SIX YEARS OLD.

A. C. Swinburne.

Between the springs of six and seven
  Two fresh years' fountains, clear
Of all but golden sand for heaven,
  Child, midway passing here,
As earth, for love's sake, dares bless heaven,
  So dare I bless you, dear.

Between two bright, well-heads, that brightened
  With every breath that blows
To a loud to lull, too low to frighten,
  B it fain to rock, the rose,
Your feet stand fast, your lit smiles lighten,
  That might rear flowers from snows.

You came when winds unlashed were starling
  Behind the frost-bound hours,
A snow-bird sturdier than the starling,
  A storm-bird fledged for showers,
That spring might smile to find you, darling
  First born of all the flowers.

Could love make worthy things of worthless,
  My song were worthy ear;
Its note should make the days most mirthless
  The merr est of the year,
And wake to birth all buds yet birthless,
  To keep your birthday, dear.

But where your birthday brightens heaven
  No need has earth, God knows,
Of light or warmth to melt or leaven
  The frost or fog that glows
With seven-fold heavenly lights of seven
  Sweet springs that cleave the snows.

Could love make worthy music of you,
  And match my Master's powers,
Had even my love less heart to love you,
  A better song were ours;
With all the rhymes like stars above you,
  And all the words like flowers.

FARM, GARDEN, AND HOUSEHOLD.

Potato Rot.

A correspondent gives the result of experiments in preventing this disease by entirely removing the tops before it had become developed distinctly. When it first made its appearance in the neighborhood, and before there were visible signs of it on his grounds, he entirely removed the tops, either by pulling them up, or cutting under the surface, he does not say which. The early ones were nearly mature, and none were attacked by the disease; they were excellent in quality. The later sorts also escaped the rot, but not being mature, were not so good. The tops were left on a portion of the patch by way of experiment and here the potatoes were speedily attacked by the disease and the greater part rendered useless. It is not often we have the disease so virulent in this country as to render such treatment necessary.

Manufacture of Butter and Cheese.

The milk arrives at the factory between the hours of five and eight o'clock in the morning. It is first examined to see that it is perfectly sweet, after which it is weighed and emptied into the receiving vats, where it remains twenty-four hours, by which time the cream has become entirely separated. The cream is churned until it is in a granulated form, when it is washed free from buttermilk, and taken out, worked, weighed and packed for market. The creamery occupies a site well adapted for the business, and is bordered by one of the finest streams of water in the country. The proprietors are pleased with their success, and have no fear that the business can possibly be overdone, as good butter, such as they turn out, will always be in demand. They reason very correctly that the more there is sent to market of a good article, whether butter or anything else, the more the market demands. Farmers who reside in the vicinity of the creamery declare that they can make almost twice as much out of their cows by disposing of the lacteal fluid to the creamery, as they can by working it up into butter on their premises. The arrangements in the creamery are such that the transformation of the milk into butter and cheese can be closely watched through all its processes. The cheesy portion, or curd, is separated from the buttermilk, and in twenty-four hours from the time that the milk has entered the vats, a fine article of butter has been produced, without an opportunity having occurred for the milk to sour.

The Oleander.

A case that occurred recently under my notice may be recorded as a warning of the dangerous qualities of a favorite house plant. A fine healthy mare ate a single tuft of leaves from a branch of an oleander temporarily set by the door; then went on a journey of six miles, appearing playful and well, but on returning refused her feed, Next morning she still refused to eat, looked dull and haggard, and had partially lost control of her hind limbs. The mare died before assistance could be obtained, and on opening the body the dark red congested stomach showed the action of an acrid poison, and inquiry brought out the account of the cropping of the oleander. of the injurious qualities of which the owner was entirely ignorant. As this ignorance is very wide-spread, it may be well to say that all parts of the plant are deadly. A very small quantity of the leaves are fatal to the horse, as we have just seen.

The flowers have produced death in those who carelessly picked and ate them. The branches divested of their bark and used as skewers have poisoned the meat roasted on them, and killed seven of the twelve people who partook of it. As in the case of other poisonous plants, the danger to animals is greatest when, as at present, vegetation is only just stirring, and when the stock are tempted to bite anything green that comes within their reach. Again, there is danger at any season when the live stock have just come off a weary, dusty journey, hungry and with the sense of smell largely blunted or temporarily abolished. Also when the poisonous plants have been dried and mixed with other plants in hay; above all, if that is cut before being fed to the animals; and finally if inseparably mixed with wholesome food, as in ensilage. These last remarks apply not only to the oleander, which is not indigenous to the north, but to other poisonous plants which should be rooted out of every pasture and forage field.

Ashes and Salt for Animals.

This subject has been frequently discussed hitherto, especially the use of salt for farm stock. That all domestic animals do better where they are constantly supplied with salt, I am perfectly satisfied, from experience and long observation. The only case where salt seems to do injury is where cattle have been long without it, and then on giving them all they are inclined to consume. I am willing to own that it is temporarily injurious, not because the article is of itself bad, but because of taking too much at one dose. The proper way to feed salt is to place it where the stock can go to it as they please, and take what they are inclined to eat. Never mix it with their food, so that they are compelled to take it whether they wish it or not. More and better butter can be made from the milk of a cow when she has her free supply of salt than from one entirely deprived of it, or having an irregular supply, and it also takes less time to churn the cream. Nature requires salt as an aid in preserving health. It assists in digestion, as well as in many other ways, which I need not here mention. For cattle at pasture lumps may be laid in any convenient place where a board can be fixed to shelter from the rain, and still allow the stock free access. At the barn the lumps can be placed under the shed, or in some other convenient spot. But oftentimes stock seem to require an alkali as well, and that is most conveniently supplied in wood ashes, which horses, cattle, sheep and swine will greedily devour, when they have an opportunity. These should also be supplied where the stock can have access to them as desired. The ashes should be from good sound wood, and kept dry.

When desirable to keep cattle at pasture, and there is no shed to shelter the ashes and salt, a convenient trough may be fastened between two posts, on top of which are fastened two planks or boards as a roof to shelter from rain. The posts should be long enough so that the trough may be 18 or 20 inches above the ground, and there must be room above, between it and the roof, to allow of free access to the salt or ashes. This answers for all stock except sheep and swine, which can have the troughs lower. I believe that if a constant supply of salt and ashes is provided where all kinds of stock can have access to them, very much less disease would be known among farm stock; I have neither known bots, colic or worms in horses where ashes and salt were thus furnished.

The Cockle-Bur.

This is one of the worst weeds that infest the prairies. It is not as bad as the Canada thistle, but it is bad enough for all practical purposes. Although its seeds are not scattered far by the winds, they have a variety of ways of getting over the ground. They attach themselves to the wool of sheep, the hair of cattle, horses and wild animals, and to the feathers of some kinds of birds. They are swept away from fields in floods, and are carried long distances in streams and rivers. They will stand more abuse than a stray dog without receiving any permanent injury. They cause a large amount of work when they spring up in fields that are under cultivation. The presence of the weeds in a grain field causes a large reduction in the crop. The burs in wool detract largely from its value. It is now affirmed by many that the young plants are poisonous to stock. Mr. John Williams. of Logan, Iowa, in State Register. gives this testimony respecting them: "I came from Illinois ten years ago, but lived near the Illinois bottom, and one year in particular there came a wonderful flood of water and raised the river until the whole bottom was under water for five miles in width, and the cockle burs grew largely in the bottom and washed the seed to the shore, and when the water went down these burs came up first, and we farmers let our cattle and hogs run at large, and the first thing we knew they were dying all along the bottom at a terrible rate—hundreds died in a few days. When thorough investigation was made it was found that it was the young cockle burs that killed the stock. It is very poisonous. When very young it is sweet and tender, and being the first thing green in sight the cattle and hogs eat them greedily. Our cattle would come up at night and in the morning there would be from three to twelve dead, and some sick. Our remedy, when in time, was heavy drenches of melted lard. On examining those that died their gall was generally large or bursted, and the farmers and stock-men took their stock off of the bottom for about two weeks, until vegetation got up in good shape, and there wasn't any more of the disease." The wise law-makers of this State some years ago sought to exterminate cockle-burs by directing a statute against them. But for some reason the weeds have paid very little attention to it. They continue to grow and multiply, and when a large crop of burs is produced, they take the river route to the seaboard. They have invaded the sacred soil of several States where no unfriendly legislation exists concerning them. The cockle-burs will soon be to the United States what the thistle is to Scotland—a national weed. The chief difficulty in exterminating the pest lies in the fact that the seed will retain its vitality several years. The best way to eradicate it is to put the infested field in grass and not break the sod for several seasons. This cleaning process should be continued till all the farm has been under treatment." A close lookout must then be kept for chance specimens that may appear.

A Japanese Bronze Worker.

The most skillful living bronze worker in Japan, and one of the most skillful workers of metal that Japan has ever possessed, is said by the Japan Mail to be a Kiyoto artisan named Zoroku. His specialty is inlaying with silver and gold, an art which he carries to such perfection that his pieces are scarcely distinguishable from the chefs-d'œuvre of the Min period. What one sees on going into his atelier is a very old man—some sixty-five or seventy—peering through a pair of huge horn spectacles at a tiny incense-burner or still tinier flower vase, from whose frets and diapers he is paring away, with marvelous patience, an almost imperceptible roughness of excrescence. Beside him, winter and summer alike, stands a brazier with a slow charcoal fire, over which an iron netting supports one or two bronze vessels similar to that he holds in his hand. Plainly these bronzes are being subjected to a slow process of baking, and if you watch for a moment, marveling at the purpose of a proceeding which seems only calculated to mar the fair surface of the metal, you shall presently see the old man dip a feather into a vessel filled with greenish liquor, and touch the heated bronze here and there with the most dilicate and dexterous care. This liquid is acetate of copper, and this patient process, which you see repeated perhaps twenty or thirty times during a visit of twice as many minutes, will be continued in the same untiring fashion for half a year to come, after which a month's rubbing and polishing will turn out a bronze rich in green and russet tints that might, and indeed must, you would fancy, have been produced by centuries of slowly toiling time.

Reminiscences of an Obsolete Crime.

Hermit, in Troy Times.

How strange it must seem to many of our readers to be informed that the United States Court was once occupied trying a woman for the crime of being a scold. The prisoner was the notorious Ann Royal. She was tried at Washington in 1829, the following being an extract from the indictment; "The said Ann Royal did annoy and disturb the good people of the United States by her open, public and common scolding, to the common nuisance of the good citizens of the United States and to the evil example of others." The prisoner's counsel pleaded in her defense that the English statute, which punished common scolds with ducking, was obsolete, and hence the indictment could not be maintained. Judge Cranch, however, held that the offense was not obsolete and added that all correct legal authorities decided that being a common scold to the nuisance of the neighborhood is an indictable offense. The Judge thereupon fined Mrs. Royal $10, and ordered her to give security for good behavior and to stand committed until the above mentioned security should be maintained. This is the only instance of the kind I have ever heard of in the history of our country, and hence I give it as a legal curiosity.

Important Precious Metal Facts.

Mining Record,

Between 1492 and 1848 the American Hemisphere produced $5,234,546,000 of silver bullion, or nearly double as much of that metal as all the world has produced from 1848 to 1880 inclusive; as large as may have been the production of the United States since 1865, while the silver of the first period, mainly contributed by Mexico and Peru was, in major part yielded between 1550 and 1810.

The production of silver from 1492 to 1848, in the Americas, exceeded that of gold nearly as three to one, and in all the world as nearly two to one. On the other hand, between 1848 and 1880, inclusive, the rate of production of the two metals has been entirely reversed, so that gold, in point of production in the world, for the last period, bears the relation to silver of slightly above two to one. Bearing in mind this fact, as also that with even an annual production of gold now reduced materially below $100,000,000,it is still materially greater in amount than that of silver—a fact either ignored or unknown to the advocates of the single gold standard—what solid ground is there for a permanent fall in the price of silver? Assuredly none, we answer, when we remember that no less than 900,000,000 souls employ an exclusviely silver currency, and that the greatly increased population of Europe and America since 1848, with the greatly increased wealth and luxurious habits of the people of all countries, have led to a demand and consumption of silver in the industrial arts, for plate and other articles, which make the present annual production of silver less adequate, in proportion to the present population and scope of uses in the world, than was the production of this metal at the opening of our century, when it bore the proportion already stated to gold, in quantity, of nearly three to one.

Fossil Woods.

Several specimens of fossil woods and lignite have been found at a depth 191 feet below the surface in boring an artesian well as Galveston, Tex. Above these were fifty-five feet of quicksand and 135 feet of solid blue clay. The contractor also asserts that a considerable quantity of bones and shell have been drawn out of the well, from what depth is not stated.

Health and Material Prosperity.

Popular Science Monthly.

The report of the Board of Health of New Haven contains, in a letter from Professor Brewer, President of the Board, to the Common Council of the city, a convincing statement of the closeness of the relation between a good sanitary condition and the material prosperity and health of a city or community. An individual, to prosper by his labor, must be reasonably well; the same is equally true of a community or State. In the intense competition of modern times, no sickly community can be prosperous. It may be inteligent, and moral, and industrious, but it must be poor. Hence it is a duty, imposed not only by the claim of the individual on the community, but also by the vital interest of the community itself, to protect every person in it against those diseases and dangers whose power for evil has grown along with our civilization. The wonderfully rapid accumulation of wealth, far surpassing anything ever witnessed in the past, which is one of the characteristics of modern times, is not due to improvements in machinery, to applications of science, to the spread of education, the decrease of wars, or the more extended production of the precious metals, though all these have contributed their part, so much as to the better average health of civilized countries and the longer average term of life which is now secured to workingmen. Even now, a single pestilence like those with which Savannah and Memphis have recently been afflicted, may set the most prosperous city back many years. New Haven has had but one visitation of yellow fever, but it took the city eight or ten years to recover from the visible effects of it, and a permanent loss of "what might have been" was suffered at a critical period in the commercial developement of the city, the value of which can never be ascertained or guessed. The sanitary work, which is of such importance in this aspect of civil life, is often overlooked, because of its unobtrusive character, and it is never more efficient than when it is least obtrusive. In the ordinary pursuits of business, the clang of machinery, brilliant scientific applications, the bustle, etc., "are more conspicuously in the eyes of the public than the quiet, persistent, unromantic but heroic fight with unseen but unwholesome influence which lurk in the air of our towns. These influences, mostly growing out of our modes of life, are ever present in all our cities, ever growing unless checked, always producing disease, and from time to time especially inviting pestilence." Few cities can afford to allow a pestilence to invade them. "A single epidemic, but one-fourth as bad as that of Memphis last year, would cost this city," says Professor Brewer, speaking of New Haven, "more, and leave us with higher taxes, than the most expensive system of sewers and of garbage collection that was ever dreamed of here." Moreover, a pestilence is only an intensified manifestation of disease, the most of its disastrous effects may be produced by prolonged but general ill health; and it is perfectly safe to say that no Northern city can be really prosperous and really sickly at the same time.

The Girl in Demand.

The girl after whom any number of marrying men are looking has, says the New York Herald been discovered again. In other days she has written a book, or developed a phenomenal voice, or shot a number of dollars' worth of wild animals, or done something else that secured local fame and considerable money. This time she has planted, cultivated, harvested and sold 350 bushels of wheat. It is needless to say that a number of young fellows are wildly in love with that girl, and that the list of her suitors will rapidly increase as the record of her achievement makes the round of the press. A great deal is said about woman who marry for the sake of being supported, but they are no more numerous than men who long for wives who will do work enough to supply their husbands with bread and butter, cigars and drinkr. There are men in New York who would borrow their last friend's last dollar rather than do a day's work in a wheat field, yet would willingly endow the Indiana girl with half of their worldly debts, and do it with the best plain gold rings that could be bought on credit. They would also, as soon as the wheat crop was harvested, find business calling them to New York and keeping them there as long as the money lasted or an adv ence could be secured on the next crop.

The Original Penny.

The old, old penny in England, as in other countries, was of silver, and its appearance throughout the earliest time of its history would rather astonish those who know nothing of numismatic lore. From the Saxon times, in which it was the only silver piece extant, till those of Edward I., it was stamped with a square cross. This enabled the coin to be readily broken into halves or quarters, which then served the purpose of half pence or farthings. But the latter coin was not much inferior to the value of the present English penny, inasmuch as the broken piece was valued at one-thirtieth of a mark, or three pence sterling. At this time five of them seem to have made a skilling, or shilling; so that the relations between what are now chief English silver and bronze coins have entirely altered in the course of six centuries. King Edward, who reformed the coinage, like everything else, was the first to issue pennies without the indented cross; and to make up for the loss of the queer-shaped half-pennies and farthings hitherto in use, supplemented the silver coinage with circular pieces, bearing the same value and denomination. He fixed the standard of the penny, moreover, by ordering that it should weigh thirty-two grains of well-grown wheat, or, which was probably a more accurate test, that twenty pennies should weigh one ounce.

Realities of War.

A popular writer thus describes a battle:—"We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again, and the iix guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests open, and along our line runs the command, 'Give them one more volley, and fall back to support the guns.' We have scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and struggled. The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe, for the first time in three hours, as we form a lane and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoneers are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash mud into their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around, they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. That machinery loses just one beat, misses just one cog in the wheel, and then works away again as before. Every gun is using a short fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shuts out all sound ftom a battle-line three miles long, and the shells go shricking into the swamp to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, to hunt out, and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye, press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush. Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and the guns are fired so fast that all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest thing in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac singing, purring, whistling grape-shot, and the serpent-like hiss of canister. Men's heads and legs are torn from bodies, and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the rank as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swathe and pile the dead on top of each other. Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground almost as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks, and screams, and shouts, blend into one awful and steady cry, Twenty men out on the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp, a blackened, bloody mass. Up now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the flash and roar of more than 3,000 muskets and a rush forward with bayonets. For what! Neither on the right nor left, nor in front of us is the living foe! There are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four, and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man! The wheels of the gun cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over rows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood; every foot of grass has its horrible stain. Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw murder, where historians saw glory.

Industrial Secrets.

A century ago what a man discovered in the arts he concealed. Workmen were put upon an oath never to reveal the process used by their employers. Doors were kept closed, artisans going out were searched, visitors were rigorously excluded from admission, and false operations blinded the workmen themselves. The mysteries of every craft were hedged in by thick-set fences of empirical pretensions and judicial affirmation. The royal manufactories of porcelain, for example, were carried on in Europe with a spirit of jealous exclusiveness. His Majesty of Saxony was especially circumspect. Not content with the oath of secrecy imposed upon his work-people, he would not abate his kingly suspicion in favor of a brother monarch. Neither king nor king's delegate might enter the taboo walls of Meissen. What is erroneously called the Dresden porcelain—that exquisite pottery of which the world has never seen its like—was procured for two hundred years by a process so secret that neither the bribery of princes nor the garrulity of the operatives revealed it. Other discoveries have been less successfully guarded, fortunately for the world. The manufacture of tinware in England originated in a stolen secret. Few readers need be informed that tinware is simply thin iron plated with tin by being dipped into the molten metal. In theory, it is an easy matter to clean the surface of iron, dip it into a bath of boiling tin, remove it enveloped with a silvery metal to a place of cooling. In practice, however, the process is one of the most difficult in the arts. It was discovered in Holland, and guarded from publicity with the utmost vigilance for more than half a century. England tried in vain to discover the secret, until James Sherman, a Cornish miner, insinuated himself master of the secret, and brought it home. The secret of manufacturing cast steel was also stealthily obtained, and is now within the reach of all artisans.

TO HIS LILY—A MAUDLE-IN BALLAD.

Punch.

My lank limp lily, my long lithe lily,
  My languid lily-love, fragile and thin.
With dank leaves dangling, and flower-flap chilly,
That shines like the shin of a Highland gilly!
  Mottled and moist as a cold toad's skin!
  Lustrous and leper-white, splendid and splay!
Art thou not Utter! and wholly akin
To my own soul and my own wan chin,
  And my own wan nose-tip, tilted to sway
The peacock's feather, sweeter than sin,
  That I bought for a halfpenny yesterday!

My long lithe lily, my languid lily,
  My lank limp lily-love, how shall I win—
Woo thee to wink at me! Silver lily,
How shall I sing to thee, softly or shrilly!
  What shall I weave for thee—which shall I spin—
  Rondel, or rondeau, or virelay!
  Shall I buzz like a bee with my face thrust in
Thy choice, chaste chalice, or choose me a tin
  Trumpet, or touchingly, tenderly play
On the weird bird-whistle, sweeter than sin,
  That I bought for a halfpenny yesterday!

My languid lily, my lank, limp lily.
  My long, lithe lily-love, men may grin;
Say that I'm soft and supremely silly;
What care I, while you whisper stilly,
  What care I while you smile! Not a pin!
  While you smile, while you whisper; 'tis sweet to decay!
I have watered with chloridine, tears of chagrin,
The churchyard mound I have planted thee in,
  Upside down, in an intense way,
In a rough red flower-pot, sweeter than sin,
  That I bought for a halfpenny yesterday.

Joan of Arc's Trial.

James Parton in the June Harper's.

After preliminaries that threatened to be endless, the public part of the trial began on Wednesday, February 21, 1431, at 8 in the morning, in the great chapel of the chateau. The Bishop of Beauvais presided, and of the 60 ecclesiastics summoned, 44 were present. Three authorized reporters were in their places, and there were some other clerks, concealed by a curtain, who took notes for the special use of the English Regent. There was a crowd of spectators, "a great tumult," in the chapel, and very little order in the proceedings. At a time when Lords took their dogs and hawks into church with them, and merchants made their bargains in the naves of cathedrals, we need not look for a scrupulous decorum in a Court convened to try a girl for the crime of being "vehemently suspected of heresy." That was the charge—Vehementment suspected' heresie. And such a grand tumult was there in the chapel that day that the subsequent sessions were held in a smaller hall of the castle.

The prisoner was brought in, freed from her chains, and was allowed to sit. No one of the many pens employed in recording the events of this day has given us any hint of her appearance. We have, indeed, the numeration of the articles of her man's attire, which was made such a heinious charge against her: "The hair cut round like that of young men, shirt, breeches, double with 20 points reaching to the knee, hat covering only the top of the head, boots and gaiters, with spurs, sword, daggers, cuirass, lance and other arms carried by soldiers." This was her equipment for the field. She still wore man's dress, and doubtless her person showed the effects of nine months' imprisonment and three months of chains and fetters.

The presiding Bishop told her to place her hands upon the gospel and swear to answer truly the questions that would be proposed to her. "I don't know," said she, "upon what you wish to question me. Perhaps you will ask me things which I ought not to tell you."

"Swear," rejoined the Bishop, "to tell the truth upon whatever may be asked of you concerning the faith and facts within your knowledge."

"As to my father and mother," she said, "and what I did after setting out for France, I will swear willingly; but the revelations which have come to me from God, to no one have I related or revealed them, except alone to Charles, my King; and I shall not reveal them to you though you cut off my head, because I have received them by vision and by secret communication, with injunction not to reveal them. Before eight days have passed I shall know if I am to reveal them to you."

The Bishop urged her again and again to take the oath without conditions. She refused, and they were at length obliged to yield the point, and accept a limited oath. Upon her knees, with both hands placed upon a missal, she swore to answer truly whatever might be asked of her, so far as she could, concerning the common faith of Christians, but no more. Being then questioned concerning her name and early life, she answered thus:

"In my own country I was called Jeannette; since I have been in France I have been called Jeanne. As to my surname, I know nothing. I was born at the village of Domremy, which makes one with the village of Greux. The principal church is at Greux. My father is named Jacques d'Arc; my mother, Ysabelle. I was baptised in the church of Domremy. One of my godmothers was named Agnes, another Jeanne, a third Sibylle. One of my godfathers was Jean Lingue, another Jean Varrey. I had several godmothers, as I have heard my mother say. I was baptised, I believe, by Messire Jean Minit. I think he is still living. I think I am about 19 years of age. From my mother I learned my Pater, my Ave Marie and my Credo. I learned from my mother all that I believe."

"Say your Pater," said the presiding Bishop.

"Hear me in confession, and I will say it for you willingly."

Several times she was asked to say the Lord's prayer, but she replied, "No, I will not say my Pater for you unless you hear me in confession."

"We will willingly give you," said the Bishop, "one or two notable men who speak French, will you say your pater to them?"

"I shall not say it was her reply, "unless in confession."

As the session was about to close, the Bishop forbade her to leave the prison which had been assigned her in the castle, under pain of being pronounced guilty of heresy, the crime charged.

"I do not accept such an injunction," she replied. "If ever I escape no one shall be able to reproach me with having broken my faith, as I have not given my word to any person whatever." She continued to speak, in language not recorded, complaining that they had bound her with chains and shackles.

"You tried several times said the Bishop, "to escape from the prison where you were detained, and it was to keep you more surely that you were ordered to be put in irons."

"It is true," was her reply, "I wished to get away, and I wish it still. Is that not a thing allowed to every prisoner?"

She was then removed to her chamber, and the Court broken up. The next morning at 8, in the robing-room of the chateau—a large apartment near the great drawing-room—the Court again convened, 47 dignitaries of the church being assembled. Again the captive was unchained and brought in. Again she sat in the presence of this convocation of trained men, alone, without advocate, counsel or attorney. She understood the issue between herself and them. The managers of the trial meant to make France believe that this girl was an emissary of the devil, and thus she felt compelled to fall back upon her claim to be the chosen of God, and to insist upon this with painful repetition. We must bear in mind that she was absolutely severed from all active and efficient human sympathy. It was a contest between one poor ignorant girl and the managers of the Court, paid and backed by the power that governed all England and half France, with the stake as the certain consequence to her of an erroneous line of defense. In the trial she was the only witness examined.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—One dozen ears of corn, grated, two tablespoonfuls of good Baking Powder, three eggs well beaten, one pint of milk, pepper and salt. Spread on baking pan about half an inch thick. Bake about one hour and eat with butter.

PLAIN TEA CAKE.—A half cup of butter, and one and one-half cups of sugar; work them together, add four beaten eggs, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of good baking powder, two teaspoonfuls of ground coriander seed and one cup of sweet milk.

WHOLESOME FRIED CAKES.—By omitting the shortening—that is, both butter and lard—from any good fried cake recipe, and using in place of it a cup of sweet milk, the cakes will be light and almost entirely free from grease. Take care to have the lard in which they are fried very hot.

WATER ICES.—These are made of the juice of very ripe fruits, such as peaches, plums, pears, apples, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, pine-apples, lemons, oranges and tamarinds. Select fruits having a very rich juice, add sugar to taste, and freeze as for ice-cream, except that this will not rise as cream does.

SAND TART.—One cup of butter and one and a half of sugar, two well beaten eggs, three teaspoonfuls of water, and one and a half teaspoonfuls of good baking powder, mixed with flour to make them stiff enough to roll out thin. Cut them any shape with tin cutter, rub the tops with white of egg and sprinkle on granulated sugar. Bake quickly.

EGG AND TOMATOES.—Take a can of tomatoes, an onion, a pint of stock or water, a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, six allspice, and stew in a porcelain-lined vessel for two hours. When ready to serve put back in the pot to heat, beat three eggs, white and yolks, together thoroughly, stir into the tomatoes, and keep stirring until the eggs are cooked; it should be about the consistency of well-boiled oatmeal; serve as soon as cooked.

STALE BREAD GRIDDLE CAKES.—Soak your stale bread in water about two hours before using it (it may soak all night if you want it for breakfast,) break it with potato masher, add to each quart of the batter one egg, one tablespoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of Indian meal, a little salt, and a dessertspoonful of good baking powder. Bake on a griddle as you do buckwheat cakes. If desired, milk may be used instead of water, and the eggs omitted.

CHOCOLATE CREAMS.—If you wish to make chocolate creams that are more delicious than those any confectioner will ever offer you, try this recipe: Take two cups of granulated or pulverized sugar, half a cup of cream—milk will do, but it needs cream to perfect them; boil just five minutes from the time it begins to boil, not from the time you put it on the stove. After taking from the stove stir until it is stiff; flavor it with vanilla; then drop on a buttered plate and let it remain there till it is cold. In the meantime have a cake of chocolate broken in little pieces in a bowl; have some water boiling in the tea kettle; set the bowl over it; the chocolate will soon melt; then take a fork and roll the drops in the melted chocolate and put back on the plate to harden. Observe the directions carefully and you cannot fail to be pleased with the result.