THE PLOW.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Clear the brown path to meet the coulter's gleam!
Lo! on he comes behind his smoking team,
With toil's bright dew-drop on his sunburnt brow,
The lord of earth—the hero of the plow!
First in the field before the reddening sun,
Last in the shadows when the day is done,
Line after line along the burning sod,
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod;
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves;
Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves;
Up the steep hill-side where the laboring train
Stands on the long track that scores the level plain;
Through the moist valley clogged with oozing clay,
The patient convoy break its destined way;
At every turn the loosening chains resound,
The swinging plowshare circles glistening round,
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

BY B. WEBSTER.

"By Jove! Dick, I am nearly done up."

"So am I. Did any one ever see such a confounded forest, Charley?"

"I am not alone weak, but hungry. Oh for a steak of moose, with a bottle of old red wine to wash it down!"

Charley! beware. Take care how you conjure up such visions in my mind. I am already nearly starving, and if you increase my appetite much more it will go hard with me if I no not dine off of you. You are young, and Bertha says you are tender——"

"Hearted, she meant. Well, so I am if loving Bertha be any proof of it. Do you know, Dick, I have often wondered that you, who loved your sister so passionately, were not jealous of her attachment to me."

"So I was, my dear fellow, at first—furiously jealous. But then I reflected that Bertha must, one day or the other, marry, and I must lose my sister; so I thought it better that she shoud marry my old college chum and early friend, Charley Costarre, than any one else. So you see there was a little selfishness in my calculations, Charley.

"Dick, we were friends at school and friends at college, and I thought at both those places that nothing could shorten the link that bound us together, but I was mistaken. Since my love for, and engagement to your sister, I feel as if you were fifty times more my friend that you were before. Dick, we three will never part."

"So he married the king's daughter, and they all lived together as happy as the days are long," shouted Dick, with a laugh, quoting from nursery tale.

The foregoing is a slice out of the conversation with which Dick Linton and myself endeavored to beguile the way, as we tramped through one of the forests of Northern New York. Dick was an artist, and I was a sportsman, so when one fine Autumn day he announced his intention of going into the woods for a week to study nature, it seemed to me an excellent opportunity for me to exercise my legs and my trigger finger at the same time. Dick had some backwoods friend who lived in a log-hut on the shores of Eckford Lake, and there we determined to take up our quarters. Dick, who said he knew the forest thoroughly, was to be the guide, and we accordingly, with our guns on our shoulders, started on foot from Root's, a tavern known to tourists, and situated on the boundaries of Essex and Warren counties.

It was a desperate walk; but as we started by daybreak, and had great faith in our pedestrian qualities, we expected to reach the nearest of the Eckford lakes by nightfall. The forest through which we traveled was of the densest description. Overhead the branches of spruce and pine shut out the day, while beneath our feet lay a frightful soil, composed principally of jagged shingle, cunningly concealed by an almost impenetrable brush. As the day wore on, our hopes of reaching our destination grew fainter and fainter, and I could almost fancy, from the anxious glances that Dick cast around him, that in spite of his boasted knowledge of the woods he had lost his way. It was not, however, until night actually fell, and we were both sinking from hunger and exhaustion, that I could get him to acknowledge the fact.

"We're in a nice pickle, Master Dick," said I, rather crossly, for an empty stomach does much to destroy a man's natural amiability. "Confound your assurance that led you to set up as a guide. Of all men painters are the most conceited."

"Come, Charley," answered Dick, goodhumoredly. "there is no use in growling so loudly. You'll bring the bears and panthers on us if you do. We must make the best of a bad job and sleep in a tree."

"It's easy to talk, my good fellow. I'm not a partridge, and don't know how to roost on a bough."

"Well, you'll have to learn, then; for if you sleep on the ground, the chances are ten to one but you will have the wolves nibbling at your toes before daylight."

"I'm hanged if I'll do either!" said I, desperately. "I'm going to walk all night, and I'll drop before I'll lie down."

"Come, come, Charley, don't be a fool!"

"I was only a fool when I consented to let you assume the role of a guide."

"Well, Charley, if you are determined to go on let it be so. We'll go together. After all it is only an adventure."

"I say, Dick, don't you see a light?"

"By Jove, so there is? Come, you see, Providence intervenes between us and the wolves and hunger. That must be some squatters hut."

The light to which I had so suddenly called Dick's attention was very faint, and seemed to be about half a mile distant. It glimmered through the dark branches of the hemlock and spruce trees, and weak as the light was, I hailed it as a mariner without a compass hails the star by which he steers. We instantly set out in the direction of our beacon. In a moment it seemed as if all fatigue had vanished, and we walked as if our muscles were as tense as iron, and our joints oily as a piston-shaft.

We soon arrived at what in the dusk seemed to be a clearing of about five acres, but it may have been larger, for the tall forest rising up around it must have diminished its apparent size, giving it the appearance of a square pit rather than a farm. Toward one corner of the clearing we discerned the dusky outline of a log hut, through whose signal end window a faint light was streaming. With a sigh of relief we hastened to the door and knocked. It was opened immediately and a man appeared on the threshold. We explained our condition, and were instantly invited to walk in and make ourselves at home. All our host said he could offer us were some cold Indian corn cakes, and a slice of dried deer's-flesh, to all of which we were heartily welcome. These viands in our starving condition were luxuries to us, and we literally reveled in anticipation of a full meal.

The hut into which we had so unceremoniously entered was of the most poverty-stricken order. It consisted of but one room, with a rude brick fireplace at one end. Some deerskins and old blankets stretched out by the way of a bed at either extremity of the apartment, and the only seats visible were two sections of a large pine trunk that stood close to the fire-place. There was no vestige of a table, and the rest of the furniture was embodied in a long Tennessee rifle hung close to the rough wall.

If the hut was remarkable, its proprietor was still more so. He was, I think, the most villainous looking man I ever beheld. About six feet two inches in hight, proportionately broad across the shoulders, and with a hand large enough to pick up a fifty-six pound shot, he seemed to be a combination of extraordinary strength and agility. His head was narrow and oblong in shape. His straight, Indian-like hair fell smoothly over his low forehead as if it had been plastered with soap. And his black, bead-like eyes were set obliquely, and slanted downward toward his nose, giving him a mingled expression of ferocity and cunning. As I examined his features attentively, in which I thought I could trace almost every bad passion, I confess I experienced a certain feeling of apprehension and disgust that I could not shake off.

While he was getting us the promised food we tried, by questioning him, to draw him into conversation. He seemed very taciturn and reserved. He said he lived entirely alone, and had cleared the spot he occupied with his own hands. He said his name was Joel, but when we hinted that he must have some other name, he pretended not to hear us, though I saw his brows knit and his small eyes flash angrily. My suspicions of this man were further aroused by seeing a pair of shoes lying in a corner of the hut. These shoes were at least three sizes smaller than those that our gigantic host wore, and yet he had distinctly replied that he lived entirely alone. If those shoes were not his, whose were they? The more I reflected on this circumstance the more uneasy I felt, and apprehensions were still further aroused when Joel, as he called himself, took both our fowling pieces, and, in order to have them out of the way, as he said, hung them on crooks from the wall, at a height which neither Dick nor I could reach without getting on a stool. I smiled inwardly, however, as I felt the smooth barrel of my revolver that was slung in the hollow of my back, by its leathern belt, and thought to myself, if this fellow has any bad designs, the more unprotected he thinks us the less cautious will he be, so I made no effort to retain our guns. Dick also had a revolver, and was one of those men who I knew would use it well when the time came.

My suspicions of our host grew at last to such a pitch that I determined to communicate them to Dick. Nothing would be easier than for this villainous half breed—for I felt convinced he had Indian blood in him—nothing would be easier than, with the aid of an accomplice, to cut our throats or shoot us while we were asleep, and so get our guns, watches and whatever money we carried. Who, in those lonely woods, would hear the shot, or hear our cries for help? What emissary of the law, however sharp, could point out our graves in those wild woods, or bring the murder home to those who committed it? Linton at first laughed; then grew serious; and gradually became a convert to my apprehensions. We hurriedly agreed that, while one slept, the other should watch, and so take it in turns through the night.

Joel had surrendered to us his couch of deerskins and his blanket; he himself said he could sleep quite as well on the floor, near the fire. As Dick and I were both very tired, we were anxious to get our rest as soon as possible. So after a hearty meal of deer steak and tough cakes, washed down by a good draught from our brandy flask, I being the youngest, got the first hour's sleep, and flung myself on the couch of skins. As my eyes gradually closed, I saw a dim picture of Dick seated sternly watching by the fire, and the long shape of the half-breed stretching out like a huge shadow upon the floor.

After what I could have sworn to be only a three-minute doze, Dick woke me, and informed me that my hour was out; and turning me out of my warm nest, laid down without any ceremony, and in a few seconds was heavily snoring. I rubbed my eyes, felt for my revolver, and seating myself on one of the pine stumps, commenced my watch.

The half-breed appeared to be buried in a profound slumber, and in the half-weird light cast by the wood embers, his enormous figure seemed almost Titanic in its proportions. I confess I felt that in a struggle for life he was more than a match for Dick and myself. I then looked at the fire, and began a favorite amusement of mine—shaping forms in the embers. All sorts of figures defined themselves above me. Battles, tempests at sea, familiar faces, and above all shone, ever returning, the dear features of Bertha Linton, my affianced bride. She seemed to me to smile at me through a burning haze, and I could almost fancy I heard her say, "While you are watching in the lonely forest I am thinking of you, and praying for your safety."

A slight movement on the part of the slumbering half-breed here recalled me from those sweet dreams. He turned on his side, lifted himself slowly on his elbow, and gazed attentively at me. I did not stir. Still retaining my stooping attitude, I half closed my eyes, and remained motionless.

Doubtless he thought I was asleep, for in a moment or two he rose noiselessly, and creeping with a stealthy step across the floor, passed out of the hut. I listened—oh, how eagerly! It seemed to me that, through the imperfectly joined crevices of the log walls, I could plainly hear voices whispering. I would have given worlds to have crept nearer to listen, but I was fearful of disturbing the fancied security of our host, who I now felt certain had sinister designs upon us. So I remained perfectly still. The whispering suddenly ceased. The half-breed re-entered the hut in the same stealthy way in which he had quitted it, and after giving a scrutinizing glance at me, once more stretched himself upon the floor and affected to sleep. In a few moments I pretended to awake—yawned, looked at my watch, and finding that my hour had more than expired, proceeded to wake Dick. As I turned him out of bed I whispered in his ear: "Don't take your eyes off that fellow, Dick. He has accomplices outside; be careful!" Dick gave a meaning glance, carelessly touched his revolver, as much as to say, "Here's something to interfere with his little arrangements," and took his seat on the pine-stump, in such a position as to command a view of the sleeping half-breed and the doorway at the same time.

This time, though horribly tired, I could not sleep. A dreadful load seemed pressing on my chest, and every five minutes I would start up to see if Dick was keeping his watch faithfully. My nerves were strung to a pitch of tensity; my heart beat at every sound, and my head seemed to throb until I thought my temples would burst. The more I reflected on the conduct of the half-breed, the more assured I was that he intended murder. Full of this idea, I took my revolver from its sling, and held it in my hand, ready to shoot him down at the first movement that appeared at all dangerous. A haze seemed now to cross my eyes.

Fatigued with long watching and excitement, I passed into that semi-conscious state, in which I seemed perfectly aware of everything that passed, although objects were dim and dull in outline, and did not appear so sharply defined as in one's waking moments. I was apparently roused from this state by a slight cracking sound. I started, and raised myself on my elbow. My heart almost ceased to beat at what I saw. The half-breed had lit some species of dried herb, which sent out a strong aromatic odor as it burned. This herb he was holding directly under Dick's nostrils, who I now perceived, to my horror, was wrapped in a profound slumber. The smoke of this mysterious herb appeared to deprive him of all consciousness, for he rolled gently off of the pine log, and lay stretched upon the floor. The half-breed now stole to the door and opened it gently. Three sinister heads peered in out of the gloom. I saw the long barrels of rifles, and the huge brawny hands that clasped them. The half-breed pointed significantly to where I lay with his long bony fingers, then drawing a large, thirsty-looking knife from his breast, moved toward me.

The time was come. My blood stopped; my heart ceased to beat. The half-breed was within a foot of my bed; the knife was raised; another instant and it would have been buried in my heart, when, with a hand as cold as ice, I lifted my revolver, took deadly aim, and fired!

A stunning report, a dull groan, a huge cloud of smoke curling around me, and I found myself standing upright, with a dark mass lying at my feet.

"Great God! what have you done, sir?" cried the half-breed, rushing toward me. "You have killed him! He was just about to wake you."

I staggered against the wall. My senses, until then immersed in sleep, suddenly recovered their activity. The frightful truth burst upon me in a flash. I had shot Dick Linton while under the influence of a nightmare! Then everything seemed to fade away, and I remember no more.

There was a trial, I believe. The lawyers were learned, and proved by physicians that it was a case of what is called *Somnotentia*, or sleep-drunkenness; but of the proceedings I took no heed. One form haunted me, lying black and heavy on the hut floor; and one pale face was ever present—a face I saw once after the terrible catastrophe and never saw again—the wild, despairing face of Bertha Linton, my promised bride!

White Witches--A Curious Incident.

We have received from an eminent American jurist the following interesting narrative:

Near the close of the seventeenth century that renowned Judge, Sir John Holt, Lord Chief Justice of England, esteemed by his contemporaries, as well as by men of after-ages, as an embodiment both of the law and of justice, was presiding at the assizes held in and for his native county of Oxford. A decrepit old woman was put on trial, charged with the crime of witchcraft. The history of the case, the offense of which the prisoner was alleged to be guilty, were laid before the jury by the Attorney General prosecuting for the Crown. The Chief Justice listened to the opening of the case with unusual earnestness, for there was recalled to his memory a curious incident connected with his own early life. When a student at the University of Oxford his habits were wild and irregular, and he gave no promise of his great future eminence. In company with several other young students he had been for several days on a carouse through some of the country places in the vicinity of Oxford. Young Holt had separated himself from his companions, and riding up to a wayside inn, without any money in his pocket, he yet directed his horse to be fed and an ample dinner prepared for himself. Strolling into the kitchen, he noticed the daughter of the hostess was sick, and was told by her mother that she was a great sufferer from fever and ague, and that the doctors had been unable to cure her. The young collegian at once declared his ability to effect a cure. Taking a piece of parchment, he wrote upon it a cabalistic word in the Greek characters, bound it tightly upon the wrist of the girl, and then assured her that while she retained it she would have no further return of her chills and fever. He remained at the inn for several days, and the girl had no return of her sickness. When demanding his bill the grateful mother said she had no charge against him, and only regretted that her limited means would not permit her to make him more ample payment for the healing of her daughter. He rode away in triumph. And now, as he sat on the bench as the Lord Chief Justice of England, he knew that the decrepit old woman on trial for her life before him was the daughter of the woman who kept the way-side inn, and upon whose wrist he had bound the parchment charm forty years before.

She had followed in his own footsteps and had been using the charm for the benefit of her neighbors and friends. The Chief Justice called her up, and as she unfolded some old greasy rags, she presented to him the well-worn parchment with the cabalistic word in his own handwriting written upon it. It is needless to add that the woman was at once discharged. If the great Chief Justice had previously entertained any doubts on the subject of witchcraft, they were now removed.

There is a curious sequel to the incident above related. Some twenty-five years ago the writer of this article was sitting in the private office in Wall street of the late Mr. S——, then a wealthy retired merchant, and acting president of one of the principal Wall Street banks. He was a quaint, curious man, fond of the marvelous, and disposed to belief in spiritualism, then first coming into prominent notice. Our conversation had been continued for some time, discussing second sight, supernatural appearances, and especially Kidd's buried treasures, when he suddenly changed the subject, saying, abruptly, "I can cure the fever and ague." On asking how, he produced a small piece of parchment with a cabalistic word written on it in the Greek characters, saying it must be bound on the wrist, and the disease will disappear or go away. He did not tell me how or when he had obtained the wonderful charm. Nor was I at that time aware of the trial before referred to, and sure I am that he could have had no knowledge of it. A hundred and fifty years had come and gone since the fallacy had been exposed by Lord Chief Justice Holt. It is probable that at some time during the forty years preceding that trial the woman possessing the pretended charm had communicated the secret, and given a copy to some friend emigrating to America, and that it may have been handed down through successive generations, and perhaps in some cases effecting cures by and through the imagination. It has been said that sometimes violent exercise and sometimes strong impressions on the mind will ward off attacks of what are called fits of ague.—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for October.*

Singular Robbery and Assault.

[Boston, Sept. 30, Special to Chicago Times.]

Last evening as Mr. Otis Gray Randall, a wealthy merchant, aged 65, was entering the grounds of his residence on Day street, in the Highland district, he was attacked by two men, who beat him senseless with a slung shot, gagged him, and "went through him" for two pocket books, luckily containing little. A larger sum of money in an inner pocket was not discovered. His two sons, hearing the noise, rushed to his assistance, one firing a pistol. The assailants both fired on them, wounding one of the sons in the wrist. The police was notified, and, upon interviewing the family, found an apparent dislike to talk on the subject; but finally one of Mr. Randall's sons stated that he was going to tell what he believed in the matter, then and there. He then said that Charles O. Day was one of the assailants, and Mr. Randall, Sr., the party assaulted, also stated that he had no doubt such was the fact. Day is about 35 years old, a son of Moses Day, a prominent manufacturer, and the husband of one of Mr. Randall's daughters. While the police were in the house, they were shown a hat which was picked up on the ground where the fracas occurred, and which was worn by one of the assailants. This hat was identified by another daughter of Mr. Randall as Day's hat, from the following circumstances: A few days since this daughter was at Mrs. Day's house, and, while there, a little seven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Day took up one of her father's hats, pasted into the crown of which was a picture which the child tore out. The hat left at the scene of the scrimmage was identified by this daughter as being the same from which the picture was taken, both from its general appearance and the traces, on the inside of the crown, of paper having been pasted thereon. Accordingly, this morning, Day was arrested, and in the municipal court, Highland district, was arraigned on a charge of highway robbery. The government not being prepared for the examination, the case was continued. Meanwhile the police are actively employed in the search for the second party concerned in the assault. Mr. Day has recently been released from the Taunton lunatic asylum, having been confined there for insanity caused by intemperance. With in a very few days he has declared to Capt. Chase, of the Tenth station, that he should either kill himself or somebody, if something was not done to stop his drinking, and undoubtedly that mania had something to do with the attack on Mr. Randall. Only a short time since, as Mr. Randall was entering his premises, he was startled by a sound behind him, and, on entering his house, informed his family that Charles had followed him. Mr. Day, it is said, had frequently declared that Mr. Randall caused him to be sent to Taunton, and this might have had something to do with the murderous assault. On being arrested, to convince the officers that he was not the party, Day showed them his boots, which were neatly polished, and claimed that if he had been out of the house that evening, they would have been muddy. The boots, however, were wet, and the blacking so fresh as to rub off on touching it. The affair creates much excitement, owing to the high standing of the parties and the apparent absence of motive for the crime.

—Baggs got up too early one morning, and began to scold the servant girl. His little 6-year old, who had been listening attentively during the conversation, broke in with, "Father, stop scolding; you needn't think that Jane's your wife."

—We once heard of a traveler at a hotel, who rose from his bed at night to examine the weather; but instead of looking out on the sky, he thrust his head through the glass window of a cupboard. "Bless me!" he muttered, "this is very singular weather. The night is as dark as pitch, and smells of cheese."

—"What is this for?" asked a colored porter at the —— Hotel, Long Branch, the other day, holding out a twenty-five cent note given him by a gentleman for carrying up his trunk. "That," said the gentleman, taking the note and putting it back in his pocket, "was for your trouble, and this is for your impudence," and he kicked him eleven feet, nine inches and a half into the hallway.

FOUNDLINGS.

How Italy Takes Care of Deserted Waifs.

In an inner court of this vast building—says Lady Amberly in a contribution to *Macmillan's Magazine* about the hospital of San Spirito in Rome—we find the largest foundling hospital of Rome now open to our inspection, and we do not remember having looked on anything more unpleasant and saddening. Here we have nothing short of the good intentions of one age becoming the curse of another. Through a well-barred door we were admitted, after much parleying, by a brisk little nun, into a great quadrangle.

From a sunny gallery that surrounds this inner court we entered a number of large, airy rooms, all too sadly alike in their mournful and forlorn aspect. The material appearance was good enough; most perfect cleanliness visible everywhere. The many little cots so scrupulously clean, with their white sheets and white dimity curtains, each contained three poor abandoned infants, who, swaddled so tightly that no limb could move, looked more like wooden dolls, with india rubber necks and faces, than like the stretching, crowing, soft little bundles English mothers are accustomed to fondle. A tidy, healthy looking woman is attached to each cot as wet nurse.

Though the cleanliness was great to the outer eye, we could not say in what state the little limbs and bodies were kept cramped in this bundle, which is opened but three times a day. The only convenience of this unhealthy mode of clothing seemed to be that one woman could manage three of them at once, or rather, we should say, hold three, for we defy the strongest-armed and strongest-nerved woman to manage even two restless infants when crying with pain. The superintendance of the whole is in the hands of Sisters of Mercy, kind and conscientious, no doubt, but unknowing in the pangs and joys of a mother's heart. They are assisted by a young doctor, who is here studying infant mortality on a large scale, that he may gain experience whereby to keep in health precious infants of the more fortunate of the great city.

These little ones pass the first year of their life here. At a year old, those who have had vitality enough to survive are put out to nurse among the peasants in the country. From two to nine a day is the number that seek admission. The first duty performed is to baptize these poor little outcasts; and, as we entered, we met eight strong nurses, each returning from the church with her tiny burden of swaddled humanity, now duly admitted as a member of the great brotherhood of love and equality. And surely one must believe in their creed to be able to see the compensation in store for the sufferings these little ones have to endure.

Under the existing system there seems nothing to prevent a mother depositing her infant, and then hiring herself as wet nurse, trusting to a turn of fortune's wheel to give her her own to suckle, though she must follow it pretty quickly if she wish to find it again among the hundred or so of mewing and puking atoms. Let us hope there may be sometimes some bright oasis of real love in this desert of suffering. We have no word of approval for this kind of attempt to remedy artificially the evil consequences of the heedlessness that brings children into this world of suffering, under circumstances that cruelly forbid a mother's love and care which can alone bear successfully with all the difficulties of dawning life, and detect rapidly every change and indication of approaching illness.

It is no wonder, then, that, in the absence of this never tiring and quick sighted love, fifty per cent. die under three months old, as the doctor carelessly remarked as we gazed into a little cot where an infant had already passed beyond crying, while another still uttered the cry of pain that tells a mother's heart it is yet struggling for life. Other cots exhibited every variety of sickly and starved babyhood. Poor little wizen faces, open mouths and moaning cries, made one intensely melancholy for the suffering still to be endured before death kindly put an end to their agonies. And why should they not die? Why, indeed? No one needs them; and their abandonment proves that those who should most have loved them will not miss them. Looking from the window, the streets teem with young life; and why should any one wish an addition to that mass of pain and wretchedness? Better, indeed, to die; but for the thousands it would surely have been better still had they never been born.

My Captain's Orders

"How is it I don't seem to hear you speak bad words?" asked an "old salt" of a boy on board a man-of-war.

"O, 'cause I don't forget my Captain's orders!" answered the boy, brightly.

"Captain's orders!" cried the old sailor, "I didn't know he gave any."

"He did," said Jem, "and I keep 'em safe here," putting his hand on his breast. "Here they are," said Jem slowly and distinctly: "'I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.'"—*Matthew, v. 34-37.*

"From the good old log-book, I see," said the sailor. "Ah, yes, you've got your orders."

A Darkened Life.

In Nashua, N. H., resides a young girl, whose pitiful lot excites the deepest sympathy, yet for whom sympathy can do but little in alleviation of the sad misfortune which has darkened her life. When a child she was terribly scalded about the head and face and, although she survived her injuries, she was henceforth disfigured for life, and the rosy face of childhood was changed to a mask—a travesty on the human countenance—absolutely frightful in its hideousness. In Lowell, Mass., where she once lived, so great was the horror excited by her appearance that she was forbidden by the authorities to show herself on the streets. At Nashua she ventured out the other day, and several ladies fainted at sight of her, and a call is now made upon the authorities of that place to forbid her appearance on the streets. What a mournful fate is hers—to live through the terrible suffering only to endure henceforth a keener mental anguish in the knowledge that she is a thing of horror, to be abhorred and shunned by human kind, with no hope in the future except the grave, which shall hide her deformities from the gaze of her fellow beings.

A NOVEL BATTLE.

An Exciting Scene in San Francisco --Fight Between a Bull-Dog and a Horse.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* of the 1st inst. has the following: "Yesterday afternoon about 6 o'clock a fine bay horse, attached to a light wagon, was being driven along Kearney street by two men. When near Sutter street a small English bull-dog, weighing 18 or 20 pounds, made a spring from the sidewalk and tried to catch the horse by the nose. Missing him, the dog fell under the horse's feet, and in an instant caught him by the right fore leg, just above the knee, where he held on with the grip of death. The horse reared and plunged and stamped. The men in the wagon, having all they could do to control the animal in that crowded thoroughfare, dared not attempt to get out to fight the dog off. Finally, with a violent stamp and a sudden dropping to his knees, the horse shook the vicious brute off his leg, but in an instant he was caught again in the chest. Fastening his teeth in the tough, thick hide, the dog hung on like a leech. The poor horse, unable to shake him off, bolted across a low pile of lumber at the corner of Sutter and Kearney streets, where he was caught by a dozen men out of the large crowd which had assembled. Some one at this point raised the cry that the dog was mad. That was enough to keep the crowd back and insure fair play. Not a soul would go near, and the horse was several minutes left to fight it alone. Again and again did he shake off the tenacious little animal, kicking and striking at him with all his fierce strength, but in vain. He would not desist. Once in a while a hoof would hit the dog and send him reeling in the dust, but quicker than lightning he would gather himself up, and again fasten his viselike fangs in the horse's flesh. "Get a club here!" shouted some one in the crowd. "Unfasten that horse's check-rein, and he'll soon fix him with his teeth," shouted another man. "Keep away from him; don't you see he's mad?" was again yelled out, and the crowd stood back. Once the dog sprang, and, clasping the horse's left foreleg, just as the young bear would climb a pole, fastened his teeth in and held on. The horse snorted with pain, and plunged widely about; he reared, kicked, fell on his knees, and stamped, but still those sharp, white teeth were buried in his flesh, and the cold, sharp eye gleamed with tenacity and vicious hate. Finally, some one got a long club and came to the horse's relief. A fierce whack fell on the dog's nose, and then the teeth loosened, and the fierce little brute fell under the horse's heels. Again he made a spring, but this time something struck him full in the face. It was an iron-bound hoop, and it came with the force of a trip-hammer. Beaten senseless, with the wind knocked completely out of him and a leg broken, the dog went rolling into a pile of rubbish, where his owner picked him up and carried him away in his arms.

"The poor horse was completely unstrung. The sweat poured off him in streams, and he shook and trembled so that he could scarcely stand. His owner got some rum and bathed the animal's legs, which were badly cut and lacerated, and after a few moments he got sufficiently quiet to be driven home. The horse is a valuable one, but, unless there is danger of hydrophobia, his injuries are not likely to prove serious. The novel spectacle lasted fully ten minutes, and was witnessed by as many as 500 people. The dog is owned by a man in the employ of the gas company. He is a regular English bull, and is said to be one of the best fighters on this coast. He is terribly vicious, and is usually kept closely muzzled, but on this occasion he did not have his muzzle on."

Union Fall Meeting Under the Auspices of the State Agricultural Association (of St. Paul) and the State Agricultural Society of Minnesota, to be Held at the St. Paul Driving Park, Minnesota, October 13th, 14th and 15th, 1874--Purses $2,300.

PROGRAMME.

First Day, October 13th.

I. Purse of $200. Class, green horses owned and bred in the State, $100, $50, $30, $20.
II. Purse of $300; 2.35 class; $150, $75, $50, $25.
III. Purse of $200; running race. 3 in 5, mile heats; $100, $60, $40.

Second Day.

IV. Purse of $200. 3 minute class, $100, $50, $30, $20.
V. Purse of $300. Four year old class, $150, $75, $50, $25.
VI. Purse of $300. 2:40 class, $150, $75, $50, $25.

Third Day.

VII. Purse of $250. 2:50 class, $125, $60, $40, $25.
VIII. Purse of $300. Class free to all, $150, $75, $50, $25.
IX. Purse of $200. Running race, two miles and repeat, $100, $60, $40.

C. D. SHERWOOD, Supt. Div. A. State Fair.
J. C. BURBANK, President.
J. J. HILL, Sec'y Agricultural Ass'n.

CONDITIONS.

Entrance 10 per cent of the purse, and all entries to close at 9 p. m., Oct. 10th, 1874, at Metropolitan Hotel, St. Paul, Minn.

National rules to govern trotting, and American Jockey Club Rules to govern running.

Horses distancing the field, or any part thereof, will be entitled to first money only.

In every race the money must accompany the entry, in order to secure its acceptance.

Trotting races to be mile heats, best three in five, to harness.

Heats may be trotted each day alternate.

The first race each day will be called at two o'clock sharp.

Four to enter, three to start, in all cases, pedigree when known, should accompany the entry, as required by the national rules.

Entries by mail may be addressed to Geo. Culver, Treasurer, St. Paul.

If the weather should prove unfavorable the meeting will be continued from day to day until the races are completed.