THE LOUISIANA COTTON-BOLL.

DEVOTED TO THE COTTON PLANTING INTEREST, IMMIGRATION, EDUCATION, AND INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

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News of the Week.

EAST.

—New York—A request having been made by the London Sunday-school union that the sabbath-schools in the United States should unite with the schools in foreign countries in observing October 19th as a day of prayer, the sabbath-schools in this city and elsewhere are to observe that day, the lesson for the occasion not to be omitted, however.

—Utica, N. Y.—The entire herd of short-horned cattle owned by S. Campbell of New York mills, was sold at auction last week. Buyers were present from England, Canada, and all parts of the United States. One hundred and fifteen cattle were disposed of, the total receipts being about $380,000. The highest figure paid was $40,600. This bid was made by Mr. P. Davis of Gloucestershire, England. Thirty-five, twenty-five and twenty thousand dollars were bid for single cows. One seven months old calf sold for $27,000, and another for $10,000. This sale is probably the largest on record.

WEST.

—Deputy Commissioner Sweet telegraphs to the commissioner of internal revenue that he has caused the arrest of Smith, the chief deputy of the defaulting Collector Harper of Springfield, Ill., for complicity in the frauds of the latter, and had also issued warrants for the arrest of several other persons employed by Harper.

—Postmaster Filley of St. Louis, telegraphs to Washington demanding an immediate, thorough investigation into his official conduct, and especially as to the allegation that he improperly assessed the employes of his office five per cent. of their salaries, the money to be used *for political purposes*. The letter relating *to the latter subject*, which was written by some *of the employes* of the St. Louis post-office, has been referred to the president by the acting postmaster-general, who is of opinion that the president will remove Filley if his assessments were of the character alleged.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

—London—A dispatch received at the admiralty office from the commander of the British steam sloop Daphne announces the capture in the Indian ocean, near the Pychelie islands, of a slave ship, upon which there had been horrible suffering. The small-pox had raged on the ship, and, out of 300 slaves taken on board, 250 died. The remaining fifty were terribly emaciated from disease and want.

Madrid—The situation here and throughout the country is improving; a large portion of the reserves called out has been assembled, and its equipment is progressing. The government is capable of putting 330,000 forces into the field. The command of the army of the North has been confided to Gen'l Zobleo. Gen'l Furon will enter upon a vigorous campaign in Calatonia with ten thousand men. The resources of the northern provinces have been exhausted by war, and the exactions of the Carlists. The necessaries of life even have become scarce, and thousands of families are reduced to indigence. The Carlists keep to the mountains, being without cavalry. They do not dare descend to the plains in any numbers.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Col. Robb, one of the ex-commissioners to inquire into the depredations committed on the persons and property of American citizens on the Rio Grande border, has recently arrived. Numerous letters stating that such acts are continually occurring, and that since the commissioner left that section last spring, large droves of cattle have been driven to the Mexican side from ranches between Brownsville and Brazos de Santiago, and between Brownsville and Rio Grande City. These thieving operations are committed in daylight, and in several instances exulting gestures are made by Mexicans, who escaped with their booty from the United States cavalry who had pursued them, but halted on the American side. In addition to cattle stealing, murders have been committed near Forts Clark and Concho. It will be recollected the commissioners reported an actual loss of about fifteen million dollars by such incursions. The amount has been considerably increased since the term of the commission expired. No doubt the attention of congress will again be called to this subject by the president, with a view to the protection of citizens of the United States on the border. The demand on Mexico to put an end to marauding expeditions having been unsuccessful, gentlemen of high position say they see no remedy for the evil, except in the acquisition of a portion of northern Mexico, commanding both sides of the river, and that such an acquisition is not impossible, considering that Mexico will be unable to pay the aggregate damages which Texans sustained by the inefficiency of Mexico to restrain its citizens from their wrong doing.

—The United States steamer Tuscarora, destined to make a preliminary survey for a cable between America and Japan, has arrived at Seattle, Washington territory. Cape Flattery will be the initial point of the survey.

—A review of the Polaris expedition by the celebrated Dr. Petermann of Gotha, has been translated into English from the German, under direction of the secretary of the navy. The doctor says that, all circumstances considered, it must be conceded that this is the most important expedition that ever went to the arctic regions. The English talked loudly for nine years, and criticised freely all other opinions and endeavors, they themselves doing nothing all the while. The high-toned acts of the American government will, he believes, contribute towards bringing to an end the loud talk of the English, and induce them at last to fit and send out an expedition in 1874.

—A St. John dispatch says that grave doubts are entertained for the safety of the missing crew of the Polaris. Nearly three months have elapsed since they left camp. The Esquimaux who had wintered with Buddington's party, counted by moons, so that the exact time of Buddington's departure is not known. It is believed to be the middle of June. No records were found indicating the intentions of the party, except from a memorandum, written in pencil, dated May 18, 1873, and stating that Chester, the mate, had finished making oars from the bulwarks of the Polaris, and had made a good job of it. The Esquimaux were very reticent. They wished to be taken to Rand's bay, whence they came. It was clearly a mistake to leave them behind. It was stated that Joe, the interpreter, could not talk their dialect, but, when questioned at Good Haven, Joe said he did not have time to converse with them. The instruments are supposed to have been broken by the Esquimaux. When the Tigress returned to Good Haven, she was ordered to prosecute the search in the track of the whalers to the westward and northward. The season was an open one, and very little ice is afloat. It is not known when the Tigress will return. She had thirty days' coal August 31.

THE SOUTH.

—Richmond Enquirer: "It is generally understood that negotiations, likely to have a favorable result, are pending between the Norfolk and Great Western railroad company and the English capitalists, looking to the sale of the company's bonds to a sufficient amount to insure the construction of the road. An engineer, sent over by the capitalists, will sail from Liverpool on the 20th inst., and his duty will be to make a report of the prospectus of this road to the gentleman whom he represents."

—The anniversary of the battle of North Point, was observed in Baltimore as a holiday. The old defenders passed the day at Brown's pavilion and the militia paraded.

—A private dispatch to Louisville announces the death of James A. Rice of New Orleans, by jumping from the window of a New York hotel, while temporarily insane.

—A movement is on foot in the southern states to have an equestrian statue of "Stonewall" Jackson which was begun some years years ago, completed, and placed either at Lexington or Richmond, in Virginia.

—The United States marshal at Shreveport, La., telegraphs to Attorney-General Williams that the local authorities on the Texas Pacific railroad have stopped the cars by force, on account of the fever at Shreveport, and asking that the general government interfere to compel the running of trains.

—New Orleans—The cotton crop pool estimates ceased March 1, with 43 estimates, the highest being 3,977,000; the lowest, 3,566,000, and the average 3,738,237. The winning estimate was 3,945 784, and was made by Mr. J. B. Prioleau of Liverpool, formerly of Frazer, Trenholm & Co.

—A new steamship line has just been established to run between the ports of New Orleans and Rio de Janeiro, touching at Jamaica, Port Spain, Trinidad, Para, Maranham, Pernambuco and Bahia, making the outward trip in twenty-five days and the home passage in twenty-three days, thus opening a vast commercial trade between those ports and the great states of the Mississippi valley.

—Senator West of Louisiana received the following dispatch from the mayor of Shreveport: "People are panic-stricken here. All that could, have left. The poor are nearly all on our hands. No money in the city treasury. All pecuniary aid will be thankfully received. Fever increasing."

—A dispatch from Commerce, Mo., says the steamer James Howard caught fire in the hull yesterday while lying at that place. The passengers and baggage were taken ashore safely and the steamer scuttled, which was the only hope of saving her. No further particulars. The Howard was the largest steamer on western waters, being thirty-three hundred tons burden, owned by Capt. B. R. Pegram and J. H. Chassing, St. Louis, and James Howard, Jeffersonville, Ind., and cost two years ago $160,000.

—Gov. Smith of Georgia recently stated that the states of Georgia, Alabama, Florida and South Carolina, even under the agricultural changes of the south, do not yet raise enough wheat for their own use within 80,000,000 bushels.

—The mill owners of Charleston, S. C, have determined to keep their mills closed until the negro strikers return to work at old rates.

—St. Louis—Twelve hundred dollars were raised in a few minutes on 'change for the sick and suffering people of Shreveport, La., and a committee of prominent merchants was appointed to solicit subscriptions for the same purpose. It is expected that a handsome sum will be raised.

The Power of a Locomotive.

When the first locomotive was patented, driving only one car, if lightly loaded, it did very well; but when the load it drew was heavier than its own weight, its wheels would not bite, that is, they would turn round and round without advancing. Hence a cow-catcher was needed behind to guard against cattle running into it in the rear. It seemed at first impossible to make a less weight move a greater on an up grade; and for some years no one invented an engine able to draw three times its own weight. At the present day, however, locomotives sweep along with trains more ponderous by fifteen or twenty times than they are themselves. One means of gaining this vast increase of power for the locomotive, was by dividing the load. It was found, that an engine powerless to stir five times its weight of freight when concentrated in one car, could readily draw it when distributed in a dozen cars loosely shackled together. It was heavier than each single car; and it had overcome the inertia of each one a monument before it encountered the inertia of another. It was thus more than a match for each car taken singly; and, pulling them successively, it drew after it a train as long as a comet, and the farther it ran the more strength it had to run further. Here was the story of little David over again. Ordinarily, the stripling's weight, as he told Goliah, was one hundred and twenty, but whenever he got mad he weighed a ton. Moreover, the engine forced the momentum acquired by every car it had started, to swell its own potency in overcoming the resistance of all that remained still motionless.

HOUGHTON has this new story of Sydney Smith: He was good-natured and tolerant; but when Lord Melbourne, whom he had gone to see upon some business, interlarded his conversation with much cursing and swearing, he quietly remarked, "Let us assume that everybody and everything are damned, and proceed to the subject."

TO THINK what we do not feel, is to lie to ourselves.

THE REALMS OF LONG AGO.

The day, with its sandals dipped in dew,
Has passed through the evening's golden gates,
And a single star in the cloudless blue
For the rising moon in silence waits;
While the winds that sigh to the languid hours,
A lullaby breathe o'er the folded flowers.

The lilies nod to the sound of the stream
That winds along with a lulling flow,
And either awake or half in a dream,
I pass through the realms of Long ago,
While faces peer with many a smile,
From the bowers of Memory's magical isle.

There are joys and sunshine, sorrows and tears,
That check the path of life's April hours,
And a longing wish for the coming years
That hope ever wreaths with fairest flowers;
There are friendships guileless—love as bright
And pure as the stars in the halls of night.

There are ashen memories, bitter pain,
And buried hopes and a broken vow,
And an aching heart by the restless main,
And the sea breeze fanning a pallid brow,
And a wanderer on the shell-lined shore,
Listening for voices that speak no more.

There are passions strong and ambitions wild,
And the fierce desire to stand in the van
Of the battle of life—and the heart of the child
Is crushed in the breast of the struggling man;
But short the regrets and few the tears
That fell at the tomb of the vanished years.

There's a quiet, and peace, and domestic love,
And joys arising from faith and truth,
And a love unquestioning, far above
The passionate dreaming of ardent youth;
And kissing of children on lip and cheek,
And the parent's bliss which no tongue can speak.

There are loved ones lost! There are little graves
In the distant dell, 'neath protecting trees,
Where the streamlet winds and the violet waves,
And the grasses sway to the sighing breeze;
And we mourn for the pressure of tender lips,
And the light of eyes darkened in earth's eclipse.

And thus, as the glow of the daylight flies,
And the night's first look to the earth is cast,
I gaze 'neath those beautiful summer skies,
At the pictures that hang on the wall of the past;
O sorrow and joy chant a mingled lay,
When to memory's wildhood we wander away.

A JATRA.

A Hindu Religious Festival.

On the north bank of the sacred Nerbudda, about twenty miles from the mouth, there is a little village called Bhadbhut, which, with the exception of one month in every eighteen years, exists in the quiet, placid way natural to Hindu villages. The houses are of mud; there is no bazar, and the only substantial building in the place is the white temple overlooking the river. No one of higher authority lives here than the village patels, who can scarcely read or write, and the village accountant, who does those offices for them; and their only subordinates are a few Bhils, who act as village watchmen, and are distinguished from their non-official brethren only by the bows and arrows they carry. But as that particular month approaches the village begins to grow, and by the time the new moon is visible it is a town. There is a bazar, broad and long, lined with the shops of grain-sellers, and cloth-sellers, and spice-sellers, and sweetmeat-sellers, and braziers; there is street after street of new houses; on the shore there is a perfect fleet of boats, each with its one mast, supporting a mighty sweeping yard three times the length of itself, and new boats arriving can hardly make their way among the swarms of bathers. The explanation of the change is that the Jatra has begun. A year composed of lunar months, like that of the Hindu calendar, is very rickety, and continually wants patching; and it is prescribed that when the month Bhadarava's turn to be intercalated comes, which happens in eighteen years, then for the space of the second Bhadarava a Jatra is to be held at Bhadbhut. Now the most extraordinary thing about a Jatra is the absence of anything extraordinary. That so many people should come so far to see so little, that they should be so happy in doing nothing, and take so much trouble about it, is really surprising. The belief that there is a particular virtue in bathing in the Nerbudda at this particular time and place partly accounts for the assemblage, but what have holy pilgrims to do with merry-gorounds, which are as crowded as the temple? and what means the roaring trade in brass and copper pots? But it is neither religion nor traffic that brings all these people together; thousands come only for the fun of the thing, and what the fun is, is the greatest puzzle to a European. There are the merry-gorounds, certainly; nor are they confined to youth; a full grown man will mount a small green wooden horse, and ride as if his only object in life was to catch the yellow one in front of him; and old men who are past such severe equestrian conflicts will still take a seat in the cars that travel an inner and more sober circuit. Dancing and singing and story telling go on too. Nautches are not to be seen, but there is a simple amateur dance, accompanied with the voice. Legs and lungs qualify any one to take part. Violent music, proceeding from a tent, may induce a few thousands to pay a small fee to go inside and see two or three wooden figures making foolish bows. Less sensational, but more artistic representations of scenes from holy legends, with Krishna often as the central figure, are also to be seen. But the great sight of all is to see how many people are doing nothing at all. The hum of voices goes on all night, and even and hour or two before dawn; in every quieter spot a firmament of glowing cigarettes shows how many are unwilling to waste these precious hours in sleep.

The ordinary pilgrim's attendance at the temple is very brief. The crowd pour in at one door and out at another immediately. To continue passing through and through, from the calling of the god in the morning till the terrible voice which is supposed to send him to sleep at sunset, is a work of merit. Near the temple sit the holy mendicants and ascetics, almost naked, smeared all over with mud, wearing their hair and beard uncut, and looking altogether perfectly hideous and perfectly self-satisfied. Some of them are very distinguished, as he who has come down from Benares, measuring the whole distance with his prostrate body; and he who lies all day on a plank, studdied with nails, points upwards; and he who has held his hand up in the air for twenty-five years, till the finger-nails have grown so long that he appears to be holding up a bunch of snakes, and the muscles of the arm perfectly rigid. This wretched man will consent to bring his hand down again (he says he would have to soak the muscles in oil for three weeks in order to do,) if anyone will feast for him three thousands Brahmans.

Truly there is not much that is pleasing in a Jatra—childish amusements and miserably corrupt superstition. Still, Angle-Saxons at least must admire that hundreds of thousands of persons are content to take their holiday where no liquor is allowed to be sold, and that, great as are the crowds, there is no quarrelling, and, helpless and unprotected as the people are, scarcely any crime.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

Evil of Interruption in Intellectual Work.

Few people realize the full evil of an interruption, few people know all that is implied by it. Florence Nightingale says: "If we consider as with sick as with well, every thought decomposes some nervous matter, that to obtrude another thought upon the brain whilst it is in the act of destroying nervous matter by thinking, is calling upon it to make a new exertion, we shall remember that we are doing positive injury by interrupting. If the invalid is forced by his avocations to continue occupations reqiring much thinking, the injury is doubly great. If you offer the brain a thought, especially one reqiuring a decision, abruptly, you do it a real, not fanciful injury. This rule applies to the well quite as much as to the sick. I have never known persons who exposed themselves for years to constant interruption who did not muddle away their intellects by it at last. The process, with them, may be accomplished without pain. With the sick, pain gives warning of the injury." Interruption is an evil to the reader which must be estimated very differently from ordinary business interruptions. The great question about interruption is not whether it compels you to divert your attention to other facts, but whether it compels you to tune your whole mind to another diapason. Suppose a reader perfectly absorbed in his author, an author belonging very likely to another age and another civilization entirely different from ours. If you are reading in the daytime in a house where there women and children, or where people can fasten upon you for pottering details of business, you may be sure that you will not be able to get to the end of the passage without in some way or other being rudely awakened from your dream, and suddenly brought back into the common world. The loss intellectually is greater than any one who had not suffered from it could imagine. People think that an interruption is merely the unhooking of an electric chain, and that the current will flow, when the chain is hooked on again, just as it did before. To the intellectual and imaginative student an interruption is not that; it is the destruction of a picture. *Philip Gilbert Hamerton.*

Peculiarities of the English Language.

The following exhibition of the peculiarities of the English langnauge, as given by Thomas Blaine, is, we think, somewhat amusing. Its richness seems to consist entirely in its truth. It must be a teasing puzzler to foreigners, who essay to learn to speak as we do. Here is the exhibition:

"The construction of the English language must appear most formidable to foreigners. One of them, looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said. "See what a flock of ships?" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and that fleet of sheep was called a flock. And it was added, for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that "a flock of girls is called a bevy, and a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mod of whales is called a school, and a school of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swam, and a swam of people is called a crowd."

ALL the Prussian cavalry regiments have had to report to the Emperor William their experience of the French horses which they captured and utilized during the war. Though differing on many points, the reports agree in general that the German military horses are preferable in nearly every respect to the French, and especially those of the Arad race. This confirms what was stated to a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette in September, 1870, at the camp of Berverloo, in Belgium, when he went to see the French prisoners there, who had a number of their horses with them. The Belgian officers, as well as the French cavalry sergeants (there were no French officers in the camp) declared to him that the Arab horses, of which there were some fine specimens in the camp, could be considered in a military point of view only as pretty toys.

—A French provincial paper has been sentenced to pay 50 francs and each to 17 persons whose names it published on a list of pilgrims. The publication was true and harmless, but French law forbids journals to meddle with the private affairs of individuals.

Rome and Naples Contrasted.

What a contrast between the campagna of Naples and the campagna of Rome! In the one is unity, and in the other variety; in this is the sublime, and in that the beautiful; here the majesty and there the grace; in Rome is heard the melody of a lament like the harmonious psalmody of the biblical prophets, and in Naples the choir of the ancient Greek divinities. But, if the contrast is great between country and country, how much greater is it between city and city! Let the sworn enemies of pontifical Rome say what they will, it appeared to me, when compared with Naples, a severe, a most severe city. At least there reign in Rome sadness and silence. Its inhabitants seem to look upon darkness. Their faces have a certain solemn sadness, like that of a sovereign, but of a dethroned race. The innumerable convents, the multitudes of monks, the chapels which arise on all sides, the statues which ornaments the corners of the streets, all show that the Romans are a people submissive to theocracy; while the cries in the streets of Naples, the continual vociferations, the gay groups standing around, the universal gayety, the dances on one side, the open-air concerts on the other, the concourse of people to the water-stalls and cafes, show you are in a civil city where life is a continual festival. And there is no longer the same number of religious pictures as formerly. For the image of the Saviour they have substituted the portrait of Garibaldi. To worship is a necessity for the Neapolitans, to worship fervently whatever be the object of their adoration; to worship devotedly among blows and outcries, with huzzas and shouting; with all the exaltation common to highly-nervous temperaments, and with the fanaticism which accompanies the excitement of southern passions kindled by the intense heat of the climate. There is something of Vesuvius, something of its burning fires, something of its eruptions, something also of its changeableness in the fickle and ardent nature of the Neapolitans—of those degenerate Greeks who dwell always with a smile upon their lips upon the borders of death; threatened by their volcano with a doom similar to that which buried the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum.—*Emilio Castelar.*

Wedded Bliss.

[From the Danbury News.]

You know her. She lives on your street. Her features are either pinched, or full and frowsy. Her dress is wet, ill fitting and of no particular pattern; her slippers are broken down; her hair is uncombed; her voice is either shrill or coarse. You have seen her stand out in the back yard, and put a bare arm up to her eyes, and under it peep out to the fence or barn, where a man in an ill fitting coat is searching for something, and have heard her shout: "John, can't George bring me some water?" And you have heard him cry back: "If he don't get that water I will take every inch of flesh from his bones!" And when you have looked at her again does it seem possible that those angry eyes have drooped in maidenly reserve, or raised in coquetish light to the face of the man in the ill fitting coat? Can you, by any possible wrench of the imagination, conceive of his tenderly passing peppermints to her, of his taking that hand in his and bashfully squeezing it? But it was so. Many a "God bless you" has been uttered above that bare head; many a kiss pressed on that uncombed hair. The tightly compressed lips have lovingly framed tender invitations to him to take another bite of cake and pickle. The hands that are now par-boiled and blistered and marked with scars from the bread knife, and scratches from the last setting hen, were once twined lovingly about his neck, and the nose which is now peaked and red, and looks as if it would stand on its hind legs and scream with rage, once followed the figures of his vest pattern, or bore heavily against his jugular vein. As little probable as this seems to you, it seems less to her. She has forgotten it. She won't hear it talked of by others. She cannot bear to see it acted by others. Two lovers are to her "a parcel of fools." And—George is rubbing his head, and we turn aside while our heroine readjusts her slipper.

Queer Things About Bees.

The poppy-bee makes her nest in the ground, burrowing down about three inches. At the bottom, she makes a large, round hole, and lines it splendly with the scarlet leaves of the poppy. She cuts and fits the pretty tapestry, till it is thick and soft and warm, then partly fills the cell with honey, lays an egg, folds down the red blankets, and closes up the hole, so it cannot be distinguished; and there in its rosy cradle, with food to eat, and a safe nook to rest in, she leaves her baby-bee to take care of itself. The leaf-cutting bee makes her cell of green leaves, shaping them like thimbles. These little jars she half fills with a rose colored paste of honey and pollen from thistles, lays her eggs, and covers the pots with round leaf-lids, that fit it exactly. The mason bee makes her nest of mud or mortar. It looks like a bit of dirt sticking to a wall, but has little cells within. The mother bee does all the work, sticking little grains of sand and earth together with her glue.

"THE following are the reasons why a ship is called she: They are useless without employment, they bring news from abroad, they wear caps and bonnets, they are put in stays, they are often painted, and a man never knows the expense till he gets one."

The Polaris.

Revelations of the Abandon Camp.

A dispatch from on board the steamer Juniata says in arriving at upper Navik Commander Brain paid his respects to Krarup Smith, inspector royal of North Greenland, who narrated with considerable minuteness the details of a quarrel on board the Polaris and attributed the unhappy dissensions to Dr. Bissel, the scientific officer who spoke most contemptously of Capt. Hall, alleged he was ignorant of arctic history and unfitted for the work to be accomplished, and endeavored to prejudice the crew of the ship against him. He apparently wished to give the expedition a German character and desired to take full command. The inspector further stated that Capt. Hall evidently had some kind of misgiving or premonition of death while at Disco, where he saw Smith, and placed in his care valuable records of the Franklin search expedition, which records were handed to Commander Brain, who will place them in the custody of the secretary of the navy on his arrival in the United States.

On the 14th of August the Tigress passed cape Alexander and port Foulke. It was now all daylight, and a rock in the vicinity of cape Alsin was recognized by Capt. Tyson as the same that hid the Polaris from the view of the party on the ice floe. The vessel was here stopped, when the sound of human voices were heard, and a boat was instantly lowered. It was about 9 o'clock in the evening, and amid the greatest excitement Commander Greer exclaimed: "I see their house; two tents are clearly perceptible and moving human figures can be seen on the main land, near Littleton island." In an hour afterwards a boat sent out returned, but only brought the intelligence that Capt. Buddington and his party had gone south in the middle of June last, in two boats, hoping to meet friendly whaling vessels to carry them to New Foundland.

The Tigress boat was again manned, accompanied this time by Commander Greer and Esquimaux Joe as interpretor. Five men, two women, and two children greeted them and they found a house abandoned and presenting interiorly a scene of the wildest confusion. Broken instruments lay on the floor while the remains of the mutilated day book were scattered about. The Esquimaux had come from Bonds bay and had remained with the Buddington party all winter. Only half an hour was spent in searching for records by the commander and his men, who picked up what curiosities they could and returned to the boat.

The boat was manned a third time, and this party picked up some torn diaries, all reference to the death of Capt. Hall being destroyed. With the exception of torn memorandums setting forth an agreement between Buddington and Chester to continue the search for the north pole, nothing of importance was discovered.

The entire time of the stay of the Tigress in the neighborhood of Littleton island was only 5 hours. The Esquimaux when first seen from the deck of the Tigress were in the uniform of sailors of the United States navy, but they subsequently changed their clothing and redonned Esquimaux apparel, an action that looks very suspicious. The Esquimaux had but little provisions. Neither had they any boats and asked Joe to be taken on board the Tigress, but Commander Greer declined.

The War Ship of the Future.

The London Times has the following: "The preparation of designs for the war ships of the future is making considerable progress, and the application of the science of hydraulic to the art of gunnery will in these designs receive considerable development, and prove in practice of very great assistance in facilitating the working and loading the monster weapons with which the turrets of the iron-clads will be armed. These guns will far surpass the most powerful artillery at present in existence—the Woolwich Infants, of thirty-five tons weight, and a bore of twelve inches in diameter, and the great guns which Krupp is now making for the Germans being alike eclipsed by the new weapon, which will have a bore of nearly fifteen inches, and weigh sixty tons. These guns will be built upon the system which originated and has now been in such successful operation at the Royal gun factories, Royal arsenal, Woolwich, for several years—by coil upon coil of wrought iron and a steel tube; a system which insures the greatest possible strength and immunity from danger of bursting, and practically imposes no limit to the size of the guns. They will be fitted with a movable breech-loading arrangement. The Woolwich Infant will throw a 700-pound shot six or seven miles; the new gun will hurl a projectile weighing 1,100 pounds, half a ton, over a range which has yet to be determined. As the antithesis of this enormous gun, the new steel mountain gun has just been placed in the model-room of the Royal gun factories. This gun weighs 200 pounds, but it can fire a shell of seven pounds with good effect up to 3,000 yards, and with its little carriage is designed to be conveyed on the backs of mules, for which pack-saddles are specially constructed. It is also admirably adapted for boat service."

IDEAS receive their best setting when incorporated in works of art. From the beautiful form they draw their breath of life. They do not attack and make enemies, but wait for acknowledgment.

TALKING of corn, a man out west says he has two ears twenty inches long.

Children at Tabe.

Causes of Bad Behavior.]

We always rebel in spirit at the notice so often conspicuously posted in boats and hotels, "Children not allowed at the first table," says the Hearth and Home. On principle we utter our protest against it, since all well-bred men and women must have been at some period of their existence well-bred boys and girls. In practice, so far as we have had to do with the rising generation, we have especially trained them to proper behavior at the table. The table is the social centre of home; and, while eating, regarded simply *per se*, is not esthetic, yet around it cluster so many pleasant associations, and so much may be done to make its appointments delightful, that the fact is that the way they eat draws the line between the barbarous and the civilized people of the earth. "The gentleman is quiet, the lady is serene," says Emerson, does he not? And if we accept his dictum as correct, how are we to have the finished product unless we begin at the beginning! The *savior faire*, the nameless grace that belongs to the cultivated person, can not be learned from a manual of etiquette. It comes by degrees. So, madam, if you are shocked when your little girl puts her knife into her mouth and helps herself to berries with her own spoon, you need not be if you have allowed her during several years to eat with Bridget at the nursery table. What else could you expect? Children are productions of the world around them; and if to save yourself trouble you let that world be made of the ignorant and the repulsive, you reap what you have sown when you have a harvest of bad habits to uproot and destroy. Do men gather grapes of thorns? or figs of thistles? Still, having so much confessed, we must say that a very short journey and a very short stay at a fashionable hotel is enough to put even so established a faith as ours to a pretty severe test. We do not blame the children. Far from it. Despite our yielding credence to the dogma that treats of original sin, we hold to it that, naturally, children enjoy being good. They are never so happy as when they are obedient and amiable. We think too that nothing is easier than to have them so, and the harsh measures to which some people are quick to resort to that end, if they could see themselves with our eyes, would seem to them humiliating exhibitions of their own weakness. Without self-control, the person who attempts to control a child is very likely to fail lamentably. Oddly enough, the people who never in their lives possessed a particle of fitness for so delicate a task are the very people who are possessed of a desire to show their mismanagement in places where it is sure to be seen. Materfamilias and her half dozen little ones file in to the breakfast-table, where, with clamor and outcry and considerable pushing and pulling, the latter are accommodated with seats. Then ensues what may be described as an intermittent skirmish. Lottie reaching for the butter and upsetting Kate's coffee-cup (every one of the brood drinks coffee and devours pickles,) and John dipping his bread into the gravy, or screaming like a savage because his mother intercepts him on the way and prevents the act. "My children are so spoiled," the poor thing remarks, with a manner half proud and half deprecating, and the sufferers whose comfort they have wrecked have no difficulty in believing her. If good digestion wait on appetite, and appetite depend on accessories of not only a well-appointed and palatably-dressed meal but upon the company around the board, then it is a manifest truth that invalids and nervous people at least, if not all who are civilized, even the well and strong, should be protected from incursions of youthful barbarians. It is an unpardonable thing in parents to let children grow up ignorant of the common convenances of society, and painfully awkward and rude. For their own sakes, as well as for those of others, we entreat mothers to notice how the little ones behave at the table, to get over the mistake of enjoining company manners, and to make the prohibitory notice unnecessary.

The Velocity of Light.

Olaf Roemer, an eminent Danish astronomer, while observing the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, in 1676, found that light occupied about sixteen minutes and twenty-six seconds in passing through the diameter of the earth's orbit, and assuming the distance of the earth from the sun to be nearly 95,000,000 miles, he determined the velocity of light to be 192,500 miles in a second.

In 1723, Bradley, an English astronomer, discovered the aberration of light, and determined its velocity to be 191,513 miles per second.

In 1849, Mr. Fizeau invented an apparatus for measuring the velocity of light between terrestrial stations, and determined it to be 194,677 miles a second.

M. Foucault, with substantially the same apparatus, determined the velocity to be 185,177 miles per second.

Quite recently M. Fizeau has published the particulars of a long series of experiments made between stations about six miles apart, using the rays from a oxyhydrogen light; and he gives, as the mean of 650 good observations, a velocity of 186,363 miles per second. The result obtained by Roemer is usually given in test books, and, in fact, is commonly quoted as the correct velocity of light. But the close agreement of the more recent researches of MM. Foucault and Fizeau, and the elegant methods used by these philosophers in their researches, render it nearly certain that the velocity of light in the air is between 185,177 and 186,363 miles per second.—*Scientific American.*

GRAVE AND GAY.

How to rise in the world—Go up in a balloon.

ONE who always gets bread when he kneads it—A baker.

A DRUNKEN Toledo man wrote on the wall of his cell, "Jug not that ye be not jugged."

In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin a blot—
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two, where God has not.
Joaquin Miller.

IT is said that the Digger Indians are never known to smile. They are grave diggers.

A LITTLE boy in school gave one of the best definitions ever given of economy: "Paring potatoes thin."

INTERESTING invalid—"Doctor, I want my husband to take me to Paris. Now, do tell me, what complaint ought I to have?" And that's what the bill was for.

A WESTERN paper explains Joaquin Miller's frenzied style of saying that he has had three wives. Some men die under it, and some go crazy and write poetry.

A NEBRASKA man, on his dying bed, remembered that his wife was smoking some hams, and he said: "Now, Henrietta, don't go to snuffling round and forget them hams."

CALIFORNIA grape-growers have found out that it pays to dry their fruit. One hundred pounds of fresh grapes are worth $1; when dried they are reduced to twenty pounds, and are worth $2.50.

THE force of habit is fully illustrated in the case of a retired milkman, who says he never sees a can of water without having an almost irresistible desire to put some milk into it.

A STUDENT who had been afflicted with a sermon one hour and a half long grumblingly says that these professors study so much about eternity that they have no conception of time.

A CANADIAN editor announced that "he had a keen rapier to prick all fools and knaves." His contemporary over the way said he hoped his friends would take it from him, for he might commit suicide.

A NEAT, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged house exerts a moral influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of each other's feelings and happiness.

A FASHIONABLE woman, reading that the Hoosac tunnel cost nine hundred dollars a yard, declared, with emphasis, that she'd "have a dress pattern off that piece if the old man didn't lay up a cent for the next two years."

COLERIDGE says there are four kinds of readers: the hour-glass, whose reading runs in and out and leaves no trace of gain; the second, like the sponge, takes everything; the third retains only refuse that some would throw away; but the fourth, like the miner among gems, keeps the pure and casts aside the clippings.

Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mold a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;
And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope
The center of a world's desire.—*Tennyson.*

WHEN Jones's board-bill was presented, he said he did not have enough money to pay it, opening his wallet at the same time. His landlady, seeing quite a number of bank notes, rather doubted his word, and inquired what denomination those bills were. "Denomination?" said Jones. "Well, I don't know; but I guess they must be of the Unitarian denomination, for they are all ones."

Cable Receipts.

The Journal of the telegraph publishes a table showing the average daily receipt of the anglo-American, French Atlantic and Newfoundland telegraph companies, under the various tariffs, from the beginning of the operation of the first cable, July 28, 1866, to August 1, 1873, and says: "Every reduction of the rates from $100 for twenty words, to $16 87 for ten words, was followed by an increase in the number of messages sent sufficient to maintain and even slightly augment the receipts. The decrease to $10, however, was followed by a loss of twenty-three per cent. in receipts, while a further reduction to $7 50, coupled with the increase in the traffic, caused by the war between France and Germany, was followed by an increase of 100 per cent. in the number of messages and fifty-one per cent. in the receipts. Owing to the breaking of two of the cables in the autumn of 1870, the tariff was increased to $15, in order to reduce the traffic and enable it to be carried over the remaining cable, and resulted in a decrease of seventeen per cent. in the number of messages, and an increase of fifty-seven per cent. in the receipts. In the summer of 1871 the broken cables were repaired, and the tariff reduced to $10 per message, causing an increase of thirty-three per cent. in the number of messages and a decrease of six per cent. in the receipts. In May, 1872, the rate was made $1 per word, irrespective of the number of words sent, and was followed by an increase of about thirty per cent. in the number of messages, and of sixteen per cent. in the receipts. Two of the cables were broken in the spring of 1873, when the rate was increased to $1 50 per word, and resulted in reducing the number of messages to nine per cent., and increasing the receipts twenty-three per cent. One of the cables having been subsequently repaired, and a new one laid, the tariff was again reduced to $1 per word, causing decrease of thirty-four per cent. in the receipts. The receipts in 1872 were larger than in any previous year, and the companies paid dividends of twelve per cent., but the serious breakages since have demonstrated that the dividends should have been less, and a larger sum put to reserve.