ROME.

Disagreeable Character of the Winter-Climate.

The Dearest Place in the World to Die in.

The Ancient City---Its Mighty Men and Mighty Deeds.

Communism One of the Most Potent Causes of the Fall of the Empire.

The Paradise of Deadbeats---Free-Lunching Reduced to a Science.

Special Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

ROME, Feb. 17, 1874.

Rome possesses one of the most

DISAGREEABLE WINTER-CLIMATES

in Europe. The cause of this is the sudden and perpetual changes of the weather. One day, the atmosphere will be bright and warm, with a soft, balmy wind blowing inland from the sea. The next day, one will be chilled to the bone by a sharp, biting blast from the snow-covered Appennines. These precipitate variations of temperature produce colds, fevers, pneumonia, diphtheria, and other complaints. The numerous monuments in the Protestant burial-ground attest too surely the bad character of the climate. It could hardly be otherwise, when one is subject to the constant alternations of a soft, warm, relaxing *Sirocco* wind from the South, and the bitter, freezing *Tramontana* gale from the North, which sometimes prevails for weeks, but rarely for less than three days at a time. There are other things which aggravate the evils of the climate. One is, that the churches and galleries of art which travelers visit are

DEADLY COLD

in winter. The thick walls are of stone; the floors are of marble; the interior is filled with great granite or marble pillars and columns. The stone of which these public edifices are constructed absorbs all the warmth in the atmosphere, and, no matter how warm and pleasant it may be out of doors, inside the temperature will be at or near the freezing point. Walking about on those cold marble floors is like walking on ice, and chills the feet fully as much. These public buildings are never artificially heated. One never sees stoves, hot-air furnaces, registers, or steam-coils, in a public building in Rome, or any other Italian city. Fuel is

DEAR AND SCARCE,

and they are afraid of risk from fire. One rarely hears of a church being burnt in Italy, unless it be set on fire by lightning. But really there is not much combustible material in them, as one sees little that could burn,—except stone pillars, brick walls, and their covering of stucco. This stucco, by the way, is universal in Italy. Every building, large or small, public or private, is covered with stucco, painted in any color to suit the fancy. I am heartily tired of stucco, and exclaim, A plague on your stucco houses!

When one returns shivering from a visit to the chilly churches and benumbing galleries to his apartments, there is nothing better in the caloric way than a sickly, puny fire of two or three little sticks of wood, in a fire-place a foot or eighteen inches square; and what little heat is generated from the contemptible little fire mostly goes up the smoky little chimney. The almost inevitable consequence of exposure to such a climate, and the cold, damp air of the public buildings, is

SICKNESS AND INJURY TO HEALTH.

Rome is a fine place, however, for druggists and doctors, who flourish here and amass fortunes. The undertakers and embalmers also do a prosperous and active business.

It is a curious fact, that the defunct English who die here are mostly deposited in the Protestant Cemetery, while the deceased Americans are, with few exceptions, "expressed" to their native land for interment. The Americans, in this respect, are as superstitious as the Chinaman, and insist that their bones shall crumble in the free soil of the Great Republic.

Rome is the

DEAREST PLACE IN THE WORLD

for a foreigner to die in. From the moment the breath is out of the body until the final disposition of the remains, a system of extortion prevails. The landlord will most likely lay in a claim for heavy damages. He will insist on being paid the cost of a new set of furniture, carpets, wall-paper, bed and bed-clothes, etc., and for the rent of the apartments for several weeks, during which they are undergoing fumigation, disinfection, and refurnishing. The municipal law gives them such indemnities in case of death occurring from infectious diseases, such as small-pox, scarlatina, and typhus fever; but they call pretty much all kinds of sickness which produces death "infectious," and insist on their exorbitant demands being paid,—enforcing them by vexatious litigation, seizures of the effects of the deceased, and abuse of the relatives. After the landlords are settled with, the rapacious bills of the undertakers are next in order. The embalmer requires about 1,200 to 1,500 francs for his fee. The corporation of the city presents a bill; the clergyman who drones over some printed prayers expects a gratuity of several guineas; and sundry and divers other people expect fees for doing what it is difficult to comprehend. The best advice that can be given to the traveler is, not to die in Rome if he or she can avoid it, but to select some other town, and the one nearest your American home is to be the most preferred.

But, with all its drawbacks, its bad winter-climate, its disagreeabilities in life, and its expensiveness in death, there is something

WONDERFULLY AND IRRESITIBLY ATTRACTIVE

and fascinating in this Capital of the ancient world. One is drawn here by influences that cannot be resisted, and kept here for months, in despite of climate and sickness. One is bewildered by the vastness of interest before him; by an endless labyrinth of objects of absorbing interest. Here is the city that ruled the political world for a thousand years; and, when that rule perished, it was to commence another, and domineer the spiritual world for another thousand years as absolutely as it had the political. The scholar, the philosopher, the statesman, the jurist, the General, the pietist, the artist, the antiquarian, the—everybody, finds here an engrossing field of contemplation. A large part of the schoolboy education of every youth relates to the history of Ancient Rome, and a study of her

MIGHTY DEEDS AND MIGHTY MEN.

One begins with the marvelous story of Romulus, Remus, and the female wolf who nurtured and protected them; and passes for a period of more than 700 years through a history of the most astonishing and captivating character. At every page he meets a new surprise, a new actor performing an extraordinary part, a new scene of most dramatic and thrilling interest, until the whole culminates in the bloody murder of the mighty Julius Cæsar, who gathered his mantle about him and lay down in death, covered with wounds, at the foot of great Pompey's statue, which "ran blood" at witnessing the shocking event. With this tragic termination of the Republic the play opens with

THE EMPIRE,

and for another 700 years the student is conducted through the most terrible events, the most thrilling scenes, the most wonderful transformations; and, when the curtain at last drops and the drama is ended, all around is darkness, ruins, and desolation. The mighty polity is extinct. That organization with ribs of steel and feet of brass is dissolved. The Rome of the Scipios and the Cæsars is dead, and henceforth only a sepulchre. And yet how much of it lives! How much is deathless while man exists! The memory of her deeds survives; her works live after her. Her mythology, her philosophy, her code of law, her plan of government, her politics, her literature, her language, her arts and sciences, are not lost to subsequent generations and nations; they have not crumbled into shapeless debris, like her marble and granite palaces, temples, and forums; but are

FRESH AND VIVID,

and are incorporated into the education of every man and woman in the civilized world.

We hardly realize how much of our education and thoughts is derived from the acts and ideas of old Rome. We feed on them in our youth, digest them in maturity, and solace our old age in their contemplation. The Roman code of law is the basis and foundation of all civil and criminal jurisprudence in the civilized world. The Roman forms of governments during the Republic and Empire are followed and copied, and but little improved on, by the nations of Europe and America of the present times. And that which most distinguishes the Modern from the Dark Ages is the readoption of the old Roman forms and systems of law and political organization. When the great light of the Seven-Hilled City went out, it left mankind to

GROPE IN DARKNESS

for a thousand years. Men endured the tyranny of Feudalism and the gloom of Superstition, and lived in the darkness of Ignorance, among bats, and owls, and crawling vermin, for long, long ages. It is only since the sixteenth century that they are beginning to emerge into the light of day, and enjoy liberty of conscience, political rights, and such social position as the merits of each warrant; and these very privileges old Rome not only enjoyed, but created and taught, enforced and protected, and at her death transmitted to posterity.

How Rome, having enjoyed so long the blessings of freedom, and stable government, and a highly-developed civilization, could at last descend so low into anarchy and ignorance, and then expire, is one of the marvels of history. But Childe Harold says:

There is a moral of all human tales;
'Tis but the rehearsal of the past;
First Freedom, and then glory; when that fails,
Wealth, Vice, Corruption,—Barbarism at last.

Sometimes I fear that our American Republic has passed the first two stages of "Freedom and Glory," and entered upon those of "Wealth, Vice, and Corruption." If that be so, the end is inevitable, and the time not far off when the last stage of the Republic will be reached.

One of the most potent causes that led to the decline and fall of Rome was

COMMUNISM.

This fact has not sufficiently arrested the attention of writers and publicists. Rome, as a city or municipal part of the Empire, exercised an undue and monopolizing influence, as Paris has done in France, but in far greater degree and extent. The ambitious demagogues of the Roman Empire sought to curry favor with the populace of the city by catering to their caprices at the public expense. The populace of Rome and the Prætorian Guards made and unmade Emperors, overawed the Senate, and dictated to the Government. The Emperors, as far back as Augustus, commenced recognizing the demands for special privileges and favors, and succumbing to the clamors, of the rabble. And what was it they demanded? Free admission to the circuses, theatres and amphitheatres; and next subsistence. This abuse grew year by year, until it hardened into an imperative custom.

THE GIGANTIC COLISEUM,

begun by Vespasian and completed by Titus, towards the end of the first century, was erected for the purpose of furnishing the Roman Communists bloody, exciting, tragic amusement. It was large enough to seat and stand 100,000 spectators, nine-tenths of whom entered and enjoyed the scenes on free tickets. The Government "deadheaded" them at the expense of the taxpayers of the Empire. In this arena, tens of thousands of gladiators and wild beasts fought and destroyed each other, for the base gratification of the turbulent and bloodthirsty Communists of Rome. Half-a-dozen other amphitheatres were constructed in different parts of the city, at public expense, for the gratuitous gratification of the same class of people. Enormous circuses—race-courses in fact—were constructed by the Emperors to afford amusement to the proletarian class.

THE CIRCUS OF MAXIMUS,

on the ground celebrated as the scene of the Sabine rape, was 2,187 feet long by 960 feet in breadth. The circuit of the seats was one mile in length. It would seat 250,000 persons. Sometimes a hundred chariots would enter for the race at once; and the Emperor himself would drive one, and compete for the prize, and the applause of the Communist deadheads who watched the races and roared their approbation. The Circus of Maxentius was 1,580 feet long by 360 broad, and would seat 100,000 spectators. Nero built a circus on the ground where now stands St. Peter's Church, which would accommodate 75,000 spectators. There were several other smaller ones.

But the fastidious tastes of the Communists required a higher order of amusement, called

THEATRES;

and a large number of these were constructed and operated for their edification and delight. The best Thespian talent of the Empire was procured at the expense of the Public Treasury. Tragedy, comedy, farce, melodrama, and the spectacular ballet were all brought out and presented to the critical discernment of the hypercritical deadheads, who applauded or hissed the acting, just as one sees nowadays.

A fourth kind of amusement provided by the State was called the Baths, or

THERMÆ,

which were really club-houses, got up on a style of magnificence unknown and unapproachable in modern times. The ruins of these Baths excite little less wonder now than the stupendous remains of the Coliseum itself. The ruins of the Bath of Caracalla embrace a space four or five times as great as the Court-House square of Chicago. Those of Constantine, Nero, Titus, Trajan, and Agrippa, were not greatly inferior to Caracalla's. None of them could be built now for less than many millions of dollars. In one of those club-houses, the chief bathing pond or lake would accommodate 1,600 persons at one time. There were a dozen smaller and more private bathing apartments in this building. Streams of hot water poured into the ponds to temper the coolness of the water. In each of these great Thermæ was a

GRAND PUBLIC LIBRARY HALL,

built after the style of a temple, supported by lofty marble or granite columns. The walls and ceilings were frescoed with marble, in the most exquisite taste; and the very floor was fresco-work. The library-room of the Bath of Dioclesian is now the Church of St. Bernardo, and is one of the largest and most beautiful in Rome. The enormous granite and marble pillars of the old library-room still support the massive brick-arched roof, a hundred feet above the floor, which has rested securely on these supports for sixteen centuries. The great bath at this establishment accommodated 3,200 swimmers at one time; and the circumference of the whole building was more than three-quarters of a mile! The quantity of its ruins still visible is prodigious.

In these club-houses the news of the day was discussed. In the library and reading-rooms the latest news was displayed on bulletin-boards, and read and speculated upon, just as one sees nowadays at a bulletin-board containing telegraphic dispatches. These club or bath-houses were also free to the community. They were built and supported at the public expense of the Empire, and used for the pleasure and benefit of the indigent gentlemen of elegant leisure who abounded in Rome in those days.

But, when the masses of the populace were provided so many time-killing amusements, the enjoyment thereof necessarily abridged the time that should be devoted to labor. To overcome this difficulty was easy enough. It was simply

NOT TO WORK

but live at public expense. They said they were entitled to leisure and amusement as well as the rich who lived on their income; and why should they spend their valuable lives in toil for the benefit of capitalists when they could live at the expense of the National Treasury? They went to the Emperors and the Senate with the cry of "Bread or Blood." There was no eight-or-six hour-work-for-ten-hours'-pay nonsense about their demand. They opened their minds freely and spoke their thoughts boldly. "Gentlemen," said they, "give us food and clothing, and slaves to wait on us, fuel and furniture, and house-rent free, or down come your thrones and dignities!" Public men could be exceedingly free and generous in voting and giving away other people's property in those days as in these. The Government, to satisfy the demands of the Roman rabble,

INCREASED THE TAXES

and tithes of the provinces and colonies, and enforced the collection by the sword. Millions of cattle and sheep were thus collected and driven into Rome to be slaughtered and distributed to the Communists gratuitously. Millions of tons of breadstuffs were taken from the farmers of the provinces, and given to the same class. The factories and work-shops of the colonies paid tribute in their handicraft, to be disposed of in the same way as the cattle and flour. But the Roman Communists also demanded money,—hard cash; and the demagogues exacted millions of pounds of coin from the masses of the people of the Empire to donate to the voracious sponges of the Capital. Deadheading and free-lunching were reduced to a science. Everything was without money or price; nothing was earned by labor. There was a "free blow" all round the board among these "toiling, horny-handed (?) sons of labor." The Empire was the orange that was

SQUEEZED AND SUCKED.

It was converted into a Universal Relief and Aid Society for the support and emolument of the sturdy lazzaroni of the Capital, who had increased the hours of leisure and reduced those of labor to the point where the latter vanished and the former embraced the twenty-four hours per day

This state of things was not the work of a year or a generation. It commenced with small demands, made on the first Emperor, which were not easily distinguishable from charity, and increased by degrees, and grew on what it fed. The rulers gave way step by step. The concessions of one Emperor furnished precedents for the next not to be gainsaid or resisted, except at his peril.

After a time, the support of the Roman Communists became

AN INTOLERABLE BURDEN,

too heavy to be borne by the people of the provinces; and, one after the other, they revolted and threw off the grievous yoke, or refused to resist the invasions of the Goths and Hauns,—believing that a change of masters would be for the best, and that no change could be for the worse. Thus the possessions of Rome were torn from her by rebellion and invasion. The Communists had become too lazy and enervated even to fight for the retention of the provinces on which they subsisted, but caused heavier burdens to be imposed on those still remaining under the control of the Government. This thing went on from bad to worse, until the Roman Empire expired amidst its ruins. The invading Goths at last besieged and captured the city itself, sacked it, burned it, and left the Communists the alternative to work for their bread in the future or starve. Most of the wretches, after having eaten out the vitals of the Empire, preferred the latter, and

PERISHED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

The population rapidly ran down from a million and a half to half a million, and then to a quarter of a million, and finally to half the latter number; from which trifling handful it never recovered during the fifteen centuries it has been under the control of the Church. But, during the three years that Rome has been the Capital of Reunited Italy, more new houses have been erected than during the preceding 300 years, and a greater accession to the population has been made than since the days of the Crusades.

The only work performed in Rome for two or three centuries before its final fall was by slaves. The Communists arrived at that state of perfection that they

DEMANDED SLAVES

to wait on them and administer to their lusts; and their demand was complied with. For a time the Roman legions were employed in making war on the border counties to capture prisoners to be carried to Rome. The more powerful males were consumed in the amphitheatres in gladiatorial combats; the others were distributed among the Communists as servants and mistresses, to provide for their profit and pleasure. After the destruction of Jerusalem, tens of thousands of the surviving Jews were carried off prisoners of war to Rome, and disposed of as here described, with the exception that the Government retained a multitude of able-bodied men as slave-laborers in building new Thermæ, circuses, coliseums, theatres, and other public works of similar description, for the amusement of the Communists.

When one contemplates the actual state of society in Rome during the Empire, and reflects on the monstrous causes that were at work for its destruction, undermining it and gnawing at its vitals, the wonder is, not that it fell, but that it did not

SOONER TUMBLE TO PIECES.

The Republic had reared up a political system of marvelous strength and endurance; the Empire built baths and amphitheatres, and invented games and diversions. The Republic devised laws and polities based on the ideas of justice and political equality. Honesty and patriotism were the virtues most esteemed in administration. The invincible sword of the Republican legions conquered all surrounding countries. The privileges of Roman citizenship to which they were admitted, the justice and equity of the laws, the mildness of administration, the protection against tumult or tyranny, reconciled the conquered nations to Roman rule, and made them loyal subjects and stout defenders of the dignity and majesty of the mighty Republic. Had it not been for the cancer of Communism, which ate the heart out of the Empire and destroyed it, who can tell how long that wonderful Government might have lasted? Who knows but it would have survived until the present day, and Rome still be the mistress of the world, and all its nations and tribes merely provinces or States of the

UNIVERSAL DOMINION?

Certainly it would easily have survived all the other destructive agencies for many long centuries subsequent to its fall. A little experiment of Communism in Paris in 1848, and again in 1870, lasting only a few months, threw the great French nation into spasms and convulsions. The Paris Communists undertook in a small way to imitate the old Roman originals under the Empire, and, like them, to knock off work and make the rural districts and provinces support them in elegant idleness. They, too, demanded free amusements, money, meat, and clothes, and no rent. Millions of national bonds were sold by the demagogues at their head, from the proceeds of which they subsisted. Those bonds were added to the national debt. Times were "good" while the "spree" lasted. But the rural districts, not caring to be made beasts of burden to the Paris Socialists, revolted, marched on the city, and drowned the Communists in their own blood. Will the Communist experiment,

WHEN TRIED IN AMERICA,

be more successful than it was in France? Will it be received with more favor, or endured with more patience by the classes who work with both head and hands for the accumulation of a competency, and who *save* their earnings instead of squandering them in dram-shops and on silly amusements? The American farmers and manufacturers, shop-keepers and professional men, are eminently practical, and entirely capable of protecting their rights of property. Those who wish to try Paris experiments on them would do well to pause and reflect before committing themselves too far. The Communism of Rome under the revels of the Empire will never be tolerated by any modern nation. That awful example will satisfy curiosity to the end of time. J. M.

HINTS ON GRAPE-CULTURE.

Bury your dog in the garden—
It will make your grapevine grow;
Tenderly waft on the summer air
A requiem soft and low;
And let your saddest dirge be sung
For a grief that passeth show!

A dirge, a requiem, said I,—
Sing me a song of the vine!
Of the ripe Catawba's deep'ning bloom,
And the purple Muscadine!
In their mellow light thou liv'st again,
O terrier of mine!

And when I scent the perfumed leaves
In the dusky sunset glow,
Methinks they yield their voiceless praise
To the sacrifice below!
Bury your dog in the garden—
It will make your grape-vine grow!

And what is earthly rat-and-tan,
Tho' aye my cherished prize,
To the drink that moistens Beauty's lips,
And brightens Beauty's eyes?
What better boon would'st thou, O Jip—
What sweeter Paradise?

—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

TENNESSEE POLITICS.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 6, 1874.

A Washington correspondent, writing to one of the papers here, mentions a visit paid by him to our present Governor, John C. Brown; and, after stating that he will not be a candidate for re-election, says: "It is a satisfaction nowadays to hear of one prominent citizen who is not a candidate for Governor." Now, see how well that writer knew the situation: We have here, in West Tennessee, three announced candidates, namely: Col. John S. Kerr, of this city; A. W. Campbell, of Jackson; and J. W. Porter, of Paris. Then Middle Tennessee has five, namely: George W. Jones; Gen. William B. Bate, of Nashville; J. W. Burton, of Murfreesboro, Gen. William A. Quarles, of Clarksville; and John F. Howe. While East Tennessee, in her modesty, only wants two—John Netherland and Gen. John Baxter—to suffer the cares and anxieties of that much-sought-for position. All of them are prominent men, and the majority of them have been in the political arena for years, and will, with perhaps a dozen or so more, submit their claims to the nominating convention of Conservatives, which is to be held in Nashville during the middle of April,—the object of the early meeting being to form a State ticket as formidable as possible for the fall election, in order that the Congressional election may be worked in a satisfactory manner. I am told—and upon good authority—that Andy Johnson will not be a candidate for Gubernatorial honors, preferring, perhaps, to "abide by the Constitution," and put his trust in the "dear people," and get them to elect him as one of the ten Congressmen who are to be selected. Andy has yet quite a number of friends in and about Greenville, and would have made many more, perhaps, had he not hired the temperance army now invading his section of the State, which forever blasts his hopes for the support of the masses, which he, no doubt, thought he would get. He is working quietly, however, and undoubtedly has something to do with the call for the Nashville Convention, which comes apparently from Col. A. S. Colyar, who wants the Conservatives and Democrats, as well as the Liberals, to meet on a broad and distinct platform, and join armies against the Republicans. This they may do; but the "meeting" will be about the last of the great consolidation, as there will certainly be enough dissatisfied political aspirants to upset the scheme, and the result will be another Republican victory in the State election—providing, of course, that the party hoist the name of a man equally as popular as Gov. Brown; and that they can easily do, as there are some half-a-dozen scattered about the State who could make a "big fight" against the names mentioned above, except, perhaps, Col. Kerr, who, while not old in politics, has many friends on both sides, and, perhaps, stands a better chance than any of his competitors. *

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Osage Plants and Seed—About Drain-Tile and Draining—Seed-Corn—Borers in the Maple-Trees, and a Remedy—A List of Valuable Deciduous Shade-Trees—The Study of Entomology—The Battle of the Bugs and the Weeds—Spring.

From Our Agricultural Correspondent.

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., March 11, 1874.

OSAGE PLANTS AND SEEDS.

PLAINFIELD, Ill., March 2, 1874.

MR. "RURAL"—SIR: I am told that there is a corner in Osage-seed, and that worthless seed is being put on the market. Shall I purchase now, or wait and take my chance for a fall in the market? N. S.

When in Texas last July, I was told, and in fact could see, that the Osage-seed crop was nearly a failure. There was a great supply of old seed on hand, as the crop of 1872 was large; and as the water was low in the streams in the fall of that year, the seed was piled up to await the spring-rains in order to wash out the pulp; and, in some cases, this seed was put in such large *piles* that it became heated, and all such seed is ruined. Good seed has a natural color, and is not discolored in any manner; and a person in the habit of handling seeds would detect it at once.

There is no doubt a fair supply of old seed of good quality; but, of the new crop, very little, if any, could be obtained. One large dealer in Osage seed, at Denison, told me he did not think a bushel of new seed would be got out, as there would not be sufficient to make it an object to start up the mills.

The stock of plants on hand is large, and it is not probable that as much seed as usual will be sown this spring; and, though seed must rule high, and old seed at that, there is no reason to make the price speculative, as, in that event, less will be planted, and thus leave the old seed to go over, when it will be of little value. In ordinary seasons, Osage seed, at Denison, Tex., is worth from $4 to $5 per bushel; and, as there is now all-rail to the North, the seed should not be very dear. When it had to be wagoned 500 to 600 miles, there was good reason to sell it at a good round price. A letter of inquiry might be addressed to a dealer in Osage seed, Denison or Dallas, Tex. The Postmaster no doubt would hand it over to the proper person. In this way seed might be had direct at a large saving of cost, unless the whole stock has been shipped out of the country.

In the sowing of old seed, it will be found that a longer time is required in the soaking. Had it not been for the cutting down of the old hedges, a large quantity of seed would be produced at home, as these hedges had begun to produce quite freely. It is probable that many large lots of plants will be allowed to go over, and next spring a part of our supply of plants may be 2 years old.

DRAIN-TILE.

We have had three dry seasons, and people have given up the idea of using drain-tile for the farm; but just now the land is pretty well saturated with moisture, and the low places need tile-draining, and the inquiry is: Who has drain-tile for sale? Parties who have it should advertise, so that people may know where it is to be had, and the price. Mr. Waring, in the *Country Gentleman*, says that 1-inch tile will drain the water for 1,000 feet, and 2-inch 4,000 feet; and that 1,000 feet, with drains 40 feet apart, will drain an acre. I have the Joliet list, which gives 2-inch as their smallest tile. If the inch-tile will answer for 1,000 feet, 1¼ for 2,000, and 1½ for 3,000, it would be well to know it, as it would materially reduce the cost of draining. Transportation is a large item in the cost of tile, and it is an object to have it made near where it is to be used. The demand for tile to drain cellars and house-grounds is annually increasing, and requires a large amount to supply; and it ought to be made at all of our large villages. This could be done in connection with the brick-yards, and thus save largely in freight. In 1858 I put in 1,000 feet to drain off a small pond that had its outlet through my garden; and that part of the garden is ready to plant as early as any part of it. The following year I put in several thousand feet of inch-drain. That put through a slough having stiff clay bottom has remained sound, but in the upland low depressions it has failed.

We can do a large amount of drainage with the plow, and the laying off the lands in the direction of the natural drainage; but, after all, we must have tile-drains and open drains in order to take off the surplus water. We can do something of this work before it is possible to do any plowing, by cutting furrows through the low grounds to drain off all standing water.

SEED-CORN.

There is an inquiry for good seed-corn, and the supply is not over-abundant. In this part of the State the seed-corn is always taken from the crib, while, at the North, it is carefully selected at the time of husking, and put up where it will cure out without danger of injuring the vitality of the seed. An expert can select good seed without difficulty. The chit, or germ, is white when the grain is broken open. Whole car-loads are selected in this way, and sent to other parts of the State, or to other States. Here we want an ear of corn that has deep grains and a small cob,—that is, for all planted up to the last half of May; and, after that time, a more shallow grain with a smaller ear, say of 10 to 12 rows of corn to the ear, while the larger kinds have 12 to 24, with the greater part 12 to 16 rows to the ear.

During the past dozen years I have planted a great variety, with more or less satisfactory results. The large hackberry, or grain with a rough end, has been planted for the past three years, but will hereafter be dispensed with, and only one kind hereafter planted, and that a yellow dent of 12 to 18 rows of corn to the ear, running more at 14 to 16 rows. This always ripens well, and may be planted from April 25 to June 1. The seed used this spring will be taken from the crop of 1872, as the corn has been kept from exposure to the weather.

Freezing never injures fully-ripe and cured corn; but, if a trifle immature, and we have an early frost, as was the case last fall, the seed-corn from the cribs must be selected with a great deal of care. For this reason I shall prefer the old corn, which we know is good; while, in planting of the new crop, each ear should be examined. Whole car-loads of corn are shipped that would make good seed, but those should be selected by an expert in corn-growing.

It has been the practice with the Chicago seed-houses to have their seed-corn selected in this manner, and, as a general thing, they have had a good article of seed-corn, the only complaint being the price that they charge. Seed-corn is sold here among farmers for about $1 a bushel, to which is added the cost of sacks when shipped.

Mr. J. B. Phinney, one of our largest corn-growers, was some years engaged in obtaining and testing the whole family of dent corn, but he found it difficult to keep them separate, and has given it up as unprofitable. A year ago he turned over to the Industrial University samples of his varieties, which the institution planted, but with about the same results.

In selecting my seed, of the same quality year after year, the variety becomes somewhat fixed; but a slight change will affect the crop. I select a red cob, with a smooth, even surface, with deep grains, and of fair size, running twelve to sixteen rows to the ear. This makes a good average corn for the whole season's planting, and produces a good crop.

Many farmers go a long distance after seed-corn, when they have just as good as they get in their own cribs; and a great deal of time and money is wasted in the effort at a supposed improvement. There is a great demand for large ears, but the large ears are the result of thin planting, and that is no proof of a large yield, as it is the close-planted, medium-sized ears that give the greatest yield. In Tennessee, where 25 bushels to the acre is a large crop, the ears are very large, for the reason that there is only one stalk permitted in a hill, and that one stalk has but one ear.

There is another error: the selecting of the first ripe ears. This tends to a smaller grain, and will in time seriously affect the yield. What we want is a good-sized ear, that ripens at the proper season for the latitude. If we plant here the 20th of May, we have an average of 140 days for the corn to mature; but our large dent corn requires only about 120 days, and some of these will begin to ripen at 100 days. If we begin to plant the 1st day of May, we may begin to cut up and shock our corn Sept. 1; and, by continuing the planting to June 1, we can cut as late as Oct 10.

We have frost from Sept. 20 to Oct. 10, for the first, as a general rule. This period of frost is somewhat dependent on the time of full moon the last of September. In case the moon is full before the 20th at this point, there is little danger of frost, and we may patiently wait until the full moon in October. This year the full moon occurs Sept. 25, when we shall be very liable to have a frost. It may appear strange that we should consult the time of full moon in order to select our seed-corn, and yet it is so. If we know the time of the autumn-frost, and the day of planting, we shall be enabled to select seed-corn that will mature within those days. We have corn that will mature here in 100 days, and some that requires 140; and that from farther South will need 20 more days added in order to ripen.

Two degrees farther North we must have seed that will ripen in about 100 days; and we then begin to approach the line of the glazed corn, and where the dent corn will not ripen. Here the glazed corn is of no value, such as the King Philip, Dutton, and other varieties, so valuable in the New England States.

Every farmer should select his own seed-corn from year to year. In the event that he must purchase his first supply, let him not be deceived in regard to the size of the ear, but look to the yield per acre. It is better to make the selection at the time of husking the crop, rather than to select the first ripe ears, unless the general crop ripens too late in the season, or, better stated, is too many days in maturing.

BORERS IN MAPLE-TREES.

LOGANSPORT, Ind., March 6, 1874.

Mr. "RURAL"—SIR: We set sugar-maple around our church—but they were all destroyed by the borers. I observed that they did not attack the soft-maples in other localities, and therefore set out the soft-maples to replace the others; but last year those were destroyed in like manner. Can you tell us what to do in the premises? E. J. P.

If the sugar-maples were taken from the forest, and the tops cut off in the usual manner, it is no matter of surprise that the borers attacked the trees. The maple-tree-borer lays its eggs in trees of weakened vitality, and in places exposed to the sun, rather than in the shade. For this reason, trees from the nurseries, in a vigorous stage of growth, and with an abundance of fibrous roots, are much to be preferred to those from the forest, whose long, rambling roots have been cut off with the spade in taking up. The silver-leaf-maple (not silver-poplar), a variety of soft-maple, is a more rapid grower than the sugar-maple, and is thus better adapted to transplanting, as it suffers less by the shock in removing. But all this family suffer from the borer if they lose their vigor from too much cutting off of the top, setting in sward-land, or other bad management; and yet the borers can be kept out of the trees by the use of soap.

This may be either hard or soft soap, but the former is the most convenient of application, by rubbing the softened bar up and down the trunk of the tree. This is no great task with trees of proper size for setting, which should not exceed 2 inches in diameter, and should be young and vigorous.

The eggs are laid on the trunk of the trees, in June and July, in this latitude; and, at points North, into August. The eggs hatch, and the young worms eat through the bark into the wood. They must then be cut out with a knife, or destroyed with a bent wire that may reach them. The soap will prevent the laying and hatching of the eggs, though more than one application should be had.

I have more than 15 acres of maples that have been transplanted, some of which are more than a foot in diameter, but never lose any that have had the proper care.

The sugar-maple is of slow growth when young, and the nurserymen have not found it profitable to grow. If Mr. P. will reset the yard with trees of from 1½ to 2 inches, smooth and thrifty, and leave the tops on, give them a good mulch of leaves or rotten manure, and apply the soap, he may have a reasonable prospect of seeing the church beautified with that grandest of all our shade-trees, the sugar-maple.

The maple-tree-borer is called the Beautiful Clytus (Clytus Hayii). The worm eats into the solid wood in all directions; but, as it makes a hole to enter the tree, it can always be detected. The thrifty trees in the shade of the forest are seldom attacked, as the moth prefers to lay its eggs on the sunny side of the trunk of the tree. The soap will add to the appearance of the tree, as its trunk will have a smoother appearance.

We have many fine trees for shade and ornament: the black-sugar-maple (Acer Nigrum), the silver-leaf-maple (Acer Dasycarpum), white elm, linn, sycamore, ash-leaf-maple (box-elder), white and golden willow, white ash, black and white walnut. The sugar-maple needs long years to grow to give it a commanding appearance, but this would be hastened if the nurserymen would plant it in the nurseries, but they dislike to wait a dozen years to get a tree ready for sale, when the poplar can be grown from cuttings in three years, and most of the others from small plants in two or three more.

The study of noxious insects is becoming quite a feature among the students of the Industrial University, and it is to be hoped that the funds will soon warrant the employment of such a teacher as Prof. Riley, or some other scientific and practical entomologist. However, it is gratifying to know that the institution is slowly yet surely drifting in this direction. Learning and labor are slow to clasp hands, and we need educated labor rather than learned labor.

We must soon begin the

BATTLE OF THE BUGS AND THE WEEDS,

for they never fail to come to the front whenever there is an inch of earth or a plant for a lodgment. The time of planting is at hand; weeks ago the spring wended from over the "*Gulf*," and is making a steady march Northward. It has given green peas to Florida, and on the "Grand Chain" the gardens are busy with cold frames and fire-heated hot-beds for tomato and sweet-potato plants; and here the farmers are sowing grass-seed and clover, and clearing up the field of corn-stalks, ready for the plow and the planter. Panics, monopolies, Granges, Farmers' Clubs, singing-schools, and the distant lyceum must yield for the time being; for the field, the orchard, and the garden will command our best efforts. If spring fails to lay a good foundation for the crops, the summer cannot make amends; for this reason we must lay our plans with caution, and pursue them with a steady purpose. RURAL.

MANUFACTURERS, MIDDLEMEN, FARMERS.

OSHKOSH, Wis., March 9, 1874.

To the Editor of The Chicago Tribune:

SIR: Middlemen in the agricultural-implement trade, as a class, have little or no capital. The credit they claim to furnish the farmer is not their own. They sell for the manufacturer, and give any credit asked by their customers. With heavy machinery, such as threshing-machines, &c., it is customary to receive a cash payment (if they can get it), and several notes, running one, two, and three years, with 10 *per cent* interest for the balance. Out of the cash, the freight and commission are retained, and the notes are turned over to the manufacturer, unless the agent is a confidence-man, and sells them out, and leaves for parts unknown. The expense, delay, and vexation in collecting this class of notes are only known to those who have tried it. One of the effects of this manner of doing business is to shipwreck all the smaller manufacturers, and concentrate the trade in the hands of those who can raise the millions necessary to carry it on. Banks will not furnish money on this class of paper. If the farmer has not the cash, and has to borrow, let him borrow in his own neighborhood, and save whatever he can by buying for cash. When the notes are due, it is no easier to pay, because the party of whom the money was borrowed is a manufacturer, and lives a thousand miles away. The majority of manufacturers of agricultural implements will hail with joy the day when the middleman will be forced to either buy their stock, or quit the field. D.

The Roman Carnival.

The Carnival at Rome was celebrated this year with a splendor that must have gladdened the hearts of the Romans. Agreeably to the edict of Pasquino, King of the Carnival, the opening act was a grand mythological spectacle—the reception by Pasquino of the visit of His Majesty the Emperor Saturn and his daughter Ceres. The deities arrived at midday in a trireme, followed by a bireme supposed to be filled with freed slaves. The weather was splendid, and thousands of Romans were congregated on the banks of the Tiber to witness the landing. From thence the procession moved in triumphal Carnival pomp along the Flaminian Way, entering the city at the Porta del Popolo, Pasquino at the Piazza del Popolo giving his welcome to Saturnus amid the acclamations of the crowd. Preceded by heralds in armor the cortege slowly traversed the Corso to the Piazza Venetian, gold and silver coins being scattered among the people. Saturnus was mounted on a triumphal car, and accompanied by a Nubian band; while Ceres was seated on the summit of an Egyptian temple, and surrounded by the priestesses of Isis. There were also Olympian temples. The freedmen were represented as guarding four colossal lions. Pasquino himself bestrode a huge elephant; the rest of the show being made up of bands and maskers in all varieties of device and character in keeping with the Old World idea, and the return of the age of gold and times of plenty.

COLORADO.

Continuance of the War Between the Cattle and the Sheep Men.

The Political Squabble---Squelching of the State Project.

Abolition of the Board of Immigration---Progress of the Grange Movement.

Farming in Colorado a Very Uncertain Piece of Business.

Special Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

CANON CITY, Col., March 1, 1874.

The Indian scare has subsided,—absquatulated, so to speak,—petered out entirely, and our Wyoming cousins breathe freely again; but the

SHEEP AND CATTLE WAR

in Southern Colorado still maintains an ugly front, and furnishes abundance of trouble. It was hoped that our Legislative Solons would turn the blaze of their powerful intellects upon the subject, and enact some laws calculated to curb the ferocity of the cow-boys, and give the gentle bucks and ewes protection; but they were too much occupied with deadhead picnics and irrigation-memorials, land-grabs, and a thousand other schemes, to pay any particular attention to the wants of those important industries, and nothing was done. To be sure, one honorable member did submit the draft of a bill declaring, in substance, that it was hardly right for human beings to slaughter stock and pop away at each other with revolvers, and authorizing the Legislature to impose fines or imprisonment upon all offenders duly convicted by the laws of the land; but the bill was voted down; the author was alluded to in contemptuous terms; and, abashed, disheartened, and disgusted, he sank down in his seat, and remained shrouded in obscurity the remainder of the session. As a natural consequence, the cattle-men are encouraged to commit greater deeds of lawlessness, and now the life as well as the property of a sheep-man stands upon a precarious footing. The other night a party of twelve men, all disguised, visited a sheep-ranch over on the St. Charles, a few miles south of Pueblo, and, while part of the crew covered the owner with their revolvers, the rest proceeded to the yard, and deliberately cut the throats of all the choicest sheep in the drove. Many other outrages of a similar nature are related. It is an unequal contest; the cattle-men, owing to numerical superiority and the nature of their occupation, have far the best of it; and, unless a compromise can be effected, their foes must leave the country, and one of the most important industries in this region will be extinguished. The entire proceeding is a fair illustration of the power a few lawless spirits can exert in Colorado; and yet, strange as it may appear, their conduct seems to be upheld by a few papers in the Territory. It is proper to add, however, that the editors of these organs are engaged in the cattle-business, and are more competent to give an opinion on beef, or the good points of a Texas steer, than they are to write leaders, or cull the items required for a live newspaper.

THE GREAT POLITICAL SQUABBLE

continues to grow in magnitude and wax hot with interest. McCook's confirmation still hangs fire; but we are assured by his most reliable organs and supporters that it is only a question of time, and that he is sure to come back to Colorado with flying colors. The squabble has at least produced one good result: it has effectually squelched the State movement for some time to come. A few months ago, Elbert and his Ring were overflowing with arguments and appeals to Congress in favor of the move. Colorado was represented as teeming with uncounted thousands; her herds, her mines, and her rich agricultural lands were squeezed dry for material; but, now that a new deal of Territorial officials is threatened, we are treated to no more of this high-flown nonsense. In view of his impending supersedure, Elbert is not so anxious about the State business; for how could he, under the circumstances, come before the people as a candidate for Senator? This same feeling troubles all the other patriots. The squirming and twisting, the hitting back and forth, the allegations of perjury and the counter-allegations, only show to the world the real stuff of which the average Colorado politician is formed; and Uncle Sam, with his shrewd native sense, will doubtless wait some time before he commits the destinies of Statehood to such hands.

That sectional expensive, and we might say useless, institution, known as the

BOARD OF IMMIGRATION,

has been abolished. It has been found that misrepresentation does not pay; that the seductive-looking pamphlets and circulars, filled with exaggerated reports of Colorado, do not invite permanent settlement; and that the only reliable method is to adhere to the good old style, and tell the truth. False impressions never produce confidence; and, when the immigrant arrives in Colorado, and finds that the country is not what it was represented to be; when he learns for the first time that agriculture can only be pursued in a few favored localities; that storms rage and diseases prevail here as well as in other regions; and that, instead of a Paradise dotted here and there with snowy mountains and green valleys, it is in reality a vast sandy plain, dotted with bunches of sage-brush and cactus,—he is apt to grow discouraged, and turns his face to the East with an opinion tenfold worse of the country than it deserves. At last the more sensible have made the discovery that the plan of fooling our immigrants does not pay; and, as the Board of Immigration was only organized for that purpose, it has been abolished. The class of people most needed here is producers,—men who are not afraid of a little hard work, and who do not come out expecting to jump into fortunes or easy positions at the start. Denver, and, in fact, every other town in the Territory, is fairly overrun with merchants, clerks, professional men, and non-producers; but the man who brings his family, and is ready to settle down and begin work whenever he can find a favorable location, is of more service and real benefit to the Territory than the whole crew of fortune-seekers and place-hunters. Perhaps there may be something in the climate or surroundings, but about every other man who comes out to Colorado seems to be impressed with the idea that he was not born for vulgar toil; and, once at the base of the Rocky Mountains, he looks out for some genteel occupation.

THE GRANGE-MOVEMENT

is now fairly organized and under full headway. Last week a number of farmers, representing the northern part of the Territory, met at the quiet little mountain-town of Bowder, and resolved that they would cut loose from the monopolists and extortionists, and in future make their own nominations. A State Grange was put in operation, and Mr. Tenney installed as Master. The movement is spreading rapidly, and nearly every agricultural district and town in Colorado has, or is about to have, its Grange. The main grievance is transportation. The farmers complain that they are not only unjustly taxed for all the necessaries of life shipped from the East, but also on agricultural implements and other machinery essential to the development of this country. Among other things, Mr. Henry Lee, one of the delegates, called attention to the fact that $400,000 had been sent out of Colorado in 1873 for oats, barley, corn, chopped feed, etc.,—all of which, he claimed, could have been, and should have been, produced in Colorado. The *News* grapples this text, and reads the farmers of Colorado a long sermon, declaring it to be the "height of absurdity to send East for food when the same articles can just as well be raised here." It is well enough for a paper to stand up for the country it represents; but we submit that the farmers who have practically tested the question know fully as much about the productiveness and agricultural capacities of Colorado as anybody else. Facts as they actually exist to-day, and the observation and experience of every old settler, will bear me out in the statement that farming in Colorado is a

VERY UNCERTAIN PIECE OF BUSINESS,

and cannot be depended upon as a means of livelihood. Wheat, oats, or corn cannot be raised without a vast amount of trouble and expense; and, by the time the farmer has his irrigating-ditches built, and the ground ready for seed, he will find that it is far cheaper for him to ship his breadstuffs from the States, even at the present exorbitant freight-charges, than to attempt to reclaim the alkali-soils and desert-sands of Colorado. The traveler may journey up the Arkansas River from Fort Lyon to Pueblo, and from the latter across the Trinidad, and down into New Mexico, until he will find only a succession of deserted ranches; and it is the same way up the Platte. The experiment was made; but with corn at 25 cents a pound, and wheat at $5 a bushel, they could not make it pay. If Colorado is such a splendid agricultural country; if the soil is so prolific; if the market is so unexceptional,—why are these ranches deserted; and why is it that every new-comer who has been seduced into the idea of tilling the soil throws it up at the end of six months, and engages in mining or stock-raising? The reason is evident; and, with the practical results so plainly written out before us, it is almost criminal for any paper to contend that Colorado possesses superior attractions for the farmer. Some day in the far-distant future, when the rich prairies of the Northwest are all under cultivation, and when the inhabitants begin to crowd each other for want of room, the land of Colorado may be needed, and may be made available; but it is not wanted now. Then, long homilies on irrigation will come in play; then, perhaps, the President may with propriety recommend a deep and wide canal from the base of the Rocky Mountains to the Missouri River; but, with the thousands of acres of virgin soil beckoning to the farmer from every Western State, it is hardly to be supposed that he will make such an ass of himself as to pass all by, and plant his homestead or pre-emption filings on a Colorado sand-bank.

During the last week of February, the weather was

QUITE COLD,

and in some localities stock suffered severely. At Denver the mercury stood at 16 deg. below zero; at Colorado Springs, 10 deg.; on top of old Pike, 32 deg.; at Pueblo, 12 deg.; and at Canon City, 8 deg. In this locality we have no snow, except what can be seen on the mountains 10 miles away; but from the Middle and South Parks comes the dismal intelligence that the snow is 3 feet deep on a level. This rather rejoices the miners, though, as it insures plenty of water for operations the coming season.

R.

NEBRASKA.

State of the Country--Indian Affairs--What a Frontiersman Thinks of the Quaker Policy.

Correspondence of The Chicago Tribune.

GENOA, Neb. (1 mile from Pawnee Village), March 7, 1874.

We have had a nice winter. The panic affected us in the fore part of the winter; but we have plenty to eat, though money is scarce, and is loaned at 2 per cent per month on good security. We have good land, fine prairies, and plenty of water. Timber is scarce, but we do do not have to do any fencing. Every one has to take care of his own stock. There is not as much grain destroyed as where the country is fenced. Our average yield of wheat to the acre this year was 20 bushels, oats 40 bushels, corn 80 bushels. Potatoes were almost a failure.

The Indians are causing quite an excitement. The Pawnees are peaceable as yet, but they are very much dissatisfied as to the way they are dealt with. The Agent received $16,000 for the Sioux Indian annuities and is buying provisions for them; but they want the money divided among them. The Agent will not do this, for this reason: The Indians would not buy their flour or beef from the Quakers. Five hundred of the Pawnees joined the Comanches last fall, after getting their annuities. The leading Chief's name is Spotted Horse. There were no means taken to keep them on their reservation. These Indians said they would go or fight. It is disgusting to Western men to see how Eastern Quakers mange the noble red man. Our present Agent always ran a boarding-school before he came here. He has been one year here, and all he knows of the Indians is his experience of one year. Mr. and Mrs. Platte have been forty years with the Pawnees, and they do not understand all of their peculiarities yet; but these Eastern men, that manage the Indians, think they are superior to Western men. We do not see it in that light, however. The Indians ought to be managed by military men. We believe that they can and would do justice to the Indians in every respect. The present system is all schools; but it ought to be work, and teaching them how to make a living. We have all confidence in our worthy President, but he has made a mistake with the Indians. If he was competent to do justice to the Rebels, why then could not those who fight Indians do justice to them? I have always been a Republican, and am yet; but, if it is to be the system of the Republican party to let the minority rule, away with the party, I say. It is but right that every State should manage its own affairs. We have as good men as the East can produce, and men who know as much about Indians. Yours truly,

P. DUFFIS.

A GRANGE BURIAL.

How the Order Put Away Their Dead.

From the Leavenworth Times, March 8.

The first burial of a member of the Patrons of Husbandry with the honors of the Order that has came to our notice, took place day before yesterday in Kickapoo, when the remains of Henry Bolin were consigned to their last resting place with all the pomp and funeral pageant of the Granger burial service. Mr. Bolin was a prominent member, and the attendance was very large, some 400 persons being present. The programme of the burial was about as follows:

On leaving the residence of the deceased, the hearse which contained the remains was flanked on either side by three pall-bearers, who walked with uncovered heads and regalias draped in mourning. Following the hearse came the relatives of the deceased, and next marched the sisters of the Order, clad in full regalia. The brothers came next, and following them the vast concourse of people, who had come from far and near to witness the ceremonies. The remains were first taken to the church, where a priest went through a service peculiar to the Catholic Church, of which the deceased was a member. When the exercises here had been concluded, the procession took up its march for the cemetery, where the Granger funeral rites were performed. The coffin was placed on supports directly over the open grave, and remained there till the impressive and interesting service was concluded. G. B. Coffin, Master of the Franklin Grange, conducted the ceremonies.

When the brothers and sisters of the Grange of which the deceased was a member had assembled about the grave, the Master read a selection from the burial ritual, followed by a second selection by the Chaplain, and then the members repeated slowly and solemnly the Lord's prayer, closing with a beautiful and appropriate hymn. The brothers of the Order then stepped to the grave and threw into the opening several bouquets of flowers and evergreens. A short but powerful address was next delivered by the Chaplain. While the coffin was being lowered a beautiful and soul-inspiring hymn was sung, and during the singing the sisters showered bouquets of flowers upon the descending coffin until it reached the wooden box at the bottom of the grave. The Master then sprinkled a portion of dirt thrown from the grave over the coffin, and the service closed with the solemn benediction of the Chaplain.

Taken throughout, the ceremonies were very beautiful and impressive. This is the first burial of a Granger in the county, and, if we are correctly informed, in the State—that is, with the ceremonies of the Order.

SPRING COMETH.

Spring! Spring cometh, my darling!
  Lift thy brown eyes, and greet her with me,
Down from the hill-sides the brooklets are flowing:
  So flows my love with fresh impulse to thee.

Spring! Spring cometh, my dearest!
  Come to the woods, and greet her with me,
Fast, 'neath their thick leaves, the May flowers are growing:
  So grows my passionate love, Sweet, for thee.

Spring! Spring cometh, beloved!
  In the bright morning greet her with me,
Birds to their mates in the tree-tops are calling:
  So calls my longing heart, ever, for thee.

Spring! Spring cometh, my darling!
  In the cool evening greet her with me,
On the coy violets dew-drops are falling:
  So may God's blessings fall sweetly on thee.

—Margaret Bamford in the Galaxy.

A Louisiana Pie-Biter.

From the St. Louis Democrat.

A young man living on Chouteau avenue, known in fashionable circles as the "Beautiful Blonde," went to New Orleans to participate in the carnival. While there he visited the Legislative Assembly to see the colored law-makers. He saw a stalwart negro rise to make a speech, holding a large piece of pie in his left hand. As the orator proceeded, he would take an occasional bite from the pie, and then continue his remarks. The spectacle of the legislative pie-biter so amused the Beautiful Blonde that he laughed loud and immoderately, so as to attract the attention of the Assembly. The pie-eating statesman was highly offended, and demanded that the Blonde should be ejected. The request was about to be complied with, when a Mr. Thompson, an acquaintance of the Blonde, interfered and saved him from being turned out.