The Abbeville Press.

BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON. | BBEVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1869. | VOLUME XVII---NO. 10.

Don't Leave the Farm.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you,
Come here, I would whisper low;
You are thinking of leaving the homestead;
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins;
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins.

ou talk of the mines in Australia—
They're wealthy in gold no doubt;
But ah! there is gold on the farm, boys,
If only you'll shovel it out.
The mercantile life is a hazard,
The goods are first and then low;
Better risk the old farm awhile longer,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The great busy West has inducements,
And so has the busiest mart,
But wealth is not made in a day, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to start!
The bankers and brokers are wealthy,
They take in their thousands or so;
Ah! think of the frauds of deception,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The farm is the safest and surest,
The orchards are loaded to-day;
You're free as the air of the mountains,
And monarch of all you survey.
Better stay on the farm awhile longer,
Though profit comes in rather slow;
Remember you have nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

OUR GROWING CROPS.

Fertilizers vs. Frost—Cotton, Rice. Corn. Wheat—Other Cereals—Prospects of Yield.

A Columbia correspondent of the New York Times writes, under the date of the 18th inst.:

The prospect of the crop of 1869 have been pretty thoroughly canvassed, and conclusions are becoming somewhat definite. Two unusual circumstances have marked the agricultural world in the South—my estimates all relate to South Carolina, however—this spring; first, an unusually cold Spring, there have been frost in most parts of the State in May—an event that has not occurred therefore in maybe twenty years; and secondly, an unprecedented use of commercial fertilizers—phosphates, guano from the tropics, and chemical fertilizers of various kinds. Of these the State has used this year fully ten times as much as ever before. The lateness of the Spring has cut off a good deal of cotton in the mountain region and almost all the corn on the seacoast. It is to be observed here that these crops thus shortened are the least important ones in their respective regions, because near the mountains very little cotton is raised, and near the sea very little corn. In the interior or middle of the State the cotton is the main crop touched by the frost; and it is believed now that the fertilizers will more than make up for the diminution caused by the frost, and then about one-fourth more land has been planted in cotton this year than last.

COTTON.

The cotton this year is estimated by careful calculators, after a comparison of hundreds of individual opinions, as likely to reach 185,000 bales. This is an advance on last year's crop, which was 180,000 bales. The crop of 1860 was 353,412 bales.

RICE.

The crop of rice is expected to be this year, 22,750,000 pounds, which is a large increase over last year, which produced 16,250,000 pounds. Both of these are vastly below the rice yield of 1860, which was 119,100,528 pounds—more than five times as much as last year. This immense falling off arises from the fact that the neglect of some years during the war has rendered the plantation unfit for cultivation without thousands of outlay, which the impoverished owners cannot supply. Besides labor is so difficult to control now that it would be very risky to undertake running a large plantation with hands that might, and probably would, leave when the weather gets too hot for comfort. To put a rice plantation in working order costs something like $10,000, and in some cases $20,000—some that do not often exist among planters now.

CORN.

This cereal crop is decidedly better than last year. I have no statistics of the last year's crop, but think it safe to state this year's will be better, but not much. The corn crop of 1860 was 15,065,606 bushels.

WHEAT.

The lower portion of the State rejoices in a fair crop of wheat this year, the middle very good and near the mountains a planter writes to me that there has not been such a crop of wheat there in twenty years as is the present year. The harvesting is going on now, and the estimates are definite. The crop of 1860 was 1,285,631.

OTHER CEREALS.

The remaining cereals—oats, rye and barley—are much less grown in this State than farther North. Oats are raised for horse feed, and the crop is fine this year. Barley and rye are [illegible]

not much raised. Near the mountains rye is raised, but mostly by Germans who used to raise it in the old country.

Particulars of the Death of the Hon. Henry J. Raymond.

The New York Evening Post of Friday gives the following account of the circumstances attending the death of Mr. Raymond:

Mr. Raymond, accompanied by his daughter, went to Greenwood Cemetery yesterday afternoon for the purpose of selecting a family plot. He intended to have the body of one of his children who died a few weeks ago removed from the vault and reinterred. He returned to the Times office about five o'clock, and remarked to the associate editors that he never felt better in his life, except a slight feeling of fatigue consequent upon his long walk through the cemetery. He left the office about 6 o'clock and proceeded to his residence in West Ninth-street, where he remained until about 9 o'clock to recover from the fatigue of the afternoon. Mr. Raymond left the house about nine o'clock, remarking to members of his family that he had an appointment to attend a political meeting, and left home for that purpose. He was seen shortly afterwards walking up Broadway, and one or two friends who stood in front of Wallack's Theatre noticed his elastic step and general appearance of robust health. After attending the meeting Mr. Raymond returned to his residence about eleven o'clock, and as soon as he had closed the door after him he fell heavily upon the floor. None of the inmates of the house heard the fall, however, having retired for the night, and not being aware of his return. About three o'clock this morning, one of Mr. Raymond's children became restless, and upon becoming fully aroused remarked that she heard some person breathing heavily. The persons in the house were immediately awakened, and on descending to the hallway Mr. Raymond was found extended on the floor, entirely unconscious, but breathing heavily and apparently with great difficulty. He was carried to his room and placed upon a bed and physicians sent for with haste. Four physicians arrived soon afterwards who examined him and pronounced him beyond all medical aid. They also declared the cause of his death to be apoplexy. Mr. Raymond lingered in an unconscious state until five o'clock, when he died, surrounded by the members of his family. He passed away apparently with but little pain.

The news of his death caused much excitement and very general regret throughout the city. All the down town hotels and newspaper offices displayed their flags at half-mast as a mark of respect.

A Romantic Love Story.—The Count de St. Croix, belonging to one of the noblest and wealthiest families in France, became engaged, after a long courtship, to a lady his equal in position and fortune, and famous for her beauty. Shortly after the happy day was appointed which was to render two loving hearts one, the Count was ordered immediately to the seige of Sebastopol; so he girded on his sabre, and at the head of his regiment marched to the battle field. During the Count's absence it happened that his beautiful affiance had the small pox. After hovering between life and death she recovered, but found her beauty hopelessly lost. The disease had assumed in her case the most virulent character, and left her not only disfigured, but seamed and scarred to such a frightful extent that she became hideous to herself, and resolved to pass the remainder of her days in the strictest seclusion.

A year passed away, when one day the Count, immediately upon his return to France, accompanied by his valet, presented himself at the residence of his betrothed, and solicited an interview. This was refused. He, however, with the persistence of a lover, pressed his suit, and finally the lady made her appearance, closely muffled in a veil. At the sound of her voice the Count rushed forward to embrace her, but, stepping aside, she tremblingly told him the story of her sorrow, and burst into tears. A heavenly smile broke over the Count's handsome features as, raising his hand above, he exclaimed: "It is God's work! I am blind!"

To Preserve Implements.—A mixture of three parts of lard and one of rosin, melted together, is one of the best coatings for all steel or iron implements. The lard makes the rosin soft while the latter is a sure preventive against rusting. The mixture is good for plows, hoes, axes, indeed for all tools and implements, as well as [illegible] packed away.

Starting an Apiary.

Some one writes: "Why not tell people who have never kept bees how to start?"

This is what I have been doing for the last fifteen years, and now there is a class advanced to "Fourth Reader," and anxiously waiting for the "Fifth." These must be kept along, and at the same time the primary class duly cared for. The first thing for beginners to do is, to procure some *reliable* work on the natural history and management of the bee, study it thoroughly, and come to an understanding if possible, of what a swarm of bees will do under all circumstances. There is much spurious teaching and miserable guess-work in instructions concerning the apiary. The man who writes without experience of his own, giving only what others have said, will copy an error as well as truth.—Or sometimes a person interested in some particular point in a bee-hive will so distort the truth that it is hardly recognized. When a correct knowledge of the fundamental principles of bee-keeping has been acquired by careful study, the next thing is to get a hive or two of bees; if in movable combs, all the better. Obtain them, if possible, from some reliable person, one who knows what he is selling, and, at the same time, will not take pay for a worthless article. Bees in the box hive are more uncertain than other stock. No person can guarantee the future prosperity of any hive after it passes beyond his control. In purchasing stocks, reject the very heavy and very light. A large number of bees is more desirable than heavy stores—especially at this season of the year. Locate them on the summer stand at once. If moved afterward, let it be for two or three miles. Moving short distances in the apiary is bad. Place the stands six to ten feet apart. Recent observations in regard to the spread of diseased brood dictates a greater distance between stands than formerly recommended. Provide hives for the swarms, and if you have not already movable combs, with proper study you should by this time be sufficiently well informed to desire them in some form. I will not now recapitulate the advantages of movable combs, nor describe the method of transfering combs, but will say it is a paying investment as soon as the advantages are comprehended. That the tyro may have confidence in his operations among the bees, he may want to keep them from his face and hands—from his face by a bee-veil, such as described in "Bee-keeping," page 227; from his hands by thick woolen or ruber gloves. Any one who expects to do much among bees should learn to handle things "without mittens," until he finds out that a bee-sting is not "killing." After preparing a veil according to the directions referred to, punch the pith out of a piece of elder or other pithy wood, ten inches long, or bore a hole with a slender gimlet through a suitable stick of wood, and and insert this tube in the wire-cloth opposite the mouth, by which it is to be held when it is desirable to use smoke to pacify the bees. Hard wood, nearly rotten, sawed or split into pieces and inch square, makes the cheapest smoke. Have it thoroughly dry, ignite one end, and blow the smoke in any desired direction on any demonstration of anger.—*M. Quinby in American Agriculturist.*

Influence of Cleanliness.—A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged house exerts a moral as well as physical influence over its inmates, and make the members of a family peaceable and considerate of each other's feelings and happiness. The connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced, and habits of respect for others, and for those high duties and obligations which no laws can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid noxious dwelling, in which none of the decencies of life can be observed, contributes to make its inhabitants selfish, sensual, and regardless of the feelings of others. And the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal; and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with a respect for the property of others or for the laws.

About Horses.—My dear parson, why do you affect to be ashamed of taking so much interest in horses? Remember Theophylact, or if you never heard of him, as is probable, know that he was a patriarch in the tenth century, and that he was celebrating mass, when a groom came in, and told him that a favorite mare had foaled. The pious clergyman ran out in delight to the stable, satisfied himself that all was going on well, and then returned to the church to finish the ceremony.

Summer Drinks.

"What are the best and most healthful Summer drinks?"

The immediate object of drinking is to satisfy thirst. There is but one thing capable of doing this, and that is water. The principal ingredient of all the different kinds of drinks used is water, and the purer the water, and the less quantity of other substances mixed with it, the more perfectly does it supply the wants of the system. This being the case, pure water is the best and most healthful of drinks, not only for Summer, but for all seasons of the year. The manner in which it is drank is very important. If it is swallowed rapidly and in large quantities, it may produce undue distention and pressure of the stomach, and interfere with its functions and those of the surrounding organs. If the water thus swallowed be very cold, and the system at the same time be suffering from heat and fatigue, very serious results are apt to occur from the sudden shock. Water should always be drank slowly. By sipping, the desire for drink is more effectually gratified, and any desirable quantity at any temperature may be drank without injurious effects. Ice-water in Summer is not objectionable if taken in this way. Water should not be drank at or soon after meals, as it interferes with the process of digestion.

KEEP COOL.

"It is easy to say so," says one, "but how are you going to do it, this hot werther?" I will tell you. The clothing should be light and loose, and of such a character that the air can readily pass through it. It should be changed often. Clothing worn during the day should not be worn at night. The entire body should be bathed every day so as to keep the pores open and the skin clean. Perspiration should not be checked but encouraged, if one does not perspire easily. Perspiration necessitates evaporation, and evaporation cools. Eat sparingly, and avoid everything of a heating, stimulating, or irritating character, as salts, spices, condiments, sweets, fats, tea, coffee, tobacco, alcoholic drinks, &c. The diet should consist principally or entirely of fruits, berries and vegetables. The only proper drink is water. Especially avoid eating more than the system requires, as excess in amount of food is one of the principle causes of that lazy, listless, uncomfortable feeling experienced by so many during hot weather. Keep a clean conscience as well as a clean skin and clean clothing, and don't get excited. If uncomfortably warm at any time, immerse the hands and feet in cold water, or let a stream of cold water run upon the wrists and ankles for a short time or hold a piece of ice in the hands. This will soon cool the whole body.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A Welcome to the Coolies.

In speaking of the negotiations now pending by which Charleston capitalists intend to introduce coolies on the rice and cotton fields of South Carolina, and the contract by a Chicago company for the transportation of fifty thousand across the Pacific Railroad, the Memphis Avalanche says:

This is not theoretical, but practical immigration. Instead of figures and theories it produces the needed laborer himself, setting him down at our doors. We may as well prepare to face the Celestial, for he will face us, with his pigtail, his docility and industry. There is no longer room for him in California, and we will push across the railway to the new El Dorado of labor. He is the coming man, and we must make up our minds to meet him. He is coming because the conversion of our blacks into a race of politicians and idlers is making room for him. He is coming because, for want of labor, our broad fields are uncultivated, and forests occupy soil which should teem with cotton and corn. He is coming because the country is languishing for his industry and thrift. The fact that he one day expects to return to the empire of genial and more luxurious flowers, thereto die among his kindred, is that much more in his favor. We do not desire him as a permanent addition to our population. He is not desired at all, for that matter; but his readiness to work, and our million of acres of uncultivated fields, settle this in a practical way. We have work to be performed; he has the muscle and disposition to perform it. Chinese who can cultivate tea, can manage cotton. For that matter, cotton has always been cultivated in the Flowery Kingdom, and it is as a field laborer that the chinaman excels. Ten years from to-day will see a hundred thousand Chinese in the Mississippi Valley—perhaps twice the number—but we prefer moderate estimates. The ball will soon commence rolling, and it will never stop. As rapidly as Sambo quits the field or becomes so useless that the field will [illegible] will give way to the pigtail. Make way for the coming man. He has but awaited the hour, and it has arrived.

Getting Horses into Condition.

To put a horse in the best looking plight for sale, he should be fed on grain or corn, which has been soaked about forty-eight hours, and then kept on a floor till it has sprouted; it should lie about six inches thick, and be turned every four or five hours, being watered sometimes to keep it moist—in short, treat it just the same as malters treat barley prior to being put on the kiln to dry; barley is the best grain for a horse when sprouted. Mix one pound of sulphur, one pound of rosin, and two pounds of fenugreek, and give two table-spoonfuls every second or third night, by shaking it among the feed or giving it in any mash the horse is fond of. Four ounces of antimony mixed with the above, and give one tablespoonful, will give an increased lustre to the skin, and will improve the very worst looking brute in existence. The exercise should be chiefly walking—no violent sweating and no long journeys.

When in the stable, on dry food entirely, some farmers recommend clover hay made from clover cut when the seed begins to shed; but this is very wrong, for that kind of hay is wood in the stems, and it has not only greatly injured the land by standing until it was old, but has a decidedly injurious effect on the horses—producing coughing, heaves, swelled heels and legs, and inflammation of the eyes. The only way in which it can be given without dire results, is by cutting it into chaff and wetting it; served thus, and some meal wixed with it, there are those in the county who call it "the perfection hay." Hay made from new grass will cause horses to dung rather looser, but when it is kept to be old hay it ceases to have that effect, and in England hay kept till the second year always commands a higher price than "new hay." In that country, where grain does not ripen till a month later than in America, the grass is cut earlier by a month than it is here. For farm work, and any other slow work, it is not at all essential that any great importance be attached to any particular method of feeding or to any particular character of food.

Old dry-stemmed grass, when made into hay, is doubtless best to be cut up and wetted to assist the digestion; and meal which has rather a scouring tendency, may help to carry off humors which would otherwise be engendered. But when good, wholesome, nutritious hay and oats are fed the horse should eat dry, for the saliva is the natural moisture to go into the stomach with the food, and it is sure to be much better masticated in that state. A little good chaff mixed with oats will, if not wetted, cause horses to grind the oats closer, so that few will pass through whole.—*Countro Gentleman.*

An Elephant Attacks a Locomotive.—The following account of an encounter between an elephant and a railway train in India, is taken from the *Bengalee*, of January 2, an intelligent native newspaper published in Calcutta in English:

A correspondent writing the Indo-European correspondence from Moughyr, states that a very serious accident, brought about in a manner unknown, and perhaps unheard of since the establishment of railways, not only in India, but throughout the world, happened to a train on the evening of the 20th of December, at half-past 8 o'clock, between Sahebgunge and Mirzapore, about two miles from the latter station. At that time the No. 5 down goods' train was approaching a mangoe tope, in which seventy elephants were stationed. The red lights glaring in the distance, and the noise and smoke of the engine, would seem to have caused an awful consternation among the poor brutes, all of whom, more or less, tried to break away from their fastenings. One large male, however, the strongest and most courageous of the lot, became so infuriated that he broke his chain and rushed forward to intercept and encounter the supposed enemy. He had scarcely placed himself on the line when the train was down upon him. He encountered it with head and tusks; but animal strength proved no match for steam and machinery—the poor brute was knocked down and killed on the spot, and the engine, rebounding, ran off the line, and it and eleven carriages were capsized into a ditch. The fireman luckily managed to jump off in time, and the guard did the same, but the poor driver, named Smith, remained in his place, and received injuries from which it is not expected he will recover.

Last year two thrifty Germans purchased eighty acres of land in Southern Tennessee. This season they gathered strawberries enough from four acres of it to pay for the whole front.

Presentiments of Death are among the strangest phenomena of the human mind. Biography sets forth a startling array of cases in which the setting sun of life has cast a long shadow of impending dissolution before it. Asked in his thirty-sixth year to write a Requiem, Mozart sadly replied, "It will be my own, then;" and he died as soon as he had finished it. "Did I not tell you truly," he said, musing over the score as he lay dying, "that it was for myself, I composed this death-chant?"

Fleichier, the great French divine, dreamt that he was to die, and ordered his tomb. "Begin your work at once," was his final instructions to the sculptor, "for there is no time to lose;" and no sooner was the house of death finished, than its intending tenant entered upon possession. "What is to be the subject of your next design?" asked a merry party of friends of Hogarth. "The End of All Things," was the reply. "In that case," said one jokingly, "there will be an end of the artist." "There will," rejoined Hogarth, with a depth of solemnity that was strange in him. He set about the plate in hot haste, broke up his tools when he had finished it, entitled the print "Finis," and, a short time after its publication, lay stretched in death. "Poor Weston!" exclaimed Foote, as he stood dejectedly contemplating the portrait of a brother actor recently dead, "poor Weston! Soon others shall say, poor Foote." In a few days he was borne out to his burial.

Instances of the kind might be multiplied indefinitely. But there are cases on record where the presentiment has been even more striking. Wolsey knew the exact time at which his death would take place. "What is the hour of the day?" he asked Cavendish on the morning before his death. "Something past eight," replied the attendant. "Past eight!" mused the "little, great lord cardinal," "eight—eight of the clock, eight of the clock—nay, it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock shall you lose your master." On the following morning, while the clock was striking eight, he died. He was wrong as to the day—right as to the hour.

There is another well-authenticated case of a French lady of title, who had a presentiment that on a given day she should die at twelve o'clock. Believing it to be a delusion, her physicians ordered every clock in the neighborhood to be put back by an hour. She was sinking fast, but lived on until nearly one, when she was told of the innocent deception that had been practised upon her. The doctors had underrated the power of imagination. "Cruel," she murmured, "thus to lengthen out the pain of dying," and sinking back upon her pillow she expired. "Better in arms than upon one's bed," muttered an officer of the army of Italy, on being appointed to lead a forlorn hope. Napoleon sent for the man, and learned that he believed he was to die at midnight. The expedition was postponed for an hour, and—another leader had to be selected for it. The captain who had the presentiment was seized with an apoplectic fit while marshalling his men, and died on the last stroke of twelve.

Accidents from Edge Tools, Hard Bodies, etc.—In all recent wounds, the first consideration is to remove foreign bodies, such as pieces of glass, splinters of wood, pieces of stone, earth or any other substance that may have been introduced by the violence of the act which caused the wound. Where there is much loss of blood, an attempt should be made to stop it with dry lint, and compression above the part wounded, if the blood be of a florid collor; and below, if of a dark color. In proportion to the importance of the part wounded will be the degree of the discharge of blood and the subsequent tendency to inflammation and its consequences.

To Make Camphor Cake.—Take of lard, two ounces; spermaceti, two ounces; white wax, one ounce; camphor, half an ounce; and melt the whole together with as little heat as possible, stirring the ingredients well, that they may unite. When nearly cold, it may be cast into a paper mould; pour the mixture gently in. When cold, it is fit for use. Camphor cake is excellent for chapped hands or a rough skin. It is best applied after washing.

To Remove Marks from a Table.—[illegible] by carefully setting on it a pitcher of boiling water [illegible] The white marks will disappear, and the table look as well as [illegible]

A Mother's Evening Song.

Three little pairs of shoes by the bed,
Three little lisping prayers all said,
Three little prattling tongues at rest,
And baby asleep upon my breast.

Weary I am with the toils of the day,
So weary I scarce can kneel to pray;
But I breathe my thoughts in my Father's ear
And know that he lovingly stoops to hear.

Yet sweet are the cares of my simple life—
A busy mother, a happy wife;
And I would not exchange for wealth untold
The living riches my arms enfold.

My girls! oh, who but a mother can know
How sweetly about my heart they grow,
How yearningly, tenderly, day and night,
I strain my eyes to keep them in sight.

My pretty flowers! woe, woe to the day
That should take your innocence away;
O God! forbid that my daughters fair
Should breathe the corrupter's poisoned air.

Then Bertie, my bright, my beautiful boy—
His mother's plague and his mother's joy—
With his restless, pattering little feet,
Travelling the house and tramping the street—

Will *he* ever bring his mother to shame,
And tarnish his father's honored name!
The hot tears are trickling fast as I speak,
And dropping on Tommy's tender cheek.

Hush, hush, my darling! 'Tis only a tear—
Your mother is weeping, but she is near;
Lay your dear, tiny hand upon her breast,
And soothe her, my sweet one, soothe her to rest

O God! let a mother find rest in thee;
I cling to thee, Lord, as my child clings to me;
Shield thou my darlings in tenderest love,
Guide us all safe to the mansions above!

—*Independent.*

The Eagle.

"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him (that is Israel.)—Deut. xxxii: 11, 12."

The popular sentiment in all ages has crowned the eagle, king of birds, and given him credit for pre-eminence in magnanimity, courage, strength and beauty. According to the ancient pagan mythology, the eagle was a sacred bird, and the messenger of Jupiter.

In defence of its young, the eagle exhibits astonishing daring and strength, not hesitating to attack men when invading their nests. A few years ago, a young man in Scotland undertook to rob an eagle's nest of its young, for the sake of the premium which was offered by the authorities for the destruction of this bird. In climbing to the nest, a very dangerous, craggy precipice had to be passed, at the top of which, on a projecting cliff, was the prize. Beneath yawned a chasm two hundred feet deep. With one hand the invader held himself up by grasping a bush that grew out of the side of the precipice, and with the other he was seizing the young eaglets, when the parent bird hovered in sight, and dropping the prey she held, and uttering a wild scream, she darted upon the intruder, burying her talons in the fleshy part of his neck, and assailing his eyes with her beak. For a time, the young man's destruction seemed inevitable; but at length he succeeded in drawing a knife from his vest, and opening it with his teeth, he plunged it into the enraged bird till he killed her. But the marks of the bird on his face and neck will never be obliterated; such was his terror, that when he had escaped from his perilous situation it was found that his hair had all turned white.

As the parent eagle provides for, loves and defends her young, so the Lord defends and loves His people. This is the meaning of the figure quoted above. Let young children learn by heart this passage of Scripture, and think what a blessed privilege it is to be one of God's own children; to nestle as it were under His protecting wing, to enjoy His protection against every enemy and every danger.

Which will you do—smile, and make your household happy, or be crabbed, and make all the young ones gloomy, and the elder ones miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. Wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eyes, and love grow on your forehead. There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed.

Apple Preparation.—A *Delicious* [illegible].—Take two pounds of apples, pare and core them, slice them in a [illegible] one pound of loaf sugar, the [illegible] three lemons, and the grated [illegible] Let these boil about two [illegible] turn it into a mould, and [illegible] with thick custard or cream.

[illegible] said a [illegible] farmer to [illegible] and a pretty hard day's [illegible] let's have a game of chopping wood."

A negro senator in Louisiana approached Governor Warmouth with a long petition for the removal of obnoxious white officials; but they happened to be Warmouth's friends, and he checkmated the dark senator by sternly inquiring whether the petition had been recorded in the office of the Recorder of Mortgages. "Wa Gov'nor, I don't know 'zackly," was the reply. "Then I cannot consider it," responded Warmouth.

About the most sensible exhibition to be seen in Boston at the present time is the baby show. It is composed of 300 cooing, dimple-cheeked, drooling, fist-gnawing infants, in the various stages of lacteal culture and effluvia. No doubt their united squalls are nearly as musical as the yells of Gilmore's monster chorus.

A Washington dispatch, says: "Miss Annie Surratt was married to-day, at St. Patrick's Church, to Mr. Wm. P. Toury, a chemist employed in the Surgeon-Genera's office.

A New York letter says; "The immense number of emigrants now daily arriving at this port surpasses anything ever heretofore known in the history of the city. It far surpasses in number the great rush to this country from abroad during the first discovery in California. They come in immense cargoes day by day, and more, still more are coming.

Ex-President Johnson recently visited a Tennessee female seminary, and "after shaking hands with the larger girls and affectionately kissing the smaller ones," made a speech, in which he told them that "had his educational advantages in early life been equal to those enjoyed by the inmates of this academy, he would have passed his days as an oldfield schoolmaster and not as a public man."

A desperado has been arrested in Missouri who is charged with the murder of seventy-eight persons.

In an affray at Franklin, Va., a negro was mortally wounded by a man named Holland. The negroes collected at night and tried to burn Holland's House, but were driven off. A few hours later they burnt the saw mill and lumber yard of Nealy Brothers. Loss nearly $20.000.

Minister Webb tells Secretary Fish that the Brazillians have no more respect for the United States than for Hayti, and suggests that the United States thrash them.

The "Young Men's Soladility," St. Louis has sent the Pope two thousand dollars and an address printed in purple letters, on white satin, and bound in gold and pearls.

A lady who has just returned from passing the winter in Florida, states that a planter made his appearance in town from the depths of the overglades, bringing with him two negroes for sale! Imagine his feelings at the sudden depreciation of his movable property.

The Peace Jubilee—Closing Scenes.—A telegram from Boston, dated June 19th, says:

The closing performance of the National Peace Jubilee was given to-day by from 7000 to 9000 school children, attracting a large and delighted audience. Ole Bull performed a solo, Parepa Rosa Adelaide Phillips sang a duet, and other pieces were given all of which were encored. The closing piece, "The One Hundreth Psalm," was sung by the children, the audience joining. Several children overcome by the heat and excitement, fainted during the concert, but they received immediate attention and sustained no serious injury.

The members of the orchestra presented Mr. Gilmore with a gold watch and chain.

Another dispatch says:

The dust in the neighborhood of the coaliseum is six inches deep, and about 3½ oclock a sudden gush of wind caused the vast throng of persons there assembled to look as if they had just come out of a flour mill. The exclamations of the richly dressed ladies may better be imagined than described. Some of them were to be found neither in Lord Chesterfield's Code nor in the Bible!

All sorts of four wheeled vehicles are pressed into service as temporary stage coaches. Common wagons with settees placed in them, old express wagons with canvass tops, and even butcher carts, go about with painted signs on their sides. One of these last was suddenly stopped by the police this afternoon as one of the hind wheels was about to break. It had no sooner been brought to a stand still than crash went the wheel, and a shriek ascended in chorus from the ladies inside—not a chorus of jubilee this time, however. Fortunately no one was injured.

The following advertisement, which appeared in a London paper, is such a strange hash of good and evil things that it is difficult to understand whether grief or joy predominated in the bosom of the gentleman to whom it was addressed: If Samuel Bibb will call or write to Mr. Samuel Sharp, [illegible], Liverpool, he will hear something to his advantage. His wife is no more."

What did our first parents do in Eden? Adam kept the garden and Eve raised Cain.