of New York approach, 1562 feet 6 inches; total length of bridge, 5989 feet; width of bridge, 85 feet; number of cables, 4; diameter of each cable, 15¼ inches; each cable consists of 6300 parallel (not twisted) steel wires, No. 7 gauge, closely wrapped to a solid cylinder; ultimate strength of each cable, 11,000 tons; depth of tower foundation below high water, Brooklyn, 45 feet; depth of tower foundation below high water, New York, 78 feet; size of towers at high water line, 140x59 feet; size of towers at roof course, 136x53 feet; total height of towers above high water, 277 feet; clear height of bridge in centre of river span above high water, at 50 degrees Fah. 135 feet; height of floor at towers above high water, 119 feet 3 inches; grade of road way, 3½ feet in 100 feet; size of anchorages at base, 129x119 feet; size of anchorages at top, 117x104 feet; weight of each anchor-plate, 23 tons; estimated total cost of bridge, exclusive of land acquisition, $9,000,000; estimated cost of land, say $3,500,000. Total estimated cost, $12,500,000.—*Scientific American.*

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

Our Game and Food Fish.

It illustrates the influence of science even the most abstract upon the common ordinary current of events and the practical affairs of daily life, that the United States should now have a Board of Fish Commissioners in nearly every State and Territory; that particular attention should be given to the preservation of such fish as remain in our waters, and to their increase in numbers and variety by means of scientific artificial propagation. Professor Agassiz may, in this sense, be considered the father of Seth Green, as Oersted and Henry were the parents of Morse and Magnetic Telegraphy. The ardent contagious enthusiasm, the beautiful researches and the persuasive powers of exposition which Agassiz brought to the study of ichthyology in its purely scientific aspects, led thousands of practical men, who otherwise would never have thought about it, to give their particular attention to the subject in its more various and more concrete relations. Agassiz has related somewhere, with great appreciativeness, the interest which the rude fishermen of the New England coast took in his studies and researches, the pains and labor they would be at to fetch or send him rare specimens, and the shrewd information they were always able to give him in regard to the habitat and manners of their prey.

Our Fish Commission here in Maryland seems to be excellently organized for work and to be doing its work excellently well. We have read Mr. Ferguson's report carefully, and we think that he has acted both judiciously and vigorously throughout, and that a great deal has already been accomplished. Evidently, the work was not undertaken too soon, and it ought to be pressed forward now without hindrances or interruptions. The Commission can and should act more or less in conjunction with Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian, and the Academy of Sciences here, so as to push scientific investigation along with and alongside of practical effort. Science has still a great deal to tell us which it is important that those interested in the preservation of our Maryland fisheries should know as soon as possible. For instance, in regard to the oyster—the source of one of our most profitable industries, the food of the multitude, the luxury of the gourmet, the envy of all people who do not live contiguous to the Chesapeake Bay—there have been two opinions, both vehemently urged, upon the subject of dredging. One is that dredging destroys the oysters by turning over and killing twenty where one is captured—the other that this turning over process and the spreading of the young fry continually, increases both the oysters on particular areas and the extent of the areas themselves. The Fish Commission and the Academy of Sciences ought to ascertain the truth about this at once, for legislation is certainly called for, one way or another, in the premises.

There are several other matters in which science and the Commission may go hand in hand with much profit to the community. In some respects the disappearance of food fish is a tax upon the public, since it makes food in general higher by diminishing the quantity and the variety of it. The cheap bunch of perch, pike, or taylor, the dozen of crabs for ten cents, and the bushel of oysters for fifty cents, necessarily must have a steady and constant tendency to keep down the prices of butcher's meat and poultry. The Commission and the scientists may be able to bring us back to those halcyon days, when you might buy from off the "Rock Hall packet" a bunch of broad "black back" perch from "Gresham Hall," as heavy as you could carry, for twenty-five cents, and when beef was consequently still only a "baron" and did not aspire to kingship and absolute dominion over the market.

Those were the days when there were still "gudgeons at the Relay" and at Herring Run, besides a few at the Viaduct bridge over Gwinns' Falls; when yard-long eels could be taken at sunset at the corner of Light and Pratt streets, and white perch at Buchanan's wharf. Then the upper "Spring Gardens" abounded with "croakers," and crabs enough to fill a "peter-boat" could be picked up at the old "Fish-house." At the same remote era, select herrings would be wagoned to your door for $1.50 a thousand, and the "common run" of shad were not cheap at three cents a piece.

The strictly "game" fish have disappeared still more rapidly, and probably quite as lamentably, as the food fish. But for the newly-introduced black bass, there would be no more fish worth angling for. What a satire it is to him who has had to fill his game-bag with trout on the Blackwater or has filled his basket before breakfast in the sparkling mountain streams of Pennsylvania, to watch one of our anglers, propelling himself, with elbows and leg-long boots, across the frosty rime of fifty yards of a meadow in early April, at early morning, to get to a poor "hole" and make one poor "fling" to drag out, or miss, one poor three-inch-long trout! And the drum-fishing, the line rock-fishing, the line perch-fishing—all gone equally—let us hope, not forever. Our country streams are actually denuded of fish, excepting only a few chubs and minnows that manage from year to year to escape the clumsy bumpkin's net, dragged through a mile of stream to pick up a peck of smallfry for a Saturday night's feast.

The nets, indeed, it would seem, are one great source of the trouble and of the disappearance of fish everywhere, as correspondents have pointed out to us. The pot fishermen, like the pot hunters, are greedy, and have no respect for game as game, nor as food either. So much the more reason for controlling them by mild but efficient legislation. In our deep-water fisheries both the rock and the perch threaten to disappear almost entirely before the "pound net," the "pot net," and the immense machinery seines of the wholesale fishing companies.

The "pound net" is a fish pound, or fish weir, answering to the cattle pound, or the wild beast pound, into which a regular current drives in all animals, but from which no current guides them to escape. The old-fashioned wicket weir is reported by Mr. Ferguson to be very destructive of the bass on the upper Potomac, but the net pounds of the bay fishermen are a thousand-fold more destructive of our larger food fish. The wings are so long that they take in practically half the fish in that part of a river when they are set.

The "pot net" is simply an immense dip for the purpose of capturing and landing school fish, ale-wives, or the like, for commercial purposes. The pot net is one to which all are fish that come—what it takes it keeps, whether moss-bunker or bay mackerel—but the great evil of this style of fishing is that it drives away the rock, the taylor, and other fine fish, by depriving them of the food upon which they subsist. This sort of business is as if the farmer, after mowing all his meadows, should turn to and mow his pastures also, leaving his horses and cattle to starve. As for the huge seines, they are simply fatal to any hopes of retaining our supplies of food fishes. Imagine a seine two miles long, covering an area of four miles, requiring a steam engine at each end to haul it in—imagine a succession of such implements of general destruction working at intervals along the course of rivers and bay shores, hauling on every tide sometimes for months, and then try to conceive by what happy accident any fish at all are left in our waters. Other States have made war upon these things, and upon stake nets and gill nets that are too long also, and it is time that our legislature should do likewise.—*Baltimore Evening Bulletin.*

Practical Training for Women.

A paragraph has recently been going the rounds of the journals, wherein a much respected and justly-beloved divine is represented as saying that a training of women to be good wives and mothers was of vastly greater importance than their education in social accomplishments or money-making pursuits. A word or two inspired by practical experience may furnish a not unfriendly comment on the good doctor's exhortations. A good wife and mother is supposed to be not a machine for performing certain established household duties and preparing a certain number of meals a day; she should be a companion, a friend, a helper. But the first step in many homes, when "dull times" or financial mistakes make economy imperative, is to discharge the servant and to suggest that the wife's hands undertake the ordering of kitchen and hall and parlor.

It is not in support of a theory that we must contend that this drudgery unfits her to be an agreeable companion, makes her in a very low and degrading sense a helper and leaves her very little courage or spirit to be an entertaining and useful friend.

What sort of an evening can a family enjoy when she who should be the light and inspirer of all brightness and all gayety is so wearied with bodily toil as to sink upon the lounge for a nap, or busy herself in silence with necessarily neglected sewing. What kind of training can a woman give her children whose nerves are so worn by domestic duties and compelled privation of out-door-exercise that she can hardly keep her mind clear and her manners serene, or her face cheerful?

Better a thousand times for a woman to help her husband with the money gained by trained eyes and hands than by the petty and narrowing cares of patching and sewing, of scouring, and cooking and sweeping.

An industrious woman can save many hours and much strength from household superintendance, from dressing and dress-making and the rounds of "society duties," for pursuits which should employ her mind and hands in a pleasurable and profitable way.

It is not the only resource left to woman—let the publishers rejoice—to assail the magazine editors with vapid and pathetic poems, full of misplaced self-pity and cowardly complaint.

Wood engraving, etching, lithography, millinery and the making of many useful household articles can easily be carried on in a woman's own home. A successful florist, a skillful designer for silver, or for architecture, need not affront any conservative husband by unnecessary publicity. On is almost tempted to place the compiling of cookery books in the list of profitable employment, since so many thousands are being sold of two or three satisfactory ones recently edited. An American housekeeper, however fortunate she may be in getting or keeping servants, must necessarily acquire a good deal of culinary knowledge.

Not all women can write, or teach, or make dresses, or cook. But almost every woman can learn by steady and brave endeavor to gain money by a useful and creditable pursuit. It is just as honest, methinks, to earn money as it is to save it by turning and piecing old dresses, or by making soda do the duty of eggs. It is quite as honorable to send your hadiwork to a shop and receive payment for it as it is to take boarders "because you have more room than you know what to do with," or to do "your own work" because "you are so tired of servants you could endure them no longer."

If the husband were always the strong, sufficient prop of the household many women would be content to make beautiful and inviting the resting-place of home. But when long-continued pressure of business, a sudden failure of hopes, or ordinary mischance of exposure lays the strong man aside, compels idleness, and this idleness brings about complications of his affairs is not help, pecuniary help, necessary? And how is the bringing of that help unwomanly? Happy the woman who can earn even a small income for the days of trouble.

Many a widow is earning her right to exist who looks back regretfully to the days when she might have been a real and practical help to the toiling man then at her side.

We may say nothing of the training in social accomplishments." The day has gone by except for a few favored pets of fashion or fortune—in which "beauty is its own excuse for being," or social charm is a requisite in a wife. Woman is no longer "the flower an honest man plucks to wear on his bosom," but the useful and faithful partner who works in his house or at his side.

Let every girl be trained as her brother is trained, to earn her bread. Let her have, if possible, an occupation which will be an incentive to intellectual growth, and a resource for lonely hours, and a cure for morbid dissatisfaction with the world.

For ninety-five out of a hundred sick women prescribe brain-work and a successful calling. The consciousness of well-used powers, the triuphs of deserved success, are the best tonics.—*The Advance.*

HOME-MADE CANDY.—To a coffee-cupful of white sugar add two tablespoonfuls of water to dissolve it, and boil, without stirring, in a bright tin pan until it will crisp in water like molasses candy. Just before it is done put in a teaspoonful of extract of vanilla or lemon, or peppermint essence, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar; when done pour out into a buttered pan, and when cool enough to handle work it as you would molasses candy until it is perfectly white, then stretch and lay on a marble slab or moulding board; with a chopping knife cut into mouthfuls, and lay it on buttered paper on a plate. When children want candy, by all means let them have that made at home, and they will not eat plaster of Paris, chalk, starch and poisonous compounds, which derange their stomachs and ruin their teeth.

WHERE TO LOOK.—If there should be another cold snap, and you think it necessary to wear your overcoat, and can't find it in the wardrobe, just quietly walk down to the parlor and take an inventory of the stock of new Bohemian glass that is distributed around the room, and then you can form a pretty good conclusion as to what has become of the coat without asking questions.

Wit and Humor.

The Marriage License.

An old darkey of 62, tired of long leading a life of single blessedness, hobbled up to the marriage license clerk's desk the other day and said:

"Is dis whar yer gits de lisums fer ter marry?"

"This is the place."

"How much is dey apiece?"

"Seventy-five cents."

"Lord, honey, I isn't got dat much money."

"Then I can't let you have a license."

"Say, boss, times is hard, an' dis case is pressin." Couldn't yer trust me for a couple of weeks till de whitewash season commence?"

"No, sir; we don't do a credit business at this desk."

"Jest for two days?"

"Nary a day," was the heartless rejoiner and the poor old darkey hobbled away.

Yesterday he again knocked at the outposts of Hymen's temple with the necessary 75 c