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A Retrospect.

I see it now:—An orchard set
Deep in a garden, rank and green—
It scarce were older now than then
For all the seasons gone between,
So very hoar the branches spread,
Bowed lowly to the dappled bed,
Caught by the ivy, nothing loath.

Tall purple orchis here and there
Shot up its spirals to the space,
Where white upon the blue expanse,
Pale apple-blossoms leaned their face,
Or fluttered softly to their rest,
Scarce choosing which should be the best,
And pausing midway, fain for both.

All interlaced that orchard lay,
All rife with greenest things that grow,
Tall ferns and matted underground,
Where friendly mice would come and go—
Here peep up curious from a tent
Of burdock leaves, all dew-besprent,
Or from a primrose alley-show.

A pathway ran—I see it now—
Around the orchard cast and west,
That for companions of its way
Would choose the flowers it loved the best;
So soft, a footpath well might come
With less ado than wild-bee's hum,
And pass beneath the branches low.

And so it fell. I see her now,
A lithesome figure in the way,
Just where the grandest meeting boughs
Had most assayed to hide the day;
The meek head bent upon the book,
She peaceful conned with holy look,
As Gabriel some scroll of God.

Bidding him hasten on his road.
She, too, has such a tiding soon,
I think she read it first that hour;
Before had waned a newer moon
No lithesome figure in between
Stood wrapped about with comely green—
She, too, was bidden of the Lord.

Some thinker that has thought aloud
(I thank him, for the thought is kind,)
Has reasoned that we hold our bliss,
That heaven itself is in the mind.
I sometimes think my heaven may be
A green place, with its orchard tree,
And one sweet angel known to me.

THE POET OF SIERRA FLAT.

BY BRETT HARTE.

As the enterprising editor of the "Sierra Flat Record" stood at his case setting type for his next week's paper, he was startled by the sudden irruption of a small roll of manuscript, which was thrown through the open door and fell at his feet. An examination of the manuscript, however, showed that it was evidently of human origin,—being verse, and of exceeding bad quality. The editor laid it aside.

A few days after this the editorial seclusion was invaded by voices of alternate expostulation and entreaty. Stepping to the door, the editor was amazed at beholding Mr. Morgan McCorkle, a well-known citizen of Angelo, and a subscriber to the "Record," in the act of urging, partly by force and partly by argument, an awkward young man toward the building. When he had finally effected his object, and, as it were, safely landed his prize in a chair, Mr. McCorkle took off his hat, carefully wiped the narrow isthmus of forehead which divided his black brows from his stubby hair, and, with an explanatory wave of his hand toward his reluctant companion, said, "A borned poet, and the cussedest fool you ever seed!"

Accepting the editor's smile as a recognition of the introduction, Mr. McCorkle panted and went on: "Didn't want to come! 'Mister Editor don't want to see me, Morg,' sez he. 'Milt,' sez I, 'he do; a borned poet like you and a gifted genius like he oughter come together sociable! And I fetched him. Ah, will yer?" The born poet had, after exhibiting signs of great distress, started to run. But Mr. McCorkle was down upon him instantly, seizing him by his long linen coat and settled him back in his chair. "'Tain't no use stampeding. Yer ye are and yer ye stays. For yer a borned poet,—ef ye are as shy as a jackass rabbit. Look at 'im now!"

He certainly was not an attractive picture. There was hardly a notable feature in his weak face, except his eyes, which were moist and shy, and not unlike the animal to which Mr. McCorkle had compared him. It was the face that the editor had seen at the window.

"Knowed him for fower year,—since he war a boy," continued Mr. McCorkle in a loud whisper. "Allers the same, bless you! Can jerk a rhyme as easy as turnin' jack. Never had any eddication; lived out in Missooray all his life. But he's chock full o' poetry. On'y this mornin' sez I to him,—he camps along o' me,—'Milt!' sez I, 'are breakfast ready?' and he up and answers back quite peart and chipper, 'The breakfast it is ready, and the birds is singing free, and it's risin' in the dawnin' light is happiness to me!' When a man," said Mr. McCorkle, dropping his voice with deep solemnity, "gets off things like them without any call to do it, and handlin' flapjacks over a cook-stove at the same time,—that man's a borned poet."

There was an awkward pause. Mr. McCorkle beamed patronizingly on his *protege*. The born poet looked as if he were meditating another flight,—not a metaphorical one. The editor asked if he could do anything for them.

"In course you can," responded Mr. McCorkle, "that's jest it. Milt, where's that poetry?"

The editor's countenance fell as the poet produced from his pocket a roll of manuscript. He, however, took it mechanically and glanced over it. It was evidently a duplicate of the former mysterious contribution.

The editor then spoke briefly but earnestly. I regret that I cannot recall his exact words, but it appeared that never before, in the history of the "Record," had the pressure been so great upon its columns. Matters of paramount importance, deeply affecting the material progress of Sierra, questions touching the absolute integrity of Calaveras and Tuolumne as social communities, were even now waiting expression. Weeks, nay months, must elapse before that pressure would be removed, and the "Record" could grapple with any but the sternest of topics. Again, the editor had noticed with pain the absolute decline of poetry in the foot-hills of the Sierras. Even the works of Byron and Moore attracted no attention in Dutch Flat, and a prejudice seemed to exist against Tennyson in Grass Valley. But the editor was not without hope for the future. In the course of four or five years, when the country was settled.—

"What would be the cost to print this yer?" interrupted Mr. McCorkle quietly.

"About fifty dollars, as an advertisement," responded the editor with cheerful alacrity.

Mr. McCorkle placed the sum in the editor's hand. "Yer see thet's what I sez to Milt, 'Milt,' sez I, 'pay as you go, for you are a borned poet. Givin' no call to write, but doin' it free and spontaneous like, in course you pays. Thet's why Mister Editor never printed your poetry."

"What name shall I put to it?" asked the editor.

"Milton."

It was the first word that the born poet had spoken during the interview, and his voice was so very sweet and musical that the editor looked at him curiously, and wondered if he had a sister.

"Milton; is that all?"

"Thet's his furst name," explained Mr. McCorkle.

The editor here suggested that as there had been another poet of that name—

"Milt might be took for him! Thet's bad," reflected Mr. McCorkle with simple gravity. "Well, put down his hull name,—Milton Chubbuck."

The editor made a note of the fact. "I'll set it up now," he said. This was also a hint that the interview was ended. The poet and patron, arm in arm drew towards the door. "In next week's paper," said the editor, smilingly, in answer to the child-like look of inquiry in the eyes of the poet, and in another moment they were gone.

The effect of the poem on Sierra Flat was remarkable and unprecedented. The absolute vileness of its doggerel, the gratuitous imbecility of its thought, and above all the crowning audacity of the fact that it was the work of a citizen and published in the county paper, brought it instantly into popularity. For many months Calaveras had languished for a sensation; since the last vigilance committee nothing had transpired to dispel the listless *ennui* begotten of stagnant business and growing civilization. The paper was in such demand that the edition was speedily exhausted. In brief, the poem of Mr. Milton Chubbuck came like a special providence to Sierra Flat. It was read by camp-fires, in lonely cabins, in flaring bar-rooms and noisy saloons, and declaimed from the boxes of stage-coaches. It was sung in Poker Flat with the addition of a local chorus, and danced as an unhallowed rhythmic dance by the Pyrrhic phalanx of One Horse Gulch, known as "The Festive Stags of Calaveras." Some unhappy ambiguities of expression gave rise to many new readings, notes and commentaries, which, I regret to state, were more often marked by ingenuity than delicacy of thought or expression.

Never before did poet acquire such sudden local reputation. From the seclusion of McCorkle's cabin and the obscurity of culinary labors, he was haled forth into the glowing sunshine of Fame. The name of Chubbuck was written in letters of chalk on unpainted walls, and carved with a pick on the sides of tunnels. A drink known variously as "The Chubbuck Tranquillizer," or "The Chubbuck Exalter," was dispensed at the bars. For some weeks a rude design for a Chubbuck statue, made up of illustrations from circus and melodeon posters, representing the genius of Calaveras in brief skirts on a flying steed in the act of crowning the poet Chubbuck, was visible at Keeler's Ferry. The poet himself was overborne with invitations to drink and extravagant congratulations. The meeting between Colonel Starbottle of Siskylon and Chubbuck, as previously arranged by our "Boston," late of Roaring Camp, is said to have been indescribably affecting. The Colonel embraced him unsteadily. "I could not return to my constituents at Siskylon, sir, if this hand which has grasped that of the gifted Prentice and the lamented Poe should not have been honored by the touch of the godlike Chubbuck. Gentlemen, American literature is looking up. Thank you, I will take sugar in mine." It was "Boston" who indited letters of congratulations from H. W. Longfellow, Tennyson, and Browning to Mr. Chubbuck, deposited them in the Sierra Flat post-office, and obligingly consented to dictate the replies.

The simple faith and unaffected delight with which these manifestations were received by the poet and his patron might have touched the hearts of these grim masters of irony, but for the sudden and equal development in both of [illegible] sparkled approvingly and mischievously. She only stipulated that she should see the man first,—a concession to her feminine weakness which years of dancing Juba and wearing trousers and boots had not wholly eradicated from her willful breast. By all means, it should be done. And the interview was arranged for the next week.

It must not be supposed that during this interval of popularity Mr. Chubbuck had been unmindful of his poetic qualities. A certain portion of each day he was absent from town,—"a communin' with natur'," as Mr. McCorkle expressed it, and actually wandering in the mountain trails, or lying on his back under the trees, or gathering fragrant herbs and the bright-colored berries of the Marzanita. These and his company he generally brought to the editor's office, late in the afternoon, often to that enterprising journalist's infinite weariness. Quiet and uncommunicative, he would sit there patiently watching him at his work until the hour for closing the office arrived, when he would as quietly depart. There was something so humble and unobtrusive in these visits, that the editor could not find it in his heart to deny them, and accepting them, like the woodpeckers, as a part of his sylvan surroundings, often forgot even his presence. Once or twice, moved by some beauty of expression in the moist, shy eyes, he felt like seriously admonishing his visitor of his idle folly; but his glance falling upon the oiled hair and the gorgeous neck-tie, he invariably thought better of it. The case was evidently hopeless.

The interview between Mr. Chubbuck and the "California Pet" took place in a private room of the Union Hotel; propriety being respected by the presence of that arch-humorist, "Boston." To this gentleman we are indebted for the only true account of the meeting. However reticent Mr. Chubbuck might have been in the presence of his own sex, toward the fairer portion of humanity he was, like most poets, exceedingly voluble. Accustomed as the "California Pet" had been to excessive compliment, she was fairly embarassed by the extravagant praises of her visitor. Her personation of boy characters, her dancing of the "Champion Jig," were particularly dwelt upon with fervid but unmistakable admiration. At last, recovering her audacity and emboldened by the presence of "Boston," the "California Pet" electrified her hearers by demanding, half jestingly, half viciously, if it were as a boy or a girl that she was the subject of his flattering admiration.

"That knocked him out o' time," said the delighted "Boston," in his subsequent account of the interview. "But do you believe the —— fool actually asked her to take him with her; wanted to engage in the company."

The plan, as briefly unfolded by "Boston," was to prevail upon Mr. Chubbuck to make his appearance in costume (already designed and prepared by the inventor) before a Sierra Flat audience, and recite an original poem at the Hall immediately on the conclusion of the "California Pet's" performance. At a given signal the audience were to rise and deliver a volley of unsavory articles (previously provided by the originator of the scheme); then a select few were to rush on the stage, seize the poet, and, after marching him in triumphal procession through town, were to deposit him beyond its uttermost limits, with strict injunctions never to enter it again. To the first part of the plan the poet was committed, for the latter portion it was easy enough to find participants.

The eventful night came, and with it an audience that packed the long narrow room with one dense mass of human beings. The "California Pet" never had been so joyous, so reckless, so fascinating and audacious before. But the applause was tame and weak compared to the ironical outburst that greeted the second rising of the curtain and the entrance of the born poet of Sierra Flat. Then there was a hush of expectancy, and the poet stepped to the foot-lights and stood with his manuscript in his hand.

His face was deadly pale. Either there was some suggestion of his fate in the faces of his audience, or some mysterious instinct told him of his danger. He attempted to speak, but faltered, tottered, and staggered to the wings.

Fearful of losing his prey, "Boston" gave the signal and leaped upon the stage. But at the same moment a light figure darted from behind the scenes, and delivering a kick that sent the discomfited humorists back among the musicians, cut a pigeon-wing, executed a double-shuffle, and then advancing to the foot-lights with that inimitable look, that audacious swagger and utter *abandon* which had so thrilled and fascinated them a moment before, uttered the characteristic speech: "Wot are you goin' to hit a man fur, when he's down, s-a-a-y?"

The look, the drawl, the action, the readiness, and above all the downright courage of the little woman, had its effect. A roar of sympathetic applause followed the act. "Cut and run while you can," she whispered hurriedly over her one shoulder, without altering the other's attitude of pert and saucy defiance toward the audience. But even as she spoke the poet tottered and sank fainting upon the stage. Then she threw a despairing whisper behind the scenes, "Ring down the curtain."

There was a slight movement of opposition in the audience, but among them rose the burly shoulders of Yuba Bill, the tall, erect figure of Henry York of Sandy Bar, and the colorless, determined face of John Oakburst. The curtain came down.

Behind it knelt the "California Pet" beside the prostrate poet. "Bring me some water. Run for a doctor. Stop!! Clear out, all of you!"

She had unloosed the gaudy cravat and opened the shirt-collar of the insensible figure before her. Then she burst into an hysterical laugh.

"Manuela!"

Her tiring woman, a Mexican half-breed, came toward her.

"Help me with him to my dressing-room, quick; then stand outside and wait. If any one questions you, tell them he's gone. Do you hear? He's gone."

The old woman did as she was bade. In a few moments the audience had departed. Before morning so also had the "California Pet," Manuela, and—the poet of Sierra Flat.

But, alas! with them also had departed the fair fame of the "California Pet." Only a few, and these it is to be feared of not the best moral character themselves, still had faith in the stainless honor of their favorite actress. "It was a mighty foolish thing to do, but it'll all come out right yet." On the other hand, a majority gave her full credit and approbation for her undoubted pluck and gallantry, but deplored that she should have thrown it away upon a worthless object. To elect for a lover the despised and ridiculed vagrant of Sierra Flat, who had not even the manliness to stand up in his own defence, was not only evidence of inherent moral depravity, but was an insult to the community. Colonel Starbottle saw in it only another instance of the extreme frailty of the sex; he had known similar cases. The Colonel had also noticed a singular look in the dog's eye which he did not entirely fancy. He would not say anything against the lady, sir, but he had noticed——. And here haply the Colonel became so mysterious and darkly confidential as to be unintelligible and inaudible to the bystanders.

A few days after the disappearance of Mr. Chubbuck a singular report reached Sierra Flat, and it was noticed that "Boston," who since the failure of his elaborate joke had been even more depressed in spirits than is habitual with great humorists, suddenly found that his presence was required in San Francisco. But as yet nothing but the vaguest surmises were afloat, and nothing definite was known.

It was a pleasant afternoon when the editor of the "Sierra Flat Record" looked up from his case and beheld the figure of Mr. Morgan McCorkle standing in the doorway. There was a distressed look on the face of that worthy gentleman that at once enlisted the editor's sympathizing attention. He held an open letter in his hand, as he advanced toward the middle of the room.

"As a man as has allers borne a fair reputation," began Mr. McCorkle slowly, "I should like, if so be as I could, Mister Editor, to make a correction in the columns of your valooable paper."

Mr. Editor begged him to proceed.

"Ye may not disremember that about a month ago I fetched here what so be as we'll call a young man whose name might be as it were Milton — Milton Chubbuck."

Mr. Editor remembered perfectly.

"Thet same party I'd knowed better nor fower year, two on 'em campin' out together. Not that I'd known him all the time, fur he war shy and strange at spells and had odd ways that I took war nat'ral to a borned poet. Ye may remember that I said he was a borned poet?"

The editor distinctly did.

"I picked this same party up in St. Jo., takin' a fancy to his face, and kinder calklating he'd runn'd away from home—for I'm a married man, Mr. Editor, and hev children of my own—and thinkin' belike he was a borned poet."

"Well," said the editor.

"And as I said before, I should like now to make a correction in the columns of your valooable paper."

"What correction?" asked the editor.

"I said, ef you remember my words, as how he was a borned poet."

"Yes."

"From statements in this yer letter it seems as how I war wrong."

"Well?"

"She war a woman."

A Farmer Attacked by a Mad Horse.

In the township of Taylor, Mich., a very exciting affair occurred. A man named Pierce Andrews, who had lately moved in from Washtenaw County and leased a farm, returned that morning with a young horse which he had purchased at Wyandotte. In riding the animal home, Andrews had to give him several whippings, and was once or twice run away with, and thus, when he arrived home, he was tired out, and the horse was nervous and excited.

There being some goods packed away in the stables, Andrews took the horse in on the barn floor to tie him. While so doing the animal bit him, and for this he was soundly belabored with the handle of a broken pitchfork. After being struck several times he broke loose and ran at Andrews, and struck him down with one of his fore feet. While in this position, the farmer received a bad injury from being stepped on, but managed to get up and show fight, still retaining possession of his weapon. The horse reared, kicked, and uttered mad neighs, and in a moment struck the man down again. Andrews fell so close to a partition that the horse could not get at him well, and here he kept the beast at bay by pounding its legs with the club.

The people at the house had heard the sounds of the struggle, and a hired man and the family were soon around the door. As the horse seemed to quiet down a little, the man shouted to Andrews to crawl carefully along to the door. This the farmer started to do, but had not crawled three feet when the the horse pounced upon him again, and this time dislocated his shoulder by a blow of his hoof. The horse then commenced plunging and kicking everything, jumping at Andrews whenever the farmer moved; and in this emergency, seeing that he was likely to be killed, he shouted for the man to get the family out of the yard, and then open the door, supposing that the animal would then go out.

This was done, but the horse plunged out and in again with such rapidity that the farmer could not escape, the animal making at him every time he tried it. As a last resort, the hired man loaded an army musket with fine shot, and gave the horse the full charge in his shoulder at short range. The beast went down, jumped up, made a few circuits of the yard, and then leaped the fence into the pasture, and ran until tired out. Andrews was badly bruised in many places, had a shoulder dislocated, as stated, and will be confined to the house for some time. The horse received considerable injury from the gun-shot, but it is thought a veterinary surgeon can heal the wounds.

A Stratagem Foiled.

A Paris legal journal gives details of Rochefort. It says: The train stopped at Meaux, a station about 10 miles from Paris. An officer came to the carriage door and asked the passengers for their passports or Government papers. "My papers," said Rochefort calmly, "I did not know they were necessary, but if you give me a pen and paper I will write at once to Paris for them." "Certainly, Sir. If you will follow me you will have what you require." Rochefort followed the officer, who placed him at a table, when he wrote as follows: "My dear Colombel: I am asked at the Meaux station for my papers; oblige me by sending immediately what will establish my identity. Henri Max." The writer was about to seal his letter when the officer said: "Pardon me; I am obliged to make cognizance of what you write." "Oh! willingly, read." The officer took the letter and read it. "All right," said he, "but why do you sign Henri Max when your name is Henri Rochefort?" The Count turned pale, and appeared troubled. The police officer immediately declared him to be under arrest, and, placing hand-cuffs on him, brought him to Versailles.

New York City Statistics.

The Board of Education report in their jurisdiction 237 schools; the receipts of the year at $2,784,049.56; disbursements at $2,733,591.58. The Commissioners of Charities and Corrections show their cost to the city, $1,922,118.60. Dispensed subsistence to 46,649 persons in hospitals; almshouses and asylums, 33,032; schools, 1,741; prisons, etc., 71,847, and 34,804 furnished with employment; total 188,073. The report of the Police Department shows that the force numbers 2,325, which gives one policeman to only about every four hundred inhabitants, computing upon the last census. (London has 10,000 policemen.) The Mayor says the time is at hand when 700 or 800 more patrolmen must be employed. During the past year the police made 75,692 arrests; returned to owners of stolen property, $1,277,036; 5,933 children have been found and restored to their distressed parents, and 141,780 destitute and homeless wanderers have been comfortably supplied with shelter at the station-house. A part of the commercial aspect of the city is thus presented: 22 square miles and 29 miles of water front; streets and roads, 460 miles; 19,000 gaslights at the city expense; 340 miles of Croton water pipes and 275 miles of sewers; 1,000 horse cars, 267 omnibuses, 12,000 licensed vehicles; 16,250 vehicles, besides omnibuses, pass Broadway, at City Hall, every twelve hours; 40,000 horses in daily use; in ten months prior to May 1, 1871, $284,000,000 worth of foreign merchandise (exclusive of specie) was imported, and $120,000,000 received for duties on imports, while the value of exports (exclusive of specie) was $251,000,000. Nearly sixty per cent. of the business people of the city own or rent their homes in the adjoining country, as the city is not large enough for its immense population.

A Dead Shot.

A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* writes as follows: I notice your statement of Recorder Hackett's shooting a clam-shell held by Mr. James G. Bennett, Jr. Your informant is in error. I was on board the yacht Dauntless on a late yachting cruise. Mr. Bennett was in command with four invited guests, among whom were Recorder Hackett, of New York, and Mr. John G. Hecksher of Newport. Whilst at sea, and a heavy swell on, I saw Mr. Hecksher take a clam-shell and hold it between his fore-finger and thumb and stand at 22 yards, or 60 feet, from the Recorder, who had in his hands a Ballard rifle: and I heard Mr. Bennett give the word to the Recorder—one, two, three—who then fired, and I saw the clam-shell break in numberless pieces, fragments striking Mr. Hecksher on the hand and neck, just drawing blood. I then saw Mr. Bennett's valet hold a corkscrew in his hand, and at the same distance and at the word saw the Recorder shoot it out of his hand. I also saw the Recorder kill a poke, flying, with his rifle at 71 yards, nearly cutting his head off at Coble's Island, Virginia, and afterwards saw him shoot two gulls on the wing. These feats were witnessed by upward of twenty persons.

Red Tape.—A foreign brig came into Pensacola, Fla., in January last, in distress, her Captain having died on the passage. The vessel was unseaworthy; was abandaned by owners, sold under decree of court upon libel for seamen's wages, bought by American citizens and repaired at a cost of over $5,000. On an application for American papers, the Secretary of the Treasury finds himself compelled to refuse the application. Under the law, American papers can only issue to foreign-built ships when wrecked in waters of the United States (unless captured in time of war, &c.) This vessel, although as worthless as a wreck, was not technically wrecked, within the meaning of the law.

Serenading.—They still have a way of serenading newly-married couples, and extorting bounteous collations, that is not always agreeable. One party in Bethel, Me., were serenaded several nights last week, and refused to invite the young ruffians in. They probably supposed that one of the privileges retained by them, even when married, is the choice of their own guests. The boys, however, thought otherwise, and finally made an assault upon the couple as they were walking in the street in the evening. The bridegroom defended himself and his wife as well as he could, until one of the assaulting party threw a stone, which struck the bride over the eye, and knocked her senseless.

Knew All About It.—It is said of a physician that he was waited upon one day by a neighbor to come and see a child sick with the croup. "Oh! certainly," replied the doctor, "if there is anything I pride myself on in my profession it is my treatment of that disease." As the doctor stepped out a moment to make ready, his waiting visitor was somewhat taken aback to hear him say to his wife, "Sarah, what do you do for the croup."

Very Cool.—A splendid story is told of Marshal McMahon when a Colonel. During a parade he had an altercation with an officer in the ranks, who refused to obey him. McMahon finally threatening the offender, the latter drawing a pistol, took deliberate aim and fired; fortunately the cap snapped. Without the slightest sign of fear, cool and impassible McMahon said: "Give that man fifteen days, *salle de police, for having his arms out of order!*"

Sugar.—The sugar interest of Louisiana, which was almost annihilated during the war, is again rising to prominence. In 1861 the yield was 449,410 hogsheads; in 1864 it was but 6,668 hogsheads; and from that time it gradually rose until in 1869 it was 87,000. This year's crop is expected to be about 130,000 hogsheads, which is more than a fair average yield.

Hartford has a peculiar character who, whenever he wants a drink, throws dice with himself to decide whether or not he shall indulge. He does it fairly, only he is apt to leave it an open question as to the number of throws which will decide. If he gets sixes in his own favor, he lets one throw decide the question; but, if his luck is poor at the start, he insists upon three.

The Famine in Persia.

The horrors of the Persian famine increase. A correspondent, writing to a Turkish journal from Tabreez under date of April 30, says: "The details which reach us here of the destitution and misery which the drouth of last year has caused in the central and southern provinces of Persia are fearfully heart-rending. That the people are dying of hunger, even in the streets of the capital, is a minor phase of this terrible calamity. In Khorassan parents are selling their children as slaves to the Turcomans in order to keep them alive; and in Ispahan, as is said, men have been seized in the act of digging up the corpses to serve as food for their starving families. In Shiraz-Kerman and Yezd the wretched sufferers endeavor to support life on the grass and roots which they may find in the neighborhood, and, as might be expected, pestilence follows hard on the footsteps of famine; between them the half of the kingdom of Persia is becoming rapidly depopulated."

A later account of the famine is given in *The Times of India* of May 13, which says: "The famine in some parts of Persia is severe beyond comprehension. Rain was for a while hopefully expected, but it came in very measured quantity, and too late to turn the foe that was already at the door. Thousands are said to have died by the wayside of sheer starvation, or of starvation coupled with the diseases it invariably brings in its train. Most of the dead lie unburied—a fact which may be regarded as the sure precursor of pestilence. At first, when self-preservation by any means whatever became a question to be decided, yea or nay, the former alternative prevailed with the Mussulmans, and more than one human being is said to have been killed and eaten by them. It is stated the sights to be seen, and not to be avoided in the neighborhood of Shiraz, are such that European residents will not leave their own houses. Also, between Shiraz and Bushire, thousands of dead bodies lie unburied."

Trouble with the Indians.

If we may rely upon what a correspondent says, we are to have trouble with the Indians this Summer. Writing from Fort Sill to the Governor of Texas, the correspondent says:

Since my arrival here I have been careful to collect information in reference to the movements of Indians on and off these reserves, and would state to your Excellency that it is evident, during the coming Summer, that there will be witnessed the most extensive ravages of the frontiers of Texas of any preceding. Almost all the Indians of this agency and the Cheyennes of another, have left, and are now on the war-path. We learn from Indians that are coming in frequently that other bands of Comanches, who do not belong here, are also acting, and that the Plains are black with Apaches. Upon being interrogated as to the numbers of the Apaches, these friendly Indians pointed to a large valley near by of more than a thousand acres, and said that would not hold them. Constantly increasing depredations on the north-western frontiers corroborate their statements. The Apaches have been coming down the waters of the Colorado and further south, and it is most likely the depredations committed at the far South were by them. We learn also there is a rendezvous west of the reservation in what is called Run Island of Texas. There traders from New Mexico meet the Indians and furnish them with arms and ammunition in exchange for horses and cattle.

Wages of Massachusetts Wood-workers.

The Springfield *Republican* says: The report of our labor bureau does not show how many carpenters, cabinet-makers, &c., are included in its statistical tables. It is fair to suppose that they number five or six thousand, however, and they are scattered all over the State. The average wages vary from $2.50 a day to $3.50 in different localities for carpenters and about 50 cents less for cabinet-makers. Sawmill hands and chairmakers have lower wages, averaging perhaps $2.25 throughout the State. A firm in Boston pay stair-builders $3.50, carpenters and turners $3, engineer $3, teamsters $2, and laborers $1.75. Another in Boston hires 11 carpenters at an average of $2.74, highest and lowest monthly earnings, $80 and $48, hours of labor 59. A third hires 10 men at from $4.50 to $1.67 per day, average $3.43. A fourth hires 100 men at from $4.50 to $2.50 per day, averaging $3. A building firm in Middlesex County employs 33 men; 28 carpenters at highest, lowest, and average of $3, $1.25 and $2.50; 5 painters at $3, $2.50, and $2.70; has carried on business for 30 years; pays the same wages per hour in winter and summer; has for the last five years paid his men every week, and finds it much the best way for all. An architect in Boston has 15 *employees*, 13 men and 2 women, engaged in drawing and superintending, at earnings for six months of $1,050, to $450, and $600 for women, hours of labor 48, time for dinner, 75 minutes. Bridge and wharf-builders, and pile drivers, are paid $2.50 a day, average; season of employment 250 days per year.

Trading in Japan.

If, by stretch of courtesy, the Japanese trader signifies that so much trouble is needless, then step daintily, less violence be done to good nature. To learn the price of an article you say *I-korah*, "how much?" Invariably an exorbitant figure is named, which, if you have been initiated by some thoughtful friend, will be repelled with feigned astonishment. The merchant at once responds, "How much you give?" One-half the price asked will be a reasonable offer, by way of compromise. A profound consulation then takes place among the several traders interested, all of whom, by this time, will have emptied their pipes and risen, some one of their number meanwhile rapidly shuffling on wires the little balls of a calculating machine. If your offer is accepted, several nods of the head and a simultaneous clapping of the hands signify assent. If rejected, make no more than a trifling concession, for if by any chance you are permitted to leave the store without a bargain, a messenger will probably be despatched in hot haste, saying "Can do!" A porter is at once instructed to deliver the goods. For the latter service volunteers are always at hand. To attempt to carry one's own package would not only be a flagrant case of *infra dig.*, but operate as a direct challenge to the whole horde of burden carriers along the street.

Why the Rose is Red.

The rose, of old, they say, was white,
Till Love, one day, in wanton flight,
Flirting away from flower to flower,
A rose tree brushed, in evil hour.
The spreading leaves concealed a thorn
By which the boy-god's foot was torn.

The precious drops in plenteous flow
Fell on a rose's breast below,
And all her snow-white virgin pride
In blushing pure carnation died
To tell to future times unborn
How Love was wounded by a thorn.

Sobbing with pain and weeping dew,
The wounded boy to Venus flew;
But few the ills which boys endure
A mother's kisses can not cure;
And for such pleasure after pain
Love would be often prick'd again!

Facts and Fancies.

The best wood for making Cradles—Rock Maple.

Police Judicial Wisdom—Let us speak of man as we *find* him.

A good gauge by which to measure a man's character is his lan-guage.

Sailors are not necessarily making plum duff when they are *stemming the currents*.

A Michigan man thinks that eternal vigilance will be the price of potatoes this year.

A Texas paper reports a marriage in which the lady was fifteen years old and a widow.

"My fall in the Back Yard," by the author of "My Summer in a Garden," is announced.

A married man in Lansingburg, N. Y., has been sued by a young lady for defamation of character.

A man who has repeatedly tried them, says that all the short cuts to fortune are horribly overcrowded.

It has been contended in an English court that a man who says "howsomdever" cannot be a gentleman.

Five hundred and twenty-five thousand six hundred railroad trains leave London in the course of a year.

It will probably give rise to a difference of opinion, if we ask if an individual who has married a shrew can be considered a *shrewd* man.

A Western lady, to aid a feeble church, recently painted on the inside work of the meeting-house twenty-three days. True womanly zeal this.

Appleton's *Journal* thinks that preachers who speak of the "simplicity of dress" of our grandmothers are not well read in the history of a hundred years ago.

A nervous person states that he hated being called upon to make a speech at a public dinner, because "getting on his legs always sent him off his head."

The Danbury (Ct.) Jail is complained of by the prisoners as being too airy and leaky. They don't propose to stay there, unless the Legislature will mend the holes.

Two irate cooks of New Orleans threw eggs at a policeman who endeavored to separate them, until he strongly resembled an omelet, and appeared disgusted in the egg-stream.

A citizen of Connecticut, recently introduced to a newly-married man, congratulated him warmly, and said: "Ah, these Litchfield County girls make clever wives; I've had three of 'em."

The Hon. John Prentiss, of Keene, New Hampshire, aged ninety-three, is said to be the oldest Mason living in the United States, having traveled the rugged road and received his degrees in 1807.

Leavenworth, Kansas, is said to boast of a man who is so tall that his likeness cannot be got into one picture. A local artist has painted his head and shoulders, and announces that he will be "continued next week."

A young man of previous good character, named Albert Doud, who was to have been married in twenty-four hours, was arrested at Warren, Ill., the other day, by an officer from Nebraska, on a charge of horse-stealing.

Six Ward Politician (who has been splashed)—"You bloody Snoozer! I'll make you rastle your Hash in H—ll!" Poetic Young Lady—"O, Clara! There's the Author of the new Poems! Let's stop and listen. How sweet!"

In Vermont all of the wife's property of every description, and whether in possession or in action, is exempted from the husband's debts; and if he absconds she may, by petition, take and sell property as a single woman.

This ditty has resulted from a nuptial contract recently entered into by Mr. Ebenezer Sweet and Miss Jane Lemon:

"How happily extremes do meet
In Jane and Ebenezer;
She's from sour turned to sweet,
And he's a lemon-squeezer."

Artificial ice has the reputation of being far more endurable than the natural article, the crystals being more solid, and exhibiting less tendency to split into flakes. The estimate has been made that thirty per cent less of artificial ice will secure the same preservative effect.

A physician of Springfield, Mass., was hurriedly called away from the dinner table recently by a messenger who made the following request: "There is a child fallen into a drain and got drowned; we've got the water out of him, and now we want you to get the mud out of him."

A Connecticut man has found a sure cure for the devastations of the currant worm. He sprinkles his bushes with whisky; the worm becomes drunk, gets to fooling around, and finally falls off, and either breaks its neck outright, or cripples itself so that life becomes a burden.

The oldest native born Iowan is being looked up. As yet Burlington is ahead, in John Latty, who is thirty-six years old. But just to think of it. Here is a State of a million and a quarter of people standing foremost in all that makes a people great, and has but one native-born citizen three dozen years old.

A clergyman, who owned a farm, found his plowman sitting on his plow resting his horses. Quoth the clergyman—"John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a good stub scythe here, and be cutting a few bushes along the fences while the horses are resting a short time?" "Wouldn't it be well, sir," said John, "for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pulpit, and when they are singing, peel 'em awhile to be ready for the pot?"

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