WILLY'S VIEW OF THINGS.

Charley he's my little buther,
And we has the mostest fun,
Don't we, Charley? Our mother,
Whenever we whips one 'nother,
Tries to whip us, and we run—
Don't we Charley? And nen bymе-by,
Nen she gives us cakes and pie,
Don't she Charley?—when we come in
And promise never to do it again.

He's named Charley; I'm Willy,
And I'm got the puttiest name!
My Uncle Bob calls me "Billy,"
Don't he Charley? Our filly
I named "Billy" the same
Thist like me—and our mother said
"Bob puts foolishen into our head."
Didn't she Charley?—and she don't know
Much about boys—cos Bob said so.

Baby's the funniest feller—
Naint no hair on his head,
Is they, Charlie?—it's meller
Wite up there. I'd sell her,
And buy one 'at wasn't so red,
Wouldn't you Charley?—Nen we could play,
And have most fun wiff him every day,
Couldn't we Charley?—and have most fun;
Wisht they'd a buyed a purtier one.

Our little sister she's 'leven
Years old—'ats mucher'n I,
Ain't it Charley?—I'm seven—
But our little sister's in heaven.
Dead people's goes to the sky.
Don't they Charley?—Nen they has wings,
Thist like Fanny—and purtiest things—
Don't they Charley?—Nen they can fly,
Thist fly—and—ever'thing. Wisht I'd die.

FARM AND GARDEN.

What Reaping Machines Have Done.

As to what the reaping machine has done an American contemporary refers to the following facts:—When the reaping machine—that *bete noir* of the tramp who sits in the shade and listens to the man who tells him that he ought to ride in his carriage—was introduced to the country in 1850, the number of farmers and agricultural laborers in the twelve States in which it is now chiefly used was 1,301,863, and in 1870, 2,641,830. The difference in wages was still greater. In 1850 farm hands were paid $8 a month, and harvest hands from 80c. to $1.50 a day; while in 1870 the wages of the former were $30 a month, and of the latter from $2 to $3.50 a day. This year farmers willingly pay harvest hands from $1.50 to $2.50 per day, while the manufacture of reaping machines is giving employment to thousands of skilled workmen. The same remark is applicable to all kinds of machinery, the hands employed during the last twenty years having more than doubled, and the wages quadrupled, while the population increased only 67 per cent.

Leaching of Manures.

As against the generally received notion that manure leaches through the soil, Prof. George H. Cook, of New Jersey, in his report on the sewage of Paris, states that the sewage water, as it comes from the sewers, is dark colored, turbid and of a vile odor. After being filtered through the cultivated ground it turns out of the underdrains clear, cool, without smell or taste, and to chemical tests shows no organic matter, proving conclusively that its fertilizing properties have all been absorbed by the soil. While this is undoubtedly true as a rule, it is as true that in some soils the effects of manure is quickly lost unless there are growing crops to take it up and assimilate it. Light sand certainly allows manure to leach the soil unless it be absorbed by crops. With strong loams and especially stiff clays the case is different, such soils absorb and hold large quantities of fertilizing elements.

Trees Starved to Death.

We had a short conversation with an orchardist the other day with reference to the deterioration of apple trees, and the conclusion reached was that orchards which failed to bear fair crops, as a general thing, were literally starved to death. This assumption may seem rather sweeping, but it is certainly worthy of consideration. Orchards left year after year with the turf pressed compactly about the roots and lower sections of the body of the trees, with no loosening of the soil, nor any application of manure, can hardly be expected to yield much fruit, nor do they. The soil needs stirring, wants the aid of invigorating fertilizers, and such pruning care as shall divest the trees of superabundant wood. At all events, those who have orchards should avoid the just censure of starving their trees to death, as it is asserted many of them have done and are doing year after year.

The Horse's Foot.

The value of a horse lies very largely in the condition of his feet, and to him that studies the horse's foot, its needs and best condition for health, will be accorded the best luck in having good teams. Many horses' hoofs are never cleaned out and go day after day with dirt and filth hardened next to the frog, that soon results in disease to the most tender part of the foot. This is all wrong. A little attention and care given to the feet is better than scratching and rubbing the back, and often will be more effectual in preserving a smooth coat.

Beautiful Pansies.

Everybody ought to have a bed of pansies. They are bright-eyed, cheerful looking flowers, nicely adapted to all sorts of floral combinations and ask so little care in their culture that none can afford to be without them. —But to have the very best of blooms several requisites should be attended to: 1. The ground should be rich and kept clear of weeds. 2. The plant should be in a position that is somewhat shaded from the direct rays of the sun at midday. 3. The old blossoms should be removed as soon as they begin to wither.

By attending to these precautions we have known plants to furnish flowers nearly every month in the year, in the case of an open winter.

Pay as You Go.

I think one of the worst evils the farmer has to contend with is going into debt. Many and many of them are always in debt, for their machinery from year to year and to their blacksmiths and their merchant from one year's end to another. Men of this class always have to sell their wheat as soon as they can thrash it, and haul it to market, their corn as soon as it is ripe enough to gather, and their stock as soon as the animals are saleable. They have no choice. They cannot wait for a better market, because if they keep the merchant waiting too long they know there will be no chance of getting credit another year, and it takes all they have got this year to square up old accounts. As a rule such farmers are obliged to sell at low prices and pay the highest price for what they use, and therefore lose on both sides. Most farmers will find it far easier and a great deal more profitable to pay as they go. There is no question but what they can get goods cheaper for cash. Any merchant will tell you he can afford to sell goods for less money if he gets the cash every time, instead of waiting six months. Precisely the same is the case with all with whom the farmer deals, and it will pay anyone to live close for one year in order ever after to be free from the galling pressure of debt. Do without everything that you possibly can live without. Do not buy a new plow, or a new harrow, or any other new implement, simply because you can buy it on credit. Wait, and wait patiently, until you can pay as you go, and you will be surprised how much you can save in a year; for I honestly believe any farmer will not buy more when he is buying on credit than he will if he pays cash every time. It is those who are in debt head over heels that feel the hard times so severely. We farmers who are out of debt now are the most independent class of men in the country. Keep out of debt.

Protect the Horses.

A cotton sheet will be found a great protection to the horses working in the harvest field. It screens them from the heat, from flies, and from dust, and the labor of cleaning them is lessened. It will be found desirable, when horses are washed, to use a soft sponge and water in which some carbolic soap has been dissolved. This cools the skin, assists perspiration, removes the strong, pungent smell, greatly refreshes the animals, and drives away the flies. Where there is a river near by, a bath in the evening will be agreeable and safe, if the horses are kept in the water only two or three minutes, and are driven home at once and rubbed dry.

Cows.

A cool, dark, clean stable for the cows is, for many reasons, preferable to a hot pasture in the middle of the day. Cows that have been kept up on moderate feed will shrink in their milk on being turned into a luxurious pasture on a hot day. Dry earth or sand makes a better bedding than straw during the hot season.

A New Invention for the Dairy.

A time-saving, if not a labor-saving invention for Dairy use was exhibited at the Kilburn Show, by means of which milk and cream were separated, and the cream made into butter in a few minutes after the milk had been drawn from the cow. The apparatus consists of a metal basin resembling a washbasin, fixed on the top of an upright spindle. As the milk is poured into this it revolves at a speed of 5,000 or 6,000 revolutions to the minutes. The milk being the heaviest, is driven by the centrifugal force to the centre, Milk is continuously supplied at the bottom, thus forcing the cream to make its exit by a pipe at the top. In hot and malarious districts, where milk is apt to be spoiled during the time it takes to separate its cream naturally, the invention may prove very valuable.

The Custom of Having Bride Cake.

It is not generally known that the custom of having bride cake, without which, even in this day, any wedding without the domain of civilization would be counted as incomplete, is derived from the most solemn of the three connubial ceromonies observed by the ancient Romans. This was called *confarreatio*, the other ceremonies being *coemptio*, the pretended purchase by which the parties bought one another with a bit of coin, and *usus*, the consummation or taking home of the bride. The latter two are alone mentioned by Cicero, which shows that the first form had grown absolute before this time. *Confarreatio* was performed by the chief priest or priest of Jupiter; a formula was pronounced in the presence of ten witnesses, and the man and woman ate of a cake of salted wheaten bread, throwing part of it on the sacrifice, which was that of a sheep. The cake was termed *far*, or *pannis farreus* (corn or wheaten bread); whence the name of the ceremony. By this form the woman was said to be possessed of her husband by the sacred laws, and became a partner of all his substance and sacred rites, those of the Penates, as well as Lares. If he died intestate and without children, she inherited all his property. If she had children, she received an equal share with them. The offspring of this form of marriage were designated as *patrimi* or *matrimi*, from whom were chosen priests and priestesses, especially the priests of Jupiter and the vestal virgins. The Emperor Tiberius wanted three priests of this true lineage, but could not get them owing to the general disuse of the ceremony in his reign. *Confarreatio* was dissoluble only by a form of divorce, *disfarreatio*, regarded as an equivalent in solemnity. That bride cake is a relic of *confarreatio* is evident from the fact that until two centuries since it was made of wheat or barley, without fruit. We should think that, with the present revival of, and love for, the old, the young women of classic culture and taste, would insist that the bridecake should be of the ancient sort. It might add to the serious and sacred character of the occasion.

Miscellaneous Notes.

At the last meeting of the New York State Dairymens' association, the estimated cost of keeping a cow a year was reported from $15 to $35, and the labor about $7 per head. The cost of manufacturing cheese was $1.25 to $2 per 100 pounds. The total expense per cow is about $40, leaving about $7 per head on an average as profit.

Great Britain and Ireland with one-third of the number of cows that are in the United States produces butter and cheese annually to the amount of $67,500,000, and $130,000,000 worth of fresh milk sold. The estimated animal yield per cow is 362 gallons. Yet England buys from abroad fully one-half the butter and cheese her people consume.

Common wild ferns can be easily transplanted at any time to shady places on the north side of buildings or under trees and make a beautiful wild garden. A few feet of ground thus decorated is made a very attractive feature of the home. They should be removed like evergreens, which can not have the sun strike either root or top during the transplanting process.

The temptation during this season of the year will be to try to accomplish too much in a day. This is not economical. A man should be as careful of his energies as his money, and it is not good sense to over-work at any time and then waste time in getting over the consequent exhaustion. It is not to the credit of any man to do an extraordinary day's work, and it is quite noticeable that the men who have records of great things accomplished in single days do not aggregate so very much more than ordinary people in the course of the year—in truth not as much often times.

Vauban, a celebrated French naturalist, has made the computation that the product of a single sow might number six million, four hundred and odd thousand in the short space of 11 years. The difficulty in all census computations is the "if's." An important "if" in the West are the packing houses that slaughter their millions each year.

Rake the fields after the grain has been drawn; the labor will be repaid.

After early potatoes are dug for market, they may be followed by cabbages.

Every farmer knows that his team must be well fed to get good work. Try a generous diet.

Land which without an application of manure will give a yield of 15 bushels of wheat per acre, will, by the addition of 80 pounds of nitrogen in a favorable season, give from 35 to 40 bushels of wheat with a proportional increase of straw.

Keep ewes intended for the butcher by themselves and feed liberally. A quart of mixed ground feed and bran and oil-cake meal will soon bring them into marketable condition. Keep store sheep in a light pasture, and give a handful of feed daily. Provide shade of some kind.

Give a share of the green fodder where horses do not run at pasture. If at pasture at night, a generous feed should be given before they are turned out.

Do Hogs Pay?—The editor of a certain American newspaper on being asked the question "do hogs pay?" unhesitatingly replied that "hogs *do not* pay; they subscribe for the paper for six months or a year, receive all the benefits to be derived from its columns during that time, then request their postmaster to send it back to the publisher with the word 'Refused' marked upon the wrapper." This naturally suggests to one's mind the query, "Have hogs any conscience?" A good way to ascertain whether they have any feelings or not would be to publish periodical "Hog List."

PRUNING IN MIDSUMMER.

It is many years since, from our own experience, we recommended people to prune at mid-summer, although it was opposed to the views of many eminent horticulturists. At that time it was regarded as a bold innovation on established rules; and we have often since seen articles to show that summer pruning must be wrong. The reason by which this is supported is no doubt very good. It does seem by the reasoning we have referred to that it ought to be wrong to prune at that season; but, on the other hand, we have the evidence of our own sense not only that no harm, but absolute good, resulted from the summer pruning of trees. But it seems to be forgotten by many good people that there are two sides to every story—two sides to winter pruning and two sides to summer pruning. Few of those horticultural operations are unmixed good or unmixed evil. In any case, what we have to accomplish is to be gained sometimes at a little expense of good points—good if we are after some other object. So in this summer pruning question. It is said by persons whom the whole horticultural community respect that "winter pruning strengthens, while summer pruning weakens trees"; and, if one were to deprive a tree of the whole of its foliage, this would probably be true enough to work serious injury. It is on the principle on which noxious weeds are destroyed. Denuded of every leaf as fast as one appears, a plant is often killed in one season. But may this not be different when only a few branches are taken off? The remaining leaves and branches have more food at their disposal. What was intended for a thousand branches is now to be divided among nine hundred. But we are not disposed to enter into these minute points of physiological science. It is enough for practical men to know that the cutting away of a few branches has never been known to work any serious injury; while the case with which the wound heals over is in striking contrast with the long time it takes a winter wound to get a new coat of bark over it. We have seen in a vigorous, healthy tree a stout branch of two inches in diameter taken off, in which the new bark nearly covered the stump in two years. In winter the same spot would have been several years in closing over, and perhaps the parts would decay first, and thus lay the foundation of future disease in the tree. So well is this known that, in many places where pruning is practised to any great extent, it is not unusual to have shellac or some other composition ready to paint over the wounds, to keep out the weather until it shall have closed over the new bark.

Of course, a heavy loss of foliage would be a serious loss to a tree; but it is very rare that any tree has been so much neglected as to need the half or even the fourth of its branches taken off in the summer time. But there are in many cases branches here and there along the trunks of trees which it is an advantage to the tree to lose, and thinning which may be done in various ways to advantage; and in such cases summer pruning will tell a good tale.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—At the French bazaar in the Albert Hall a lady was dispensing tea. A solemn gentleman approached and asked the price of a cup. "One shilling," replied the lady, and he put down a shilling. Before handing him the cup the lady raised it to her lips, and observed that the price was now a sovereign. The solemn gentleman gravely replaced his shilling with a sovereign, and said:—"Be good enough to give me a clean cup."

DIVORCE AMONG SPIRITS.

The Latest Absurd Proceeding—A Spirit Woman Who Pays too Much Attention to George Washington—A Court Scene.

(From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Elizabeth Hargue, aged 43 years, died in this city on June 3, 1878, and Christian P. Hargue, aged 48 years, died on Feb. 29th last. At the residence of Mr. E. H. Springer, on North Sixth street, last evening, the departed couple were divorced in spirit life. The spirit of Mrs. Ellen Fitzgerald, formerly of Taylorwork, recently stated through a medium that divorce would take place on the 29th of July, commencing at 9 p. m. by worldly time. Mr. Hamen, the brother of Mrs. Hargue, was informed in regard to the coming event. At first he pooh-poohed the story, but finally consented to go and see the medium. In answer to a communication addressed to his dead sister, Mr. Hamen received the following reply:

DEAR BROTHER: What you have heard is, alas, too true. Christian and I, though we loved each other in your world for over twenty years, cannot get along together in our spirit form. I don't like him as I used to, and I cannot like him. I do not know why, and that is the reason I want to be separated from him. You know how he used to stay out nights at home; well, he remains away from me for long periods, and when he returns says he has been fishing in the golden lakes, or resting in the roseate bowers where the male spirits sit and sip the distillations of the amaranth of the dews of the night-blooming cereus. I cannot live with him, and therefore we must separate.

The reply to another communication was as follows:

DEAR BROTHER: Spirits who have been married during their earth life remain married unless divorced by the proper courts. We have laws, courts, justices, etc., in the spirit land just as you have in your world, and the processes are the same, oftentimes tedious, especially when publicly tried, but speedy and satisfactory when obtained without publicity. You know that I left the world of substance nine months before he did, and although I could have obtained a suitable divorce during his absence from the spirit land, I remained true to him and waited until he arrived here. Even then I tried to love him, but could not and cannot. I will always look upon him as a friend, however, and will not ask that he attend to my wants after the divorce has been granted, although I might make him do so, according to law, if I liked. Your loving sister,

LIZZIE HARGUE.

A communication was then addressed to the husband, and elicited the following reply:

BROTHER-IN-LAW ED.: I regret to tell you that all you have said is true. Lizzie does not care for me any more, and has given her affections to a young Virginian they call George Washington, who, they say, had a great name in your world. Washington is married already, having been married when in the flesh and remained so. He was born ever so long ago (your time), but his great name and fine appearance has won Lizzie's affections, as it has other spirit women's, and she says he is her only true affinity, and she adores him. She is always making little statues of him and wreathing him with flowers. I have placed my plea in the hands of the court, and the case will be tried July 26, at 9 p. m. (your time); try and be there. This is a delightful place, and everybody loves everybody else, except Lizzie, who will not love me. Brother Ed., I wish you would come to the spirit land; you might heal the sorrows of my aching heart, and reason with Lizzie to love me again.

C. P. HARGUE.

Last evening at the appointed hour four visitors proceeded to the rear of the back parlor, where four chairs were placed in an arch at proper intervals. They took their places. Then the medium brought out his cabinet (the usual medium's closet) and placed it just a little back of the line running across the folding doors between the front and back parlors. The gas was turned down to a reasonable darkness. Mr. Walters entered his cabinet, and during the minute that followed there was intense silence. Suddenly a sheet of faint light fell between the spectators and the cabinet. It was like the sheen a half-moon sends out at its rising. This grew brighter and brighter, until the two gas jets were dimmed, and at length the scene seemed to be one of dusty, dancing sunlight. A semi-circle of thin, misty, white clouds rose from the floor, apparently, and let themselves down from the ceiling, and then through the intervening circular space was at last seen the heavenly sight so much longed for, and upon which so much discredit had been thrown. Seated high up on a throne of resplendent light was the Judge—none other than King Henry VIII.—with all the insignia of his royalty about him. A desk in front was for a clerk. A long table ranged before this for the counsel, and desks at either side indicated the presence of marshals and deputy marshals, while two rows of chairs to the right of the King's throne seemed reserved for jurors. A golden railing formed the rest.

A clerk made his appearance, then the marshals, and then the counsel, all in worldly attire. The plaintiff and defendant were each in deep black. One witness was heard, and then the Judge gave judgment for Mrs. Hargue, the plaintiff. The trial just took one minute and a-half by the watch.

USEFUL AND FANCY WARES.

A Fine Display at Messrs. James A. Skinner & Co.'s.

It is not at the beginning of a season alone that the enterprising firm of Messrs. James A. Skinner & Co., wholesale and retail crockery and fancy ware merchants, augment their extensive stock, and therefore a short narrative of a tour through the establishment, made to day by a SPECTATOR representative, may not be uninteresting, especially to those engaged in furnishing or replenishing their residences. In the commodious front windows, on the ground floor of the establishment, there is on exhibition a fine selection of china and antique Flemish stone ware, dinner sets, etc. On the right-hand side, as one enters, there can be inspected a large number of novelties. There are hand-painted horse shoes, with elegent chains to dangle them by, designed to act as charms—at least that is what horse-shoes kept in the family are generally used for. Then, there is an elegant selection of majolica ware, embracing cheese stands, fruit dishes, sardine boxes, teapots, jugs and mugs—many of the designs being of a most original and queer character. In malaciteware, the variety is of an equally attractive description. It embraces vases and whatnots of every kind. To say that this firm have the finest selection of English and French China of any house in Ontario, hand painted, and in gold, silver and ordinary sets, would not be wide of the mark, as those of our readers who patronize the establishment well know. Facience ware is also well represented. It is elegantly handshaded in all the newest colors. In commodious cases there is a very comprehensive display of silver-plated ware. On the left hand side no fewer than 125 different patterns of china ware, embracing several very charming sets for five o'clock teas, are on view. There is also a magnificent assortment of wedgewood ware, which is coming so extensively into use. The figures on this ware are excellently finished. In cut glass, there is a collection in which any dealer or private citizen need find no difficulty in getting pleased. The representation of wine glasses and tumblers is extremely large. On the wall, alongside the stairway, there are numerous nicknacks, amongst others placks in china and terra cotta, for painting on, which are now to a limited extent taking the place of small pictures on canvas. In cases on the second floor, there is a large selection of silverware, embracing ice pitchers, best Sheffield forks and knives in ivory and horn; whilst in adjoining cases there is a fine assortment of fancy vases, flower pots and antique card stands. This house has always been noted for its display of wedding and other presents. The stock of napkin rings, music boxes, jewel caskets, writing desks, ladies' workboxes, handkerchief sets (hand painted in choicest colors and perfumed), gentlemen's travelling sets, fancy brushes, etc., is most extensive, and fastidious is the taste that cannot be suited. Among other specialties in the upper flats, there is a great variety of graniite iron ware, now so much in use. Altogether, the firm is a most enterprising one, and the large wholesale and retail trade it conducts enables to sell at prices which many other houses cannot touch.

CATS AND CATS.

The question of the proposed abolition of flogging in the British army and navy has been thoroughly discussed in Parliament, and incidentally some of the inplements used for punishment in various countries were described by those who had not seen them. The Russians use the plet, which has three lashes tipped with small leaden balls, and the terrible knout, which is a heavy leather thong, about eight feet in length, attached to a handle two feet long, the lash being about the breadth of a broad tape, curved so as to give two sharp edges along its entire length, and bound with wire thread, the end terminating in a little hook. The use of the knout frequently causes death. The bamboo is the official weapon in China, and the liability of everybody in that country to feel it is indicated by the following law: "Whoever shall observe a line of conduct that offends propriety, and that is contrary to the spirit of the laws, even without any special infraction of their enactments, shall be punished by forty blows, or eighty if the impropriety be very great." The bastinado was thus described by a member who had seen it inflicted: "Two men support between them a strong pole, which is kept in a horizontal position; about the middle of the pole are placed some cords with two running nooses; through these the naked feet of the sufferers are forced, and then made tight in in such a manner that the soles of the culprit are fairly exposed; the patient is then thrown on his back with his feet inverted, which are forth with beaten by a third man with a heavy stick." The practice of whipping negroes in this country, before the abolition of slavery, was also mentioned.

CREMATED CAPITAL.

[New York Commercial Bulletin.]

Considering the torrid weather this summer, it would seem as if we might get on without quite so many fires. But, as like begets like, perhaps we are having an unusual number of fires because the temperature is unusually high. At any rate, the record shows that June was as hot a month for property-owners and insurance companies as it was for those members of the human family who are unencumbered with houses, merchandise or insurance stock. According to the elaborate tables of the *Chronicle*, the fire record of the month of June during several years past has been as follows in the United States and Canada:

Year.	United States.	Canada.	Total.
1875	$5,016,300	$ 1,381,900	$ 6,398,200
1876	4,050,800	2,048,100	6,098,900
1877	6,318,000	21,915,100	28,233,100
1878	4,381,400	560,000	4,941,400
1879	6,361,500	658,600	7,020,100
	$47,030,800	$3,846,500	$50,873,300

Here we have nearly $51,000,000 in the form and fact of an ash heap, as the result of six months' fires. How this compares with previous years (deducting from 1877 the St. John conflagration) is easily shown: 1875, $44,407,590; 1876, $36,721,100; 1877, $38,548,600; 1878, $34,793,000; 1879, $50,873,000. But, even including the cost of the St. John fire, we find that 1879 leads all the other years in its cremation of insurance capital. The losses to insurance companies by the first six months' fires of 1875, amounted to $22,552,030; 1876, $20,357,100; 1877, $28,729,100; 1878, $20,311,300; 1879, $29,590,800—showing an increased demand on the insurance companies of some 40 per cent. over every year but one for the last five years. This, too, in a year of unprecedentedly low rates and unprecedently high expenses. It may be that some inscrutable Providence is going to intervene for the protection and preservation of the average insurance company, in spite of its own reckless folly; but we find it difficult to respect a Providence of that anomalous sort, or to pump up much sympathy in behalf of underwriters who thus madly play with fire. For once, at all events, it seems to us, experience is to become the sternest kind of teacher, and is to show the companies in a conclusive way that they have gone too far in the practice of selling (or promising) indemnity at less than its known cost. Apart from the figures of the fire record, the July returns of the companies plainly prove that, as a body, they are worse off by several millions than they were in January. Where some of them will be in December the veriest idiot (outside of an insurance office) can easily and certainly predict.

LORD BYRON'S WIFE AND SISTER.

Letters that Seem to Explode Mrs. Stowe's Scandal.

(From the London News.)

The new number of the *Academy* contains a series of very interesting and valuable letters from the late Lady Byron to Mrs. Leigh, her husband's sister. They form part of the papers of Mrs. Leigh which have lately been purchased for the British Museum, and have been communicated to the *Academy* by Mr. E. Maunde Thompson. The letters were written at various periods, beginning on Jan. 16th, 1816, the day after Lady Byron left her husband's house, and ending in 1851, just before Mr. Leigh's fatal illness. There are also two letters to Mrs. Leigh's daughter, the last of which was written in July, 1851, after her mother's death. All these letters testify to the constant esteem and affection which Lady Byron entertained toward her sister-in-law. The expressions of affection they contain entirely discountenance the idea that the charges brought against Mrs. Leigh after Lady Byron's death, and said to rest on her direct personal testimony, had any foundation in fact. Writing only ten days after she had left her husband, Lady Byron addresses Mrs. Leigh as "My dearest Augusta," and concludes by saying, "Feelings must not now be indulged; but whenever I feel at all, it will be as kindly as you could. Independently of malady, I do not think of the past with any spirit of resentment, and scarcely with the sense of injury. God bless him." There was at a later period a serious dispute between Lady Byron and her sister-in-law; but it arose on the appointment of a trustee under Lady Byron's settlement. Lady Byron appointed Dr. Lushington, to whom Mrs. Leigh objected. The rupture of their intimacy of 20 years clearly arose out of this quarrel. In 1851 a meeting was to have taken place between them at Reigate in the presence of the late Rev. Frederick Robertson, but it did not happen, and some months later, when Mrs. Leigh was in her last illness, Lady Byron wrote to her daughter:—"Whisper to her from me the words 'Dearest Augusta.' I can't think they would hurt her," and added a postscript that she was at Esher till Wednesday, and if she was wanted they were not to hesitate to send for her. The whole of this interesting correspondence, which throws new light on the relations of Lady Byron to her sister-in-law in the years after the separation from her husband, is entirely inconsistent with the theory Mrs. Stowe promulgated as to the causes of that separation. Every reader of the letters will agree with Mr. Thompson that if the words have any meaning "they dispose of the whole calumny and banish it into the regions of afterthought."

ALARMING CONDITION OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

A military correspondent of the *Times* continues his examination of the condition of the army. He states that the actual number of soldiers in the United Kingdom to-day who have seen more than three months, service is only 21,950, and of these a "very large percentage" are unfit from various causes to take the field. The eighteen battalions which are highest on the roster for foreign service could not muster more than 10,000 serviceable men. Not only, he says, is the army failing in point of numbers, but discipline is rapidly deteriorating. There is an almost entire absence of good non-commissioned officers, and discipline is consequently lax in the extreme. "Old soldiers" have always been recognized as the back bone of the British army, but there are none in the ranks. The correspondent says that nobody could have predicted such a total failure as the system of short service as now administered has turned out to be.

A STEAM CATAMARAN.

Description of a Novelty in Marine Architecture From Which Great Speed is Expected.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Aug. 4

Persons driving to the ferry landing at this city or taking a tour of inspection along the river front have been mystified at a curious structure on which many workmen are planing and hammering. To the uninitiated it seems like a misshapen boat with a hole through the middle, and even to those learned in the lore of catamaran and other curosities of river architecture the vessel seems an anomaly. It is in fact a pure experiment—a steam catamaran built for the purpose of obtaining a greater amount of speed in proportion to the outlay of energy than has yet been reached by any vessel that floats. The model is entirely different from anything ever before designed, and is the result of the theories of Mr. Wm. T. Merritt, the owner, and the practical experience of Geo. T. Polk, the builder. In some respects it is similar to an ordinary catamaran, the hull being in effect an ordinary hull split in two, the halves been placed about fifteen feet apart, and the boarded perpendicular sides being exactly parallel to each other. These two half hulls are joined above by heavy beams, and the width of deck is 30 feet and length 70 feet. The water, of course, flows through the straight middle space a few feet below the deck. Such vessels are usually very long and narrow, and have heretofore been used only for sailing. In England recently two ordinary hulls were thus joined together by a deck and used with four wheels for crossing the Channel, the object being not so much speed as the prevention of seasickness. But this vessel was not a catamaran, the sides of the interior space not being straight and parallel, but rounding, and so offering as much resistance as ordinary hulls.

The hulls of Mr. Merritt's catamaran will be 51 feet on the keel, with only seven feet beam and 5 feet depth, so that while the deck is almost half as wide as it is long the hulls are very long and narrow, and will displace but little water and offer no more resistance than a single narrow hull. In each hull will be placed a twenty-five horse power engine operating two wheels, so that the vessel will have four wheels, two between and two outside of the hulls.

ECONOMY OF POWER.

The wheels themselves are of peculiar construction, being 8 feet in diameter and of the kind known as "feathering"—that is the paddles are not fixed as unchanging radii of a circle, so as to present a varying angle to the water, but are movable, and, by a simple latching and unlatching process, are constantly at right angles to the water, plunging into it and coming out vertically. Thus all the power is applied to forward compulsion, and none whatever in lifting or depressing the vessel. Other feathering wheels have been contrived, but none have yet proved of practiful utility; but this arrangement is the invention of Mr. Merritt himself, and its simplicity is expected to insure success. The vessel will be launched in a day or two. The name has not yet been determined upon, but if she shows an astonishing speed the wonder will be dubbed the "Surprise." It has been estimated that she will make thirty miles an hour. At all events an unprecedented speed will undoubtedly be attained. As soon as she is launched she will be towed to Newburg to Ward, Stanton & Co.'s dock, where her engines will be put in. Mr. Merritt is a gentlemen of large means and intends to give his new invention a good test.

ELISE ROHDE'S SUICIDE.

Broken-Hearted a Long Way From Home and Lover—The Pathos of Her Last Letter to Her Benefactor.

Elise Rohde was a comely German girl who lived in Hamburg. A year ago Mrs. M. H. Stucken, of No. 246 Washington street, Hoboken, being in Hamburg, engaged Elise as her servant during her stay abroad. The German lass endeared herself to Mrs. Stucken in many ways, and became more intimate with her than is usual between mistress and maid. Mrs. Stucken returned home last spring, and soon received a letter from Elise stating that she was tired of Hamburg and wished to be employed in her family again. Two weeks ago she arrived on the steamship Suevia. Mrs. Stucken had no employment for her, and after two days obtained a place for her in the family of Martin Steljes, of No. 306 Washington street, Hoboken. Mr. Steljes is a wealthy liquor dealer in this city. Elise had little to do, was paid well, and given a nicely furnished room. At times she acted strangely, was much depressed, and complained of homesickness, and frequently seemed to be out of her mind.

Early yesterday morning an employee of the Hoboken bath, at the foot of Fifth street, found between the bath house and the bridge a woman's straw hat, which was afterwards identified as belonging to Elise, and the following letter in German addressed to Mrs. Stucken:

My Dear Mrs. Stucken:

With heavy heart, trembling hand and tears in my eyes I write these few lines to you. From the first moment I saw you I loved you with all my heart, and I always believed that I could never exist without being in your presence. For this I followed you to America. My dear beloved Mrs. Stucken, how many tears I have shed I can never tell you. If I could stay with you I would go as far as you please. Dear Mrs. Stucken, I am very grateful for your taking care of me for several days, and also for getting me a situation. With good people I could not do work. I longed to be at my old home and with my own people. I have not got the means. My poor sisters! I feel very sorry, for I never will see them again. I am sorry that they have not got my likeness. Dear friend, I know that what I am going to do is a sin, but may God forgive me. I begged Him often for forgiveness. My good friend, don't think ill of me. I cannot support my present lot. My heart is broken. If you ever find out that I am missed do me this last favor. It is to write to my oldest brother that I died on board ship, and let him write to my other sister. His address is August Rohde, Altstadter Neuerweg, No. 66, first story, Hamburg. My dear, good friend, Mrs. Stucken, live happily, and take the last kiss from your old friend,

ELISE ROHDE.

The water will give rest to my humbled spirit. I cannot live any more. Forgive me. If I had money I would go back to Germany. And now farewell. My God and my father forgive me.

This letter was found inside the hat. It was closely sealed and bore Mrs. Stucken's name on the envelope. The employe handed it over to the police, and at the station, police curiosity proved stronger than their notions of propriety, and it was torn open and translated before it reached its owner.—*N. Y. Star.*

SPURGEON ON THE SITUATION.

Mr. Spurgeon in a recent sermon said:—Some branches of industry seemed to be utterly paralyzed with little prospect of ever again being revived, and even the weather was now refusing to assist the process of husbandry. Hay crops had suffered considerably, and serious fears were now being entertained as to the harvest. As a consequence of this, men were now beginning to cry out, and requests were made for the prayers of the Church that God would be pleased to look on the land, and deliver the nation from her great trouble. In the matter of war it might be possible for better principles to ultimately come to the front, and the country possibly might no longer be considered the universal snarler and grumbler at every other nation under heaven; but men were powerless to quicken trade, and certainly powerless to stay the battles of heaven. It might be that the clouds would yet return after the rain, and deluge follow deluge, until the farmer's hope would be swept away. Thus prayer was offered, as though the rain would immediately cease, and the weather change. Although a strong believer in prayer himself, he did not think such prayers as would probably be offered would be answered, but instead thereof the threatened judgment of God might fall on the nation in consequence of her sin. But the present calamity might show the people that she had enjoyed too much prosperity and luxury, as well as punishment for sin.

POISONED DELICACIES.

Sanitary boards from time to time supply to the public lists of articles sold as food or to be used in culinary processes which are merely adulterated or actually injurious or poisonous. Flavored extracts commonly count as important items in these domestic bills of indictment, and the families in Pennsylvania reported as poisoned by home-made ice-cream are perhaps, victims to the "essence" with which they gave their dainty a piquant taste. One account, it is true, represents them as poisoned through the fact that the "custard" for their cream was "boiled" in a brass kettle. Ice-cream made from custard or the elements of custard is not unknown to art—poor art however—but if that custard is boiled, that is enough. It does not need any theory to account for the trouble in the human stomach filled with custard that has been first boiled and then frozen. No brass kettle is necessary. We incline to the opinion, however, that these sufferers were victims to "extracts," which are bright colored poisons sold in fancy glass bottles, and which pretend to supply for from ten to twenty cents quantities of commodities which, if genuine, would be worth a dollar at least.—*N. Y. Herald.*

OLD WORLD NEWS.

Scotland.

While some workmen were engaged draining a piece of moss land on the farm of Reintyre, occupied by Mr. Munro, merchant, Bonar, they came upon three human bodies in a good state of preservation. Their clothing of homespun was quite entire, as also the old-fashioned Highland brogues. The bodies were no doubt the remains of some of the Marquis of Montrose's soldiers who fell in the disastrous battle of Carbisdale in 1650—the last fight of the chivalrous and noble, but misguided Marqu's.

The hard times have seriously affected the summer resorts at Rothesay all along the Corral shore. It is the same at Helensburg; while Ashton, Largs, and other places on the southern border of the Firth have a similar tale to tell. It is truly melancholy to pass through Helensburr, Dunoon or Rothesay, and witness the "To Let" ticket on every house, indicative, it is easy to imagine, of much present anxiety, and possibly sore future pinch on the part of respectable widows and other dependent on that means of support.

Owing to a recent snow storm in the sea, the beach running eastward from Brora was covered over with the carcasses of a species of the mullet. A sturdy Highlander of colossal proportions, wading through the rich harvest of death, determined to avail himself of the windfall so providentially sent his way, but having no proper means of conveyance, and fearing, if he left his share to the tender mercies of his brother fortune-seekers until he would return with a "creel," that they might do more than justice to themselves at his expense, he began to scratch his head and think as a Scotchman only can do. He was soon hit with a happy thought. With an ingenuity worthy of the Gael, he pulled off his baggy trousers, and securing the passages through which his ancles used to find egress, proceeded to fill them until extended to their fullest dimensions. Tying the mouth of this improvised sack with his braces, our hardy hero shouldered his burden, and seizing hold of a leg in each hand, marched homewards, with nothing to shield his brawny limbs locomotion but a pair of woolen drawers. But, like a gorged vulture, he found himself unable to move far, and had to gesticulate for assistance. It reflects no small credit on the hero's strength that he was able to move his burden at all, as the said trousers are reported to be capable of accomodating the contents of a five bushel sack.

W. G. Stevenson, of Edinburgh, has just completed in Sicilian marble the statue of Burns, the central feature of Kilmarnock monument which is to be unveiled August 9. The poet is represented as in the act of composing. The figure is poised on the right leg, the left being slightly advanced. The left hand grasps a note book, resting on a broken stump, near the root of which a daisy nestles, and the right hand holds a pencil. The statue is to be placed on a pedestal, within a sort of shrine, having an open pointed arch in front and at either side, through which a full view of the figure will be obtained. This structure forms part of a building in reddish freestone on an elevated part of the Kay park, and from its top a commanding view may be had of the country-side immediately associated with the name of Burns. The interior of the building will be used as a keeper's house, and as a museum for the reception af Burns relics. The whole cost of the work will be about £3,000.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN LIFE.

Mr. Robert Lowe, M. P., ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, said recently in an address to the children of a London orphan asylum:

"I am a person who has had to struggle hard in the battle of life, and I will tell you what I believe to be one of the greatest elements of success in life, and that is that I think there is nothing that helps a young man or woman in life so much as strict and rigid self-control, economy and self-denial. It is the custom to say that youth is the time for enjoyment, and so it is; but nature and youth have provided that enjoyment for themselves. When people are young mere existence is a pleasure. The earth and the air and the skies seem to open to them a paradise; but when they get older these delights gradually fade away from them and they need the more adventitious and expensive pleasures. What I, therefore, would strongly advise everyone of you is to consider that when you go into the world perhaps the first thing you have got to do is, next to dealing honestly with that which is intrusted to you, to take care that