The Cambridge Chronicle.

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VOL. I. NO. 45. CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1872. Terms: $1.50 per Annum

Broken Flowers.

'Twas years ago; one summer eve,
While walking out with Jane,
To take a lover's farewell leave,
Down in the shady lane,
I, careless, crushed a tiny flower—
I did not mind it then;
It was a heedless act of power,
A common thing with men.

We parted; there were words unkind;
Her eyes were filled with tears,
And I was proud and rough and blind;
But, oh! the after-years!
Two voices, like my shadow, haunt
My way at every step—
The sighing of the murdered plant,
The wail of her who wept.

I crushed a flower, I killed a heart;
And now, where'er I go,
I find myself a thing apart,
With "heritage of woe."
Whene'er a little flower I meet,
It bends its head away,
Shrinks from my sacrilegious feet,
And crouches to the clay;

And then it sounds a little moan—
I heard it in the lane
That dreadful night so long agone,
When I was there with Jane.
But now I never crush a flower,
Nor pluck one from its stalk,
And all are safe in field or bower,
Wherever I may walk.

Ah! flowers forgive, but hearts do not;
Human inhuman all are we:
I don't believe Jane had a thought
That was not all of love for me;
And yet I crushed her like the plant,
With coward doubts about her truth;
And since, my only prayer is, grant
Forgiveness for the sins of youth!

THE DIVER'S PARTNER.

I was a diver as a young man. I may say I was born a diver, for my father was one before me. You may have heard of him—Bill Hurst was his name; he was pretty well known in his time, and almost the first that ever went down in the dress without a bell. Even when I started at it there were not many in the business. Father began to train me for it early, and consequently, from habit and experience, I got to be considered a first-rate hand, and got my share of employment.

When quite young I was injured at my work, and after my leg began to get better a fever set in, and I was taken to a farmer's house. The farmer's daughter, Polly, was my nurse. By-and-by I got a bit better, and was able to creep about the house with a stick, or sit outside in the sun. The farmer was mostly out looking after his crops and his cattle, except at meal-times; so Polly and I saw a good deal of one another, and very naturally fell in love.

One afternoon the farmer came home unexpectedly. Polly and I, never dreaming of such a chance, were on the settle by the fire—I with my arm round her waist, and she with her head on my shoulder. It was a very pretty picture, perhaps, but I can tell you it didn't suit his taste, anyhow.

Well, there was a pretty row, I can assure you. The old man would have struck me but for Polly. He ordered me out of the house at once, as an ungrateful rogue and vagabond. Then Polly tried her powers of persuasion, for he wouldn't listen to a word from me. At first he wouldn't give much head to her; but by degrees she got him to sit down and hear what I had to say.

It wasn't very much beyond that I loved Polly. I could only say I hoped I should get work, and save money, and that sort of thing. He laughed at the idea: "What could we live on if we married?" Polly jumped up and said she could and would work at needle-work, or she'd go into service—anything! and then she burst out crying, and went into hysterics. That touched the old man a bit, and somehow or another, after a long time, he consented to give me a twelvemonth's grace. If I could come back at the end of it with a prospect of earning a fair living, I might have Polly. But she declared that I should'nt be fit to work for some months yet, and that the twelvemonth should begin from when I was well and strong. So her father said, "It's autumn now: I'll give him a twelvemonth from Christmas!"

In the spring I shipped on board a trader bound for Wales for copper ore. We had one passenger on board, a friend of the captain's. They were share-holders in several mines, and had done business together for years. The passenger—his name was Turton—was very rich, but very speculative. The captain used often to rate him for such gambling rashness, as he called it.

"You'll sink all your money some of these days as deep as the doubloons in the ships over there," said he to Turton one day as we were sailing along the Cornish coast.

"What ships?—where?" said the other.

"Do you see those breakers yonder," said the captain, "about half a mile to the windward of the southern point of that low, rocky little island? That's called Galleon Reef, and it is said that a fleet of Spanish treasure-ships were sank there, to prevent their falling into the hands of our men-of-war that was after them."

"Has any of the money ever been found?" asked Turton.

"Yes, a few pieces now and then. There was a company started once—by some such speculative madcaps as you—but somehow or another it all came to nothing.

"Egad! I don't see why it shouldn't be done nowadays, with all our modern diving inventions."

"Oh, if you're for diving," said the captain, "here's your man;" and he turned to me. I had come aft to relieve the man at the wheel. I was a bit of a favorite with the captain for steadiness and sobriety, and he had asked me questions, and I had told him who and what I was.

"Are you a diver, my man?" said Turton.

"I believe you—John Hurst is one of the best and most skillful divers we have," said the captain, who then called for another hand to take the wheel in my place.

When the voyage was ended, at the request of Mr. Turton, I sent in what I estimated as necessary for the attempt of securing the treasure. I proposed to begin in as economical a manner as possible, and with a small staff. A couple of divers would be sufficient to examine the reef, and see what truth there was in the report, and if it proved true, to calculate what amount of money could be got out of the vessels. It would then be easy to send as many additional hands as necessary.

I only discovered one drawback in the affair. It turned out that my partner was a diver of the name of Bleggs—a quarrelsome, ill-conditioned fellow, with not the best of characters. I felt it my duty to tell Mr. Turton thus much, but he said it couldn't be helped, for Blegg's patron was one of the largest and most influential share-holders, and that he wanted Bleggs appointed to the post I had; and Bleggs would had it but for Mr. Turton's tact and energy, and the respect the other adventurers felt for him.

Bleggs knew this; for, the first time we met, he said something about my luck in having friends at court to get me above the heads of better men. "Well," he continued, gruffly, "it's no odds. We shall see soon who does best for the company, skipper or man.

In due time the island was reached and our work began. We explored the ocean bed carefully. I meant to examine the hulk first, but in a weak moment allowed myself to be dissuaded by Bleggs, who urged that as what he wanted was to learn as quickly as possible if there was gold, we had better examine the ships which the sea had broken up for us, and so save ourselves the trouble of breaking up the hulk.

The work was exhausting and fatiguing, and I found to my chagrin that Bleggs surpassed me in strength and endurance. My illness had shaken my constitution, and I suffered very severely from pain in the leg that had been fractured; but I made up my mind to presevere and do my best.

So far our search had been unsuccessful. At last I observed something that made me suspect that Bleggs was playing me tricks. Happening to make my descent after him somewhat more rapidly than usual, I found him emerging from the hulk. He assured me afterwards that he had only gone there for mussels, of which he was very fond, and which were very fine on the hulk.

A day or two afterward—Bleggs having meantime obtained leave to "go ashore," as we called visiting the main-land—I observed that a man was constantly hanging about the reef fishing in an open boat. It was not a very good fishing ground, and it was some distance from the shore for an open boat. But I noticed that this stranger always remained at his moorings till after dark. He was not verycommunicative—indeed, he growied at our manœuvres, saying that we drove the fish away. At the same time I discovered he was not a native, for he did not speak the local dialect, but what, for want of better definition, I may call it London-English.

My suspicions were aroused at last, when turning round suddenly one day while we were preparing to descend, I saw Bleggs signaling to the solitary fisherman. I said nothing but determined to investigate without delay.

All that night I lay awake thinking over this matter. I rose in the morning with a matured plan. When Bleggs and I had finished our midday meal, which was cooked upon the boat, I ordered him to take off his diving-dress, and go to the main-land and get some paper, under the pretense that I had none in store, and must write my report to Mr. Turton that night. Bleggs did not seem to like the idea, but he was obliged to go. I sent one of the crew with him in one of our small punts; and as soon as I saw him disappear behind the island I jumped overboard to prosecute my search.

And I made my way to the hulk and entered it. A very short survey sufficed to show me that its hold had been visited, and that the contents of its hold had been recently disturbed. Making my way down, I was speedily engaged in clearing the sand and weed, beneath which I soon came upon some large wooden cases, so rotted and decayed that a very few blows of my ax shivered the lid of one, and revealed the contents.

There lay masses of what, in spite of being so oxidized and, as it were, fused together by the action of salt-water, I could see were gold and silver coins. The sight at first surprised and delighted me; and then came a thought of rage at the treachery of Bleggs, who had, it is clear, concealed the treasure from me, and was evidently helping himself to the contents of the chest—somehow, though how I knew not.

I began to search the hold narrowly for some trace of the manner in which he removed the coin. In a remote corner I came on a bundle of raw hide, and several coils of thin but strong line. Beside these lay a knife which I identified as his, and therefore took possession of as a bit of evidence againt him. Then I ascended to the deck again, and looked about him. I could see a place where the bulwarks had evidently been cut away quite lately, and beyond it in the sand, which had drifted up almost level with the deck, I could see a trail as if heavy bodies had been dragged along. I followed it, and was guided to a nook in the upright wall of a rock, wherein I found two large packages, consisting of raw hide, and evidently full of coins. A line was attached to them. I followed it with my eye as it went up—up toward the surface of the water as far as I could see. I was just about to pull it, in order to discover whether it was attached to some fishing buoy, when I made out through the green haze of heaving water a dark object, which I immediately guessed was the boat of the uncommunicative fisherman.

Well might that morose personage cast line after line into the sea if this was the sort of catching he made! I saw at once why he staid out until after dark. It was to haul in his prize unobserved. I determined he should have his labor for nothing this once, at any rate. I would tie his lines to a mass of rocks, and let him pull that up! I should want some cord for this purpose, and remembering the coil in the hold of the vessel, I went back to seek it.

While I was groping my way in the hold I felt a sudden jerk at my signal line, which, as you are aware, is attached round a diver's waist. I supposed it must have caught on some projection on the wreck. The next minute I found it must have broken, for it hung loose.

As I put my hand behind me to the knot of the signal line to make sure that it was the case, I experienced a violent push from behind, which flung me down on my face. Before I could recover myself, or even wonder what was amiss, I felt my hands caught in a slip-noose, drawn forcible together behind, and bound fast by the wrists.

By this time I had guessed who was my assailant. Bleggs had managed somehow to return very much sooner than he should have done, and had come down and surprised me.

As soon as he had finished tying my hands he turned me over on my back, and putting his foot on my chest, stood looking at me for a minute or two. Even at that moment it struck me how strange we must look—one man looking at the other with triumph and hatred, the other gazing at him with alarm and anxiety, but the countenance of each hidden from the other by the strange expressionless diving-helmets.

He raised me to my feet, when a violent struggle ensued. But he was my master; I was powerless with my hands bound so; he forced me back against an upright support, and lashed me to it.

I felt in sense a relief, for I knew that, although he had cut my single rope, my staying down long after he ascended would alarm the men in our boat, and some means would have been taken to free me. There were one or two men among the crew who could dive a little, and there were two spare dresses on the island, in case of accidents.

But I had miscalculated my enemy's malice. You may have observed in a diver's helmet two little brass disks, perforated like a nose of a watering pot. One of these is constantly in use allowing the superfluous or vitiated air to escape. The second is in use in case the other be clogged or damaged. Both are arranged so that on being turned half round they are closed, and shut in the air, whereupon the diver becomes so buoyant that he rises at once to the surface.

Bleggs came up to me, made a mocking bow as if to take farewell, and then closed both the escape valves of my helmet. All the horror of my situation flashed on me! He intended to murder me. With every stroke of the air pump would come a great pressure of air, which by its increasing weight would kill me after the most awful tortures.

Before I had recovered from the shock Bleggs had disappeared, and already the strokes of the air-pumps seemed to beat on my brain like sledge-hammers. I writhed and twisted and tore at my fastenings with the strength of a desperate and the fury of a mad man. The agony became intense. All of a sudden I felt I held some hard substance in my hand. It was the knife I had picked up. I had instinctly gripped it hard, even in my struggle with Bleggs. But it was closed. Still the pressure increased; I felt as if my hand would burst; my eyeballs seemed filled with fire; my breath was choked; my brain began to swim.

Now or never thought I. After some vain struggling I managed to hold the knife against the timber with the back of one hand, and with the other open its blade. Directly it was open and thrust into my diving-dress, which, with the pressure of the air was distended like a balloon. With the bubbling sound that denoted the escape of the air through the hole thus made came an immediate sense of relief. The hope of escape from such imminent peril gave me new courage and fresh strength, and I speedily released myself from my bonds, and was saved.

The hole I made was in the leg of my trowsers. I took some of the cord that had bound me, and after tying it as tight as I could round my leg above the hole, was able to turn on my regular escape valve and breathe with comparative freedom.

In a few moments I had gained the deck, and, closing the valve was rapidly borne to the surface. I came up just under the quarter, and as I laid my hand on the rope ladder to climb up the side, I heard Blegg's voice:

"Governor's a long time down. Something queer there; wouldn't let me stay down—signaled me to go up at once. Found the swag, p'taps, and wants it for himself! I wonder when he means coming up?"

"Now!" said I, climbing up, and showing myself over the bulwarks. Bleggs fell back as if he had been shot.

"Seize him, and bind him hand and foot!" said I to the men, who obeyed me with some wonder, and very readily. Luckily he was too surprised to resist. When I told the story of his villiany the crew were for throwing him overboard then and there, but this I positively forbade.

At this moment looking in the direction of our fisher friend, I saw him preparing to slip his cable and make for shore. I immediately ordered three of the crew into the boat and give chase. They caught him after a smart race.

To make a long story short, we traced the stolen treasure to this man's hut on the opposite side of the island to ours, and he and Bleggs were taken before the nearest magistrate, and the whole case laid before him.

Then I learned the manner of Blegg's rapid return. Apparently guessing my suspicions, he had gone to the island instead of going to the main-land—had broken into the stores, and found the paper. This he showed to the man who was with him, saying he fancied he had seen some, and so of course there was no need to go on shore.

The magistrate discharged Blegg's accomplice. The treasure-ships were not our property, and the man was not in our employ, so that there was no case against him.

But with Bleggs it was quite another affair, said the justice; though it was unnecessary to go into that part of the question, as he should commit him for trial on the charge of attempting murder.

As he said this my overpent feelings gave way, and turning round giddily as if in search of support, I fell all in a heap on the floor.

From that time there was a long blank until I came to myself, and found I was lying in a bed, attended by a nurse, who seemed very glad to find I was sensible—as well she might, poor woman, for I had been raging with brain-fever. But I was forbidden to talk, and, indeed, scarcely cared to do so, I was so weak.

My recovery was very; very slow. At last, when I was strong enough, they told me that I had been laid up for a long time, during which my enemy had been kept in prison, until growing weary of confinement he had confessed all to Mr. Turton, and being allowed to plead guilty, had been transported.

I asked what time of the year it was, for I saw through my bedroom window that the branches of the trees were bare. I was told it was October.

Then came back to me the bitter thought that the year was nearly run out, and I was as badly off as at the commencement of it. I saw I had lost all chance of winning Polly. Nay, my long silence might have led her to think me faithless.

The worry and disappointment brought on a relapse, and for another month I lay at death's door, and was another three weeks ere I could muster strength to rise from my bed.

Then I wrote to Mr. Turton to ask him for the wages that were due at the time of my illness, and to thank him for his kindness in providing me, as I learned he had done, with nursing and medical attendance.

In a couple of days I received a letter from him inclosing me a check for a thousand pounds, with the thanks of the company for my fidelity and vigilance in their interests. They had raised an immense quantity of treasure.

I need hardly say how grateful I was, or how soon I gained health and strength then. I made my way up to town as soon as I could, and went straight to Polly.

It was the day before Christmas-day, and she was putting up the holly. I saw her through the window; so I slipped in quietly by the back door, and crept up and caught her in my arms. It was a foolish trick, for she just gave me one look, and then fainted dead off.

But no harm came of it, and—Well, Sir, the thousand pounds satisfied the farmer, and we were married. And a better wife a man couldn't have.

Legends of the Yellowstone.

Even in the middle of summer the snow is so deep in these mountains that successive government exploring parties were baffled in their attempts to enter them, and all private expeditions have been driven off by the Indians. It is said that the Crows fear, as the vales are so green, that if the white man once knows of their beauty, their hunting-grounds will be ruined. These vales are the resort of numberless herds of buffalo and wild game, and here, the trappers tell us, is the "mother region" of the gold, where the Indians told Father de Smet it was found on the surface. Here are burning plains, so testifies Bridger, at the head of the Yellowstone, and large lakes, and boiling springs like the geysers of Ireland. Here he saw his Two Ocean river, which, after flowing for some distance, separates into two large streams—one traveling to the Atlantic, the other to the Pacific. In one of these vales is a large tract of sage-brush, every leaf and branch perfect, and here and there are rabbits, sage-hens, and even Indians, all turned to solid stone. Ill fares it with whosoever penetrates these mysteries, for the genius of the place at once adds him to the group of statuary. More wonderful still—and our trapper told it with great awe—these bushes bear rare fruit—thousands of rubies, sapphires, diamonds, emeralds, large as walnuts. "I tell you, sir," said one veracious narrator to Captain Reynolds, "it is true, for I gathered a quart myself, and sent them down to the country." A party of whites were once hotly pursued by Indians, and could only travel by night, when they were aided by the brilliant light shot from a huge diamond in a neighboring mountain, by which they traveled on for three consecutive nights. Here once an old trapper was lost on his road from Fort Laramie to Taos, and wandering for many days; and in drinking from a stream found pieces of yellow metal large as hazel nuts, which he carried to Taos and found to be gold. He spent many years seeking the place again, but in vain. These, and many other legends and traditions of these regions, the trapper gave us as truths familiar in the mountains as household words, which it would be impious to doubt.

Saved by a Horse.

Some years since a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the northwestern part of Illinois, when a violent snow storm came on. They started for their camp, which was in a grove of about eighty acres in a large prairie, near twenty miles from any other timber. The wind was blowing very hard, and the snow drifted so as to nearly blind them. When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon tracks in the snow. These they looked at with care, and found to their dismay, that they were their own tracks. It was now plain they were lost on the great prairie, and that if they had to pass the night there, the chance was that not one of them would be alive in the morning. While they were shivering with fear and the cold, the chief man of their party caught sight of one of their old horses—a gray pony known as "Old Jack." Then the chief said: If any man can show us to our camp, out of this blinding snow, Old Jack can do it. I think he will show us our way back to camp. The horse as soon as he found himself free, threw his head and tail into the air, as if proud of the trust put on him. Then he snuffed the breeze, and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say: "Come along, boys, follow me; I'll lead you out of this scrape." He then turned in a new direction and trotted along, but not so fast that the men could not follow him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp-fires, and they a gave a loud hugza at the sight, and for old Jack.

A Masonic Question.—The New Jersey Grand Lodge of Freemasons has decided a question which created a good deal of interest in Massachusetts, owing to the similarity of action in certain lodges there in admitting colored men to the Masonic privileges. It appears that the Grand Master of New Jersey revoked the charter of the Alpha Lodge of Newark because of its admission of a negro to membership, and the Grand Lodge spent a whole day in discussing the question of reinstating the Lodge. Able speeches were made, principally in opposition to the course of the Grand Master, and on reaching a vote the Lodge was ordered a renewal of its privileges—112 to 103.

Generous.—A story running about as follows is now going the rounds of the press: A Boston man proposed to marry a widow a short time since, and as proof of the sincerity of his intention gave her a deed of one-half his property, which was in real estate located near Bangor, Me. The deed was duly recorded. It was soon found that the man already had a wife, but he insisted on the spurious betrothed keeping the property, and forthwith appointed an agent to sell it for her benefit, which that agent has recently done. The property deeded to the lady was worth about seventy-five thousand dollars."

The mother, wife and two daughters of Dr. N. Klumb, living in the suburbs of Louisville, Ky., were poisoned at supper, by eating some fruit put up in jars. They lay at the point of death for some hours, but the energetic efforts of physicians finally roused the victims from their stupor. There are some hopes now for their recovery.

Here is a marvel. The police commissioners of Chicago have voted to reduce their salaries from $3,000 to $500.

Oil Dispatches.

Some idea of oil men, their manner of expression, their ambitions, their likes and their dislikes, may be had from an article in the *Petroleum Monthly*, for January, from which we make this extract:

One evening in November, 1871, while occupying my accustomed corner in the Telegraph office at Titusville, I jotted down upon my paper cuffs and shirt bosom a few of the messages that were going and coming over the wires, which I give below as a sample of the "inner life" with which an operator is familiar omitting real names and dates:

"Shall I let a thousand go at 20? S is the buyer, and may want more."

"What is Brown's well doing at Parker's? Run up the yield as she will bear, and I will buy in Bennie's spot."

"Dear Theodore, come home quick—twins, market busted, and futures tumbling—bring home a codfish for breakfast."

Brown's well doing 1,100 barrels a day by actual measurement, with tools, sand pump and a pair of bull wheels in the hole. Is good for 2,000 as soon as she is cleaned out."

"The production reports for the next month will show an increase of 6,000 barrels an hour; you can bet on that, for the reporters are 'fixed.' The Erie ring has got one, the 'bears' the other, while old 'Reality' is owned by both, and will pull off either tug as circumstances may warrant"

"Get me a slice of old Gibson's farm before he hears of that strike near him; fix up the lease so that the new royalty will be paid at the end of the year, I will be in Europe then."

"You must strike a thousand-barrel well at Brady's Bend. I am 'shorter' than pie crust and have got to cover this week or never.

"Be sure and strike the well so far away that it can't be found for a day or two."

"Sell the oil to responsible parties only. Take no orders on Pittsburgh at any price. Spot cash, cask spot only in that direction."

"Twins! the thunder you say! and here I have two dry holes at Pithole and tools stuck at East Sandy. Good-bye. Address me in Europe. I can't stand prosperity."

"Can't you increase the yield of the Pithole well again? Another start and grease will weaken so I can pay my board ahead."

"I am coming home if I can borrow a dollar. Our well is dryer than a powder house. Take George out of college, cut off Susie's music lessons, and sell your wedding jewelry. The French cook and chambermaid will have to go too."

"Eureka! I have struck it! One hundred barrels, and increasing! Open a fresh can of peaches and let the children have butter on their bread. Will be home Saturday with your diamonds. What is the size of Mrs. Lollipop's pin? I will pay over that in size if I don't accumulate a cent. Jenkin's well, is as dry as a bone. Cut his family acquaintance at once."

Sacrifice of a White Dog.

In accordance with a custom which has prevailed among the Onondaga Indians from a period so remote that it is lost in a dim myth, the tribe recently celebrated the solemn sacrifice of the White Dog. The ceremony always takes place during the old moon nearest to the month of February. It seems to have an astronomical as well as a religious meaning, and one witnessing the ceremonies almost fancies that he detects a trace of the Egyptian worship of Anubis. The principal actor was Captain George, who was the only person present arrayed in full Indian costume. The dog supposed to have the sins of the whole nation cast upon him, was perfectly white, and was strangled to death in order to prevent the effusion of blood, which would render the sacrifice not acceptable to Ha-wah-ne-a, who is the creator of the world, the holder of the heavens, the maker of men and animals and the controller of destiny. The day preceding this sacrifice is spent in preparation for the great event in the history of the nation, and on the great day the whole nation is expected to meet at the council-house. Early in the morning large fires are built, guns discharged and various devices employed for making a disturbance with as much success as is achieved by the pale faces on the Fourth of July. About noon the white dog was strangled, and became the subject of a long address from Captain George, which, being in Onondaga, was not well appreciated by the whites who were present, as it might have been. After the whole tribe had marched around the lifeless dog three times, the priest of the occasion faced the east and solemnly devoted the body to the flames. While the dog was burning a solemn chant was kept up by Capt. George.—*Syracuse Journal.*

True Politeness.—A poor Arab going through the desert, met with a sparkling spring. Accustomed to brackish water, a draught from this sweet well in the wilderness seemed, to his simple mind, a present to offer to the caliph. So he filled his leathern bottle, and, after a weary tramp, laid his humble gift at his sovereign's feet. The monarch, with the magnanimity that may put many a Christian to blush, called for a cup, and filling it, drank freely; and, with a smile, thanked the Arab and presented him with a reward. The courtiers pressed eagerly around for a draught of the wonderful water, which was regarded as worthy such a princely acknowledgment. To their surprise the caliph forbade them to touch a drop. Then, after the simple-hearted giver left the royal presence, with a new spring of joy welling up in his heart, the monarch explained the motive for his prohibition. "During this last journey, the water in this leathern bottle had become impure and distasteful; but it was an offering of *love*, and, as such, I accepted it with pleasure. I feared, however, that if I allowed another to taste it, he would not conceal his disgust. Therefore it was that I forbade you to partake, lest the heart of the poor man should be wounded."

A Michigan paper thus delicately announces a death from a "non-explosive." "Mrs. Maria Farmley gave up the bad habit of using kerosene for kindling fires, recently."

During the crisis in France caused by the threatened retirement of President Thiers, the Bonapartists are reported to have been very industrious.

Newspapers and their Influence.

We shall not attempt to define the exact influence of newspapers; but, most assuredly, it is most extensive. A book lives longer than a newspaper, but a newspaper is constantly at work. The book is read by the few, the newspaper by the million. As a photographic impression of the lights and shadows of passing life, everybody takes an interest in a newspaper. It is the record of the daily history of our own time; it is, in fact, in our age, the history of telegraphic communication, and that is the history for the world each day. Its columns contain a transcript of the deaths, the marriages, the accidents, the complaints, the calamities, the excitements, the fears, the enthusiasm, the rejoicings, the sorrow and wants of living men. How, then, can it fail to be generally interesting.

But the newspaper does more than this—it forms opinions, sometimes leading, sometimes following. It cannot go too far ahead, neither can it lag too far behind. It acts and is acted upon. Perhaps it is oftener an echo of what the majority of newspapers read and think, feel and desire, than anything else. This indeed is a necessity of a newspaper,s existence. But it often leads opinion, too, by reiteration, by repetition, by line upon line, and by precept upon precept. As the water drop wears hollows in the hardest stone, so does the newspaper mold and shape the local and political opinions of the community, and bring about important and extensive changes. It does not follow that these opinions are always valuable or excellent. The newspapers may form false views as well as true; may defend injustice, strengthen prejudice, and propagate error. The only corrective for all this is freedom. Said Milton in his plea for unlicensed printing. "Let truth and falsehood grapple, who ever saw truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter."

The qualities of a successful editor, however, are of a much higher kind than Carlyle defines them to be. It is not mere "threshing straws without wheat" that is required by him. He must have ability, energy and tact. His illustrations and arguments must always be within call. The best newspaper writing is only brilliant talking; but what a rare gift is that! Let any person who thinks it easy to write a newspaper article, try it. But one article or even a dozen, will be no test of success. An editor must be able, like the celebrated French cook of the play, to prepare twelve courses of fish, flesh and fowl from one square lump of veal. He must be ever sparkling and fresh—never flagging or dull for a moment. He must mingle the grave with the gay, the lively with the severe, fact with comment, speculation with experience. He must have a versatile taste, a well-stored memory, a light and playful imagination, a logical mind, an unanswering judgment. If any one thinks it is an easy task to edit a newspaper, day after day and year after year, just let him try it.—*Exchange.*

Agricultural.

The following information is extracted from the January number of the monthly report of the Department of Agriculture of the United States.

A convention of delegates representing the interests of State agricultural and horticultural societies, boards of agriculture, and agricultural colleges of the United States will meet at the City of Washington on Thursday, the 15th of February next, to confer upon subjects of mutual interest, and to take such action as shall be deemed expedient for the promotion of agricultural education, and to secure a more intimate connection between the department and the several institutions mentioned. The meeting will take place in one of the rooms of the department building, at ten o'clock in the morning. The call for this convention was issued by the Commissioner of Agriculture, after full interchange of views with the officers of agricultural colleges and with other prominent agriculturists. The Department is now receiving, principally for distribution in the South, in liberal portions for experimental purposes, improved varieties of field and sugar corn, field and garden peas and beans. Italian rye grass, bromus, schroeder and lucerne, mangold wurzle, and sugar beet, and cabbage and onion seeds. It will also receive during this month fresh seeds of the ramie and jute plants, the latter of which cannot be grown successfully north of Tennessee. Oats and barley of approved varieties have been ordered from Scotland and Germany, and will be distributed in ample time for spring sowing. A choice variety of white spring wheat grown in Oregon from seed imported from Australia has just been distributed to the Northwestern States and Territories. The department has just distributed a quantity of Cooley's early white field corn to a selected list of farmers in different States, who will make a trial of it in their respective localities and report the results of their experiments at the close of the year. This corn is a new variety, originated by Mr. C. C. Cooley, of Manchester, Adams County, Ohio, and introduced to the public in the fall of 1870. It is said to be remarkable for its early maturity. Mr. Cooley states that he planted it the past season on the 3d of May and it was ripe and ground into meal on the 9th of August, the time of its growth having been fourteen weeks. A farmer in Wisconsin is reported to have raised a crop and had it ground into meal in thirteen weeks from the day of planting. Another in Minnesota raised fifty bushels from one pint and a half of seed. Cooley claims that this corn is equa a in productiveness to any variety in cultivation.

Did Not Like It.—During the recent illness of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, a well-known London physician ordered his servant to go every night to the gate at Marlberough House and wait until the midnight bulletin was posted. On one occasion the servant lost his temper at having to wait in the cold, and said he wished the Prince was dead. The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he was set upon by the mob, and was so maltreated that on his return to his master's house he had scarcely a stitch of clothing left upon his back.

General Cabral, having organized a new provisional government in Santo Domingo, is reported to have defeated the followers of Baez near Neyba.

Good Night, My Sweet.

O sweet, my love, the hour is late,
The moon goes down in silver state,
As here alone I watch and wait;
Though far from thee, my lips repeat,
In whispers low, "Good night, my sweet."

Somewhere beneath these gracious skies
My bonny love a dreaming lies.
With slumber brooding in her eyes;
Go seek her, happy wind so free,
And kiss her folded hands for me.

While life is dear and love is best,
And young moons drop adown the west,
My lone heart turning to its rest
Beneath the stars, shall whisper clear,
"Good night, my sweet!" though none may hear.

Facts and Fancies.

The great plains of Texas contain one hundred and fifty-two million acres.

A poor man in Summer County, Kan., has only 51,000 head of cattle in the world.

Every wooden leg which supplies the place of a limb lost in battle, is said to be a stump speech against war.

On a gate post out West is a sign, "Take warnin: No trees nor life insurans, nor sein masheens wanted here."

Most of the troubles and vexations of this life consist in the anticipation of calamities which are never realized.

A Pennsylvania ladies' man says he is never satisfied that his lady friends understand a kiss, unless he has it from their own mouths.

A curious rumor comes from London that the German Government is opposed to an international combination to suppress the International.

There are 994 cheese factories in New York, which convert the milk of 259,000 cows. The total number of factories in the United States is 1,261.

A celebrated clergyman in New York recently said, that he had found more good in bad people, and more bad in good people, than he ever expected.

The world uses 250,000,000 pounds of tea each year, and 718,000,000 pounds of coffee. China furnishes nearly all the tea, and Brazil ever one half of the coffee.

The best authorities in agricultural matters estimate the coming wheat crop of California at twelve millions of sacks, worth, at the lowest estimate, $24,000,000 on the ground.

A certain city was about to be destroyed. The women were allowed to leave, and were told that they might carry away on their backs whatever they most prized. Each woman took a man.

By the gradual accumulation of sand, an island three miles long has been formed at the mouth of Mobile harbor, thereby deepening the regular channel and vastly improving the approach to the city.

A little girl was told to spell ferment and give its meaning, with a sentence in which it was used. The following was literally her answer: "Ferment, a verb, signifying to work. I like to ferment in the garden.

"I am glad this job is done," said Edward Porter, as he fastened the last shingle on a roof at Newburyport. A second afterwards he fell to the frozen ground, a distance of thirty feet, smashing his head to a jelly.

In Lafayette, Ind., a young man gave a woman his note for $500 as a balm for wounded honor, and afterward married her for the purpose of getting possession of the note. He then destroyed the document and left for parts unknown.

A man in Danbury discovered that powder fried with lard was good for boils. He tried it. The stove cover is in the second story now, though most all the rest of the stove has been collected. He was deceived in his lard, he says.

A young lady who had been chosen Engrossing Clerk in the Minnesota Senate resigned because she thought some of the votes had been given grudgingly. We are glad to be informed, however that the lady in question was immediately reelected by a hearty majority.

The moneyed value of the copper and iron product of Lake Superior for 1871 is about $12,000,000. The total product of the iron mines of Lake Superior for the past year will reach nearly 1,000,000 net tons of ore, while the make of charcoal pig-iron will be over 40,000 tons.

A gentleman in search of a man to do some work met on his way a highly respectable lady, not as young as she once was, and asked her, "Can you tell me where I can find a man?" "No, I cannot," she replied, "for I have been looking these twenty years for one myself."

During the past twelve months, the lifeboats of the English National Lifeboat Institution rescued 658 lives, in addition to 31 vessels saved from destruction. During the same period the Lifeboat Institution granted rewards for saving 230 lives by fishing and other boats, making a grand total of 888 lives saved last year mainly through its instrumentality.

Interesting Statistics.

The current number of the Gotha Almanac contains some interesting postal statistics showing the number of letters passing through the post-offices of the principal countries of the world. It would appear that the aggregate is not far from three thousand million letters yearly. The private correspondence of the different countries for last year was as follows: Great Britian, 808,000,000 letters; United States, 531,000,000; France, 354,000,000; North German States, 248,000,000; Austria, 99,000,000; Italy, 79,000,000; Spain, 72,000,000; Switzerland, 45,000,000; Russia, 21,000,000. To these figures must be added some 360,000,000 official letters which are counted separately; making in round numbers the total above given. Still more interesting, however, are the results of a calculation showing the relation between the number of letters sent, and the population of the different countries. In Great Britian the number of letters mailed was 25 per head of population; in Switzerland, 18; in the U. S., 15; in the North German States, 8.3; in Austria, 4.9; in Spain, 4; France, 3.3; in Italy, 3.1; in Russia, 3. It will be matter of surprise to many that in the little kingdom of Switzerland the proportion of letters to population is so large, while in France it is so small; but the figures above given may be accepted as indicating with considerable accuracy the decree of business activity and the popular intelligence, and education of the different countries abroad.

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