

THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

Volume II.

JUNCTION CITY, KANSAS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1863.

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JOB WORK
done with dispatch, and in the latest style of
the art.
* Payment required for all Job Work on
delivery.

GRAPE VINES SENT BY MAIL.

I will offer for sale this fall (1863) and
next spring over one thousand good, hardy,
acclimated grape (layered) roots, worth (in
my estimation) double the price of roots
from cuttings. The vines from which they
are propagated have been growing on Kan-
sas soil for six years, consequently are as
well acclimated as vines can be in that
length of time, which is a matter of far
greater importance than is generally sup-
posed by those unacquainted with the grape.
I have made the grape a special study for
ten years and have been testing scores of
different varieties on Kansas soil for seven
years, but at present cannot recommend
more than half a dozen of truly hardy var-
ieties adapted to our climate. I intend to
continue testing every promising variety as
well as originating new varieties, and will,
as soon as I discover them adapted to our
climate, offer them for sale.

I have been careful, without any regard
to cost, in selecting my original stock, when
possible, from the original vines, and taken
special pains to procure the vines true to
name. On account of the high prices paid
for good and well-tested hardy grapes, the
West has been flooded by unscrupulous
dealers with comparatively worthless grapes.
Many of them may be seedlings from the
same or a similar grape, and inexperienced
grape-growers find it impossible to distin-
guish between them and the true grape, and
know nothing of the imposition, until after
years of patient waiting and care they dis-
cover the fraud. There is scarcely a grape
of any note but what has a counterfeit.
Even the old Isabella, which is compara-
tively worthless, compared with some of the
new varieties, has nine spurious "competi-
tors." There are spurious Delawares, Con-
cords, Dianas, &c.

Again, many of the new varieties, on
account of the great demand for them, have
been propagated from feeble shoots and
consequently must always have a feeble
constitution—their descendants must neces-
sarily inherit the same weak properties of
the parent vine. This has been the case
especially with the Delaware and Diana.
Dr. Grant says good plants of the Delaware
can never be produced for a small price.
Grape vine roots should never be propa-
gated from a vine planted less than three
or four years.

The great mass of the people are anxious
to procure grape vines cheap. They will
not purchase a good hardy grape, free from
the rot and other diseases for two or three
dollars when they can get the Catawba and
Isabella for twenty-five cents. I have this
year propagated the Catawba and Isabella
for sale, but not for my own planting.
There are many who will purchase these
grapes because they never have tested bet-
ter grapes. In speaking of those who pro-
pagate such grapes as the Catawba and
Isabella for sale, Dr. Grant, the great grape
grower of New York, says:

"It is like directing the thirsty wayfarer
first to the miry pool on the left, in which
cattle stand, where the water is offensive to
all the senses, and destitute of all refresh-
ment; while on the right, no farther dis-
tant, clear, refreshing springs are found,
shaded, and with clear grassy borders."
The Doctor adds, "That such counsels are
very unfair," and that "our people are not
so delicate but that they can bear the full
blaze of day."

That is, they had better be advised to
buy the BEST grapes instead of the poor
grape varieties. In fact, a good hardy
grape that can be purchased for two or
three dollars will pay its price to the owner
the third or fourth year after planting, and
every year thereafter will produce grapes
enough to pay the original cost of the vine;
but those who do not understand the health-
fulness and profit of grapes cannot be per-
suaded to pay one, two or three dollars for
a vine, yet in the end the vines called dear
at \$1, \$2, or \$3, are cheaper than an Is-
abella or Catawba at one or two cents. This
assertion may not be believed by some, but
in five years hence they will find it true
when they compare their cheap vines, and
the fruit produced therefrom, with the
fruit of Mr. Griffin, Dr. Phelps, E. Hunt-
ing, C. Barnes, Dr. Stillman, A. J. Mead,
John W. Pipher, Mr. Woodman, Judge
John Pipher, Samuel Williamson, C. F.
Briggs, and others, who have procured the

new hardy, acclimated, and well-tested
grapes from me. They may then be like
Mr. Samuel Fowler, and other persons,
whose Catawba vines were killed to the
ground by the frost of last October, and
who intend to dig them up and replant
their ground with the hardy vines, such as
I offer for sale.

The vines I offer for sale withstood the
severe frost of last October, exposed to
every point of the compass.

The one year old vines of Dr. William
H. Stillman, near Manhattan, were exposed
all winter (as well as to the severe frost of
October, 1862,) and were uninjured. In
short, I offer grape vine roots for sale that
were exposed to the winter of 1857, and
every winter since, without being in the
least injured by the cold.

Those who wish to purchase vines true to
name, which have produced fruit in this
climate, and are therefore well acclimated,
should not delay planting vines any longer.
It requires a vine to be planted three or
four years before it will produce much
fruit, and every year's delay in planting
will keep you from enjoying the luscious
fruit so much the longer, and as I intend to
let my vines rest and grow sound wood
next summer, for propagating in 1865, it
is therefore doubtful whether I can spare
grape roots in the spring of 1865.

I have tested grapes bearing the name of
these I offer for sale, and failed with them.
I therefore do not say that grapes which
you can purchase in the East, of the same
name, will succeed here, but those I offer
for sale I will guarantee will succeed, if
properly planted, as I have tried them and
there is no danger of their failing to grow,
as they will not be removed to a different
climate. I have a large assortment of dif-
ferent varieties growing which I have not
yet fully tested, but will offer no grape
vine for sale until I am satisfied they will
succeed in our climate. Therefore those
who purchase from me will save the expense
and three or four years' time in testing
grapes for themselves. Grapes that grow
rampant in New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania,
and other States, and bear enormous crops
of good fruit, may not succeed in our cli-
mate. Grapes that succeed here may fail
in other States; I am for that reason ex-
perimenting with every variety of grape
that I can procure.

George Husman, the great Missouri grape
grower, says, "The new varieties produce
five times as much as the Catawba." There
is no more labor or trouble with the new
varieties, nor do they occupy much more
space. The difference is that the Catawba
and Isabella are easily propagated, and
there is no sale for them, and they can be
purchased for from 75 cents to \$2.25 less,
and the fruit bearing season when the Ca-
tawba will produce a peck of grapes, the
new varieties, according to the statements
of Dr. McPherson, George Husman, Dr.
Spaulding, and dozens of other grape grow-
ers, would produce one bushel and a peck.

On my own list I reject the Catawba and
Isabella, but for those who will buy them I
have propagated some. I will sell the
Catawba and Isabella for from twenty-five
to fifty cents; the Concord, from one dol-
lar to two dollars and fifty cents; the
Diana from one dollar to three dollars;
the Delaware from two dollars to five dol-
lars. I have, for the present, a nameless
grape, the hardest vine I have, which I
will sell for fifty cents up to two dollars.
The nameless grape I have heretofore sold
for two dollars, but having a larger lot, I
will sell small roots cheaper. The price
will vary according to the size and quality
of the vine.

I will send any of the above grape roots
by mail, well packed in oil-cloth and moss,
on the receipt of the above catalogue prices,
except Catawba and Isabella, for which ten
cents additional must be sent for each root.

I am cultivating blackberries and other
small fruit and expect to offer certain vari-
eties for sale next year, as I want another
year to test them more fully.

I intend to issue a catalogue, to which
will be added, each year, any new grape
fully tested, as well as small fruits, which
will be sent to any person upon receipt of a
stamp so pay postage. Next year's cata-
logue will contain directions for pruning,
training vines, &c. Grape vine roots, when
paid for, will be delivered, in good order,
at Manhattan, when required, or at my
propagating garden seven miles north of
Manhattan, in the Big Blue Valley.
Address, A. M. BURNS,
Manhattan P. O., Riley County, Kansas.

A jolly fellow had an office next
door to a doctor's. One day, an elderly
gentleman of the old fogy school blundered
into the wrong shop.
"Is the doctor in?"
"Don't live here," said the lawyer who
was in full scribble over his documents.
"Oh! I thought this was his office."
"Next door."
"Pray, sir, can you tell me has the doc-
tor many patients?"
"Not living."
The old gentleman told the story in the
vicinity, and the doctor threatened the law-
yer with a libel suit.

A mathematician being asked by a
stout fellow: "If two pigs weigh twenty
pounds how much will a stout hog weigh?"
The mathematician replied—
"Jump into the scales, and I will tell
you immediately."

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

What the New Special of the London Times Says.

The venal Mackay who has so long mis-
represented the North in the columns of the
London Times, has been relieved by Mr.
Mariotti. This is what the new correspon-
dent says of the war, writing from Wash-
ington:

I had seen soldiers enough in New York,
in Boston, throughout the Eastern cities,
and needed hardly to visit Washington to
come to the conclusion that the word "sol-
dier" must be understood in America to
convey a different meaning from that uni-
versally received among the well organized
and civilized nations of Europe. Of the
dashing and enduring valor, of the hardi-
hood and perseverance of American fighting
men on either side, the world has for the
last three years received more than sufficient
evidence, and the laurels they have reaped
in the field cannot be tarnished by any
word of disparagement that may be breath-
ed as to their tidiness and discipline in
camp. No one could be unwilling to make
great allowance for the circumstances under
which a host of one million of combatants
were suddenly called to arms, for the nature
of the men who supplied the rank and file,
for the inexperience of the leaders, for the
carelessness—to call it no worse name—of
the rulers at the War Department. It
takes years to make a soldier; and here,
not an army, but a host of armies, was to
be got up at a moment's notice. But when
all was said, and when forced, disastrous
marches, want of accommodation, and the
worst of management were taken into ac-
count, there still remained great reason to
marvel at the prodigious dirt and squalor of
the American soldiery. I saw squads of
armed men in New York in the streets of a
city running with beautiful streams, who
seemed to have a horror of water, as if the
pure element had power to wash "the very
marrow out of a strong man's bones," as if
the parting with the crust of many days'
dirt was as painful to them as to the victor-
ious raider of ancient times to shake the
Olympic dust off his chariot wheels. They
seemed actually to delight and revel in dirt,
and in the tatters of their loose hanging
garments, in the rust of their dented and
twisted weapons. They had gone through
hard work, and were fain to call the world
to witness of the strenuousness of their ex-
ertions.

When this is said the very worst is said
with regard to the outward look of these
champions of the American Union. The
mere *manners*, as the Germans have it—the
thems and sinews, the mean
and bearing of the great bulk of the
Northern army—are all that the heart
of its leaders could wish. There are no
very high statures, no very bulky frames
among them. They are, most of them,
men of middle size, lean and lank, narrow
shouldered, stooping and shambling in many
instances. They look worn and sullen, but
they bear every mark of stern endurance
and dogged resolution. They have no spare
flesh, no exuberant spirits, no song, no
frolic; but they look like work—up to
their business, which is to kill, or die.

They seem less eager for victory than for
the fearful amount of blood and treasure
by which they are to achieve it. "Are
they sure to take Charleston?" you ask.
"Aye, sure as death. The cost will be
tremendous; but who would wish to have
it at a cheap rate?" "Hang the expense,"
is the motto. It is not of the result of
their mighty effort that they are proud;
but of the capabilities and resources of
their country in putting forth such colossal
power. The big war, they are anxious to
prove, bears full proportions with the big-
ness of the report. Every man seems to
swell before you as he dwells on the giant
strength the State brings into the field.

The navy has raised the number of men of
war—which were only sixty at the out-
break of hostilities—to six hundred. What
to-day cost millions, to-morrow will rise to
tens of millions. They are not sorry for
it; they are delighted at it; they will have
no rest till the expense shall be hundreds
of millions! A steam frigate founders, a
regiment is cut to pieces, an iron clad is
sunk by the enemy. Hurrah! All the
greater their joy. Here they are, ready
with four new regiments, with four more
steam frigates, with ten additional iron
clads. Failure braces them up even more
than success would elate them. All they
are anxious to show is the boundlessness of
their means. There is no loss they cannot
repair, no waste, no extravagance they can-
not afford. Of this the world must be
fully assured. It is in this extent, in this
expansiveness of their means, that lies the
certainty of their progress to the end.
They want to make much of it, doubtless;
they brag an intolerable deal about it, we
are all sure. It is on this lavish, wanton
display of unlimited power that they lay
their hope of its irresistibility. It is by
it that they aspire to strike dismay and
despair into the hearts of their present foe
—that they trust to overawe their eventual
enemy. How can the South, how can Eu-
rope, have a chance to stand against this
unwary giant? Let the struggle be pro-
longed for ever so many years, let the for-
tunes of war be ever so fickle, and success
alternate ever so blindly, America cannot
fail to wear out all antagonists.

The feeling of hostility to England,
which was deep and earnest in New York,
acquires fresh liveliness and interest as I

draw near to the seat of government in
Washington. It may be all idle vaporing
and talk. There may be nothing in it.
Men must judge of it in England as their
sober judgment prompts them; but I can-
not help seeing and noticing what falls
before my daily observation. If men ever
meant what they say, the Americans must
and will have war with England—a big
war, a war like what they are now waging
against the South, granting no quarter, and
aiming at utter extermination.

GENERAL LEE'S FAMILY.

(By M. T. STANLEY.)

WASHINGTON, August, 1863.

It has occurred to me that some clear
and definite account of the Lee family,
which is figuring so conspicuously in the
rebellion, may not be uninteresting.
Lieut. General Robert E. Lee is the son
of a revolutionary officer. His father,
Henry Lee, born in Virginia 1756, gradu-
ated at Princeton in 1773; joined the main
army as a captain of cavalry in 1777, and
attracting the notice of Gen. Washington,
was soon made Lieut. Colonel, and placed
in command of a separate mounted corps,
and in this capacity served under General
Greene with great distinction, from 1780
to the end of the war. He was known as
Light Horse Harry Lee, and the conspicu-
ous services of "Lee's Legion" belong to
history. A delegate in Congress in 1786,
in which body he continued till the adop-
tion of the Constitution of which he was
an advocate, Governor from '91 to '94,
and a member of Congress in 1799. When
Washington died he was selected as the
member to deliver the eulogy on the occa-
sion. It was in this oration that he uttered
the memorable words: "First in war, first
in peace, and first in the hearts of his
countrymen." He was made a general in
the militia after the war, and was known
by the name of "General Harry Lee." In
business he was notoriously dishonest and
was for a long time confined to jail
limits for debt, during which period he
wrote his valuable "Memoirs of the South-
ern Campaign;" a work out of print and in
great request at this time. In resisting the
mob in Baltimore, in 1814, he was severely
wounded, and carried to the jail for
safety. He died in Georgia, in 1818.

The rebel general Robert was born in
1806, graduated at West Point, the second
in his class, in 1829, and was assigned to
the Corps of Engineers. He was Chief
Engineer under General Wool in Mexico;
wounded at Chapultepec, and frequently
promoted and greatly distinguished through-
out the campaign. When the rebellion
opened he was Lieut. Colonel of the 2d U.
S. Cavalry, and it is well known that, not
an original secessionist, he wavered in tak-
ing his place, and was finally dragged into
the rebellion under the Virginia notion of
State rights. His wife is the only child
of the late George Washington Parke Custis,
whose large and valuable estate, known as
"The Arlington Place," which overlooks
this city, she inherited, and which, at the
time of his taking up arms against his
country, was his delightful residence.—
This Arlington Place is so named from the
fact that in 1669 "The Neck," comprising
almost the whole vast empire lying between
the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers, was
granted by Charles the Second to Lord
Culpepper and the Earl of Arlington. The
Arlington estate proper comprises some
1200 acres of land in a body; a large por-
tion of it, when the war opened, being
covered with heavy oak timber, which has,
however, since then, been nearly all swept
off. In addition to this there was what is
known as the White House property, some
2000 acres of productive land, together
with some 250 or more negroes, who, by
the will of Mr. Custis, were all to be free
in 1861. It is unnecessary to say, how-
ever, that all the negroes of any value were
run off South. Mrs. Custis is the sister
of the late William Henry Fitzhugh, who
died some twenty years since, leaving a vast
estate, known as Ravensworth, some dozen
miles from here, in Virginia, to his wife for
her lifetime, and then to his sister, Mrs.
Custis, and her heirs. It will thus be per-
ceived that all the Fitzhugh estate as well
as that of Custis descends by will to the
heirs of General Robert E. Lee, in addition
to the very large estate which he holds in
his own right, and which consists largely
of houses and lands in this city. This
property will of course be confiscated.

General Robert E. Lee has two sons,
George Washington Custis Lee, who gradu-
ated at the head of his class in 1854, and
was a lieutenant of engineers when he went
into the rebellion, and William Henry
Fitzhugh Lee, who was managing the
White House property when the war com-
menced. He is not a West Point graduate,
but was appointed into the army in 1858,
went to Utah with the lamented Col. Pat-
ton in that campaign, and resigned on his
return. He married a Miss Wickham,
whose father resides between Richmond
and Fort Monroe, and it was at that
place he was captured not long since. This
is the General Lee who is held, with the
son of General John Winder, in close con-
finement for summary death, in case the
two Union officers are executed in Rich-
mond. Winder is the brother of Captain
William A. Winder, of the 3d U. S. Artil-
lery, who married a daughter of Governor
Goedwin. G. W. C. Lee is an engineer in
the rebel army, and on duty at Richmond.
Since the war commenced he married Miss

Margaret Howell, sister of Jeff. Davis's
present wife; daughter of a New Yorker,
who settled some years since a merchant in
New Orleans. She was educated in this
city while her sister, Mrs. Davis, resided
here. Besides these, there is Fitzhugh
Lee, son of Sidney Smith Lee, who went
from the Federal Navy into the rebellion,
and who is now in command of Fort Dar-
ling and a brother of Robert E. Lee.

Fitzhugh Lee graduated at West Point
in 1836 at the foot of his class, and is a
rebel brigadier. There is also S. L. Lee,
of a South Carolina family, not related to
those in Virginia. He graduated in 1854
at West Point, about the middle of his
class, and was a lieutenant in the 4th Artil-
lery when the war opened. He also is now
a rebel brigadier. Fitzhugh Lee was 2d
Lieut. in the 2d Cavalry, although having
no just claims to being assigned to the
mounted service, as he was one of the three
poorest scholars in his class. He was, how-
ever, a Virginian—a Lee—and his mother
the sister of Senator Mason. I will add,
in justice to the memory of William Henry
Fitzhugh, of Ravensworth, whose memory
has come down to us as among the most
spotless and elevated of his day, that in his
will he manumitted all his slaves, and pro-
vided for the comfortable maintenance of
those unable to take care of themselves.
He, like other noble slaveholders of his
time, did not believe in perpetuating that
institution. M. T. S. G.

A WEDDING SPOILED.

The Chicago Post publishes the follow-
ing incident of the draft:

About nine weeks ago a young man by
the name of Thomas J. Laughlin, arrived in
this city from Orange county, New York,
and took lodgings in a private house on the
north side, with a family whom he had for-
merly known at the east. His history may
be easily expressed in a few words—the
stereotyped phrase of the heptadomal hu-
morists, "born of poor but respectable
parents," answering the purpose admirably.
He was by profession a book-keeper, with
limited amount of funds on hand, but in-
dustrious and frugal withal, and had come
to the city in search of employment. It
being a dull season of the year, however,
and he, unwilling to undertake anything
but his legitimate business, met with poor
success here, and found no one who was
willing to give him work to do.

Among the visitors at the house where
he was boarding was a fair cousin at the
head of a family, who but a few weeks ago
returned from a country town in Michigan,
where she had been attending a boarding
school. The young book-keeper came and
saw, and loved, and after basking in her
sunny smiles, and receiving encouraging
smiles from her bewitching eyes, he seemed
to grow indifferent to the question of em-
ployment, and cared but little whether he
found anything to do or not. He finally
engaged himself to her, and the preliminary
arrangements were made and the day fixed
for the marriage to be performed.

Thus far everything passed evenly enough
but just "here the connection broke, and
the knotty side of the affair began to in-
trude." It would have been all very nice
for the parties themselves if they could
have got married without any trouble, after
a few weeks of uninterrupted courtship;
but that would have given the lie to Shake-
speare's assertion about the "course of true
love." When the young folks were about
to arrive at the meridian of their happiness
—when they had pledged their faith and
uttered their vows, and thought they were
going to be made one in little or no time,
the young lady's hard-hearted "parents"
unexpectedly commenced talking about
"young men of no standing," "not of a
good family," "have no money and no means
of earning a living," and so on. The young
man became indignant, as he had a right to
do, and talked furiously about "parental
tyranny," and said he would have Marg-
aret anyhow. He insisted that he was of a
good family, that he had a father, moreover
a mother, and that his father "owned a
little farm in Orange county, New York."
After this the old folks quieted down a little
and the young man concluded that he would
go home and get certificates of his respect-
ability, and establish in an honorable man-
ner his worthiness to become the husband
of Margaret.

possession of his Margaret. At that time
the draft was going on in that county, and
on the day previous to the one on which the
young man had decided to start for Illinois
he was notified that he was drafted. He
appealed to his father for the almighty
"three hundred." The father chuckled—
"he had the boy foul, and the heart-broken
lover had to shoulder a musket and enter
the ranks.

He had written to Margaret that he
would return on Friday evening, the 14th,
and the nuptials should be celebrated that
night. Last night Margaret was arrayed
in her bridal robes at seven—ten and eleven
o'clock but no bridegroom came. Friends
had come together to witness the ceremony
and eat wedding cake. At first they were
all merry, and jested with the bride about
the tardiness of the bridegroom, but a few
hours later they became sad, and sorrow
and sympathy was depicted on the faces of
every one. A few minutes previous to
twelve o'clock, a stranger arrived, who was
from Orange county, and brought tidings
of the bridegroom. He narrated briefly
the circumstances of Laughlin's being draft-
ed, and assured poor Margaret that he
should not be blamed; it was a "circum-
stance over which he had no control." &c.

The reply of the young lady will never
be forgotten by those who heard it. With
tear-drops glistening in her eyes, and her
heart ready to burst with grief, she turned
to the company and said: "I don't keer a
darn; there's plenty more men in the
world, anyhow!"
The meeting adjourned.

GREAT EATERS.

Never live long. A voracious appetite,
so far from being a sign of health, is a cer-
tain indication of disease. Some dyspeptics
are always hungry; feel best when they
are eating, but as soon as they have eaten
torments, so distressing in their nature, as
to make the unhappy victim wish for death.
The appetite of health is that which in-
clines to eat moderately, when eating time
comes and which, when satisfied, leaves no
unpleasant reminders. Multitudes measure
their health by the amount they can eat;
and of any ten persons, nine are gratified
at an increase of weight, as if mere bulk
were an index of health; when, in reality,
any excess of fatness is, in proportion,
decisive proof of existing disease; showing
that the absorbents of the system are too
weak to discharge their duty; and the ten-
dency to fatness, to obesity, increases,
until existence is a burden, and sudden
death closes the history. Particular inquiry
will almost invariably elicit the fact, that
a fat person, however rubicund and jolly, is
never well; and yet they are envied.

While great eaters never live to an old
age, and are never, for a single day, with-
out some "symptom," some feeling suffi-
ciently disagreeable to attract the mind's
attention unpleasantly, small eaters, those
who eat regularly of plain food, usually
have no "spare flesh," are wiry and endur-
ing, and live to an active old age. Remark-
able exemplifications of these statements
are found in the lives of the centenarians
of a past age. Galen, one of the most dis-
tinguished physicians among the ancients,
lived very sparingly after the age of twenty
eight, and in his hundred and fortieth year,
Kantigron, who never tasted spirits or wine
and worked hard all his life, reached a hun-
dred and eighty-five years. Jenkins, a
poor Yorkshire fisherman, who lived on the
coardest diet, was one hundred and
sixty-nine years old when he died. Old
Par lived to a hundred and fifty-three; his
diet being milk, cheese, whey, small beer
and coarse bread. The favorite diet of
Henry Francis, who lived to one hundred
and forty, was tea, bread and butter, and
baked apples. Ephraim Pratt, of Shute-
bury, Mass., who died aged one hundred
and seventeen, lived chiefly on milk, and
even that in small quantity; his son Mi-
chael, by similar means, lived to be a hun-
dred and three years old. Father Cull, a
Methodist clergyman, died last year at the
age of a hundred and five, the main diet of
his life having been salted swine's (bacon)
and bread made of Indian meal. From
these statements, nine general readers out
of ten will jump to the conclusion that
milk is "healthy," as are baked apples and
bacon. These conclusions do not legiti-
mately follow. The only inference that
can be safely drawn, is from the only fact
running through all these cases—that plain
food and a life of steady labor tend to a
great age. As to the healthfulness and
life-protracting qualities of any article of
diet named, nothing can be inferred, for no
two of the men lived on the same kind of
food; all that can be rationally and safely
said is, either that they lived so long in
spite of the quality of the food they ate, or
that their instinct called for a particular
kind of food; and the gratification of that
instinct, instead of its perversion, with a
life of steady labor, directly caused health-
fulness and great length of days. We
must not expect to live long by doing any
one thing which an old man did, and omit
all others, but by doing all he did; that is,
work steadily, as well as eat mainly a par-
ticular dish.—Hall's Journal of Health.

"Remember, madam, that you are
the weaker vessel," said an irate husband.
"Exactly," said the lady, "but do not you
forget that the weaker vessel may have the
stronger spirit in it."