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WHEN.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

Some day in spring
When earth is bright and glad,
When wild birds sing,
And fewest hearts are sad,
Shall I die then?

Ah, me! no matter when!
I know it will be sweet
To leave the home of men
To rest beneath the sod—
To kneel and kiss Thy feet,
In Thy Home—oh! my God!

Some summer morn?
When all the winds sing songs,
When roses hide each thorn,
And smiles—the spirit's wrongs?
Shall I die then?

Ah, me! no matter when!
I know I will rejoice
To leave the homes of men
To rest beneath the sod—
To hear Thy tender voice
In Thy home—oh! my God!

Some autumn eve?
When shadows dim the sky—
When all things grieve
And fairest things all die?
Shall I die then?

Ah, me! no matter when!
I know I will be glad
To leave the homes of men
To sleep beneath the sod—
No heart can e'er be sad
In Thy Home—oh! my God!

Some wintry day?
When all the sky is gloom,
And beauteous May
Sleeps in December's tomb?
Shall I die then?

Ah, me! no matter when!
My heart shall throb with joy
To leave the homes of men
To rest beneath the sod—
Ah, joy has no alloy
In Thy Home—oh! my God!

Ah, me! I tell
The Rosary of my years;
And it is well
The Beads are strung with tears!
Haste, Death, and come—
I pine—I pray for Home!
I know it will be sweet
To rest beneath the sod—
To kneel and kiss Thy feet
In Thy Home—oh! my God!

The Disinherited Nephew.

Mr. Amos Arkwright sat before his study fire, cogitating. He was thinking over the words uttered by 'Squire Houseworth half an hour ago, when that worthy had been sitting with him over the sherry and pine-apples at dessert.

"What very fine young men your nephews are, Mr. Arkwright!"

"Yes muttered Amos, "I suppose they are very fine young men—very fine young men, indeed! But I wish they haden't been brought up with the idea that they'd a rich uncle to fall back upon. Florian is a desperately extravagant young coxcomb; without an idea in his head, except the clubhouse and his new silver dressing box; and as for Albert, studious and thorough-going though he may be, there's something about him that always reminds me of the ring of false metal. Since the days of Joseph Surface, no one has ever really believed in these model young men. It's perplexing—it is, upon my word. I've almost a mind to turn my fortune into gold bars and throw it into the East River! I really believe the boys would do better if I were a bankrupt. Hallo! here comes Florian now!"

Florian Leverson lounged into the room a handsome, blue-eyed young man, with gold-brown hair, and a merry, Apollo-shaped mouth.

"Well uncle," saluted this youth, dropping languidly into a chair.

"Well, young man," brusquely responded the uncle, in a tone denoting no very rapturous welcome.

"I was just looking for you, uncle."

"Were you, indeed?" said the old man, dryly.

"I wanted to tell you something."

"More debts, eh?"

"Not exactly, sir." "Uncle," with a desperate effort, as one might pull the string of an iced shower-bath. "I'm engaged to be married."

"And who is the young lady?"

"Alice Dean."

"A pretty girl, very, for those who fancy the Anglo-Spanish style of good looks; but you've made a fool of youself!"

"In what way, sir?" demanded Florian.

"She don't care a straw for you—it's your expectations she's going to marry!"

"Uncle!"

"Don't tell me!" cried Mr. Arkwright. "As if hadn't found out the hollow hypocrisy of this scheming knavish world long before you were born! Marry the girl—be a fool, if you like; but mark my words; if you weren't the nephew of Amos Arkwright, the rich old bachelor, Alice Dean wouldn't look at you twice?

Uncle, you are speaking what is false!"

"Hold your tongue!" wrathfully interrupted Mr. Arkwright, "or I'll disinherit you!"

"I would rather be disinherited than thus insulted," rejoined the hot-tempered nephew.

By way of answer, Mr. Arkwright merely rose and strode out of the room, nearly tumbling over his other nephew, Albert Wheatley, at the head of the stairs.

"My dear uncle!" cried Albert, a tall, dark, stylish looking man, with a voice as soft as a flute.

"Don't speak to me!" cried Mr. Arkwright, "for I'm in a passion."

"In a passion, uncle!"

"With your shiftless, good-for-nothing jackanapes of a cousin, Florian Leverson!"

Albert Wheatley's face assumed a mild [illegible] regret.

Arkwright. Florian's principles are indeed to be deplored!"

Mr. Arkwight cut Albert short by hurrying past him down stairs, and shooting out into the street.

Half an hour afterward he came back in a bustle.

"Boys," he cried, putting his head into the room where his nephews were, enduring one another's company by the adventitious aid of the evening's newspapers, "Iv'e got to go out west to see about the railroad lands I've been buying. There's trouble in the new Board of Directors, and I must look after my interests in person.

And thus disappeared Mr. Amos Arkwright.

Alice Dean was retrimming her opera hat a week or two afterward, when the door opened, and Florian Leverson walked deliberately in.

She smiled a welcome to her lover. But then she noticed that he looked very pale.

"Florian, what has happened?"

"I have bad news to tell you, Alice," said Florian Leverson, seating himself beside her. "My uncle has died suddenly somewhere out West. He has been threatened with appoplexy for time past, but he was a person who never took any precautious for his health; and I—am left a beggar."

"O Florian, I thought he was rich."

"So he was; but through some strange pique or perversion, he has left all his fortune to my cousin Albert."

"But Mr. Wheatley will surely divide with you, Florian; he knows that you two were brought up together in anticipation, of an equal share of the family estate."

Florian's lips curved bitterly.

"You do not know Albert Wheatley, Alice; he is selfish, cruel and grasping. I never knew him to share so much as an apple or a handful of marbles with anybody else."

"Then, Florian—"

"Then, Alice, my little treasure, there is but one alternative left open to me—to give you back the troth you plighted to me. I cannot drag you down to poverty with me now."

"Florian," cried Alice, with the tears flashing into her soft eyes and deeper dye of crimson coming to her cheek, "do you think I would give up your love now?—Never, dearest! Let us be poor and happy together; we can both work, and love will shed a sunshine over the darkest lot."

"But, Alice, you have been so tenderly brought up."

"Do you think I am dependent on velvet carpets and diamonds, and a box at the opera, for my happiness, Florian?" she asked, almost, reproachfully.

"My darling!" was his low murmured reply as he folded her to his heart. "Let Albert Wheatley have the Arkwright fortune now. I envy him none of its yellow, glare, since your noble, disinterested heart is mine."

Mr. Dana was in his office, when "Sempronius Parkes'" card was brought in. Mr. Dana, who happened to be that *rara avis*, and honest lawyer, laid down his pen and told his clerk to show the stranger in.

It was not much that Sempronius Parkes wanted—a little matter that was dispatched; but somehow they drifted off into a desultory conversation afterward, and happened on the sudden death of old Amos Arkwright.

"I've been told he was enormously rich," said Mr. Parkes, tapping his snuff box.

"Yes," said Mr. Dana, "It was a curious whim of the old man's constituting me his legal executor. Why, I never saw him in my life!"

"No?"

"Never once. But of one thing I'm quite certain, to use a Hibernianism—the greatest mistake of his lifetimr was at his death."

"How do you mean?" asked Mr. Parkes."

"In leaving his money to that young Wheatley."

"A miser, eh?"

"On the contrary, as graceless a spendthrift as you ever saw. Gambling, betting at the races, vicious amusements and degrading company. His prosperity seems to have acted on him as I have sometimes seen sunshine act on a rank, noisome patch of weeds, stimulating him into flaunting folly."

"Not entirely; for the best of it was fortunately so tied up that he could only use the interest; but whatever could by any possibillity be squandered has vanished."

"There was another nephew, was there not?"

"Yes, Florian Leverson. He is married."

"Married?"

"Yes; and is in Jay & Dayson's banking house doing well. Nobody had any idea of the steadiness and common sense there was in that young fellow."

"I suppose he is furious at his uncle's partiality."

"I never heard him express any such opinion. He always declares that the money was his uncle's to do with as he saw fit, and that he has received too many kindnesses at the hands of Mr. Arkwright to begin to criticise his memory now."

Mr. Parkes took snuff.

"Must be a curious young man," he said, pryly. "And who, may I ask, did he marry?"

"Miss Dean; and a very energetic, thorough-going little wife she makes for him. In this case the disinherited nephew seems to have received the most real happin[illegible]

the two."

"It's a very peculiar sort of story," said Mr. Parks, rising; "but I must be going. Good evening, Mr. Dana. I'm much obliged to you for your politeness about those stamps.

And Mr. Dana went back to his legal toils, never once mistrusting that he had been talking to a ghost!

Florian Leverson and his wife were sitting contentedly at their unpretending little fireside, when a knock came at the door. Florian started a little.

"If my uncle Arkwright were not dead and bruied," he said to Alice, "I should declare that was his knock."

"Nonsense," said Alice playfully, and she opened the door.

There stood Mr. Amos Arkwright, smiling contentedly.

"Good evening," said Uncle Arkwright, walking as if nothing at all had happened. "You're at tea, I see. Can you give me a cup, strong, without milk or sugar?"

Alice uttered a cry, and ran behind Florian. Florian started at the apparition with a face as pale as ashes.

"Uncle!"

"Yes, it's I," said Mr. Arkwright, warming his coat-tails at the fire. "I'm not dead—I've been alive in Chicago the whole time; but you understand I wanted to see for myself how things were going to work. I've found it all out. Albert's a mean scamp, and you and this bright-eyed little wife of yours—come here, my dear, and give me a kiss—are trumps!

Mrs. Alice, now quite convinced that Uncle Amos *was* Uncle Amos, and no sheeted ghost, but rather a plump old gentleman in a gray woolen suit and gaiters, came accordingly with the fragrant kiss on her cherry lips, and sealed herself at once as first favorite with the capricious old millionaire. While Florian, as his uncle said, "behaved more like an insane school boy than a reasoning member of society!"

Uncle Arkwright's little stratagem had succeeded brilliantly in discerning the false stone from the diamond. Albert Wheatly, shorn of the glitter of his temporary prosperity, is a billiard marker now, somewhere in the South;—and Mr. Arkwright is domiciled with Mr. and Mrs. Florian Leverson, the most complacent old gentleman north of Mason and Dixon's line!

A Great Farmer's Maxim.

The successful life of Mr. Jacob Strawn, the prince of American farmers, is attributed to the close observance of the following maxims, originated by himself:

When you wake up, do not roll over, but roll out. It will give you time to ditch your sloughs, break them, harrow them and sow with timothy and red clover. One bushel of clover to two bushels of timothy is enough.

Make your fences high and strong so that it will keep cattle and pigs out.

If you have brush, make your lots secure and keep your hogs from the cattle, for if the corn is kept clean, they will eat it better than if it is not.

Be sure to get your hands to bed by seven o'clock, they will rise early by force of circumstances. Pay a hand, if he is a poor hand, pay him a little more; it will encourage him to do still better.

Always feed your hands as well as you do yourself, for the laboring men are the bone and sinew of the land, and ought to be well treated.

I am satisfied that getting up early, industry, and regular habits are the best medicine ever prescribed for health.

When rainy, bad weather comes, so that you can't work out doors, cut, split and haul your wood.

Make your racks, fixing your fence or a gate that is off its hinges, or weather-boarding your barn where the wind has blown the siding off, or patch the roof of your barn or house.

Study your interest closely, and do not spend any time in electing presidents, senators and other smaller officers, or talking of hard times when spending your time in whittling store boxes, etc.

Take your time and make calculations, don't do things in a hurry, but do them at the right time, keep your mind as well as body employed.

How Coffee is Cultivated.—The manner of cultivating the coffee plant varies but little in the several Central American States.

The coffee beans are first planted in hot beds from which they sprout, and shoot up five or six inches high, when they are removed singly and taken to the fields which have been preprared to receive them. There the young sprouts are planted anew, in rows, with a space of from four to six feet between each plant. For two years they need no more except an occasional plowing out of the weeds which spring up around them. The third year the plant is from three to four feet high, and commences to bear, producing about a pound of coffee fruit. Each year adds to the size and productiveness of a tree, till it reaches about ten feet in hight after which it gives from 10 to 30 pounds of green fruit.

The coffee fruit resembles, in shape, size, and color, a plump cranberry, and grows clinging closely to the small, lateral branches of the tree. On some plantations the trees are dwarfed, for the double purpose of increasing the fruitage and facilitating picking.

The time for picking the crop ranges from December to March. When the fruit is ripe, all hands are employed—men, women, and children—and as fast as picked the [illegible]

[For The Amerian Union]

Fairlee, Kent Co., Md., June 10, 1870.

Mr. Editor:—

A communication in your paper of the 8th inst., signed A. M., would seem to require a brief notice, for which, if you can spare the space, I shall feel obliged, and the interests of the community and the State, I hope, thereby subserved.

To which of the gentlemen who addressed the temperance meeting at Denton, on the evening of the 2nd inst., the strictures of A. M. are intended to apply, I am unable to determine; this, however, is really of no consequence, as the criticism is a direct attack upon the temperance cause. I say this, notwithstanding the wild disclaimer of the writer, "that if there is any man or woman opposed to drunkenness to the utmost it is he," because herein may consist the whole difference between A. M. and the gentleman who addressed the meeting. They are opposed not only to "drunkenness to the utmost," but to drunkenness in its incipiency, and opposed to whatever produces, sustains, aids, abets or encourages drunkenness, or tends to do so. It is to be regretted that A. M. "was much disappointed" after so severe a trial of his "immense patience," and his astonishment may be intensified to learn that as a source of revenue, the sale of licenses to sell liquor is a miserable failure, that it costs more than it comes to, and that for every dollar paid into the Treasury by liquor dealers, two are required from the people to counteract the effect of that one. It requires no deep reading to show, Mr. Editor, that to detect, convict and punish one crime committed under the baneful influence of liquor, sold by the authority of the State, will often require a larger expenditure of money than the license brought to the State. Yet, like the verdant merchant who sold his goods 50 per cent. below cost, and declared that he could not live at it, only that he did such a *smashing big business*; the State does a "smashing big business," and pays annually for the support of this license business, in taxes for crime, pauperism and other direct results of whiskey vending, tenfold more than the licenses will bring in. It will readily be admitted that "the revenues of liquors and malt liquors" are very large, but they accrue to the manufacturer and vender, and not to the people who pay the taxes it entails.—Does not A. M. know that all the license money paid into the exchequer of the State would not defray the expenses of a single murder trial originating in one licensed whiskey saloon, or is he a Hottentot?

But the head and front of our offending was that, the speeches were political.—Now, sir, if we had taken our audience to be Hottentots, not a syllable of the science of political economy would have been introduced; but, knowing them to be intelligent, educated, refined, moral ladies and gentlemen, we did not hesitate to tread in the path pursued by Paley, Adam Smith, Dugald Stuart and Stuart Mill. That a question of political economy, one pertaining to the "wealth of nations," and "the productive industry of a people," is not one of party politics, but as distinct therefrom as light from darkness, may be a proposition difficult of comprehension to a Hottentot, but there are certain facts which must be admitted by the most obtuse. These are: that all the evils of intemperence flow from the sale of intoxicating liquors, that the sale of them is authorized by law, that the law was passed by a Legislature representing the people, and that to acquiesce in the law is to assume the responsibility of all its consequences.

Now, will A. M. tell the people of Caroline, and of the State how it is that to pass such a law, and to sustain it, is *not* a political question, while, to seek its repeal, and to enact one forbidding the sale under a license, *is* a political one? If it be not political to do a thing why is it political to undo it, or to do something exactly opposite? But A. M. is mistaken, he has not given the subject the attention which it deserves. All moral issues impinge so closely upon so called political ones, that the discussion of them necessarily touch throughout; and this is so because men are moral agents holding civil or political relations. A moral question is necessarily a political one, while a party issue need be neither political nor moral. Certainly, the unholy scramble for office and its emoluments is neither one nor the other, and, with this, I for one, shall not interfere any farther than to brush it aside when it seeks to throw impediments in the way of those who are laboring to lay the axe at the root of the great Upas tree which spreads its deadly shade over all the land.

But, this question is admitted to be one of revenue; very well; what then is a question of revenue? Is it moral or political, or is it one of party? It is much to be regretted, indeed, that the tender religious sensibilities of A. M. were so deeply wounded by what he calls a political speech in the church, and yet, I greatly fear that the same thing may occur again if the minister should happen to preach a sermon against theft, or murder, or adultery, or lottery gambling. These are all subjects of legislation—political and yet moral, belonging to both church and State, and being so, by A. M's. logic, should not be discussed in church.

There are some men who are extremely sensitive on this point of church and State, and flare up on every occasion when the practical truths of the Gospel come in con[illegible]

people—they bewail the imprudence of the speaker, and weep over the injury done to the church. A little sifting is apt to show that "their God is their bellies," and their church a grog-shop. Do not understand me to insinuate that such is the case with A. M., but, if in this battle between moral right and moral wrong, the church shall stand an idle spectator when every member should participate in the combat, the church will be more injured than if mixing in the fray and achieving the victory promised, she should lose the cravens who fly from the bug-bear cry of church and State.

Yours, very truly,

Howard Meeks.

"Nothing to Do"

Rev. J. F. W. Ware, of Baltimore, pastor of the "Church of the Saviour," recently preached a sermon, taking for the subject of his discourse "Nothing to do," and the *Sun* gives the following condensed report of his remarks:

His text was from 20th Matthew, 7th verse: "All the day idle." The reverend speaker said nothing to wear and nothing to read had been treated of. A worse nothing than either is nothing to do. It touches a lower moral deep and betrays a graver moral want.

The immense amount of aimless living, of nothing-to-doishness, which characterizes whole classes of this, as of every large community. The negro is not the only imitative animal. Example descends. If the mistress shows she has nothing to do, why wonder that the maid does nothing.

Isn't it something fearful when you think of the numbers who have no aim in life but to get through so many days and nights? What a millstone some people contrive to hang about their neck and call it life? How do they contrive to be worn out with disgust at their own society? Endowed with everything God ever puts into a man, and the world pining for workers in every conceivable field, and they nothing to do; men, magnificent in tailors' goods, and women superb in all that art adds to nature, consuming life at the toilette, over a novel, in elegant fripperies, or yawning and longing for the next excitement and beside, nothing to do! Stars have something to do—atoms, dust, but these poor creatures nothing! On how many faces you may read for rent, or for sale, inquire within, offering a vacancy to any occupant. No wonder a wandering satan takes up so many of these empty abodes. There is not a bigger lie that much lying animal man can tell than to say he has nothing to do. There is no possibility for which God has not demand, for which man does not want and suffer. War has its exempts but not duty. The cry of nothing to do never comes from an earnest man. A sturdy boy will not utter it. The world we live in is full of demand. Springing upon us everywhere there is a mission ground before every soul. There are great impending dangers whose gloomy shadows advance stealthily and solidly upon us. There are private sins ripening into public immoralities, class wants and wrongs, social evils, abuses tyrannies, needing grave thoughts and brave work. These to be met only by the honest doings of individual souls, by counteractant force of well combined atoms, by each man's feeling he has something to do, some word to say, some stand to take.

An idle life is as demoralizing to a woman as to a man. There is no grosser selfishness than the life of a woman who has nothing to do. Dowagers magnificent in poodles, misses munificent in smiles, the whole route of the aimless are busy at the devil's loom weaving the mesh that is to bind their own souls in with the growing depravities their indolence fosters. The city is full of things only woman can do, waiting, pining for them.

No man or woman can be held guiltless who stands through life idle, under the plea of nothing to do. For all there is just so much as by best effort they can do. Duty, like God, is never far away.

Evening.—There are two periods in the life of man to which the evening is peculiarly interesting—youth and old age. In youth we love its mellow moonlight, its million of stars, its soothing shade and sweet serenity. Amid these scenes we can commune with those we love, and twine the wreath of friendship while there are none to witness but the generous heaven and the spirits that hold endless Sabbath there. We look abroad on creation, spread out in slumber of a moonlight scene around, and wrapt in contemplation, fancy we see and and hear the waving wings and melting songs of other purer worlds. It accords with the lighter flow of youthful spirits, the fervency of fancy and the soft feelings of the heart. Evening is also delightful to virtuous age. It affords hours of undisturbed thought. It seems an emblem of the calm and tranquil close of busy life, serene and mild, with the impress of its great Creator enstamped upon it. It spreads its quiet wings above the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.

A standing antidote for poison by dew, poison oak, ivy, etc, is to take a handful of quicklime, dissolve in water, let it stand half an hour, then paint the poisoned parts with it. Three or four applications will never fail to cure the most aggravated cases. Poison from bees, hornets, spider bites, etc., is instantly arrested by the application of equal parts [illegible]

The Swing.

It stands, no beauty on the lawn,
Though beautiful to me,
The rugged, crooked, gnarled, stunted,
Blossoming apple tree.
I love to see it rich with blooms
Or white with feather snow,
Ripening thoughts as well as apples,
Out of the Long Ago.

Twelve summers up the stream of Time;
It seems but yesterday;
I made a swing from its sturdiest bough,
In a morn of merry May.
And from it swung my love, my life,
In the flush of her sunny youth;
And I wood her shyly, won her bravely.
With all her love and truth.

And now I swing another as fair,
She's nine years old, or ten,
And she laughs, and sings, and shouts,
"Papa?
Swing me again! again!"
And I swing her again and kiss her;
"Don't kick at the stars?" I cry,
And she cackles with laughter, and says "I will,
If you'll swing me up as high!"

Gnarly, crooked, rugged, stunted,
Blossoming apple bough!
I do not know in the wide, wide world
Another as fair as thou!
Three loves, three lives, three spirits of Hope,
Amid thy leaves are hidden,
And thy fruit is a fruit of Paradise,
Pleasant and unforbidden.

Killing Whales By Cannon.

A recent writer in *Land and Water* recounts a late visit to the establishment of Herr Foyen, in the Varanger Fiord, where, from a small island, the fishery is prosecuted by means of two small steamers of seventy tons each. The special apparatus employed consists of a harpoon, inclosing in its head half a pound of gunpowder, and with jointed or hinged barbs containing some percussion powder between. When the whale is in gun shot, this harpoon, attached to the end of a long cord coiled around a drum, is fired into the animal from a cannon about the size of a four-pounder. As the flukes penetrate the side of the whale they are naturally brought together or pressed down toward the shaft, and in so doing ignite the percussion powder, which sets fire to the gunpowder causing an explosion in the body of the animal that usually produces a mortal wound. The whale, of course, starts off under the stimulus of the pain, and the rope is carried out for a time, being uncoiled from the drum precisely like a fishing line from the reel of a rod, following after so as to prevent an undue strain. If necessary, a second discharge takes place, which almost invariably produces death.

The steamer then tows the animal back to the station, where the blubber is taken off in a long strip by means of a properly constructed apparatus, after which the flesh is removed in a somewhat similar manner, and finally the bones are separated and hauled out. It is the intention of the proprietor to prepare a fertilizer by drying the flesh and reducing it to powder, and a brisk trade has already sprung up in Germany in this article. The bones are likewise to be ground and utilized in various ways; so that the entire animal—blubber, flesh and bones—will be put to economical purposes.

The carcasses of over thirty whales were heaped up on the island at the time of the visit referred to, forming a red hill of very considerable magnitude visible a great distance. The proprietor stated that the factory would not answer its expectations fifty whales could be taken every Summer. It was thought, however, that there would comparatively little difficulty in securing this number, and in fact, as we learn from later advices, over sixty were captured during the season.

Don't be Too Certain.—Boys, don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken. And if you permit yourself to be mistaken a great many times, everybody will lose confidence in what you say.

"John, where's the hammer?"

"It is in the corn-house."

"No, it is not there; I have just been looking there."

"Well, I know it is; I saw it there not half an hour ago."

"If you say it is there it must be there, of course. But suppose you go and fetch it."

John goes to the corn-house, and presently returns with a small axe in his hand.

"Oh, it was the axe I saw. The handle was sticking out from a half-bushel measure. I thought it was the hammer."

"But you said positively that you did see it, not that you thought you saw it. There is a great difference between the two answers. Do not premit yourself to make a positive statement, even about small matters, unless you are quite sure; for if you do, you will find the habit growing upon you, and, by-and-by, you will begin to make loose replies to questions of great importance. Don't be too certain!"—*Young Pilgrim.*

A raw Irishman, just over, went into a restaurant, and was asked by the waiter what he would have.

"Why, wittles to ate, uv coorse," was the reply.

A plate of hash was placed before him.

"Fot's that?" demanded Mickey.

"That's wittles," was the answer.

Mickey eyed the compound suspiciously for some time, and finally exclaimed:

"Be jabers, the man that chewed that can ate it!"

A loving heart

Marriage--Home--Children.

The Rev. Dr. Scudder, in taking his farewell of the Californians, gave them a lecture on Home and its kindred joys, wherein some excellent truths were brightly said:

Twenty-seven years ago a Yankee girl and I resolved to make a home. I have heard it said that in all such agreements the lady takes the initiative—not verbally, but in some gentle revelation palpable to lovers. My wife and I have often disputed that point. She says the assertion is groundless and malicious; and I think she is right. I made the advance, and was considerably frightend; but she helped me bravely through it. The family rises in dignity and purity as marriage is held sacred. I think if we could compile a chapter on the honor in which men treat their wives, we should have a most curious history. In ancient Babylon all the women were every year put up at auction.—The handsome ones went off at high prices, and the money that was realized was offered for doweries upon the ugly ones. If a man got a beauty he paid for her; if he got an ugly one he got cash. They endeavored to set loveliness without money against homeliness with it.

In Greece the bride went by night in a chariot to the house of her intended. In another ancient country the women had a fashion of kicking and biting those who endeavored to take them away; although I am inclined to think these kicks and bites did not amount to much. In Dahomey the king owns all the women, and takes as his proportion 3000. Once a year he parcels out all the rest of the women in his empire to his subjects just as he pleases, without consulting their wishes. There are still lower depths than this. In some tribes the man fells the woman senseless to the ground and bears her away. Where man has sunk thus low we may well class them below the ourang-outang. Even these homes are better than no homes.—They are better than a wholly unregulated intermingling. Yet none of these is like to that home which is a product of Christian civilization; in which woman is honored in the sharing of the purest and noblest rite, the rite of marriage, based upon mutual affection, the ceremony of wedlock being the vows of fidelity and love. Marriage began in Eden, and it should be kept up. In the Roman Empire there were stringent laws against bachelors. In Greece women took switches and beat the old bachelors in order to whip a matrimonial spirit into them.

A complete idea of home can never be realized without children. They are a part of ourselves. We break out with children just as rockets that shoot up break out into stars. Man is a stick and paper filled with nitre the charcoal and sulphur but he does not break out into stars of himself. Parental instinct is the great foundation of the family tie. In the lower order of animals this does not exist. The tadpole never knows his father or mother. These dear little pollwops grew up without care of father or mother. The honey-bee has good mathematical skill and a knowledge of practical botany, but it manifests no parental affection, for how could she care for them all? I find it hard to care for a half dozen. With many of the animals and insects, parental instincts ceases with simple multiplication of themselves. See how in the torrid zone birds build their nests away out at the end of the limb, so that monkeys cannot seize their young.—The monkey has to take a back seat, and look at the nest and grit his teeth and wink, but he dare not—he dare not try it. The humming-bird builds his nest of non-conducting material so that the thunder-storm cannot spoil its eggs. It knew the mysteries of thunder long before Benjamin Franklin brought down a spark from a thunder-cloud. I appeal to every father here; how did you feel when your first child was born? I felt that the house could not hold me. It was not big enough to breathe in. I said "I must get out of this." Fortunately I lived by the sea—a respectable sized object to look upon. If I had lived on the inland I think I should have exploded.

Solon said every newly married couple should be put into a room together and made to eat of quince, so that their breaths should be sweet, they should not be offensive to each other. If every newly married couple would only eat of something which would make them always kind and loving and forgiving! I believe the difficulty is generally with the man. He comes home grouty, his wife puts some nice dish before him at lunch, and he growls that there is not salt enough in it. She puts the same dish on the table at dinner, and he growls that there is too much salt in it. His wife had rather have a tooth pulled than to ask him for money. A bad home is a hell upon earth. A good home must have mutual forbearance and forgiveness. There must be discipline in a good family. I believe in moral suasion of the birch.—My grandfather whipped my father, my father whipped me, and I whippped my children, and I find that it works very well. I do not believe in much birch.—But I believe a little birch brings out the spiritual as well as the physical circu[illegible] The fundamental law [illegible] be unquestion

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