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Poetry.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

BY MRS. M. A. FURNALD.

Guiding the little footsteps
Where only daisies blow;
Striving to hold the roses back,
Because of the thorns below;
Longing to span the future,
Placing a mother's care
Over life's paths, where thorns lie hid
Under the flowers fair.

Combing the flowing tresses
Back from a little face,
Thinking of all the strength we need,
And of the needed grace;
To smooth each day the tangles
Out of the light-brown hair,
To keep as well all sorrow and sin
From maring a life so fair.

Flecking the milk so creamy
With snowy bits of bread;
Stilling the murmur of rosy lips
So eager to be fed;
Thinking of Him who casteth
Into our empty hands,
Bidding us feed His little ones
By teaching His dear commands.

Keeping the house in order,
And, ere the shadows come,
Hasting the snowy cloth to spread
To welcome loved ones home;
Thinking of woman's mission,
Nor caring to change her sphere,
Knowing the highest, the holiest work
Is given to woman here.

HEART TO HEART.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

In answer to his brief letter asking her, she wrote:

"I will be your wife.

"LUCILE OWEN."

She was the only child of a wealthy merchant, and her life had been a sort of perpetual altar, upon which many had delighted to cast their hearts as most willing sacrifices.

One week later these two, Ralph Guion and Lucile Owen, stood before the altar of a fashionable church, where the *elite* had gathered to see them made man and wife. The woman was clad in traveling dress, her face white and set like the portrait of one dead chiseled in marble over his tomb.

Why had they married? thousand asked the question, but not one could answer it. They met and they were wed. If there was a spark of love between them, nobody knew it. It seemed one of those mysterious matches that happen every day.

A year was spent travelling abroad.—Each day as the year passed their intercourse grew more distant. Even their discussions on literature and art, which had at first been animated and full of a certain charm, now was marked with a formality and conventionalism. Both seemed growing further apart.

At length she run to such worldly excess that he angrily interferred. It was when she had danced the entire evening, ending with a waltz of long, diszy duration. He had stepped up and taken her from her partner, a brilliant Frenchman, saying, freezingly, as he led her aside:

"Lucile, you have forgotten that you are Ralph Guion's wife.' Then added with poignant irony, and a short angry sigh, "my wife!'

The women flashed at him a quick look, half questioning, half defiant, for there was a strange expression on his cold face. The light blue eyes had burned themselves black. Jealousy had proved the open sesame to his proud self-contained heart.

The first rebuke proved but the antecedent to countless others. His powerful will held her as in a vise. He was always in her presence watching her every act and word. She broke into open rebellion.—Dear friends interfered, condoling with her and inciting to defiance against such tyranny, and by subtle insinuations to each about the other, driving them further assunder.

All the consonance of their life was lost; it became a jarring, discordant strain.—They were rushing to the very brink of ruin. Yet about her all this time were a thousand little kindnesses, making her life perfect in luxury.

One day, after one of her desperate outbursts, he said, in his cold incisive tone, "Lucile, life has become hateful.'

The blood rushed back upon her heart as she replied: "*Divorce can dissever even mind from mind!*"

Her tone was strange even to her own ears. She said afterwards to herself, in great dispair, that it was not she but that outside relentless power speaking through her.

He started, reeling where he stood, his low, quiet voice shaken, broken:

"Divorce, Lucile!' and instantly left her.

She started as if to follow him, in a sort of wild terror, but when she opened the door he was not in sight; the hotel wall was still and empty. She closed it and was alone.

The long evening passed and the night. She spent it in the parlor, waiting to let him in if he should come, for he was obliged to pass through it in order to enter his apartment. As the hours passed, she was seized with a wild terror. Perhaps he would never come. She had made his life hateful; perhaps he had taken her at her word, and left her forever. And into her heart came a craving to hear his voice, to see his face, if but once again.

The night passed, and the next day, then another night and another day, still he did not come; and in this time this craving grew stronger, until the woman said to herself in terrible conviction, "*I loved him.*'

The evening of the third day he came. As he looked at her the blood rushed to her brow, her lips quivered with gladness that he had come. He went almost directly to his room. She buried her face in her hands. He must not find her out. To him it was "mind to mind.' She trembled at the thought of his infinite scorn. He had asked her intellect not her love.

The next day he told her they were going home; utterly ignored those terrible words of hers: "*Divorce can dissever even mind from mind.*' Did not ask her if she wished to go; simply asserted the fact. Lucile, full of terror at being alone again with the man whom she loved, objected, saying, timidly, that she could remain a few months longer with their friends if he wished to go.

He said, in a low, quiet tone:

"Lucile, the steamer sails one week from to-day.'

* * * * * * *

Thus they had taken passage, and were separated from the dear friends who in their love of gossip had served to widen the breach.

It was their first day out. With the consideration that had all this time surrounded her, he had kept her on deck to avoid seasickness. All day long she had shrunk into herself, chilled in his quiet presence, and taking stealthy glances at his cold, immoble face. At length it was evening. The March air was raw and chilly. She, wrapped in furs, did not feel it; he, for all his heavy coat, was cold.—She saw it, although he ignored the fact, setting his lips in their firm way that showed he would not brook the misery of any suffering whether mental, moral or physical. With every perceptive faculty intensified by this new love, instantly she discovered this. She clasped and unclasped her hands in the nervous way that had become her habit, then said, with a morbid horror of breaking the long and continued silence:

"We had better go below.'

"If you can content yourself, you are better off here,' and he drew his hat lower and folded his arms.

If she could content herself; always that cynical tone. The angry blood rushed to her cheeks. She began impetuously:

"You know it is not that, but'—then stopped abruptly.

"But what?' coldly.

The anxious thought was put into indifferent conventional words:

"I thought the cold was inconveniencing you.'

There was a skeptical curve to his lips.

"Thank you for your consideration,' he said, with cutting sarcasm. She bit her lips; her eyes were full of tears. He, looking past her and beyond her, did not see them.

The night was dark; the clouds hung low; the sea was heavy; a mighty waste of black, turbulent waters. Occasionly the moon burst through a rift in the clouds serving only to intensify the terrible gloom that followed. At each of these times she searched his face, with growing terror at its paleness. The frightened anxiety at length became unendurable. There was a moment's incertitude, then drawing off her fur cap, she arose and threw it over his shoulders.

It was once when the moon had burst out, and flooded sea and ship with its ambient light. The man started; the blood surged to his brow; he bent on her a look of keen fierce questioning. Utterly confused; she returned to her seat, turned her face from his sight, and looked seaward.

The dash of color in his checks, the strange light in his cold; quiet eyes, startled, puzzled, and bewildered her. A new wild hope sprang up. There had been something in his look that made her say to herself that perhaps he could love. She had never tried to make him. That look was not the progeny of his clear dispassioned mind.

And the man! This stifled love burst in a thing fierce and uncontrolable under this first little thoughtful act that she had ever bestowed upon him. The strong man trembled beneath it.

"Lucile we will go below, as you wish.'

She arose instantly. He took off the cape and buttoned it under her chin, in his usual kind way, then gave her his arm and led her down to her cabin. Once there, she went immediately to her stateroom.

All night she was very sick. He sat late outside her door, growing white and desperate in knowing she was alone and ill. At length he went to his room, throwing himself down in sheer exhaustion from the wear and tear on nerve and brain. At day dawn he was again a silent sentinel.

She came into the cabin early, starting on finding him there. He was the sole occupant of the cabin, She looked pale and faint.

"You want to go on deck; get on your wrappings,' he said.

"No, I think I shall not be sick again, and it is cold,' (with a shiver). He led her to an easy chair, then taking one at a short distance, drew a paper from his pocket, and seemed reading. She was watching him. He was very pale, and there were tense lines about his lips.

Again with the anxiety that had ruled her the night before, she arose, and going over, stood beside him. He gave no evidence of being conscious of her presence. She laid her hand timidly upon his shoulder. Again that dash of color in his cheek. His confusion made her quite self-possessed.

"You have been sick,' she said, her voice almost quite steady.

"No,' (simply a monosyllable, and forcing down the color.)

The hand upon his shoulder trembled, yet she persisted, the thought of the night before becoming resolve.

"*He can love.* I shall make him.'

Her voice was a little uncertain.

"You look very tired. Won't you lie on the lounge? there is no one here.' Then she grew confused and embarrassed at the little fact she had asserted.

No one here! That was what had filled her with dread of this voyage: now she had said it as if glad. The man was forged to silence in his fierce struggle for control. He obeyed, and followed her to the lounge. She shook up the cushions. He threw himself down and closed his eyes wearily. She went to her stateroom, and bringing a shawl, covered him. There was something half of bashfulness, half of tenderness, in the way she did it. He thanked her without opening his eyes. A moment's hesitation, then she wheeled a chair quite beside him, and sat down.

At that a faint flush again swept her face. She had taken his paper, and feigned reading. In a little while, with a strange new sense of rest, he slept. Then the paper was cast aside, and this woman studied the face of this man, who in worldly parlance had been her husband over a year.

That terrible time! It had added ten years to his age. His brown hair had grown grey sprinkled; the quiet face had many new lines, as if some conflict was constantly waged to sustain the quiet.—Suddenly a thought became conviction.—The craving of mind for mind had not satisfied. What was this other demand so palpable now, when the iron will was not keeping guard? She bent a trifle forward with intense, sorrowful craving. He looked very ill; had he fever? She laid her hand lightly on his forehead. Instantly he opened his eyes. She drew it quickly away in utter confusion.

"I thought you had fever. Pardon me for rousing you.'

"My head aches. Your hand is very cool,' he said quietly, and closed his eyes again. With bashfulness pitiful in the wife of a year she placed her hand tremblingly on his forehead. At the touch he drew a long, deep breath. She did not comprehend its significance. Afterward she thought him sleeping.

A little later two young girls came into the cabin. She did not move lest she should again disturb him, but taking the paper in her disengaged hand, tried to read.

The two girls were talking in an undertone. She distinctly heard every syllable.

"What devotion!' said one laughingly.

"They are doubtless still in the blissful honeymoon, said the other. Then for the first time she knew he was not sleeping.—There was that new dash of color in his check. This time the glad start in her heart was a revelation. He already loved her.

After that for several days she tried him in fifty ways. Sometimes, when standing together on deck, she would put her hand voluntarily within his arm. At each time he would turn on her a look of keen questioning, but she would not meet it. Once or twice, when he had been sitting on a sofa reading, she sat beside him, and read from the same book. Then there had been strange, bright half-convinced lights in his blue eyes.

At length, when they had been several days out, one evening the two were upon the upper deck. Though it was moonlight they were alone, the coldness of the night having driven others below. The sea was smooth, consequently Lucile, being in earnest conversation, was unprepared for a sudden roll, that threw her forward. Ralph had seen her coming, and caught her.—Though the wife of a year, for the first time she was in her husband's arms. For an instant his love held sway, breaking down all his strong control. He drew her to him almost fiercely, then released her. In that moment the soul of this man and woman met, and each was utterly self-possessed.

"Lucile, there must be another giving than that of the sea.'

There was a moment's silence.

"Lucile, *I am waiting.*' The words were more winning than wilful. There was one timid step, and she was in his arms.

Under a Microscope.

Any of our readers can test for themselves the curious revelations of a microscope by the purchase of a cheap instrument. It will well pay the expense incurred. Here is a list of some of the wonders seen through a microscope: Insects of various kinds can be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand. Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, flowers and fruits. Butterflies are fully feathered.—The surface of our body is covered with scales like fish. A single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a single scale covers five hundred pores. Through these narrow openings the sweat forces itself out like water through a sieve. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea. Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing upon it, like oxen on a meadow. A speck of potato-rot the size of a pin-head contains about two hundred ferocious little animals, biting and clawing each other savagely.

Duties of Young Men.

There are throughout the country, thousands of young men who are just beginning business life. They have got through their school days, and have arrived at that period when the dependence of the youth merges into the dependence of the man.—The next five years will determine what they are likely to be in the mature and ripened days in store for them. Fortunate circumstances may lift some above the plane of their individual exertions, but the ninety and nine out of a hundred will be what they make themselves. If they start out determined to win distinction in any branch of business, the chances are in their favor that they will, sooner or later, win it. If they start life with a spirit of indifference, they will drift along with the tide, may secure enough to eat and drink and clothe themselves, but old age will overtake them not far in advance of the spot where they started.

Therefore, it is all important that the young man should start right, and when certain on this point, should throw his whole soul on the business he has chosen. Success is the result of energy, an intelligent appreciation of life's opportunities, and business courage. The young man who has these elements to rely upon, will seldom fail to achieve what he has set out to obtain. If he seek wealth, it will come to him; if fame, he will secure it; if power, it will be given to him. The degree of his reward will be in proportion to his deserts as a man. There may be exceptions to this, but wherever found they will be attributable to no fault of the man, but rather to those misfortunes which come like sudden storms, giving no warning of their approach, and destroying in an hour the patient work of a life-time. Respectability and honor come from the man, and not the trade he follows. One business is as honorable as another, if it is legitimate.—This should be borne in mind by all young men who are about to start out in active business life.

Personal integrity should be the cornerstone of character. Without it, the most brilliant attainments will fail to reach success. The world stands in need of upright men, men who can be relied upon, whose word is as good as a bond, who are proof against the corrupting influences which beset the business man everywhere. No matter how strong the temptation, young men often make a mistake in the choice of an occupation. Through false notions of respectability, they enter upon professions and trades, for which they have no adaptibility. They seek to become lawyers, doctors, preachers, and are voted failures by all who come in contact with them. They might have made good merchants, or excellent mechanics, but they started wrong, and kept wrong all their lives.

Start right! This is all important. A good blacksmith is a hundred-fold more valuable to a community than a poor doctor, lawyer or a preacher. He will make a fortune at his anvil, while these professional moths are starving to death.

The young beginner should cling to honest principles as to the rock of safety. To let go this rock is to drift to certain destruction. The ship which breaks from its moorings on a lee shore is no more certain of destruction than the young man who breaks away from honest principles. Honesty first, industry and intelligence second, are the elements which we commend as the only reliable groundwork for human success.

Last, but not least, vote right! A man owes much to his family, to his business, but he owes more to his country, for with out this, what would be home or business to him? In starting life, young men should educate themselves to serve the nation, with the same fidelity with which they apply themselves to business. It is not enough to cast a vote once a year. This is but a fractional part of the duty which a citizen owes to society. He should take part in the primary meetings, have his influence felt in the conventions, and be heard at all times and in all places where his personal influence would tend to elevate politics and secure men of high character for office.—When the business men of the country becomes interested in political affairs, we shall have fewer complaints made of bad or incompetent men being elected to office. It may be difficult to change the habits of old business men in this particular, and bring them to a realization of their duty to the nation, but not so with the young men. They are free to lay down certain duties which must be performed.—We urge upon them this sacred duty of citizenship. Let it head the list of obligations, and let its faithful performance be regarded as little short of a religious duty.

To reduce these duties of citizenship to a system that will be a vital force, through combinations with others, we urge the young men of the nation to organize Republican clubs in their respective communities, so that, by organized efforts, true reform can be brought about wherever needed. The republican party has a strong claim upon the young men of the country. It has made possible the government which protects them and the Republic which they love. It is a party of progress, of youthful aspirations; and has within it, subject to greater development, the principles of individual and national success. To the standard of this party, a standard of patriotism, of loyalty, of political integrity, the nation calls its young men. Let them respond to the call, and by their earnest efforts preserve for the posterity the rich blessings of self-government, which they now enjoy.

The City of San Francisco.

To an Eastern man San Francisco is a curious place. It is the meeting-place of the Orient and accident—the place where the strong, self-reliant, fanciful Saxon and Celt meet the physically, feeble but intelectually strong Celestial, thus displaying in one city the two extremes of civilization. It is a city which has no thunder or lightning, and I may say, no winter or summer. To-day as I write, the thermometer stands at 60, and a spring overcoat is comfortable. I sit in a room writing, comfortable only with a coal fire, and from my window I see, in full bloom, fuschias and geraniums trained against the sides of houses, nasturtiums in all their glory, roses in all varieties till the eyes tire of them, calla lilics of a size that I never saw before, and all the flowers that in the East are grown at this season only in hot-houses, and which are never turned out of doors till July or August. The hills about the city are covered with yellew and purple neper, and the roads are lined with yellow marigold and other flowers which, owing to my lack of education in botany, I cannot put a name to. It is comfortably warm in the sun, not too warm, and very cool in doors or in the shade. And, with the exception of a few days in July, this is as warm as it ever gets here. The winters are but a trifle colder. So the San Francisician may be said to enjoy a delicious spring all the year round.—But it does enjoy earthquakes, which come with considerable regularity, and may be considered as a fair off-set to thunder and lightning. For it must be a rather disagreeable thing to have the earth under your feet heaving up and down and sideways, and tumbling buildings about your head, and all that sort of a thing. When you can't trust the ground you stand on, what can you trust?

The city has experienced some severe shocks. The old Spanish residents tell of one that occurred before the Yankees came, that made a fissure in the ground forty miles in length, but I rather guess each generation has added ten miles to the crack. It was probably a mile long. In 1868 a series of shocks disturbed the equanimity of the San Francisicans, destroying several houses and cracking a great many more.—But it is fair to state that the destroyed and cracked houses were cheap structures and built on made ground. No well, substantially constructed building has ever been thrown down in the city by a shock as yet. The fear of these convulsions has had its effect upon the architecture of the city. The first settlers built one or two stories, three at the most; but the later comers have got over that, and all over the city very tall buildings show their heads.—They have discovered that a building decently built and braced will stand any shock that has occurred or likely to. The new Palace Hotel, now being built is seven tall stories high.

It is easier to live in San Francisco than in any city on the continent. The supply of fruits and vegetables is beyond demand; and such fruits! They have strawberries from March to November, and such strawberries the undersigned never saw. Great lucious berries, as big as hickory nuts, and with a flavor I never knew in the East.—So far, I am not prepared to take up the cry that California fruits have no flavor, which is so common in the East. All that I have eaten were even richer than the best I ever tasted east of the mountains.—But I have not tried them all yet. Green peas, asparagus, new potatoes, turnips, and all that kind of truck, are always in season. The markets present a beautiful appearance, for there you will see everything that the appetite craves for, and all of the best. We are eating cherries now of all kinds, and oranges are selling in the orchards south of San Francisco at 50 cents a bushel. Think of that! And they have a variety. The vegetables of China, Japan, and the Islands of the sea grow here better even than they do on their native soil.

Rents are very high, however, which in part balances the cheapness of provisions. A house on a decent street, 25x30, costing $3,000, on a ground worth $5,000, rents readily for $1,000 a year, or twenty per cent. And on the better streets, rents are still higher.

Dry goods are about the same as in the East, at retail, I mean. But heavens, how the women dress here! Kerny and Montgomery street will show more handsome and expensively-dressed women any afternoon than any two cities in America. Not only do they delight in costly fabrics, expensively made, but they indulge in jewelry to an extent that makes a poor Easterner shudder. Diamonds and precious stones of all kinds are common, and every lady seems to vie with her neighbors as to the number and size that she wears. Aside from the legitimate business of the city, which is not only very large, but very profitable, great fortunes are made here very suddenly in mining enterprises, and money thus made is always easily spent. I saw one lady last Sunday, in church, who had on her fingers seven diamond rings, to say nothing of her bracelets, ear-drops and brocches, all of which were diamonded till you couldn't rest. Then every women wears a great rope of gold about the neck outside of her outer garment, and the larger the rope the better.

A PLEASANT, cheerful wife, is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied, and fretful wife, is like a thunder-cloud charged with electric fluid. At such times a wise man will keep clear, if possible in order to avoid the shock.

Rejection of a Crown.

Every American remembers Washington's rejection of a crown, at Newburg, in 1782, but in these days of centenary recollections, it may not be amiss to recall attention to the circumstances. There was a general dissatisfaction among the officers and soldiers of the Continental Army with the lukewarmness of Congress in providing payment for their services. Its treatment of the men who did the fighting stirred up the bitterest animosity, and the "ingratitude of republics," became a by-word.—This feeling was fostered until at last it was believed that the army was ripe for revolt, and needed only a leader to disperse the Continental Congress and set up a government which would do it justice. Among the officers stationed at Newburg at that time was Colonel Nicola, "an experienced officer and a gentleman possessed of much weight of character." He enjoyed the confidence of Washington in a remarkable degree, and he was usually the medium chosen by his brother officers to communicate to Washington their wishes and fears. In May, 1782, after a general conference of a large majority of all the officers, including all of the higher grades, Colonel Nicola, addressed Washington a letter which, after some general remarks on the deplorable condition of the army, and the little hope they could have of being properly rewarded by Congress, entered into a political disquisition on the different forms of government, and declared that republics are, of all others, the least capable of securing the rights, freedom and power of individuals. He, therefore, inferred that America could never become prosperous under such a form of government, and that the English Government was nearer perfection than any other. He then proceeded to express his opinion that such a government would be the choice of the people after due consideration, and added:

In this case it will, I believe, be uncontroverted, that the same abilities which have led us through difficulties apparently insurmountable by human power, to victory and glory—those qualities that have merited and obtained the universal esteem and veneration of an army—would be most likely to conduct and direct us in the smoother paths of peace. Some people have so connected the idea of tyranny and monarchy as to find it very difficult to separate them. It may therefore be requisite to give the head of such a constitution as I propose some title apparently more moderate; but if all other things were once adjusted, I believe strong argument might be produced for admitting the title of King, which I conceive would be attended with some national advantage.

Col. Nicola was answered in due course, the following being a copy of the document:

SIR—With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment I have read with attention (!) the sentiments you have submitted for my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of this war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and which I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not find a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add that no man possesses a more serious wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do; and so far as my power and influence in a constitutional way extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be any occasion. Let me enjoin you, then, if you have any regard for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate as from yourself or any one else a sentiment of the like nature. I am, &c.,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

That the sentiment of the army was in favor of a monarchy, there is ample proof, as well also as it was only by the prudence, patriotism and rectitude of Washington that the country was saved from drifting into the tides of evils from which seven years of war had just extricated it. In view of these facts, it is asserted that Newburg was the birthplace of the American Republic, and it is therefore proposed that the Centennial of its birth be celebrated in this city in May, 1882.

WHISKEY ON ELECTION DAY.—The Court of Appeals of Maryland has delivered an opinion which is of interest to politicians. One Simon Calfoss, in his own house, on election day, invited Michael Burke to partake of some whiskey, which Simon was in the habit of keeping on hand to warm the cockles of his heart. There was no dispute as to the facts, and no allegation that Michael gave any consideration for the drink, or that Simon had any other object in view than the exercise of a not unusual item of Maryland hospitality. The court below considered the friendly act a violation of the election laws, and fined Simon for such exercise of hospitality, and the Court of Appeals before which the case was taken on writ of error, affirmed the decision of the court below. So that 'free' drinks on election day must hereafter be considered contraband and and crooked.—*Balto. Sun.*

Why Go West?

The *Maryland Farmer* for June, published by Ezra Whitman, Baltimore, has some well-timed and forcible remarks on the subject of "Why Go West?" from which we make the following extracts:

"Thousands have gone, and are going West, from the North, South and East, as well as the multitudinous stream of humanity that has been forced strategical, sharp practice of railroad caterers, direct from the sea-board, aye, from the deck plank, as far as the poor emigrants could be conveyed by rail, when they were landed at or beyond the bounds of civilization, and dropped, like a cat from a bag, to live the best they could. Sad, sad enough, would be the truthful history of thousands of poor ignorant Germans, and others from the other continent, who have been thus enticed from their peaceful, happy homes in the Faderland, and taken on shipboard, their passage money secured, and ere they were allowed to place their foot upon the soil of the new country, their railroad fare was worried out of them, and they hurried like a drove of brutes to some grand trunk railroad station, and whirled to the wilds of the far, far West. A very large majority of these emigrants, have been thus stealthily enticed to an uncongenial abode, know little or nothing of the character of farming required in settling a new, or even a partially improved Western farm, nor of marketing what surplus they may produce. At best, many only barely live for years, until they learn the new system of farming, and learn how they can dispose of their surplus.

Then thousands have settled in that sad, fated country, where the grasshopper has devoured all that would feed man or beast, and they having invested all in the land, and the meagre improvements, are utterly helpless, and as unable to escape from the dread want and suffering in which they find themselves, as a starved bird would be bereft of its wings. But for the gain to be gotten by railroad companies, and the greed of their agents, very many of these honest, simple people, would have settled near the sea-board, on small farms, leased or purchased—where they could embark in a system of cropping and marketing which they understand, and by which they could have made a comfortable living at once, and they would have been surrounded by associations and customs similar to those they left, instead of the loneliness, privations, and all the hardships and trials that are the common lot of the pitiable frontier pioneer. The low price of land in the wilds of the West, tempts the unwary to invest in a broad area; and the large farms, of course, place adjoining neighbors so remote, that all sociability and intimacy, and striking characteristics of the Germans at home, is rendered impossible, and fearful discontent is the natural and common result.

We sincerely hope that the Patrons of Husbandry will take hold of this subject, and inaugurate an effectual means by which desirable European emigrants, who are farmers, and truckers, and dairymen, who come to our country to settle in the future, will be settled on our seaboard lands; thousands of acres of which are lying out uncultivated, and can be purchased in healthful localities, with all the advantages of near market, society, schools, churches, &c., for prices nearly as low as the wild lands of the West, where none of these advantages of civilization are to be had. It is true that a large portion of each of these sea-board, southern and mid-interior farms, are, many of them, in a great degree, exhausted by long and injudicious culture, yet, there is generally some portions of each farm that, with ordinary farm management, will give a fair return for thorough, judicious tillage, seed and fertilizers applied, and a large majority of these low priced lands, may, by deeper and more thorough tillage, and the turning in of green crops, seeding with clover, and skillful management, be rapidly resuscitated, made to pay for culture and fertilizers, and made to yield a frugal living to those who purchase them from the first.

Tens of thousands of acres of Southern lands are being sold for taxes, which, if divided into small, suitable farms, might be sold to emigrant communities of various nationalities, each, with a little means, sufficient to purchase and pay for, at the very low price, the area that they will aspire to, and enough to build on and stock in a manner that will make them contented and happy at once.

CURIOUS VEGETABLE LIFE.—There are many curious facts about vegetable life.—We can, for example, graft the apricot on the plum, and the peach on the apricot, and the almond on the peach, and thus we may produce a tree with plum-roots and almond leaves. The wood however, of the stem will consist of four distinct varieties, though formed from one continuous layer. Below the almond wood and bark, we shall have perfect peach-wood and bark, then perfect apricot wood and bark, and at the bottom plum-wood and bark. In this curious instance we see the intimate correspondence between the bark and leaf, for if we should remove the almond branches we might cause the several sorts of wood to develop buds and leafy twigs each of its own kind. Each section of the compound stem has its seat of life in the cambium layer, and the cambium of each reproduces cells of its own species out of a common nutrient fluid.

THERE is one advantage gained by hot weather; very few preachers have strength to preach more than one hour at a time.