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Betrothed.

I have a secret, a secret—
A secret I dare not tell,
Not even to you, my dear little pet,
Though I know you would keep it well!
'Tis a tale with an ancient meaning,
A song with an old restrain,
A rhyme which the marvellous soul of man
Sings once—and never again.

The manifold voices of evening
Are echoing round me here—
The sigh of the waves and the laugh of the leaves,
And the moan of the autumn air;
But the laugh, and the sigh, and the moaning,
Have a meaning you cannot know—
And I catch a solemn undertone
In their rhythmic ebb and flow.

Two tides of the infinite ocean
That chafeth the shores of Time—
Two waves of the passionate sea of Life
Have mingled their wondrous rhyme,
And the holy strain goes echoing up
To the peaceful courts above;
And the song is a song with an old refrain,
And the rhyme is the rhyme of love.

And, loving him ever and always,
And holding him close to my heart—
The world may go on in the ceaseless march,
Time's billows may heave and dart—
We two shall walk Life's twilight fields
In paths by the angels trod,
Till all wars cease in the infinite peace,
That crowns the sons of God.

MR. BROWNSMITH'S ADVENTURE.

George IV., of magnificent memory, said that a woman was at the bottom of all the troubles a man got himself into. One fine day, a painter in his majesty's palace fell from a ladder, and broke his leg.

"Who is she? Who is she?" asked the king.

"May it please your majesty, it is a man."

"Nonsense, nonsense!" Who is she?" again demanded his majesty.

"May it please your majesty, it is a man."

But the king was in the right. The painter had broken his leg because he had leaned too far over his ladder for the purpose of giving a kiss to one of the royal housemaids.

Now to apply the august maxim, and show how Mrs. Brownsmith got me into trouble.

My wife is a splendid woman, as you would say if you saw her. But proud as I was of her, we had not been married long before I saw that if I was to be master for life, I must assert my authority at once and for ever.

I waited for an opportunity, and an opportunity came.

We were in the breakfast room of our little villa, near Sandstone, and a long altercation ended thus—

"Well, Mr. Brownsmith, if you have made up your mind not to take me to the seaside, I have made up my mind to go to my mother's house, and stay there till you choose to behave like a man, and not like a savage. I go."

With an eloquent sweep of her rustling petticoats, she left the room; and shortly after, I saw her cross the garden, in the direction of Acacia Cottage, where my beloved mother-in-law resides—unhappily for me, within five minutes' walk of us.

"I'll show her—I'll tame her ladyship," in an evil moment I thought to myself.

So I packed a small portmanteau, ordered a fly to take me to the station, and left this little note on my wife's dressing-table—

"DEAR AUGUSTA—I leave for London by the 2:30 express, and I shall not return until I receive an apology from you. My address will be Langham Hotel, Portland Place, W. Sunny Villa, Friday."

Certainly, I thought, I had the best of it. There shone before me a pleasant run to town—Exhibition in the morning, theatres and opera in the evening, a conqueror's return home, and triumphant entry into my house before my subdued wife, an overflowing forgiveness on my part, a joyful reconciliation, and peace for evermore. Soon, with excited spirits, I was borne away from my home towards London by the express. There was but one occupant of the first-class carriage with me, and a most agreeable companion he was—full of conversation, well educated, as far as I could judge, very obliging and entertaining. The only thing I did not like about my companion was his style of dress. It was most decidedly of the *outré* order. Boots with patent leather tips; trousers of monstrous pattern; a low cut, bright-colored waistcoat, across which wandered a chain apparently so massive that any hotel-keeper to whom it was offered would gladly allow one to live luxuriously on the strength of it for a month. Then, as I raised my eyes higher, my sight was dazzled with a huge blue satin scarf, fastened by a pin of gigantic size. And a cutaway green coat, ...buttoned, a white open overcoat, a white hat, and bright kid gloves, and you have before you the dress of my companion. However, he was a downright good fellow, and most amusing *vis-a-vis*; and very glad was I to travel in such good society. Anecdotes without end were poured into my enchanted ear. My quarrel, my wife, my home, were all forgotten; and, in the highest spirits, we rushed along towards London at the rate of some forty miles an hour. I had almost forgotten to say that early in the journey my friend, who had a flask of sherry, had placed it at my service. We had just passed F —— station, when the gentleman with whom I was traveling directed my attention to some alterations that were being made to Mr. Montgomery's Park. By leaning out of the window, I could get a good view of them. As I drew my head in, my friend kindly handed me my pocket-handkerchief which I had dropped. The wind and dust which I had picked up while hanging out of the carriage caused me to use my pocket handkerchief freely about my face and nose. How very sleepy I felt—how I yawned! I recollect nothing more, save this I think my friend took *his* pocket-handkerchief, and kindly wiped my face. When I say I recollect nothing more, I am hardly using the right expression—I mean that I can recall nothing more that occurred in my friend's presence. Would to Heaven that I could remember nothing more.

The next thing I can recall is feeling rather cold; then, rather confused and cramped. I seemed apparently to be in my coffin, and without a shroud on. In a few minutes I discovered that I was lying under the seat of the carriage, in the state Adam was in when he was made—no, just a trifle more clothed than he was, for I had a pair of socks and a short flannel waistcoat. So you can easily understand that I was neither very warm nor very comfortable. When I had succeeded in dragging myself out of my bed, I still felt drunk and confused; but as I gradually collected my senses, I saw that my late absent kind friend had left behind him, for my use, his patent tipped boots, buff trousers, gaudy waistcoat, scarf and pin, white coat, and hat. Moreover, he had not forgotten to draw down the blinds. He had, however, I discovered, taken my purse with him, and had forgotten to leave his own behind. Between yawning and anathematising, a few more moments passed away. Suddenly I heard the sharp, shrill whistles, and then the deep groaning of the brake. Into my friend's trousers I tried to jump; but, alas! either in my confusion I put the wrong leg in, or poked it between the lining and the cloth, or the wretch had played me a schoolboy's trick, and had fastened up the lining of his nether garments.

The train was stopping—O, horror of horrors! I extricated my leg from the confounded trap, and rushed to the window. The train had stopped! I verily believe that from that moment my first gray hairs began to appear. With desperate tenacity, in a state of almost perfect nudity, I hung on to the door and window. Good gracious! a scurrying of steps outside. Who is coming into my carriage? An old lady, who will scream and give me into custody? A young lady, who will faint? A father of a family, who will kick me down the platform? A ticket-collector, who will —— Ah! ah! ah-h-h! there is a hand on the outside moving the handle of the door! Oh, the agony of those seconds! I would rather be hanged, I would rather be torn asunder by wild horses, I would rather live for six times my natural term of existence with six scolding, faultfinding wives, than go through the agony of those moments again! Pen cannot describe what I suffered. Beads of perspiration raced down my poor, cold, shivering features—my hair stood on end, my teeth

[redacted]

put these on."

As he spoke, he got on the step of the carriage, and held up before my bewildered gaze a pair of handcuffs, which rattled most ominously. Good gracious! what could be the joke in all this? Mechanically, I did what I suppose others would have done. I got out of the carriage. The train moved on. I assumed stern indignation, though ill at ease.

"Now then," said I, "what the dickens do you mean by all this?"

"Come, come, my man, your swagger won't do with us. You must come along," was the answer of my guardians.

"But what am I charged with? What do you want me for?"

"Well, that *is* a good joke, and you are a cool hand," replied W. C. 1172. "But now, business is business, my man. We are bound to take you up, and you are bound to come with us, quietly if you will, if not——" Here he again held up the handcuffs. "You are charged with forging a check for £970 on the Sandstone Bank; and with half killing, if not actually murdering, P. C. Smith, of the Somersetshire force. We are going to take you to the lock-up; and to-morrow you will have to appear before the magistrates. I am obliged to caution you that you need not say anything; and that if you do say anything to commit yourself, it will be brought up as evidence against you."

Good Heavens! And so I was a forger and a murderer!

"Well—but," said I, "these are not my own clothes. A gentleman in the carriage changed clothes with me; or, rather, he left me alone—ahem!—naked; and I put on his clothes, and then you came, and—and—— Confound it, you don't think I am he?"

"Oh no," said W. C. 1172, "you ain't him—not a bit of it; you are yourself. Well, you must think us green, to try and palm that off on us."

And immediately there arose a subdued official chuckle.

Ere long it came to pass that I was obliged quietly to accompany my captors to the police station. Mr. Inspector booked the charge, whereby it seemed that I really was a forger and all-but murderer. It was quite in vain that I protested and vowed that I was not the forging murderer in question, but Edward Fitzgerald, of Sunny Villa, near Sandstone. I was cut short in my protestations with:

"You must prove that before the magistrates to morrow, if you can."

And so I was consigned to a cell, to await to-morrow. But first I was searched; and on me, to my disgust, were found a ticket to F ——, not to London, where I had said I was going, and a clasp knife slightly stained with blood.

"No use denying it, my man. We have got you, and shall not let you escape."

I felt half distracted by the position I was placed in.

"Please, Mr. Inspector, may I telegraph to my wife."

The Inspector was a naturally kind man; and, probably, a momentary dream of my possible innocence flitted across his official mind.

"Well, I hardly know," he said. "However, write out the telegram, and let me see it. I suppose, too, you will want me to lend you a shilling?"

Quickly I wrote:

"From Edward Brownsmith, Police Station G, North Wilts, to Augusta Brownsmith, Sunny Villa, Sandstone.

DEAREST—I am taken up wrongly on suspicion. Come at once. Bring vicar of parish to prove my identity."

In an hour's time, a grim policeman handed me the following telegram in reply:

"EDWARD—I am not so easily taken in by your dodge; Come home; take me to sea-side; then all forgiven."

Now, I never before, in my recollection, swore at man or woman; but I am afraid that then my mouth did form what, I supposed, the sapient concocters of the new "Public School Latin Primer" would term a monosyllabic dental word, terminating with the stern N; and they would probably further describe it as a transitive verb. Thank goodness, my wife cannot understand all that!

Depict the after wretchedness of that night I spent locked up in my cell! Before post—but subject to police inspection, and, I believe, also police copy—I wrote a most humble, imploring letter to my wife. Goodness knows what amount of dirt I ate in that epistle. Next morning, about twelve o'clock, I was brought up before the magistrates. Everything that you already know was brought up against me; and moreover, it was sworn that Jabez Gough, dressed as I was, had left Sandstone station dressed in the very clothes I had on, and had a knife and ticket such as were found on me. My telegram and its answer were brought forward as condemning evidence. It was stated the reply was supposed to be from an accomplice, and in cypher; and a remand was asked for. I was remanded. One or two of the magistrates seemed slightly to hesitate; but, really, my slangy dress, my worn and harassed appearance, and circumstances in general, were so much against me, that I was not surprised at what had happened. Before the court was up, I was again put into the dock before the Bench. To my glad surprise, I saw, about to come into the witness box, my wife, the clergyman of my parish, and two Somersetshire magistrates, one of whom, as afterwards appeared, was known to some members of the North Wilts bench at G——. Quickly it was proved to the semi-omniscient eye of all-searching unpaid justice, that I was what I am, and not the notorious forging malefactor, Jabez Gough, who had so many other *aliases* that I dare not attempt to pick out his real name.

The meeting with my wife and friends, the respectful but not at all servile apology of the policemen, my late guardians, the dinner with some of the magistrates who had sat in judgment on me, the journey home next day, the unceasing banter which everywhere encountered, and the *awful* curtain lectures from my wife, I pass over, and leave to the imagination of my readers; though to me they were stern realities. All I can say is, that if there are many wives who possess the twenty-Caudle-horse —I beg pardon, twenty-Caudle-*mare* power —that Mrs. Brownsmith is gifted with, I am surprised that there are not more suicides per annum than the Registrar-General would have us believe.

Of course, I had to take Mrs. B. to the ...a-side. She put on the inexpressibles ...here, and has worn them ever since—to ...e great misfortune of her henpecked husband. I hear her gentle voice calling me ... roll the grass-plot It's hard work ...t——

"Coming, my de-a-r. C-o-m-ing!"

Educating our Daughters.

The English nobleman who sends to Paris for his daughter's dresses is reasonably certain that he, and his daughter's husband after him, can continue sending, and that in the training of his child he is fostering no habit which cannot be rightfully indulged in. The American knows, if he knows anything, that the habits of luxury in which his child is reared unfit her for the life in which she will in all likelihood be called—that he cannot hope that his family wealth can long survive him, any more than that his daughter can love a man to whom that wealth will be unimportant. Experience and observation alike tell him that wealth in this country rarely continues in a family three generations, and that at any time he may find himself a poor man again. Yet he regulates his life and that of his children as if his wealth and theirs were assured forever, and as though the habits of a lifetime were to be broken like wisps of straw. His daughters are not fit to marry any but the rich men they find so much difficulty in finding, and a man of moderate means is careful to avoid asking them to change their habits of life. There are few sadder pictures than the one we see when some such woman of braver heart than most of her sex chooses the portion of a poor man's love, and vainly seeks to adapt herself to a life of which she has hitherto known nothing. The habits of her girlhood bind her like strong fetters, her ignorance of domestic duties weighs her to the earth; the loss of social position, or the fevered efforts she makes to support it, wear out her life in bitter repinings, until her health gives way and she dies, leaving her faults to vex the world in her children, and her virtues undiscovered save by her husband, who hides from himself all else of her memory.

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.—The Report of the Department of Agriculture for October says the influence of the draught and of the unusual low temperature of September, has been very unfavorable to ripening of fruits, and to the maturing of corn and other crops. No general or serious damage has resulted to corn, a large portion of the crop being well advanced by the high temperature of August before frost appeared. The product of wheat, as calculated from the estimates, appears to be about seven per cent less than last year. The quality is generally superior. It is placed above an average in the Western States, except Kentucky, Iowa and Nebraska. The product of oats will be about as large as the crop of last year. As a whole, the quality of barley may be said to be fully medium, and the quantity very nearly an average. The buckwheat crop is comparatively poor on average, the condition being low in nearly all the States.

TERRIBLE.—A negro woman is in custody at Jacmel, Santo Domingo, upon the charge of having killed and eaten twenty-six children whom she had inveigled into her premises.

Down in the Mines.

We are now in the coal mines, says one who has been there, and the passage we walk along so freely was the bed of a seam of coal, long since removed by the miners who have pushed on into the bowels of the hill, and are now at work miles away tearing out the shining walls that dispute their further progress. To the right and to the left narrow chambers, such as we are in, branch off, some on upward grades, some downward.

At intervals we are confronted by massive wooden doors used to control currents of air and secure ventilation. After walking a good mile, and seeing nothing but mules hauling the coal cars along the track to some place in the mysterious distance, we come at last to the chambers where the miners are at work. We find these chambers to be passages like those through which we entered: some broad and high, some low and cramped, all supplied with iron tracks leading to the end. At the extremities of these chambers or workings, the miner stands, pick or bar in hand, delving and wrenching to remove huge masses of coal from the seam whose lead he is following. Here is the coal we seek, and here is the miner, laboring patiently by the dim light of his single lamp, isolated by walls of rock and earth from his companions, water dripping from the roof and standing in pools at his feet, in constant danger, and alloted to incessant toil. The huge chunks of coal, wrought out by manual force or blasting powder, fall into heaps on the floor and are loaded by the miner or his help into a car that stands ready, then drawn by mules along the gangway to the shaft, and hoisted by machinery to the surface above. This shaft is the commencement of operations in opening a mine, and is connected by gangways with every chamber worked, and sometimes extends a hundred fathoms into the earth.

A mine many hundred feet deep is in splendid working order; men, boys, and horses, filled with animation and industry, throng the chambers; the sound of the busy hammer, pick and car enlivens the sense, and everything in cheerful contrast with the gloom that envelopes all. Suddenly, by some unseen cause, the circulation of air is interrupted; firedamp immediately accumulates to an explosive degree in some portion of the mine, and an unthinking miner enters the region and sets the whole in a blaze, which suffocates and consumes everything in reach. Such is the force of this concussion and those succeeding, that those out of the range of flame are stunned or prostrated by the shock. Their lights are blown out and the warning that the explosion may be rolling along the chambers to meet them, causes many to hurry to the nearest shaft. Unusual heaps of rubbish impede their progress, and they wander in the wild confusion to uncertain alleys, and sink down, overcome by noxious vapors, or are swallowed up in the seething atmosphere of flame that may penetrate every part of the mine.

The miners of this region earn very high wages the year round when they work. Those who are sober and frugal own their own houses and save money. The life is rather an adventurous one, and the temptation is to spend their earnings freely. The grocery bills of some small families average fifty and sixty dollars per month, the women declaring that their good men work hard for their money, and their only comfort is in what they eat and drink. But this underground work is not necessarily more severe than certain kinds of labor done upon the surface. It is seldom that a miner will leave the works and come to the sod to earn his living. The mining is done at so much per car, and they can have their own way, and in a dry well-ventilated mine they suffer no severe extremes of weather, and are generally healthy. But in mines where the beds are thin, and the way in and out is through narrow, cramped alleys, filled with foul air, water streaming from the roof and knee-deep on the floor, and the air so heavy that a candle sheds no light ten or fifteen feet away and must be constantly swung to keep up the flame, then the miner's life is one of unending hardship, and must he endured to be appreciated.

The Labor Question.

Some time ago it was stated that arrangements were making by the Trades' Union Societies, for a general strike, not only throughout the United States, but throughout the entire civilized world. This labor question is assuming formidable proportions throughout Europe. In England, Belgium, France, Holland, and Germany powerful organizations exist among workmen for the amelioration of their condition and for the devising of schemes for the efficient prosecution of the great war on capital. The workingmen's committee of the various European societies have summoned a general congress of workmen to meet in Berlin at some date this Winter, and in the summons the committee suggest as their platform the organization of a general strike for the daily term of labor and for a general increase of wages.

Wendell Phillips lately delivered in Boston, a lecture, the first of a course which he is to deliver in various parts of the country, on the labor question. Mr. Phillips' discourse is a strong denunciation of the wrongs inflicted on labor by capital, and an argument to prove that the tendency of the present great movement is the equalization of property.

Mr. Thomas Brassey, one of the largest employers of labor in England, proposes the adoption of the system in vogue at sea, namely, the employment of three sets of men to work eight hours each out of the twenty-four.

A MOB.—A mob collected about the jail in Jeffersonville, Indiana, with the intention of lynching a negro, named John Washington, who attempted a rape on a little white girl, and whose father died from the excitement produced by the outrage. The prisoner was taken out secretly by the back way and conveyed to the State Prison, learning which, the mob dispersed. The prisoner was taken to the jail in Charleston, Indiana.

SUCH A DUEL.—Two Prussian officers fell out, and wishing to avoid infringing military law by duelling carried out an idea in Dumas' comedy of "Mademoiselle de Bell Isle" by throwing dice to see which should blow out his brains. The loser promptly committed suicide.

The Whaling Fleet Disaster.

The N. Y. *Herald* considers the great disaster to the Arctic whaling fleet--as an unprecedented financial disaster to this great interest; but there are other questions in connection with this unexpected misfortune which challenge its attention;

This whaling fleet was pushing forward into the icy regions of the north, and on "the 1st of June the ice opened and let the fleet up within sight of Cape Navino," and thence crossing the Sea of Anadyer, toward Behring Straits, they found some whales, and in Behring Straits they began to be more plentiful; "but when the fleet arrived at Cape Behring the whales had passed through the Straits into the Arctic Ocean, whither the fleet followed." Here the facts are established that in June the ice on the south side of Behring Straits is opened and that sailing ships can pass through that Strait into the Arctic Ocean in pursuit of the whales which move up into that ocean with the opening of the ice. Have we not here, then, some very valuable hints in reference to any future expedition in search of the North Pole and the open sea, into which these whales migrate as their summer cruising ground! The German Polar expedition, by way of the Spitzbergen Islands, reports its discovery of an open Polar Sea abounding in whales, and this report is confirmed from Behring Straits on the opposite side of the globe. It is probable that some of those whales seen by the German explorers had come into that open Polar Sea by way of Behring Straits, and were passing out by way of Spitzbergen Islands.

A Sensible Resolve.

"Did you ever hear, sir, how it was that Edwards, the mason, gave up drinking?" said a workingman to his employer one day, where he was talking to him about the evils of intemperance.

"No said the latter; "how was it?"

"Well, one day Edwards was drinking in a public house, when the landlord's wife came to call her husband to dinner.

"'What's for dinner?' said the man.

"'Roast goose,' replied his wife.

"'Is there apple sauce?' he asked.

"'No.'

"'Well, go and make some; I don't eat goose without apple-sauce.'

"Edwards was so impressed with the scene he had witnessed, when the women had left to prepare this delicacy, that for the first time in his life, he began to think what a fool he had been.

"'Here's this man,' said he to himself, 'can't eat his dinner of roast goose without apple-sauce, while my poor wife and children at home are glad to get a herring for their dinners, and very often can't have that. Whose money, I should like to know, goes to provide this fellow with good things? Mine, and that of other fools like me. Well, what's done can't be undone. It's of no use crying over spilt milk, but that fellow shan't dine off roast goose at my expense.'

"So he paid his reckoning, and walked out of that public house, never to enter it again."

The Contented Man.

A wealthy epicure applied to an Arabian doctor for a prescription that would restore his body to health and give happiness to his mind. The physician advised him to exchange shirts with a man who was perfectly contented with his lot, upon which the patient set out upon his journey in pursuit of such a person. After many months spent without accomplishing his object, he was told of a certain cobbler of whom every one had spoken as a model of contentment and happiness. Pursuing the direction given, the traveller was pleased with the sight of the cobbler enjoying a comfortable nap on a board. Without ceremony he was aroused from his slumbers, and the important interrogatory, whether he was contented with his lot, was answered in the affirmative.

"Then," said the seeker after happiness, "I have one small boon to ask at your hands. It is that you exchange shirts with me, that by this means I also may become contented and happy."

"Most gladly would I accede to your request," replied the cobbler, "but—"

"Nay, refuse me not," interrupted the man of wealth; "any sum thou mayest name shall be thine."

"I seek not thy wealth," said the cobbler, "but—but—"

"But what?"

"The truth is—I have no shirt!"

MINING LAMPS.—Various devices have from time to time been brought forward, with a view to prevent the ordinary safety-lamps—so necessary for working with in mines—from being tampered with. Locks of almost every conceivable description have been brought out, but in nearly all instances they have failed to answer the special requirements. Recently, however, according to the London scientific journals, an arrangement has been contrived which appears to combine all the essentials so long desired, and by which any tampering with is made known in a very peculiar manner. In this device there is no lock whatever, or even fastener, the bottom being simply screwed and unscrewed by turning it at the bottom with the hand. After the wick of the lamp is lighted, the bottom is screwed on, and then it is ready for work. Should any endeavor be made to get at the flame, which could only be attempted by unscrewing the bottom, then, the moment that the screw is turned round, the light gradually goes out, and before the two parts can be separated the light is entirely extinguished.

RITUALISM IN ENGLAND.—In England the question of ritual excites much deeper feeling than with us. Recent prosecutions of ritualists and the judgment in the Purchase case have consolidated the Anglicans and incensed them against the low church party, and accelerated the movement for the separation of church and state. Mr. Mackonochie, one of the leaders of the Anglicans, expressed himself in the course of a conversation with a correspondent strongly in favor of disestablishment. He thinks the result of separation would be that the low churchmen would become more Protestant and the Anglican more Catholic. Between the Anglican and the Roman creeds there is no difference, and the question of infallibility is the sole obstacle to the union of the two churches. In the event of separation Mr Mackonochie would work with Dr. Dollinger's party, with whom the Anglicans are perfectly in accord.

The Wonders of a Year.

Victor Hugo should have waited to see 1871 before he called 1870 "the terrible year." For earthquakes, pestilence, fire, famine, tornadoes, and an extraordinary number of disasters and calamities, which steamboat, ferryboat and railway directors call "accidents," have made this year a terrible one the wide world over. It has been, too, a year remarkable for what children call terrible "stories." According to accounts from all parts of the country game was never so abundant—though prices in our restaurants and markets do not indicate an over-plentiful supply. But vast herds of deer are reported on the prairies all along the lines of western railroads. Birds of all kinds are flocking in from the forests to the very doors of farm-houses, almost asking to be shot. Bears abound everywhere in the North and West, and up in Maine and New Hamshire men are trapping and shooting 300-pounders every day. And if our exchanges from all sections are to be believed, those game stories are surpassed by the wonderful products of the field, farm, and garden. Under the snow on the hills of Vermont violets are now blooming. Second crops of strawberries (in October) are reported at the South. In Georgia all Hawkinsville is puzzling over two different varieties of potatoes in one hill to one plant. Mr. Rodenberg, of New Fairfield, Conn., has gathered from a single tree five bushels of walnuts, one-fifth of which grew double. Mr. Best, of somewhere in Massachusetts, has raised a four-pound radish—though the Boston *Post* thinks "the neighbors know Best." Father Acolt, of San Jose, has sent to San Francisco a stalk of tobacco five feet high, with leaves eighteen inches broad and two and one-half feet long. The Toronto *Gazette* chronicles a cabbage weighing forty pounds and a mangelwurtzel weighing seventeen and one-half pounds. Down South, in some places, they talk of seven sweet potatoes to the bushel, of "musical" beets—that is, as an editor expresses it, "three beets to the measure"—while to us in this city the most wonderful of all the stories is the statement that apples are sold in the streets of Indianpolis at thirty cents a bushel. If Thanks giving, close at hand, is especially "for the fruits of the earth," the thanks this year should be gratefully given.—*Ex.*

Something about Immigration.

The Immigration bureau report the arrival of 250,000 souls per annum is not temporary, but permanent, and the number may reach three hundred thousand for the next twenty years. This colossal yet peaceful people's movement which changes the very character of the American nation should become the subject of carefully matured legislation.

The bureau agent has been greatly gratified in finding the vast masses of immigrants are composed of the best and most enterprising farmers, mechanics, and laborers. It is true the great majority are not rich, nor do they belong to the professional classes, but they generally possess some means, estimated at an average of $120 per head, and abundance of household goods; are in the prime of life, rugged, honest, peaceful, industrious, and thoroughly trained in their callings. He believes, taking all classes of immigrants, not exceeding 4 per centum belong to the dangerous and criminal elements of society, and not exceeding 1 per cent. are actual and convicted criminals. There is moreover, quite a stream of return steerage passengers who represent to some extent the disappointed failures who vainly live without physical exertions. He has not been able to obtain evidence that any foreign government has pardoned offenders for other than political crimes on condition that they emigrate to the United States, but that in the evidence of all check and watchfulness on the part of our authorities the temptation to do so is very great and he has no doubt that criminals recently from prison do emigrate. He believes that a careful and not merely mechanical registration of name, age, condition, &c., and a reference to home documents which every bona fide emigrant carries, would go very far toward making it unsafe for criminals to land upon our shores. He is decidedly of opinion that the present steerage system should be greatly modified or abolished, and makes suggestions for the protection of emigrants in railway transportation, and advocates an emigrant bureau as a remedy for the evils incident to steerage emigration, and a court of summary jurisdiction. The comfort of the emigrant would be greatly promoted if his rights aboard-ship were protected by treaty with foreign powers.

A SCOTCH ENTOMOLOGIST AND HIS GUEST.—There is a story, perhaps forgotten by all but men who were students at a certain college nearly thirty years ago, of an enthusiastic professor of entomology, not celebrated for his exercise of hospitality, who was so delighted at the arrival of an eminent pursuer of insects that he invited him to board and bed in his chambers. Next morning Dr. Macfly greeted his guest, "And how did ye sleep the night, Mester Beehemouth?"

"Not very well. A strange bed perhaps. But—"

"Ah!" quoth the doctor eagerly, "ye were just bitten by something, eh?"

"Well, to tell you the truth doctor, I was."

"Just think of that! Bitten were ye? Now, can ye say it was anything noteworthy that bit ye? peculiar, eh?"

"Fleas, I think. But such chaps for biting I never saw in my life."

"I should think so, indeed" (with great glee). "They're Sicilian fleas. *I imported them myself.*"

A REMARKABLE CASE.—Here is a remarkable instance of abnegation of self: A clerk in the Postoffice Department at Washington has refused promotion, giving as his reason that he is a single man, has no intention of getting married, and his present salary is more than sufficient for his support; that, as his father is employed in the department, his own promotion might give rise to unpleasant gossip and charge of favoritism, and that as a fellow clerk in his division contemplates marriage and has long hoped for promotion, an increase of salary would be more acceptable to his friend than to himself. For these reasons he respectfully declines promotion at present, saying that the time may come when he will stand in need of a larger salary, in which case he will not hesitate to accept clerical preferment.

Brevities.

A woman's pride and a sailor's guide—The needle.

When is a bow not a bow? When it's a bow-knot.

The most likely thing to become a woman—Why, a little girl.

Why is the sun like a good loaf? Because it's light when it rises.

Because a man would fain leave well alone is he therefore a pump?

What sort of ascent is a descent? A trip up, for it brings you down.

Why are birds melancholy in the morning? Because their little bills are all over-dew.

What is the easiest way for a bad rider to show himself off? To get on a spirited horse.

Why are young ladies so partial to sunset and twilight? Because they are daughters of Eve.

In too many lamentable instances, the "last scene of all this strange, eventful history' is—kerosene.

The kindness of distant friends is like the Polar sun, too far removed to warm us.

Bogus "Chicago sufferers" are abundant and thievish in Western cities and towns.

To be independent of external circumstances is the first step to the enjoyment of life.

The heart, too often, like the cement of the Ancient Romans, acquires hardness by time.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in a storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

The proposition for a constitutional convention in Ohio was carried at the late election by a majority of 72,952.

If truth be established, objections are nothing. The one is founded on our knowledge, the other in our ignorance.

A Texas editor complains that attempts to shoot him have become so numerous lately that the thing is getting monotonous.

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is, that persons can commend it without envy.

It would be a much better arrangement if the wrinkles of old age were to come on our heels instead of our faces.

There are four hundred and nine incorporated cities in the United States, of which St. Augustine, Florida, is the oldest.

New Hampshire, it is said, possesses a real curiosity in the shape of a Congressman who refuses to frank his wife's letters.

Every earnest glance we give to the realities around us, with intent to learn, proceeds from a holy impulse, and is a song of praise.

The total amount of assets of the the Chicago Insurance Companies that have suspended is about $3,000,000, the liabilities $20,000,000.

To flatter persons adroitly, one must know three things—what they are, what they think they are, and what they want other people to think they are.

If you were the wife of your grandmother's uncle's cousin's half-sister, what relation would you be to your uncle's grandfather's husband, and how many?

A subject for triumph—"What have you been crying for George." "Coth mamma wouldn't dive me thpunge-cake, coth I've got a thtummach-ache!" "Ah ha! I've got a 'punge-cake and a 'tummach-ache, too!"

The easiest way to preserve grapes is to hang the bunches up in a room where the air is not subject to much change, and is pure and dry. If not below the freezing-point, the cooler the air the better the grapes will keep.

"Indian Joe," a Piute medicine man, well known among the whites, was stoned to death by his tribe, having failed to restore to health two sick Indians. The practice of medicine among Indians evidently has its unpleasant features.

We hope the ladies will come back to a simple style of hair dressing, when they remember that the most of the false hair they purchase is from the heads of the Paris communists, and from all the prisons here and abroad.

Mr. Ashbury goes home to build new yachts and try the speed of old ones. He is sure something can be found where with the Yankee craft can be beaten. He proposes to come next year and every years until he wins the Queen's Cup.

"Give me a pound of oysters," said a man to an oyster vendor who was going by. "I sell by measure, not by weight," said the oysterman. "Then give me a yard of them," said the man. The oysterman shook his head dubiously and passed on.

A jolly Jack tar, having strayed into a show at a fair to have a look at the wild beasts, was much struck with the sight of a lion and a tiger in the same den. "Why, Jack," said he to a messmate, who was chewing a quid in silence, "I shouldn't wonder if next year they were to carry about a sailor and a marine living peaceably together!" "Ah," said his married companion, "or a man and his wife!"

How He Did It.

A certain burglar, on being taken to Sing Sing prison was asked what was his profession? "A bank clerk," said he. He then told the following story to illustrate how he obtained his profession. The method is certainly ingenious, though not to be recommended for general adoption:

"I was watching a country bank for some little time, and I noticed that the paying teller wore a striped coat and straw hat. The clerks left the bank at about 1 o'clock for dinner. I got a straw hat and a striped coat, and for several days took my seat on the steps of the bank. One day I saw my opportunity. The paying teller and most of the clerks were out. I went in, pulled off my hat and coat, hung them up where I had seen the teller hang his, and went around to the desk. The books were open, and here and there were piles of bills. I went to work at the books, and made the most remarkable entries ever recorded in the books of any bank in this world or any other. I pocketed the bills one after another, and putting on my coat and hat, I went on my way fifteen thousand dollars better off than ever I was before."

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