

# The Independent.

J. W. ROBERTS,

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## Selected Poetry.

### WINDS.

Dance, little zephyrs, blithely dance,  
France in the green grass, skip and prance,  
In elms and oaks,  
Breathe your lays on the meadow-lee,  
Laugh and leap in your sportive glee,  
Dance and sing!

Sing, ye soothing southern gales,  
Softly breathe your evening tales,  
And relieve  
Kiss me with your breathing lips,  
Touch me with your finger-tips—  
Softly breathe!

Well, wild winds of the mountain clime,  
Toll a dirge for the olden time,  
In sorrowing tone;  
Haunt the lonely, wandering streams,  
Where the moonlight coldly gleams—  
Wail and moan!

O, melodious autumn winds,  
Murmuring through the midnight pines,  
Mild and grand—  
Peel your anthems great and strong,  
Ye are God's triumphant song,  
Through the land!

Cruel, chilling, wintry blast,  
How thy shrieks go shivering past,  
Sigh and sob and sob;  
Pile and cold the timid eye,  
Like the shadow of a sign—  
Cold and clear!

Blessed spring wind! dawning faith!  
Waking vigor out of death—  
Sweetly sing!  
Warble in the budding bowers,  
Perfume with the early flowers—  
All hail! when all the birds are ours,  
Winds of spring!  
Rural New-Yorker.

### THE FERRY-MAN.

BY CAROLINE A. BOWMAN, IN RURAL NEW-YORKER.

In the sweet summer of the year,  
Beneath life's noon-day glare,  
I wait for one who dwells near,  
My spirit home to bear.

Between me and the silent land,  
A strange, deep streamlet rolls,  
Which I must cross, led by Death's hand—  
The Ferryman of Souls.

Sometimes, in the dim, solemn night,  
I hear his dipping oar,  
And feel that ere the morning light,  
His bark will touch the shore.

But soon the midnight shadows flee—  
Away, like ghosts, they glide—  
And leave me waiting patiently  
Beside the soundless tide.

Faith, Hope and Love, 'the holy three,'  
My aid of life remain,  
They to the distant shore come with me,  
My spirit to sustain.

Faith leaves me not, on her true breast  
I lean, and thus grow strong,  
Beckoned to more than mortal rest  
By her celestial song.

On wings of light, Hope sits before  
To realms of bliss afar,  
And gleams from the 'shining shore,'  
My soul's bright guiding star.

O, weeping Love! bid me not stay,  
Since thou and I shall meet  
So soon upon my heavenly way  
That leads to Jesus' feet.

Then hush, boatman, why delay?  
Behold the morning dawn!  
And by thy earliest crimson ray,  
I'm waiting to be gone.

## Selected Sketch.

From Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
FOEDORA.

[Translated from the French by CARL MERRICK.]

It was in the year 1812, Napoleon, at the head of his victorious army in the plains of Moscow, had entered the ancient Capital of the Empire of the Czars, and threatened the new city founded by Peter the Great. Influenced by a fanatical patriotism, the Governor of Moscow, Rostopchin, made the resolution—which has carried so terrible a blow to the success of our arms—of burning the city, which the Emperor Alexander had confided to his care. We will not attempt to relate all the circumstances of this frightful drama. Driven from their homes by fire, sinking under the intensity of the flames, it was a dreadful sight to see all the inhabitants, mingled with our soldiers, forced to flee, carrying away whatever they could, from the violence of the flames.

A little daughter of a merchant, scarcely six years old, became lost amid the confusion. Forlorn, benumbed by cold, she wandered in her and thither in the streets which the fire had spared. Her father and mother had disappeared, and no one seemed willing to receive her. The entire night passed thus; and when the day began to dawn, Foedora, exhausted by fatigue and hunger, threw herself down at the entrance of a church and fell asleep. Without doubt she would have come to surprise her, if a vivandiere, who by chance came to establish her little stand of provisions near this church, had not been touched with compassion for the unfortunate child. She, also, had children; and this was the reason why she was led to provide for the little orphan. Foedora knew not how to express her thankfulness. She soon became to her second mother a most intelligent assistant. Little by little, she learned to understand

her benefactress, and to express all that she felt of thankfulness and love. Meantime the army of Napoleon commenced its retreat, and the vivandiere was compelled to leave Moscow. Were the parents of Foedora still living? Of this nothing was yet revealed. Foedora left with the French army. One may judge what a child of her age had to endure during such a retreat.

At the crossing of Boregins, Foedora had the misfortune to find herself separated from her benefactress, who believed that the child had either perished in the waves, or that she had lost her way. Whichever it might be, the orphan was found no more, and she found herself deserted alone. In the meantime, Foedora came as far as Fologne with a detachment of the army. Several of her companions had perished—exhausted by cold or hunger—and the others were scattered, so that the little Muscovite found herself alone, abandoned in the midst of a forest. Dying of cold, the snow reaching almost to the knees, she saw suddenly a bear coming towards her. Then she collected all her strength, and tried to flee. But, alas!—how cold so feeble a child, whose limbs were almost benumbed, escape this danger? Already the bear was upon the point of attacking her. Foedora uttered a cry, calling for help. By an unexpected favor of Providence, a shot was fired, and the bear fell! Soon, a stranger arrived at the place where Foedora had stopped, scarcely recovered from her fright. He regarded with kindness and an eye of compassion this child whom Heaven seemed to have confided to him. He was a Polish gentleman named Polowski. He took from his game pouch some cold provisions, of bread and wine, and gave them to Foedora, which soon revived her. Then he took the child by the hand and led her to his castle, distant about two leagues. There, Foedora was welcomed with kindness by the wife of the noble Polowski, who delayed not to supply all her wants. She was then able to narrate to them all that she knew of her history. Moved to tears by the child's recital, Polowski and his wife overwhelmed her with the most tender caresses; and soon, Foedora had only the remembrance of her misfortunes.

Several years passed, in which they learned nothing of the parents of Foedora. In the meantime, she had grown in wisdom and in beauty. Nothing had been neglected to form aright her heart and mind. She was then fifteen years old. Each year the anniversary of her rescue had been a festive day. During one of these re-unions, while Foedora rehearsed anew the incidents of her childhood, and the benefits which her parents of adoption had bestowed upon her, passed in review, they heard the report of a gun at short distance from the castle. The wind blew with violence, the snow fell in great flakes, and obscured the sky so that one could not see three steps before him. "It is some lost traveler who asks help, and who is attacked by ferocious beasts, for it is impossible that one should abandon himself to the pleasures of the chase, at such a time," cried Polowski, and he commanded his men to go in search. He placed himself at the head of his attendants, whom he led to the forest. Some time after, they returned to the castle. The servants bore upon a litter the body of a wounded Russian. Foedora threw herself before her countryman. She dressed his wounds herself. He was soon able to express his thanks to the host and hostess of the castle, and to relate his history to them.

"I am," said he, "a merchant of Moscow. I have been on a visit to Varsovia. Leaving the neighborhood, I started to visit a friend who lives at some distance. Armed with a gun, I proceeded on foot to his castle, where I was belated. The snow fell in great flakes; I became bewildered, and was seeking in vain for the road, when I saw two men approach, of whom I hastened to ask direction. I had no distrust, and quietly awaited their reply, when suddenly these two villains rushed upon me, stunning me and robbing me of what little money I possessed. I uttered a cry; it was then that one of them fired upon me with his pistols, for they wished to kill me."

During the stranger's recital, Foedora had kept her gaze riveted upon him. She seemed to find upon his countenance familiar features, without being able to tell where she had seen them. Her heart beat with violence, and an irresistible impulse drew her towards him. Polowski brought his guest to relate some of the incidents of the burning of Moscow. The stranger appeared somewhat reluctant to comply with this request. However, reflecting upon the services which he had received, he dare not refuse. Depicting the spectacle of this vast conflagration, his voice trembled with lively emotion. But, when he began to recount his own misfortunes he shed abundant tears; and, uttering a profound sigh, he said:—"Alas! this terrible fire not only destroyed a large share of my fortune, but also took away all my happiness—our much loved daughter. While in the midst of the dreadful disorder, excited by the frightful catastrophe, we sought, my wife and I, to save from the voracity of the flames, our most valuable treasures, we lost our child, then in her sixth

year. Her nurse had taken her to conduct her to the house of a friend who lived in a distant street, to which the fire had not yet extended. But neither the nurse nor the child returned; and since the event, all our inquiries have been fruitless. Probably, some building in falling, buried them in its ruin."

At these words, Foedora, who had listened eagerly to all the particulars of the recital, could no longer conceal the emotions which it excited within her. She threw herself upon the neck of the stranger, crying, "O, my father, my father!" This was a touching sight. You will pardon us if we do not attempt to describe the joy and happiness with which their hearts overflowed. Pen is powerless in the face of such a scene. After the first thrill of surprise, Foedora related to her father all those miracles to which she owed her safety. The good vivandiere was not forgotten in this recital; but with what sensibility, what touching expressions of thankfulness, did she acknowledge all that she owed to the benevolence of the Polish lord who had received and treated her as his child.

In a few days the Russian recovered. It was necessary for him to leave the castle of Polowski, and Foedora followed him, not without assuring her benefactors that her gratitude would cease only with her life. They returned to Moscow, where their arrival caused a joyful surprise. The history of Foedora became known. A young Russian lord, who occupied a high position in the ranks of the army, demanded a young girl in marriage, and espoused her.

Ten years had passed. Poland had proclaimed her independence, and the Emperor of the Russians, Nicholas, placed an army in the field to crush the efforts of this heroic nation. Every one knows the issue of this unequal contest. The husband of Foedora had taken a part in this campaign. Foedora had followed him. Without stopping to review the heart-rending scenes of this war, we will only say that Varsovia was taken by siege. In this terrible day thousands of Poles and Russians perished. Towards evening all the superior officers of the victorious army went to visit the battle field, where the corpses of the conquerors and the conquered lay in confusion. An infinite number of wounded groaned among the dead. Moved with pity for those to whom Fortune had been contrary, the husband of Foedora had those carried to the hospitals in whom there yet remained a breath of life. After these pious cares, he went still farther in this place of death, where, among several corpses which they were going to bury, he perceived a Polish officer of high rank, all covered with crosses and ornaments. He thought he saw in him some signs of life, and had him carried to the house where Foedora remained. There, every necessary attention was bestowed upon him, and slowly recovering from his lethargy, the Polish officer opened his eyes. Foedora was seated at the head of the bed. Suddenly she uttered a cry; she had recognized Polowski!

Polowski recovered from his wounds only to be plunged into a still more terrible danger. His name was placed upon the list of exiles. When Foedora was apprised of it, she immediately repaired to the Emperor. She embraced his knees and demanded a favor; and Nicholas, hearing, pronounced the pardon of Polowski.

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## Miscellaneous.

### Surprised, but Ready.

The clock had just struck the midnight hour, when the chaplain was summoned to the cot of a wounded soldier. He had left him only an hour before with confident hopes of his speedy recovery—hopes which were shared by the surgeon and the wounded man himself. But a sudden change had taken place, and the surgeon had come to say that the man could live but an hour or two at most, and to beg the chaplain to make the last announcement to him.

He was soon by his side, but overpowered by his emotions, was unable to deliver his message. The dying man, however, quickly read the solemn truth in the altered looks of the chaplain, his faltering voice, and his ambiguous words. He had not before had a doubt of his recovery. He was expiring soon to see his mother, and with her kind nursing, speedily to recover. He was, therefore, entirely unprepared for the announcement, and at first it was overwhelming.

"I am to die, then; and how soon?" As he had before expressed hope in Christ, the chaplain replied:

"You have made your peace with God; let death come as soon as it may. He will carry you over the river."

"Yes, but this is so awfully sudden!" His lips quivered; he looked up grievously—"and I shall not see my mother!"

"Christ is better than a mother," said the chaplain.

"Yes." The word came in a whisper. His eyes were closed; the lips still wore that trembling grief, as if the chastisement

was too sore, too hard to be borne; but as the minutes passed, and the soul lifted itself up stronger and more steadily, upon the wings of prayer, the countenance grew calmer, the lips steadier; and when the eyes opened again, there was a light in their depths that could have come only from heaven.

"I thank you for your courage," he said more feebly, taking the hand of the chaplain; "the bitterness is over now, and I feel willing to die. Tell my mother—he paused, gave one sob, dry and full of the last of earth—tell her how I longed to see her, but if God permit me, I will be near her. Tell her to comfort all who loved me, to say that I thought of them all. Tell my father that I am glad he gave his consent, and that other fathers will mourn for other sons. Tell my minister, by word or letter, that I thought of him, and that I thank him for his counsel—and that I find Christ will not desert the passing soul, and that I wish him to give my testimony to the living, that nothing is of real worth but the religion of Jesus. And now will you pray with me?"

With emotion, the chaplain brought God's grace and presence; then, restraining his sobs, he bowed down and pressed upon his beautiful brow, already chilled with the breath of the coming angel, twice, thrice, a fervent kiss. They might have been as tokens from his father and mother, as well as for himself. So thought, perhaps, the dying soldier, for a heavenly smile touched his face with new beauty as he said:

"Thank you; I won't trouble you any longer. You are wearied out, go to your rest."

"The Lord be with you!" was the firm response. "Amen!" trembled from his fast whitening lips.

Another hour passed. The chaplain still moved uneasily around his room. There were hurried sounds overhead, and footsteps on the stairs. He opened his door, and encountered the surgeon, who whispered one little word, "gone!"

Christ's soldier had found the Captain of his salvation.—*Christian Memorial of the War.*

### Purity.

This is an indispensable requisite to a good character. Purity of thought, of speech, of conduct, should be scrupulously adhered to by every man who desires a fair reputation. Ah! how many there are who call themselves gentlemen, honorable men, men of character and standing, who are guilty of offences against purity, which ought to exclude them from the society of the respectable and virtuous. How many young men, who think themselves fit company for the amiable, and pure, and lovely of the other sex, who ought not to be allowed to breathe the same air with our daughters and sisters, and who would not be, if they were thoroughly known by the community generally, as they are by a few. How many who, in the presence of women in our social circles, will flatter and compliment, with the most obsequious manifestations of respect, and in the most insinuating manner, will speak of women in the most disrespectful and insulting manner, with gross familiarity and unblushing coarseness. When I hear a young man indulging in coarse and depreciating expressions toward the female sex, or making them the subject of some vulgar allusion, or indecent double entendre, I put a mark upon him as not to be trusted. The highest respect and consideration for woman, is a mark of a noble character.

AN EAGLE IN THE AIR.—Great as are the distances which these birds sometimes fly, it becomes comprehensible when we know that an eagle, as he sweeps freely through the air traverses a space of sixty feet in a second of time. To be able to thus rapidly move along is undoubtedly, an attribute of power; but there is something far more majestic, in that calm, onward motion, when with wings outspread, and quite still, the mighty bird floats buoyantly in the atmosphere, upheld and borne along by the act of mere volition. The length of time he can thus remain suspended without a single beat of his broad, shadowy pinions, is to me, still an inexplicable fact. He will sail forward in a perfectly horizontal direction for the distance of more than a mile, without the slightest quiver of a feather giving sign that his wings are moved. Not less extraordinary is the power the bird possesses of arresting himself instantaneously at a certain spot in dropping through the air with folded wings from a height of three thousand feet. When circling so high up that he shows but as a dot, he will suddenly close both wings, and falling like an aerolite pass through the intervening space in a few seconds of time. With a burst his broad pinions are again unfolded, his downward progress is arrested, and he sweeps away horizontally, smoothly, and without effort. He has been seen to do this, when carrying a sheep of twenty pounds weight in his talons; and from so giddy a height that both the eagle and his booty were not larger than a sparrow. It was directly over a wall of rock in which the eagle was built; and while the speck in the clouds was being examined, and doubts entertained as to the possibility of its being the eagle, down he came headlong, every instant increasing in size; when, in passing the precipice, out flew his mighty wings; the sheep was flung into the nest, and on the magnificent creature moved, calmly and unfurled, as a bark sails down the stream of a river.

CURES FOR POISON IVY.—Immerse the poisoned part in soft soap for half an hour, or until relief is obtained. This is said to be very effectual. Another excellent remedy is said to be to bathe the affected part in a strong tea made of sweet fern leaves, applied as hot as possible. Drink the tea if the poison affects the stomach.—*Journal.*

### Discoveries in Pompeii.

M. Mare Mounier, in an article in a French journal, gives the following graphic account of the discovery of human bodies in Pompeii, by M. Fiorelli:

One day in a little street, under a heap of stones and rubbish, a vacant space was discovered, at the bottom of which appeared something like bones. M. Fiorelli was summoned in haste, and he consumed a luminous idea. He poured in some liquid plaster, and the same operation was performed at other points where bones had been likewise discovered; and as soon as the plaster hardened, the mould was lifted with the greatest precaution, and on the hardened ashes and lava being removed, four corpses appeared. They are now at the museum, and no more striking sight is it possible to behold. They are not statues, but human bodies moulded by Vesuvius, and preserved from decay by that envelope of lava which reproduces the clothes, the flesh, nay, almost the appearance of life. The bones protrude here and there where the moulded liquid did not completely cover the limbs. Nowhere does anything like this exist. The Egyptian mummies are naked, black, hideous. They are dressed out by the Egyptian undertaker for eternal repose—the ex human Pompeians are human beings in the act of dying. One of the bodies is that of a woman near whom were found ninety-one silver coins, two silver vases, some keys, and a few jewels. She was flying, carrying her most valuable commodities with her, when she fell into the narrow street. Her head-dress, the tissue of her clothes, and two silver rings on her fingers, can be easily detected. One of her hands is broken, and the cellular structure of the bones exposed to view; the left arm is raised and writhing, the delicate hand convulsively shut; the nails appear to have entered the flesh. The whole body appears swollen and contracted, the legs alone—the round and delicate outline of which has not suffered—are stretched out. You can feel that she had struggled long in fearful pain. Her attitude is that of agony, not death. Behind her a woman and young girl had fallen; the former, the mother possibly, was of humble extraction, to judge from the size of her ears. On her finger is a single iron ring. Her left leg, raised and bent, denotes that she also struggled and suffered. Near her reclines the young girl—almost a child. The tissue of her dress is seen with wonderful distinctness, her sleeves coming down to the wrists, and the embroidery on her shoes. She had, through fear probably, lifted her dress over. She fell with her face to the ground. One of her hands is half open, as though she had used it to keep her veil over her face. The bones of her fingers protrude through the lava. She appears to have died easily. Nothing yet discovered at Pompeii offers us any thing to be compared with this palpitating drama. It is violent death with its supreme tortures, its convulsions and agonies brought clearly before us, and, as it were, taken in the act, after the lapse of eighteen centuries.

Let a man be a plain, quiet worker, not proclaiming himself melodiously in any wise, but familiar with us, unpretending, letting all his littleness and feebleness be seen unhidden, and wearing an illicet coat of wit, and 'tho' he be such a man as is only sent on earth once in five hundred years, for some special human teaching, we shall not be likely to call him inspired.

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### The Rainbow.

The difficulty seems to be how to account for the color, which is never produced in white light, such as that of the sun, by mere reflection. Maurycus advanced a considerable step, when he supposed that the light enters the drop, and acquires color by refraction; but in tracing the course of the ray he was quite bewildered. Others supposed the refraction and the color to be the effect of one drop, and the refraction of another; so that two refractions and one reflection were employed, but in such a manner as to be still very remote from the truth. Antonio de Dominis, archbishop of Spalatro, had the good fortune to fall upon the true explanation. Having placed a bottle of water opposite the sun, and a little above his eye, he saw a beam of light issue from the underside of the bottle, which acquired different colors, in the same order and with the same brilliancy as in the rainbow, when the bottle was a little raised or depressed. From comparing all these circumstances, he perceived that the rays had entered the bottle, and that, after two refractions from the convex part, and a reflection from the concave, they were returned to the eye tinged with different colors, according to the angle at which the ray had entered. The rays that gave the same color made the same angle with the surface, and hence all the drops that gave the same color must be arranged in a circle, the centre of which was the point in the cloud opposite the sun.

MASTER AND SCHOLAR.—"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called out to us—'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.' 'Ah,' thought I to myself, 'there is Joe Simpson that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell.' It was not long before I saw Joe Simpson look off his book and immediately informed the master. 'Indeed,' said the master, 'how do you know he was idle?' 'I saw him,' said I. 'You did, and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?' 'I was caught, and never watched for idle boys again. If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.'

MAXIMS FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.—Never give reproof, if it can be avoided, while the feelings of either party are excited. If the parent or teacher be not calm, his influence is diminished, and a bad example is set. If the child is excited or provoked, he will not feel the force of argument or rebuke. On the other hand, do not defer long. Seize the first favorable opportunity while the circumstances are fresh in the memory. Reprove each fault as it occurs, and do not suffer them to accumulate, lest the offender be discouraged by the amount.

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## Farm and Household.

### To make a Field Roller.

I constructed a roller in the following way: Four feet and four inches in diameter; drew a circle of four feet on a smooth floor, drew a line through the center one way and crossed it by another directly perpendicular to it; laid a piece of half-inch board a foot wide on the circle, make the roller, which was cut from two inch plank, made double at each end, and firmly pinned together; arms were framed to those heads for the gudgeons of the center. I covered it with spruce-planks three inches wide, two inches thick, and five and one-half feet long, spiked to the heads; it was then hooped with stout old tire hoops, made to its size. The gudgeons were iron pins passing through the center of the arms with a head outside, and fastened with keys through the inside. The side pieces were three by four inch joist, about five feet long. Immediately in front of the roller a deep piece was framed in these sides and on the under side four inches in front of that was pinned another cross piece, and on the top of them another cross piece a foot or more from the first mentioned, this forming a place into which any old sled-spear and roll could be inserted and taken out with a moment's labor, making the roller occupy much less room when stored away. A roller made of hard wood would be harder and better, than if made of soft wood.—*Correspondence N. H. Journal of Ag.*

### Bleaching Flannel—Childrens Clothes.

I find the idea of bleaching flannels to be new to so many housekeepers, that I would fain send you a recipe. The bleaching matter is sulphurous acid, obtained from burning sulphur. To make this apply in an economical way, take a good tight flour cask, (close in the staves I mean,) with both ends out, and fasten many white cords across its inside near the top, to hang your flannels upon. Then wash and rinse the flannels in hot soda, and hang them on your yards and cover the cask closely with an old quilt or blanket. Have some hot coals ready in a dish, throw powdered sulphur upon them, and set your cask over them immediately. Renew the coals and sulphur several times, that the flannels may be well saturated with gas. It is useful for them to be wet, else the gas is not absorbed. Let them hang in over night, and you may perceive by the odor how low they are charged with the bleaching matter. No danger of their being filled by remaining so long wet, for the acid prevents this. Indeed one great benefit of the process is, that flannels so treated even every fourth or fifth washing are rarely injured by being full at all. In this way infants' clothing may be kept as nice as new, until it is worn out. It distresses me to see mothers dressing their little tender babies in flannels as stiff almost as a pine shingle, from bad washing, and as yellow as if dyed. Always wash and rinse woolen goods of all kinds in hot soda. If you would pass for tidy, don't put your baby flannels in the great wash for the busy hired folks to do. They cannot take time to do it rightly. We have our own opinion as to the humanity of placing wool at all in contact with the moist, tender skin of a young infant. Also of the prudence of trying to harden it to cotton and flax in our cold, changeable winters. Our baby has its little flannel shirt and the socks it wore, under two months old too, all lined with stout Pongee silk. Whenever merits are possessed by the wool, the silk has in an equal degree, both in reference to caloric and electricity. Together they form a covering exceedingly soft, warm, and capable of warding off sudden changes of temperature.—*S. C. Harris, Ohio Cultivator.*

TO RELIEVE MUSCULAR PAIN IN HORSES.—The *Datura stramonium*, or thorn apple plant, is a very excellent remedy, as an external application, for the treatment of muscular pain, ligamentary lameness, sprain of the fetlock, &c. It is a remedy of great efficacy in chronic pains and inflammatory tumors. Four ounces of the plant to one pint of boiling water, are the proportions. When cool, the parts are to be bathed often; when practicable, a flannel is to be saturated with the fluid and bound on the affected parts; the whole to be covered with oiled silk.

"Going to leave, Mary?" "Yes, mum; I find I am very discontented." "If there is anything I can do to make you more comfortable, let me know." "No, mum, it's impossible. You can't alter my figure, nor my I can. Your dresses won't fit me, and I can't appear on Sundays as I used at my last place, where missus' clothes fitted 'actly."

Few persons are worth loving who have not something in them worth laughing at.

As a body without a soul, much wood without fire, or a bullet in a gun without powder, so are words in prayer without the spirit of prayer.

John Jacob Astor was forty years old before he made his first thousand dollars.