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CLEMENT SULIVANE, Editor and Proprietor.

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Dormite!

F. M. P.

Sleep, child, sleep!
No angel, in the mighty host of Heaven,
Has soul more stainless, heart more pure, than thee.
There, as thou art, unto thee it is given
To be the peer of Kings, supremely free.
The peer of Kings? the puny potentates
Dream not, in wildest flight of rhapsody,
Of half the freedom that thy guileless breast,
Unwilting, harbors in its purity.
Sleep, child, sleep!
Full far too quickly will thy waking be.

Sleep, man, sleep!
Let naught disturb, or give disquietude;
Sleep and take rest, sweet rest, at Wanton's call,
Stifle the groans of prostrate innocence
That rend the towers of memories dormer hall,
Drive back the phantoms of thy dark misdeeds;
Hide, hide thyself from an avenging God.
Curse, with thy lips, the still small voice that pleads—
"Come and be clean washed in a Saviour's blood."
Sleep, man, sleep!
Thou shalt awake engulfed in Stygia's flood.

Sleep, soul, sleep!
If darkness doth contribute to repose,
Then art thou blest, for darkness of the night,
Of endless doom, around thee now doth close,
Debarring, from thee, Heaven's redeeming might.
Yes, thou art held by an eternal band;
Fierce flaming torments glare on every side.
Stretch forth, for aid, thy torture-withered hand;
And hold it forth, till guilt is sanctified.
Sleep, soul, sleep!
The choice was free, by it must thou abide.

A STRANGE STORY.

[From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.]

The facts of the following strange history are derived from a tract contained in the collection formerly in the possession of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, but now in the British Museum. The tract is entitled: "A True and Faithful Account of the Examination, Confession, Trial and Execution of Joan Perry and her two Sons, John and Richard, for the supposed Murder of William Harrison, Gent.; being one of the most Remarkable Occurrences that hath happened within the Memory of Man: sent in a Letter by Sir T. O. [Thomas Overbury, nephew of his accomplished but ill-fated namesake] of Burton, in the county of Gloucester, Knight, and one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, to T. S. [Thomas Shirles], Doctor of Physic in London: printed for Rowland Reynolds, next Arundel Gate, over against St. Clement's Church, in the Strand. 1676."

Mr. William Harrison, in the year 1660, was steward to the Lady Viscountess Campden, at Campden, in Gloucestershire. He was then an old man, being about seventy years of age. On Thursday, the 16th of August, he set out from Campden, where he resided, to walk to Charringford, a distance of about two miles. The purpose of his journey was to receive rents for property belonging to Lady Campden. That night, as he did not return at his usual hour, his wife became uneasy; and, after waiting until nearly eight o'clock, sent a man-servant named John Perry to Charringford in search of him. But, although they remained up for them all that night, nothing was seen of either Mr. Harrison or the man-servant.

Early the next morning, Edward, Mr. Harrison's son, went towards Charringford to try to gain tidings of his father. On his way there he met Perry returning from thence, who informed him that he had been to Charringford, but had been unable to find his master. They then went on together to Ebrington, a village between Charringford and Campden. There they were told by one Daniel, that Mr. Harrison had called at his house the preceding evening, on his way from Charringford, but did not stay there long with him. They then proceeded half a mile farther on, to Paxford; but there they heard nothing more of William Harrison, and therefore determined to return. On their way back to Campden, they met a person who told them that a hat, band, and comb had been picked up in the highway by a poor woman. As the woman was then gleaning in the neighboring fields, they went to her. On the woman producing the articles she had discovered, the son at once identified them as having been worn by his father when he left home to go to Charringford. On further examination, it was found that the hat and comb had been cut and hacked about, and also that the articles were covered with dried blood. At their request, the woman at once took them to where she had found the articles. It was on the highway, near a great furze-brake, between Ebrington and Campden. A careful search was then made of the spot, for the body of the missing man—it being concluded that he had been murdered for the sake of any money he might have had with him; but after a most diligent search nothing more was found.

When the news reached Campden, the place was so alarmed that men, women, and children in multitudes hastened to search the surrounding neighborhood for Mr. Harrison's dead body. But the search was made in vain. His wife's fears for her husband's safety, which were very great before, were now much increased; and as she had sent the servant, John Perry the evening before to meet his master, and he had not returned all that night, she suspected that he had robbed and then murdered him.

In consequence of these suspicions, on the following day Perry was examined before a justice of the peace concerning the cause of his staying out all night on the evening he went to meet his master. The account he gave of his behavior was, that when his mistress sent him in the evening, he went down Campden Field towards Charringford. On his way there, he met a man living at Campden, named William Reed, and spoke to him, and told him his errand. He also told him that, as it was getting late, he was afraid to go farther, and would therefore go back and return with him.

He then accompanied him back to Mr. Harrison's court-gate, where William Reed left him, and that he remained for some time standing outside the gate. While he was waiting there, a man named Pearce passed by. As he knew this person, he went with him a little way along the fields, and then returned with him to his master's gate, where they parted. As he was ashamed to go into the house, and tell the servants the cause of his return, he went into the hen-roost, and lay down. Here he remained for about an hour, but was unable to sleep. While staying there, he heard the clock strike twelve. He then determined to go in search of his master. He had gone some way towards Charringford, when a great mist arising, he missed his way, and therefore lay down for the rest of the night under a hedge. When the day broke, he proceeded to Charringford, to the house of Edward Plasterer, and inquired for his master. Plasterer told him that his master had called on him on the afternoon of the previous day, and that he had been paid three-and-twenty pounds for rent, but that Mr. Harrison did not stay long after he had received the money. He then went to inquire of William Curtis, who lived near the same place. Here he was told that his master had called on Curtis the day before; but as Curtis had not been at home, Mr. Harrison had left without seeing him. It being then about five o'clock in the morning, he retraced his steps towards Campden, and on the way back met his young master, as has been previously related. On Reed, Pearce, Plasterer, and Curtis being examined, they confirmed everything that Perry had stated about them to be true. Perry was then asked by the justice how it was that he was afraid to go in search of his master at nine in the evening, when he was bold enough to go there at midnight. To this he replied that at nine it was dark, but that at twelve it was moonlight. He was then asked how it was that on returning home twice, after he had been sent to meet his master, he did not go into the house to ask if he had come back. He answered that he knew his master had not come home, because there was a light in the window, which was never to be seen there so late when he was at home. Notwithstanding the plausible manner in which Perry accounted for the way in which he had spent the night, it was not thought advisable to liberate him from custody, until further search had been made for the body of the missing man. He, therefore, continued in custody for about a week, during which time he was again examined, but no further information could be obtained.

It having been rumored that during his restraint he told some one who had pressed him on the subject, that his master had been killed by a tinker, and that he had said to others that he had been robbed and murdered by a gentleman's servant, who had hidden his corpse in the beanrick at Campden, further search was made there, but with no result. At length, Perry declared that if he were again examined before the justice, he would disclose a secret which he would tell to no one else. On being again brought before the justice who had previously examined him, he confessed that his master had been murdered, but he denied having done the deed. The justice then told him that if he knew that his master had been murdered, he must know by whom the deed had been done. At last, Perry confessed that he did know. On being further urged to confess everything he knew about the matter, he declared that the murder had been committed by his own mother and brother. On hearing this, the justice cautioned him to consider well what he said, assuring him at the same time that he feared that it was Perry himself who was guilty of his master's murder, and at the same time told him that he ought to be careful not to draw more innocent blood on his head, for what he said might cost his mother and brother their lives. But the prisoner continued to assert that he spoke nothing but the truth, the justice desired him to declare how and where the deed was done. He then confessed that both his mother and brother had tempted him, ever since he had been in his master's service, to steal for them; reminding how poor they were, and that it was now in his power to relieve them by simply giving notice when his master went to collect the rents, for they would then waylay and rob him. He further said, that on the morning of the day his master went to Charringford, he went on an errand into the town, and in the street met with his brother; and that he then told him his master was going to collect the rents, and that if he way-laid him, he might obtain the money. He also said that when his mistress sent him to seek his master; he met his brother at the gate. They then went together a little way, when they parted, but soon after again met, and then went together until they came to a gate that led into Lady Campden's ground, called the 'Conygree.' Through this gate, to those who had a key to open it, was the nearest way to Mr. Harrison's house. Perceiving as he thought, some one pass through the gate into the grounds, he concluded that it must be his master on his way home, for no one could enter the grounds without possessing, as his master did, the key to open the gate. But it was then so dark that they could not distinguish anything with certainty. He then advised his brother to follow his master into the grounds, and rob him there while he himself, to give him opportunity, would walk about the fields for a time. His brother consented to this, and followed his master into the grounds. After waiting for a time, he followed his brother into the Conygree. There he discovered his master lying on the ground, his brother being on him, and his mother standing by.

On being asked by the justice whether his master was then dead, Perry replied that he was not, and that after he had reached him, he heard his master cry: 'Ah, rogues will you kill me?' When he saw what they were doing, he asked them not to kill his master. But his brother only replied: 'Peace you fool!' and then proceeded to strangle his victim. After murdering him, his brother proceeded to take a bag of money from his master's pocket, and flung it to his mother. Then he and his brother carried the dead body into the garden that adjoined the ground. There they consulted what should be done with it. At length, they agreed to throw it into the great sink behind Wallington's Mills, that adjoined the garden. His mother and brother then directed him to go up to the court next to the house, and listen if he could hear any one abroad, while they disposed of the body. He also said that after that he did not return to them, but went through the court-gate that leads towards the town. There he met with John Pearce, with whom he went into the field, and afterwards returned with him to his master's gate. From thence he proceeded to the hen-roost, where he lay till twelve. He then went out, taking with him his master's hat, band, and comb, which he had stolen from the body, and hidden there. After cutting them with his knife, he laid them down on the highway, where they were afterwards found.

In consequence of his confession, Perry's mother and brother were at once taken into custody on the charge of murdering his master. The sink into which it was supposed that Mr. Harrison's dead body had been thrown was carefully searched, as well as all the ponds in the neighborhood, but nothing was discovered. It being supposed that the dead body might have been hidden in the ruins of Campden House, which had been burned during the civil wars, search was also made there, but with no result.

When his mother and brother were confronted with Perry they denied all knowledge of the murder, and bitterly accused him of bearing false witness against them. Perry, however, still persisted in his accusation, stating that he was willing to die if he had not spoken the truth. When a piece of rope with a slip-knot at the end, which was found in his brother's pocket, was shown to him, he declared that it was the rope with which the murder had been committed.

In the Spring following, when Perry and his mother and brother were tried for murder, they pleaded not guilty. Perry, when his confession was brought forward in evidence against them, denied its truth, stating that he was then mad, and did not know what he said. The result of the trial was that they were all three found guilty of the murder of William Harrison. A few days afterwards, they were brought to Broadway Hill, in sight of Campden House. There they were all three executed, strongly denying their guilt.

Now, the most remarkable part of the history remains to be told. A few years after, William Harrison himself returned to Campden. The account he gave of his absence was that, as he was passing through Ebrington furzes, some persons stopped him, flung a cloak over his head, fastened his wrists together, and then carried him across the country to the sea-coast. When they reached Deal, they sold him to a person for seven pounds. He was then put on board a vessel; there he remained at sea for six weeks. From thence he was transferred into a Turkish ship. When the vessel reached shore, he was sold to an aged physician at Smyrna, and remained there until his master's death. Then he ran away, and concealed himself on board a ship, which took him to Lisbon. From thence he found his way to London. The account thus concludes, 'Many question the truth of this account Mr. Harrison gave of himself, believing that he never was out of England. That Mr. Harrison was absent from his employment for two years is certain; and if not carried away, as he affirms, no probable reason can be given for his absence; he living plentifully and happily in the service of that honorable family, to whom he had been then related above fifty years, with the reputation of a just and faithful servant, cannot reasonably be thought to have forsaken his wife, his children, and his steward-ship, and leave behind him, as he then did, a considerable sum of money in the house. We cannot, therefore, in charity but believe that Mr. Harrison was carried away; but by whom, and whose procurement, is the question. Those who did it, he affirms never to have seen before. That he was spirited—that is, stolen—to be sent to the Plantations, and there sold a slave, as some are said to have been, is noways probable, as he was an old and infirm man, and taken from the most inland part of the country; and if sold, as he apprehends he was, for seven pounds, would not recompense the trouble and charge of his conveyance to the sea-side. Some, therefore, have had bad thoughts of his eldest son, not knowing who else to suspect, and believe the hopes of his stewardship, which he afterwards (by Lord Campden's favor) enjoyed, might induce him to wish his father removed, and they are the more confirmed in this from his misbehavior in it. But, on the other side, it is hard to think that the son knew of his father's transportation, and consequently of these unhappy persons' innocency as to the murder of him, and yet could prosecute them to the death, as he did; and when condemned, could be the occasion of their being conveyed about twenty miles to be hanged in chains, where he might daily see them, and himself stand at the foot of the ladder where they were all executed, as he likewise did. These considerations, as they make it improbable the son should be privy to his father's transportation, so they render the whole matter the more dark and mysterious, which we must therefore leave unto Him who alone knoweth all things in His due time to reveal and bring to light.

While the war lasted, the Prussian authorities studiously refrained from publishing their list of losses; but now that the contest is over, the truth upon this subject is told. These losses were terrible. In the Prussian Guard most of the regiments lost more than a third of their men, and the greater number of these fell in a single day's fighting of St. Privat. The Third Army Corps was also terribly punished in the battles of Spicheren and Marsla-Tour. In these two fights the Forty-eighth Regiment lost all but three out of 64 officers; and out of about 2,800 men, 1,497 were killed and wounded. At Orleans the Fifty-second Regiment lost 58 officers, 7 ensigns, and 1,431 men, out of about 2,500 who were present for duty. At Le Maus the Thirty-fifth Regiment lost 46 officers, 2 ensigns, and 1,267 men. In the whole Prussian Guard and Third Army Corps there is not a regiment that lost less than 40 officers and 1,000 men. While the casualties in the cavalry were generally much smaller, the First Dragoons of the Guard lost more than half its officers and a quarter of its men.

An Anecdote of Bismarck.—On one occasion, when the King was out of favor with a number of his subjects, Bismarck entered a beer saloon for the purpose of quaffing a mug of beer, and while there heard a man abusing the royal family, which so kindled his wrath that he addressed the offender, thus: "Now I'm going to drink this mug of beer, and if you don't take that back, sir, when I have finished I will break the mug over your head." Having swallowed the beer and no withdrawal being made, he, fulfilling his threat, sent the empty mug spinning at the fellow's head, and then, as if nothing had happened, stepped up to the bar-keeper and asked what was to pay for breaking his mug.

Fifteen young ladies took the vail in St. Louis last week. Of the ceremony an account says: "The fifteen novices who desired to assume the habit, appeared before the altar dressed in white, each wearing a wreath of orange blossoms, from which descended delicate lines of stems and leaves. Their appearance was exceedingly interesting. In the placid fair young faces there was hardly a trace to be detected of girlish embarrassment at being subjected to the gaze of the audience. The religious sacredness of the occasion to them doubtless absorbed every other thought."

Profits of Cotton Manufacturers.—The profit of manufacturers is nowhere better shown than by the facts that England paid the United States last year for cotton $184,000,000, and by making this cotton up into fabrics she cleared $188,000,000 of net profit.

In Death Not Divided.

The following striking sketch in verse, appearing lately in the Toledo (O.) *Blade*, over the signature of Mr. Will M. Carleton, of Hillsdale, Mich., is not only profoundly true to human nature, but also invests such nature, even through a hard, superficial aspect, with that struggling instinct towards the good and gentle which is never wholly eradicated from any human soul. The use of examples from the lowest grades of vice to illustrate the immortality of this latter innate trait is usually a device of the genius, seeking the strongest and most immediate dramatic effect for its picture; but in the present case the poet goes no lower in the moral scale than a hard-headed, self-willed old farmer, directing the drawing up of "the papers" which shall "separate" his Betsy and himself for the brief remainder of their nearly-told lives, and the result is at once an admirable study of character and a moral demonstration in nowise violative of the purest epic art. The melting, by swift degrees, of the husband's heart as he enumerates one after another the things to be "made over" to the renounced wife; the incidental recollections of loving offices in the past; the increasing spirit of generous self-sacrifice; and, through all, the never-relaxing, stern purpose of absolute separation from the woman—until death, are characteristics and contrasts constituting that consistency in inconsistency which it is the inspiration of genius to recognize in human nature, and the prerogative of the best art fitly to portray:

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

(A Farm Ballad.)

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsey and I are out.
We who have worked together so long as man and wife
Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you? I swan! it's hard to tell;
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman—she has no other man,
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me;
So we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had, for a start;
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone,
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was somethin' concerning heaven—a difference in our creed.
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we arg'ed the thing at tea—
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket, for certain—the question was only—How?
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and had 'nt any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got;
But it gives us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say.
And down on us come the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak.
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', th whole of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me;
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live-stock, that she shall have her half.
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead; a man can thrive and roam;
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home.
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey never should want a home, if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol-'rable pay;
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause, there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such.
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, except with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon—
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen.
And I don't complain of Betsey or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer; and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her and see if it's all right;
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know—
And kiss the child that was left to us and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur;
That when I am dead at last she bring me back to her;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me;
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we have quarreled here.

The Fish Question.—The question of the use of fish pounds is becoming one of great moment on the lakes as well as the sea-coast, and bids fair to involve much acrimonious controversy. A convention of fishermen, interested in this subject, was held not long since at Monroe, Michigan, where the matter was discussed in all its bearings. It was there stated that $250,000 was invested at present in the fisheries at the western end of Lake Erie, and that certain anticipated legislation looking toward the prohibition of pounds would be impolitic and unjust, and that all proper measures should be taken to prevent the passage of the acts in question. It is said that Wisconsin has passed a law prohibiting the use of pounds on her shores, and that Illinois is about to follow suit. These measures, it is suggested, will be contested by parties, on the grounds that States have no right to pass enactments having reference to the waters properly controlled by the United States, and that the authorities at Washington alone are competent to take action in the matter.

Magnitude of the Sun.—A recent work on astronomy thus, by comparison, gives us a vivid idea of the magnitude of the sun:—"Let the reader consider a terrestrial globe, three inches in diameter, and search out on the globe the tiny triangular speck which represents Great Britain. Let him endeavor to picture the town in which he lives as represented by the minutest pin-mark that could possibly be made upon the speck. He will then have formed some conception, though but an inadequate one, of the enormous dimensions of the earth's globe, compared with the scene in which his daily life is cast. Now, on the same scale, the sun would be represented by a globe about twice the height of an ordinary sitting-room. A room about twenty-six feet in length, and heighth, and breadth, would be required to contain the representation of the sun's globe on the scale, while the globe representing the earth could be placed in a moderately large goblet."—*English paper.*

The Harvard Boat Club has at last responded to Yale's challenges, but is inclined to supersede the usual University race between those two colleges by reviving the Union College regatta, which was tried a dozen years ago. The response of Harvard is that it will be ready to engage in a six-oared, three-miles, straight-away race on the 14th of July, provided fair play and honorable dealing can be assured in advance to all parties, and provided that all American colleges shall be allowed to enter crews for the race. A day is appointed for the meeting of delegates in Springfield to talk the matter over, and if possible agree upon definite rules and regulations for the contest. The choice of locality practically lies between the harbor at New-London and the river at Springfield, with the chance in favor of the latter.

The store of fish stories is inexhaustible. The latest is about eels. The *Delaware County* (Pa.) *American* says: "A gentleman who has resided a number of years on the margin of the Delaware, informs us that it is an interesting sight in the mouth of April to watch the migration of eels. The fish, which are all young, only some four or five inches in length, advance in uniform order in a grand procession, within a foot or two of the shore, and usually three abreast. They migrate from salt water to the upper parts of the river, are about three days passing and keep up a uniform speed day and night. They proceed in as close proximity to the shore as possible, in order to escape their enemies, catfish, rock and perch. The old fishermen never fail to observe this interesting spectacle."

Calling in Three Per Cents.—The Secretary of the Treasury has directed the Assistant Treasurer at New York to notify the holders of three per cent. temporary loan certificates issued under the acts of March 2, 1867, and July 25, 1868, of the denomination of $5,000 each, numbers 1,100 to 1,301 inclusive, and of the denomination of $10,000 each, numbers 1,072 to 1,389 inclusive, that they will be paid on presentation at the Sub-Treasury, and that from and after the 31st day of May next such certificates will cease to bear interest, and will no longer be available as a portion of the lawful money reserve in possession of any of the national banking associations. The aggregate amount of the certificates thus called in is $3,000,000.

A German living in Ohio, after a three years' residence in this country, recently received information from his parents in the old country that if he did not return and join the army his property would be confiscated. The poor fellow took counsel of the German Minister at Washington before starting, and found that, if he wants to save his estate, he must go. He departs now for fatherland, with the mournful consolation that he has not had to become a soldier before the cruel war was over.

The Queen of Sweden, who died at Stockholm, was a daughter of William Frederick, a member of the House of Orange, and uncle of the present King of Holland. She was born Aug. 5, 1828, and married June 19, 1850, Charles XV., the King of Sweden, who is a grandson of Bernadotte, one of the first Napoleon's field-marshals. The deceased Queen never took part in political affairs, and was very popular with the Swedish people.

A Western editor says that a girl who is now called "a beautiful blonde," would a few years ago have been termed "a tow-head."

New Styles for Spring Costumes.

Summer cashmere is a novelty. It is a soft, all-wool, twilled fabric of very light quality, in broken plaids, checks, and cross-bars. The selvedges are finished as fringe, to be used in trimming flounces and the over garments. It is six-quarters wide and $1 50 a yard. As many object to these self-fringed goods on account of their resemblance to the shawl suits that are now somewhat passee, the fringe can be dispensed with. At any rate, we know of no more beautiful fabric than this, especially for ladies' wrappers and for children's suits. The bright blue and white plaids are among the prettiest; and another stylish combination is black and white plaid with maroon bars between. Lower-priced cashmeres, slightly mixed with cotton, are $1 25 a yard.

All wool serges, as fine and soft as ladies' cloth, buff and brown shades, with a darker stripe and fringe on one edge, for $1 10 a yard. Mixed with cotton, they are 80 cents. Very lustrous mohairs in all the Spring shades, and the heavier Palermo poplins with fine reps, are 65 cents a yard.

Batiste robes are plain cambrics, self-colored, with a stripe for bordering near the edges. They are 35 cents a yard, or about $4 25 the dress pattern. Linen lawns of palest unbleached buff or light gray are sold for 25 cents a yard. The furnishing houses sell suits of these, ready made, with postilion basque, the Worth overskirt, and a lower skirt trimmed with four or five narrow ruffles edged with guipure lace of the same shade, for $25. These are stylish and inexpensive suits, but the problem to be solved is how shall they be washed? The buff linen lawns invariably have a pinkish hue after having been wet, and gray lawn is apt to be streaked and shaded.

The newest lace collar, called the Von Moltke, is pointed at the throat, to be worn very low, has square outer corners, and grows narrow toward the neck. It resembles the shape of the Marie Antoinette collar.

A similar shaped collarette, which ladies call regalia, is made of sheer white muslin in soft folds, edged with point duchesse lace. One of these made to wear over a black velvet dress is $25; simply trimmed with Valenciennes, they are $10 or $12. For light mourning they are of white muslin, trimmed with very fine side pleating edged with footing; prize $4. Cuffs or foils for the wrists are made to match. Pale blue or mauve regalias of China crape or soft India silk, trimmed with white lace, are made for young ladies to wear over white or black dresses. They are new and very dressy.

Ventilation Through Single Openings.

Many people suppose that, in order properly to ventilate a room, openings on opposite sides must be provided, so that a passage of air *through* the apartment may take place. This doubtless gives a more rapid change of air than any other method, but it exposes the occupants to the action of currents, and thus frequently becomes the source of colds. That an active interchange between the external and internal air will go on through a single opening may be readily shown by a very simple experiment. Raise the lower sash of a window in a room otherwise closed, and let a person who is smoking station himself in front of the opening. When the cloud of smoke is directed toward the upper part of the open space it will be seen to escape outward; when on the contrary it is directed toward the lower part of the opening, it will be carried inward and toward the floor. As long as there is any density of the external and internal air, such a circulation will continue. Provided the inmates of the apartment avoid a position immediately adjacent to the aperture, no currents will be felt, as the air in the other parts of the room will be moving in much larger masses, and at a greatly reduced rate of speed.

Hunt up Your "Webster."

There are fewer people who are correct in their orthograph than one would suppose possible, and the mistakes made by the large majority of people in spelling the words of which the subjoined sentences are composed are by no means few:

"It is an agreeable sight to witness the unparalleled embarsassment of a harassed peddler in attempting to guage a peeled onion which a Sibyl has stabbed with a pionard regardless of the innuendoes of the lilies of the carnelian hue."

"Considering the carnelian hues and separating the innuendoes from the incipient beginnings, I will simply state that the cobbler's pony ate a potato from a peddler's wagon which was gauged by a Sibyl on an unparalleled trestle work." These sentences are old, and may look very simple, but there are very few persons who can write them off quickly and correctly without references.

I know an ingenious rascal, says an English correspondent in France, who behaved more miserably than anybody else. The fellow used quietly to go and hire the Prussians he met on the road, for ten francs a day. When he had thus four or five helmets behind him, he went about knocking at all the doors for miles around. Then sighing, crying, he said he was ordered by the enemy to requisition horses, cows, oats, anything, everything. The Prussians, by their mere presence, so proved what he affirmed, that no one thought of resisting. At the end of the day the cheat sold beasts and grain to the enemy. He took care to get from these receipts stamped and an order, which gave him extra facilities for continuing next day. In this style the wretch has gained hundreds of thousands of francs. Before a year is out he will be mayor of his district, for is not he rich, and has he not proved himself a sharp fellow?

"Carlyle relates, in his History of the French Revolution, that a wood-cut was issued representing a gourmand convoking the poultry of his barnyard, with the opening address: 'Dear animals, I have assembled you to advise me what sauce I shall dress you with.' To which a cock responding, 'We don't want to be eaten,' was checked by the remark, 'You wander from the point.'"

A leading Boston architect is confident that in less than twenty years all buildings there will be built of brick, stone and iron. Timber is growing each year relatively scarce and high.

Facts and Fancies.

We open the hearts of others when we open our own.

Dark blue is most fashionable for Spring over-coats.

Paper currency established in North America May 15, 1775.

Begin life with but little show; you may increase it afterwards.

Tell not your secrets to your servant, for he will then be your master.

Bread is said to have been first made of yeast by the English, about 1670.

Uniform suits are all the rage this Spring for gentlemen as well as ladies.

Pale blue and lavender are now the prevalent tints in gentlemen's scarfs.

The census shows that 7,587 residents of Boston were born in New Hampshire.

The only hate we all bear with Christian patience is the hate of those who envy us.

Politeness is like an air cushion—there may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

The cotton crop for 1871 is estimated at four million bales, or a little less than that of last year.

A Michigander has paid $25 and costs for a "joke on a friend." He loaded a cigar with powder.

The world would be more happy if persons gave up more time to an intercourse of friendship.

The three things most difficult are, to keep a secret, to forget an injury and to make good use of leisure.

Have nothing to do with a man in a passion, for men are not like iron, to be wrought upon when hot.

Canada has now 2,810 postoffices, and the entire postal route is 29,430 miles. The revenue in 1870 was $1,010,767.

Leisure is a very pleasant garment to look at, but it is a very bad one to wear. The ruin of millions may be traced to it.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common suffering is a far stronger link than common joy.

A young girl generally loses her freshness by mingling with fashionable society as a bright stream does by mingling with the sea.

Truthfulness is a corner stone in character; and if it be not firmly laid in youth there will always be a weak spot in the foundation.

Few things are more necessary to success in life than these qualities. With them a man can rarely fail; without them he can rarely succeed.

Rather do nothing to the purpose than be idle, that the devil may find the doing. The bird that sits is easily shot, when flyers escape the fowler.

Whosoever is afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious, to the test of free discussion, is more in love with his own opinion than with truth.

It is much better to decide a difference between enemies than friends; for one of our friends will become an enemy, and one of our enemies a friend.

The City Marshal of Denver publishes a notice that he shall "impanel" any horses, cows, deer, buffaloes, antelopes, &c., found at large in the streets.

Conscience is a sleeping giant; we may lull him into a longer or shorter slumber; but his starts are frightful, and terrible is the hour when he awakes.

The use of the organ in the Baptist church in Jacksonville, Florida, "is dispensed with, it being an objectionable instrument to some of the members."

Experience teaches, it is true, but she never teaches in time. Each event brings its lesson, and the lesson is remembered, but the same event never occurs again.

Knowledge precedes obedience. Truth leads to good. How important, then, that our knowledge should be sound, and what we regard as truth of heavily origin.

It is suggested that in these days of panic about national defence in England, the army of footmen, which exists in rich men's houses, should be drilled for a couple of hours daily.

If promises from man to man have force, why not from man to woman? Their very weakness is the charter of their power, and they should not be injured because they cannot return it.

They have a young lady out in Wisconsin, who last fall ploughed no less than thirty acres of land and took care of the team, during her services as a farm hand. And only fourteen years of age at that.

An old lady who was very much troubled by the prospect of the introduction of gas in her village, and the consequent disuse of whale oil, asked with much earnestness: "What will become of the poor whales!"

It is a standing joke at one of the hotels in Milwaukee, when strangers lounge up to the counter and inquire, "Where are the amusements to-night?" to lead them up to the large church directory which hangs near by.

To show the reliability of weather prophecies based on scientific observation, it is mentioned that a telegraphic prediction of a late storm was received at San Francisco within twenty-four hours after the storm had occurred.

We should always rest satisfied with doing well, and let others talk of us as as they please, for they can do us no injury, although they may think they have found a flaw in our proceedings, and are determined to rise on our downfall, or profit by our injury.

It may surprise some readers to know that the oleander, so popular as a house and garden plant, is extremely poisonous. An Ohio doctor writes that he was recently called to attend a child who had eaten some small fragments of an oleander bush, that had been cut off. The symptoms were sudden and violent, and the result nearly fatal. Deathly prostration, sunken eyes, great pallor, incessant vomiting, extreme thirst, and purging, were the predominating symptoms.

Sampson Pritchard, who seems to be a lineal descendant of his biblical namesake, has been sued in Macon, Ga., for pulling down with his own hands a frame rum-shop, from which he had been turned out by twenty of the inmates for raising a disturbance and threatening to exterminate the entire number.

It costs more for eggs than for flour in a first-class hotel.

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