

\$2 PER ANNUM.

Original Poetry.

For the Democratic Advocate.

THE STRANGER.

BY J. S. G.

Ye gather in the forest scene, With joy upon the brow, Ye mark familiar faces here, Upon your pathway now, Ye listen to the well-known tone, Ye mark the kindly smile, How strange the stranger sits alone, And his sad heart beguile.

And ye who sit around him now, Of his own household know, Wherefore he wanders on this way, And ebbeth the passing hours, When he meets the young and fair, Who throng in pleasure train, He may not in their pleasures share, And years for home again.

Select Story.

MAGGIE MAY.

BY J. S. G.

"I am sorry, George," said pretty Maggie May.

George Goodwin turned his face away for a moment from the sweet, beautiful one looking into it. It was not in the least degrading to his manhood that the large tears gathered for an instant in his eyes, as the gentle voice spoke the words that told him the strongest hope of his life was crushed forever.

"The room was silent after Maggie spoke, and a strong heart wrenched itself with her great agony; a tender one sought for words of comfort and relief. When Maggie spoke again, her own pretty eyes were moist, and a tremor was in her low, sweet voice.

"Believe me, George, I never dreamed of this. For so many years, ever since I was a little girl, you have been so like a mother that I have given you a sister's love, and I did not think you wished for any other. George," she continued, piteously, "tell me you do not think I have trifled with you or willingly wounded the noblest, truest, and best heart in the world."

"Darling," said George, hoarsely, "I know you have not. It was my own blindness that I have not seen. I have loved you from the first, and I have loved you to the end. I have loved you as a brother, but I have loved you as a sister, and I have loved you as a wife."

"I am the promised wife of Edward Goodwin," she said, and her eyes were fixed on his. "I have loved you as a brother, but I have loved you as a sister, and I have loved you as a wife."

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return occurred to her. It is so lonely at home, I came at once to you, hoping to stay till father and mother return."

"You know, dear child, how glad I am to have you with me, Maggie, there is something to tell you we did not write of, thinking it would only grieve you. George has been deeply afflicted."

"George? He is here, is he not?" "Always. I will tell you all. You heard soon after your arrival in Italy, did you not, of the dreadful accident at the new building just out in the village? Many were killed and wounded by the premature fall of a large quantity of bricks and mortar. Everyone hastened to the spot to aid the sufferers, supposing all danger was over. George went down to the building, superintended the removal of the unfortunate wounded, and I received them in the long stone-cutter's shed above, and dressed their wounds. All was removed but the dead, and George was still in the building, when a second fall came that horrified us all."

"Oh, uncle! George?" "He was taken up insensible. Apparently his injuries were slight, but as he recovered consciousness, we found a blow upon his head which, with the nervous shock, had totally destroyed his eyesight."

"Yes, dear. Every effort skill could suggest or money procure has been made. We have had the advice of the first surgeons in the country, and all remedies have been faithfully tried. All has been in vain. He is hopelessly blind."

Maggie's tears were falling so fast she could not speak; and her uncle continued: "He bears his trial with fortitude, but it is a trial none can appreciate, except under similar affliction. Hush! he is coming."

"Don't say I am here. I cannot speak to him yet," whispered Maggie, rising softly and taking a seat in a further corner of the room, where she watched George's entrance with faithful earnestness.

He came in very slowly, his arms outstretched and his step uncertain. Maggie longed to offer her support, but could not control her voice to speak.

"Are you here, Dr. East?" George asked, and the deep, sweet voice struck upon Maggie's ear.

"I am here in my old place." "Let me find my chair. Ah! here it is," and he sank down wearily in the chair, "I have glad but still sad news for you," said Dr. East.

"Sad and glad! News from abroad?" "Yes, the sad news of Edward Goodwin. He died in Italy last month."

"And Maggie is coming home; that is your glad news?" "Yes, poor Maggie! There was a deep silence. Then George spoke in a meditative tone, as if following along a letter of thought:

"I have loved you as a brother, but I have loved you as a sister, and I have loved you as a wife. I have loved you as a brother, but I have loved you as a sister, and I have loved you as a wife."

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last by a package containing the hand-somely-bound volume.

Maggie was in the library alone when Dr. East entered with the book.

"Look at it, Maggie, darling, while I am here," said George, entering. "I am here, doctor," said George, entering. "Let me feel it, Maggie dear, please read me the title page."

"Slowly she read the page, even to the figures that announced the date of publication."

"1864," she said, as if pondering. "It is Leap Year."

George looked up. Despite his blindness he had never lost the habit of turning his face towards any object of interest. Now his face was pale, eager, and yet radiant.

"Leap Year," Maggie continued, "when ladies may offer their hands to gentlemen. George, will you take mine?"

"Maggie, do not mock me. You are young, beautiful and wealthy. What am I?"

"What you are to others," said Maggie, "let the universal love and respect you meet testify. What you are to me I can never tell. You love me, George?"

"With my whole heart and soul!" "Let your love, then, read mine."

"Oh! Maggie—Maggie, can it be true? You love me, blind, helpless, useless?"

"You are my eyes, my fingers, my inspiration!" "Then you will have me?" said Maggie, merrily.

"I have no answer yet."

Dr. East stole softly away, blessing them in his heart as he did audibly when the wedding day came. For they were married, and the honeymoon was not yet ended.

Bees and Honey.

The history of bee culture and money making in California is a curious one. The first bees introduced into the State came from the Atlantic States, and we believe were taken into the Santa Clara valley. Not long after this, however, other importations followed, and they were taken to the vicinity of Sacramento. The successes attending all of the bees that were finally saved out of the early importations, in the way of increasing in numbers and making honey, were such as to awaken the highest hopes of the bee and honey business in the State. Fresh made honey on the coast was a new thing here, and commanded very high prices. The quantity that could be taken from a good, strong swarm or stand in a season warranted the anticipation and the belief that California was the seat of the best features in the world. It was thought that the market for honey could not be glutted, and that, therefore, the bee and honey business must prove very lucrative. The accounts of the wonderfully rapid increase of swarms and their unprecedented performances in the laying away of honey called public attention to the business, and the price of bees went up all over the country.

This stimulated their importation and multiplication until in many localities in the central portions of the State the country actually became overstocked, and the pasture too short for their prosperity.

Disease also resulted from causes connected with their importation, or after treatment, or was brought along with them from the East, and there came in a few years a reaction, and prices went down again to a mere nominal standard, or no standard at all. Then the stampede to get out of the bee business was as great as it had been a few years previous to get into it. If sales could not be made, the owners of many apiaries allowed them to go to destruction for want of care until the bees were nearly all dead.

Notwithstanding this fact the general public, and large accumulations of honey were never again, and the bee business remained at a low ebb.

Things Abroad.

The Tiger and Panther of the Indian Jungle—Their Ferocity.

The tiger, the tyrant of the Indian jungle, has, as is due, the precedence over his feebler or less dreaded congeners. Skirting the base of the Himalayan range, extending east and west for many hundreds of miles, is a tract of land covered with jungle, called the Terai; this is his chosen home. Cradled in the long feathery grass of the jungle, he gambols about in his infancy playful as a kitten, and usually attains when full grown the length of nine or nine and a half feet. Wild dogs, deer, and all the larger specimens of game are his usual prey, but sometimes a pair of tigers will take up their abode within a mile of a village, sallying out from their lair every three or four days to pull down a bullock or a buffalo, always selecting the fattest in the herd. The strength of their muscular forearms is enormous. Captain Baldwin says: "I remember in Assam a tiger in the dead of night leaping over a fence nearly five feet high, seizing one of the largest oxen, and again leaping back, dragging the bullock after him across several fields and over two hedges. In his old age when his teeth become worn he not infrequently becomes a man eater, and such is the devastation he then occasions that the British Government has deserted and extensive districts are laid waste from dread of these ferocious scourges. In these disastrous circumstances the advent of an English sportsman with his rifle and elephants is hailed as a godsend by the whole neighborhood. A tiger when brought to bay often "spits" exactly like a cat.

Contrary to the received opinion, tigers seldom or never hunt in the forests, but resemble the hideous lion in their cries, which resemble the cat-crawling of a whole squadron of gigantic tortoises. In making a charge the tiger utters a series of short, yowling, coughing growls, as trying to the nerves as the most terrible roar. Tiger hunting, even from elephant back, is always accompanied with danger. One day when I was in a win and a friend were hunting the last tiger in the Terai, the hunters, a fine young man, "foolishly" crept forward to try and discover the actual spot where the tiger was hiding. He must have approached within a few feet of the animal, for it struck but one blow without moving or exposing its body, and dashed the young man with great violence to the bottom of a stony ravine. He was rescued by the aid of the best medical skill, his skull having been fractured by the blow from the tiger's paw. In tiger shooting, when you discharge your piece, whether you hit or miss, you must not move, but stand perfectly still, keep your eye on the animal and put in a fresh cartridge. Many lamentable accidents have occurred from sportsmen going rapidly up to fallen tigers, erroneously supposing them to be dead. One tiger was shot, and his body was thrown first, to see what mischief it left in him, for it is quite possible that he may require another bullet as a quietus. A tiger cannot climb trees, but he can spring to a considerable height, and this should be remembered in shooting them from what are called machans, a sort of framework of poles resting on the higher branches of the trees, some twenty feet in central India, get into a tree which overhangs a watercourse to wait for tigers. He was a considerable way up the tree, but he did not advert to the fact that the high bank of the ravine behind him was almost on a level with him. In no long time a tiger came to drink, and he fired at it. If sales could not be made, the owners of many apiaries allowed them to go to destruction for want of care until the bees were nearly all dead.

Notwithstanding this fact the general public, and large accumulations of honey were never again, and the bee business remained at a low ebb.

A few years since, however, the extensive bee pastures of the southern counties were discovered, and some of those who had retained their apiaries, and by hard labor succeeded in making the business profitable. The experience of central California has in the last few years been repeated in southern California, and the home and Eastern markets have actually been overstocked with California honey. But just at this period in the business comes the present dry season, and destroys the pasture and the bees. The losses to the bee owners in Southern California have probably been greater in proportion to the money invested, than to any other class. So thorough and complete has been the destruction of bee feeding plants that it is now doubtful if the business will ever be overdone, but it is just possible that it will gradually recuperate and become one of the permanent industries of the State, paying fairly for the capital and care required to carry it on to a reasonable extent. —San Francisco Bulletin.

Wrongs.

Among the most unpleasant people one is compelled to rub shoulders with on life's highway are the class whose mind is a hold of everything, as it were, the wronged foremost. They are usually as obstinate as perverse; and the false inferences they draw from misapprehended premises, as if they were gospel truths. One knows how to deal with such incorrigibles. Good-humored railing they are as likely as not to mistake for studied insult, endeavor to instruct and convince, for any of superiority, and whatever one may do or say with the view of benefiting them, for insidious attempts to get on their blind side. Their field of moral vision is filled with a mist of suspicion which distorts everything, and it is vain to reason with them; for you can so more do away with their absurd impressions than you can wipe out graven letters with a sponge. Error, we suppose, is to them what truth is to right-headed men and women, and they cling to it because they believe in it. They are objects of commiseration; yet, being unobtainable business, it is prudent to give them a wide berth. It is really a pity that to be predisposed by nature to misanthropy, and to be so equally unpleasant to be misanthropic and misconstrued. Therefore make it a rule to have as little as possible to do with intricate wrongdoers.

An ice machine in Dallas, Texas, lately finished, produces ice cakes thirty feet long and six feet wide, weighing from 10,000 to 12,000 pounds each. They are formed by freezing fine rain or spray. When the freezing is done the bottom end of the cake is sawed low and the inclined plane, and the cake slides out on a platform, where it is cut into pieces six feet square. Four cakes a day are frozen. The works cost \$30,000.

Man believes himself always greater than he is, and is esteemed less than he is.

It is the admirer of himself, and not the admirer of virtue, who thinks himself superior to others.

Our Ohio.

The Naval Engagement in Hampton Roads.

Alfred McDonald, Esq., one of the editors of the Lynchburg News, writes from Old Point, where he is now visiting, an interesting reminiscence of the great naval engagement which took place in Hampton Roads some fifteen or sixteen years since. In view of the recent death by violence of Capt. Catesby Jones, who acted so conspicuously a part in the engagement, as well as from the graphic and truthful manner in which the narrative is given, it will be read at this time with peculiar interest. We, therefore, transfer the main portion of the letter to our columns as follows:

"I will now proceed to fulfill the promise made in my last letter to describe the great naval battle on these waters in March, 1862, which created such a wide-spread sensation—every school child in the land knows the story of the battle, and in the broad light of a noon-day sun. Excitement at once mounted to fever heat on shore, and the batteries and beach were lined with enthusiastic men. There was some doubt at first as to the destination of the great monster—whether Fortress Monroe or Newport News—but on striking the channel of Hampton Roads, she was headed up stream, and it was then known that the latter was to be the point of attack. At the mouth of the James River lay the two huge blockading frigates, the Cumberland and the Congress; and standing there in the majesty of their great proportions there was that in their formidable appearance well calculated to inspire dread as to the result of the coming struggle. Very quiet and peacefully were they lying there, when the air was filled with the rattling and rigging, and they curiously gazing over the guards at the approaching minister of death.

On she sped, not a moment faltering, but eagerly pressing forward under full head of steam, like an athlete pressing to the battle. Not long did it take her to overcome the intervening space. Two little gunboats, the Beaufort and the Halcyon, accompanied the Merrimack, and the first to open fire. As though sprung so insignificant a foe, the blockaders paid no attention to this "small fry" until some seven or eight shots had been fired, and then they opened a terrific broadside, and kept up a continuous fire. The little boats replied with spirit, but the Merrimack opened her mouth, but pressed on in the face of a terrible fire, moving in a circuit, until she was abreast the Merrimack, and on the right flank of the heavy land batteries. When the desired position had been attained she opened a murderous fire on the batteries and the Cumberland, and continued it with incessant roar until it was said every land gun had been dismounted and the works destroyed.

Having accomplished her purpose in that direction, she then turned her undivided attention to the Cumberland, and directed a fearful fire into her. This process, however, being too slow for the fiery soul of battle which had been aroused in the Confederate Titan, she was set in headlong motion and dashed her steel prow into the quivering side of the luckless Cumberland. That did the work. Immediately she began to settle, and down, down went the noble vessel, firing all the while, until she had broadside by broadside discharged her water was almost ready to enter the mouth of the guns. Thus was finished one of the greatest wars of the water; and a great shout went up from our shore to the heavens.

Next came the Congress. Here let me state before going further that immense ammunition had been created at Fortress Monroe by the onset and that the steam frigate Minnesota and other vessels were at once put in motion to go to the rescue of their ill-starred companions. Heavy fire was opened on these from the Sewell's Point batteries as they passed up the channel, to which they replied warmly but kept on their way. The Minnesota when near Newport News grounded fast, but went on to the fight. The conflict was now raging hotly between the Merrimack and the Congress. Now came a new element into the struggle. The Jamestown, the Patrick Henry and the Teaser, which were lying up the river some 12 or 15 miles, hearing the uproar, came gallantly steaming down and entered into the fray. Here was now furious war all along the lines. Several hundred guns were engaged, all thundering and firing all day long. At their highest pitch the Merrimack was a perfect inferno. It is impossible to conceive of a grander or more terrific spectacle than that then presented. Broadside after broadside volleyed and thundered, and the flashing of guns, the dense smoke, the awful roar, all conspired to make the scene one of grand terror. But this thing could not last all day. Under the concentrated fire poured into her wooden sides the Congress was forced to strike her colors and run up white flag. And here followed an act of perfidy on the part of the foe. With her white flag flying the Confederates who went to take possession of the surrendered vessel were fired upon, and some of them wounded. Then, in return, fire was opened on her again, and she was soon in flames. I have never seen any explanation of this act of bad faith by the Confederates, then stood single-handed and alone. Another day of war, the St. Lawrence, I believe, started from the fort to her assistance, but she encountered such a galling fire from our land batteries that she tucked tail and returned. Still another vessel went with a similar fate. The Minnesota fought bravely under unfavorable circumstances, and she covered a night course to her rescue. The engagement was kept up until midnight and took their positions near Sewell's Point for the night.

In the meantime, the Congress was in lurid flames. The sight was sublime beyond description. The whole outlines of the vessel, amid which the fiery tongues were shooting, were visible for hours. As the fire progressed the guns on board were discharged, one by one, and their solemn hum floated over the water like a mid-night dirge to the dead. Between 12 and 1 o'clock at night the magazine was reached and exploded with a shock that shook earth and air and water for miles around. The darkness then gathered about, and all was silent where the god of battles had held his fiercest revels.

The next morning bright and early the Merrimack started up to take possession of the Minnesota, which it was supposed would be an easy prey. But, to the surprise and bewilderment of everybody, the little monster (which, by a strange coincidence, had arrived during the night), stepped in between, and then commenced the remarkable encounter between the two iron-clads, the first the world had ever known, and which caused a complete revolution in

Indian Military Sports.

The sports of the native Indian cavalry, commonly called *Near Bories*, as to excel in them requires steady nerve and good riding. I believe it is the custom in many regiments to devote one morning a week to these essentially military games. They are most popular with the men, it is easy to see, for besides the hundred or so who generally turn out to compete, the greater part of the regiment is present on foot as spectators. The proceedings generally commence with tent-pegging pure and simple. A short peg is driven into the ground, while some two hundred yards distant the competitors are drawn up in line, each on his own horse, for the native *near*, like the vassal of our own past times, comes mounted and armed to his regiment. While "off duty" the native soldier can dress as he pleases; so on occasions like the present individual taste broods a mark. Each man carries two or three such articles, and a signal given by the *near* major, or native adjutant, the first man, his spear held across his body, starts at a canter, his wiry little country-bred knows as well as he does who is in his hand, and as the speed increases to a gallop, the pace is regular and measured, enabling his rider to sit as steady as a rock. When about fifty yards from the object the *near* major, or native adjutant, points downward, bends well over the saddle till his hand is below the girth, and then, when you almost think he has gone past, an imperceptible turn of the wrist and—swish—the spear is brandished round his head, with the peg transfixed on its point. Another is quickly driven into the ground, and the next man comes up; he, too, hits the peg, but perhaps fails to carry it away to the required distance, for it drops from his spear point as he is in the act of whirling it round his head. This does not count, and he retires, discomfited. The third misses entirely; the fourth strikes, but does not remove the peg from the ground, while after them, in quick succession, come two or three who carry it off triumphantly. With varying fortune the whole squad goes by, and it is interesting to note the style of each horseman as he passes—some sitting rigid till within a few yards of the mark, others bending over, and taking aim while still at a small distance; some, silent, others shouting and gesticulating, while no sooner has his *near* in motion than he gives vent to a certain *near* sound, kept up like the rattle of a steam engine, till close upon the peg, which, having skillfully transfixed, he, at the same time, strikes his voice up on an octave or two, in triumph, and suppose, as he gallops round and joins his comrades. Two or three men now bring up their horses with neither saddle nor bridle, and with consummate skill, guiding them by leg-pressure alone, carrying off the peg triumphantly, amid well deserved cries of "Shabash!" from the spectators. The next of the programme is "Him-outing." Three lengths are put up on sticks about twenty yards apart, and the competitors, put in hand, he has successively to cut in two without touching the sticks—a by no means easy feat. Then three handkerchiefs are placed on the ground, and a horseman, riding barebacked a good looking bay, rises past a very cloud of dust, and on his way stops, picks up and throws over his shoulder each handkerchief as he comes to it. And now we come to the most difficult feat of all. A piece of wood of small diameter larger than a tent peg is driven into the ground, and a notch having been made in the top, a rupee is therein placed so as to be half-hidden from view. The knot is to ride at this lance in hand, and the feet to rest on the rupee without touching the wood—a performance requiring rare skill and dexterity, yet it is generally accomplished successfully, and is, perhaps, by the best hands of the regiment. Perhaps the proceedings may close with something of a comic nature, one man coming past hanging by his heels from the saddle, shouting and gesticulating; others facing the horses' tails, firing pistols at a supposed enemy, with more antics of a like nature, often ending in an ignominious prostration, though a nimble *near* generally succeeds in landing on his feet.—Chambers' Journal.

Going to Siberia.

The saddest sight in Russia to a traveler is the manner in which civil prisoners are treated. It is a common thing to see a Siberian under a military escort, for many of them are chained together in couples, while the women and children who have elected to share their bread winners' lot have also to submit to be treated as criminals. Poorly clad, and apparently half-starved, the wonder is that any of the party should survive the dreadful journey. A Russian criminal condemned to exile to the north of the River Arica, but when an officer of the army or other person of note has been sentenced to banishment for life, he is dressed in full uniform, and led to the scaffold in some public place. In the presence of the crowd he is made to kneel, while his caplets and decorations are taken off his coat, and his sword broken over his head. He is declared legally dead; his estates are sold, and his wife can consider herself a widow of the deceased. From the scaffold he starts on his way to Siberia. His wife and children, sisters and mother, can follow or accompany him if they choose, but only on condition that they share his exile. Mr. Arnold, in his book entitled *Through Persia by Caravan*, relates how, when passing through Russia, he saw a party of prisoners embarked on board steamer on the River Arica. They were positively caged amid ship, so that every part of the interior could be seen, just as in the lion-houses of the Zoological Gardens, with this difference—that in the case of the prisoners there was no overhanging roof to prevent rain or sunshine from pouring upon their wretchedness.

At the back of the cage there was a lair common to all, without distinction of sex, and when all were asleep, including guileless women and children, fights occurred for the places exposed to the east wind. This is a system which must surely fade away beneath that public opinion which is fast becoming too strong for even autocratic monarchs to despise; for we are told that the emancipation of the Russian serfs has made a vast hole in the ranks of the nobles, and it is the lower orders of the people and it is the people that will look for that much needed reform which will enable Russia, perhaps at no distant day, to take an honorable place among civilized nations.—Chambers' Journal.

How Russian Foundlings are Cared For.

One of the most remarkable institutions in St. Petersburg is situated on the Gorkovskaya-Boulevard (Passe street), which radiates from the Admiralty place. The buildings containing the Foundling Hospital have their front on this street, though extending far along the Fontanka Canal and covering about thirty acres of ground. This establishment was founded over a hundred years ago, and successive bequests and donations have enriched it until it now is one of the wealthiest institutions in the Empire, its possessions being valued at about \$400,000,000. The income from this immense property is wholly devoted to the care of foundlings and children surrendered to the institution by their parents, from infancy until they are able to make their own living, and again when disabled by sickness or age. To give an idea of the dimensions of this magnificent charity, it is only necessary to mention that the employees (nurses, teachers, cooks, &c.) number 6000 in St. Petersburg alone, while thousands of nurses are employed in taking care of children in the country.

DRINKING AT MEALS.—Whoever drinks no liquids at meals will find years of pleasurable existence to his life. Of cold or warm drinks, the former are the most pernicious; drinking at meals induces indigestion, and it is better to eat more than they otherwise would, as any one can verify by experiment.

French Publicists employ a regular staff of fighting men, who assume responsibility for articles reflecting upon individuals, while imprisonment resulting from censure of government is borne by the subscribers, who receive 10 per cent when there is no occasion for their services, and \$20 per week while in prison, the fines being paid by the journal prosecuted.

Let us consider the drawing in of false conclusions from just principles, by which it is distinguished from medicine, which draws just conclusions from false principles.

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French Publicists employ a regular staff of fighting men, who assume responsibility for articles reflecting upon individuals, while imprisonment resulting from censure of government is borne by the subscribers, who receive 10 per cent when there is no occasion for their services, and \$20 per week while in prison, the fines being paid by the journal prosecuted.

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