FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Information for Tillers of the Soil.

Points of a Good Horse.

When we are called upon to give our opinion regarding the points of a horse, our first inquiry is, for what purpose is he intended? If for a carriage we look for one of size, say 15½ or 16 hands high, withers and rump on a parallel line, head moderately small, ears wide apart, full and clean, but not too large, nostrils large and dilated, muscles moderately developed, limbs clean and well set under, neck nicely arched and not too small, barrel round and well ribbed up. These points, with a graceful movement, constitute all that is desirable in a good carriage horse, which, if carefully observed in the purchase of a horse, will seldom fail to give satisfaction. A good buggy horse: For this purpose select one of the more slender built, and as speed is generally desirable, the build of the animal must be more thoroughly scrutinized. His barrel should be moderately long, withers high, bone large with but moderate muscle quarters square, neck nicely arched, head well set on, broad chest, nostrils large and well dilated, eyes full and clear, feet well rounded, heels broad, limbs clean and moderate in length, with good action. Avoid always a contracted hoof, as lameness will follow such a condition sooner or later. A good cart horse: For this purpose we want one round, heavy and muscular, and, as his work is slow, the points laid down in the above need not be considered, as they are of little importance to the cart-horse; in fact, most of them should not exist in a good cart-horse.

Disease in Poultry.

A serious disease is prevalent among poultry. It seems to be akin to the prevalent disease among swine. On examination of several dead fowls belonging to neighbors and one of my own, I find the same appearance in all—the bowels black and gangrenous; the liver soft, disintegrated, and filled with black spots, which under the microscope show masses of broken-up cells, with dark blood-globules. It is a true enteric or intestinal fever, originating from gastric or bilious derangement, as in typhoid fever in horses, cattle and swine. Generally the dead fowls are exceedingly fat about the intestines, although not plump as to the general structure. The symptoms are a yellowness of comb, wattles and skin about the eyes; dullness and disinclination to move; difficulty in swallowing; great heat about the throat, and costiveness; followed or varied by profuse green, frothy, or black fetid discharges. The disease is a true blood disorder, and in all probability, results from over feeding and forcing for the production of eggs; just as the typhoid fever of swine is caused by corn; and that of cattle by excess of succulent pasture or indigestible dry herbage. A remedy has been found in blue mass in half-grain doses, given three or four times, followed by plenty of sulphur in food. In some cases relief has been found and the disease stopped by giving hyposulphite of soda freely, one dram for each dozen fowls, either dissolved in the drink-water or soft food, such as meal mush. The latter treatment, with a liberal reduction in the rations, has stopped the disease in my yards.

Effect of Good milk.

No rational feeder would expect to affect the quality of milk in a few days, except by reducing or increasing its quantity of water. A cow in good condition would continue to give the same quality of milk for two weeks fed wholly upon oat straw. Nothing is better known to intelligent feeders than that a good milker will draw on her own resources of flesh and fat to make up her secretions of milk when she is inadequately fed. Nature struggles against the change; yet, placed under changed circumstances, she will gradually conform to them. A plant whose *habitat* is near the sea will change the proportion of its constituents, or even substitute one constituent for another, when grown inland, or on soil of very different composition. Cadet mentions that a plant of common salt-wort, growing near the sea, being removed inland, and the seeds of this plant being afterwards sown, the second race of plants will contain much more potash, and scarcely a trace of soda. Here potash is substituted for soda. Extra quality, being fed on slops from the brewery or distillery, will, for some time, give milk of nominal quality; but this food being continued, the milk will gradually change into composition and quality until it is wholly unfit for human food. This is a strong case of partial and deficient food, which has been proved so often; but it is easy to say that if the cow conforms her production to this very deficient ration, she will thus gradually conform it, in time, to any ration having an excess or deficiency of any important elements in the food. The practical feeder has so often seen the effect of food upon his cows, he distrusts all so-called science which denies the existence of these facts that have so often come under his observation. And since the German experiments have been carried out for a longer time, and tested upon a larger number of cows, the conclusions do not differ so much from the general convictions of the best feeding.

Cultivation of Oats.

A Wentworth county farmer speaks as follows respecting the cultivation of oats:—"When the duty was put on that grain by the recent tariff the farmers of this county sowed large quantities of it. In some instances over a hundred acres were put in with this crop. The returns from the threshing machine show a most encouraging result, fifty bushels to the acre being an average; seventy-five being frequently obtained, and in one instance ninety bushels per acre was realized. The highest average of wheat in this county this season was twenty-five bushels per acre, and when the cost of growing a bushel of wheat is compared with that of the same quantity of oats, it will be found that the oat crop will pay the farmer nearly double. There is another great argument in favor of the growing of oats. Its straw when properly saved is equal to ordinary hay, and some of the farmers have gone so largely into stock raising that it will be found an important article of food. The oat crop is a pleasant one to handle. It is easy to bind and store, and is threshed for two cents a bushel, while wheat costs one cent more.

The Value of Red Clover.

J. L. E. writes as follows to the *Prairie Farmer:* An observation, extending over a period of thirteen year's teaches me, or rather confirms the teaching of my boyhood, that clover is one of the most valuable, if not the most valuable, forage plant that we have for this climate. But for clover, this year, our hay crop would have been almost a total failure; as it is we have clover meadows that will make two tons of hay to the acre of good feed. In those meadows that are a mixture of clover with the grasses proper, the only grass that stood the drought and made anything like a crop, was red top and orchard grass. These grasses hold a long time and this year gave the second growth of clover time to mature sufficiently to make good hay. I sow it in the woods, on old pastures, in the meadows, in fact everywhere where I find a bare place or a spot where the grass is thin. My father who has been raising the mammoth for thirteen years, prefers it to the small or common. My practice has been to mix. The mammoth nearly all dies when the seed is permitted to mature on strong land. It (the mammoth) is equal to a crop of buckwheat for cleaning up the land, and better for rotting the stumps out of new grounds. I have seen raised in this county between four and and five bushels of seed of this variety per acre on very thin and worn land.

Sheep better than Cattle.

There are two sides to all disputed questions, and both must be examined if we would ascertain the truth. As to which are most profitable—sheep or cattle—location, soil, and other considerations must be taken into account in determining. A. Hyde gives, some of the advantages the shepherd has over the herdsman, as follows:—In the first place, a stock of sheep costs less than one of cattle. A farm which will carry twenty cows will carry about eight times as many sheep, and to stock a farm with twenty cows and corresponding fixtures will require an outlay of a thousand dollars. An equivalent number of sheep (say one hundred and fifty) can be purchased for about one half this sum. Again, a flock of sheep demands much less care than a herd of cows. The latter must be milked daily, and the work of the dairy-maid in making butter and cheese is constant and laborious, demanding also skill of a high order to make it eminently successful. Then sheep will thrive where cows would starve, at least make poor returns. These nimble animals will climb over rocks and ledges where cows would not venture, and almost every herb that grows, even down to Canadian thistles, suffices them for food. Pastures are greatly benefitted by being cropped by sheep. They not only keep down the weeds, but have more fertilizing materials in their droppings than do cows. In the milk of the latter much phosphate of lime and other saline, as well as nitrogenous matter, is removed, but sheep carry off only what is on their backs. A flock of sheep also multiplies much more rapidly than a herd of cows, and this is true of the large mutton breeds, which often produced twins. Not to be too particular in the enumeration of the advantages of the flock-master over the herdsman, I will only add that sheep fatten much more easily than cattle, and when slaughtered they furnish not only meat but wool, the latter an article that not only keeps indefinitely, but pays for long transporation.—*Interior.*

Keeping Bees.

Bee-keeping is a distinct business, demanding the use of suitable hives and appliances. These, none but the specialist is prepared to make, and properly arrange. As well may the farmer undertake to make his plows and other implements, needed in his work. We advise all who are not experts to secure their hives and boxes from some factory, and if there be not an expert at hand to help him, to purchase hives, bees and all, in good condition in the spring. The hives to be used should be all alike, and every part alike. This is of the first importance. All should be obtained from the same party if possible. This industry is of that character, that it cannot be enlarged very extensively at any one place, as sugar manufacture, but the hives must be scattered all over the land, so as to secure proximity to flowers. The distribution of farm houses exactly suits the industry. But many farmers are either "afraid of the bees," or have not time to attend to them. For these reasons the proper development of this business throughont the country, demands a new industry in each community.

Succeeding is Success.

There is an old adage which says, "hunt for your money where you have lost it." The lesson is plain. Every effect has an adequate cause. The point we would now argue is this:—In various sections there are subordinate granges which seem to have lost their vitality, and are drifting along, apparently without a motive. Others are successful in only one thing—it may be in building strong ties of friendship and personal appreciation; others in stimulating a wide range of reading, thought and discussion; and others still in promoting material interests by experiment, by co-operative sale of produce, or by wholesale purchase of commodities. Not only these half developed societies, but the best working grange may be made still better. The inference is, ascertain the cause of the present condition, and at once proceed to remove it. Fix your standard, make out your programme, and work up to it. It may take time. There will be many discouragements; many will be slack to take hold. Unite with a requisite number to build up a worthy grange. Devise ways that are interesting, still keeping in view that the order is to build up as well as amuse. Infuse your own zeal and activity into the others. Give each something to do to promote the amusement, instruction and good of all the rest. Don't let the work drag. Meet on time, begin on time; be pleasant and helpful all the time and there will be no such word as fail.—*Grange Bulletin.*

FAMILY MATTERS.

Rest for Headaches.

Dr. Day says, in a late lecture: Whatever be the plan of treatment decided upon, rest is the first principle to inculcate in every severe headache. Rest, which the busy man and anxious mother cannot obtain so long as they can manage to keep about, is one of the first remedies for every headache, and we should never cease to enforce it. The brain, when excited, as much needs quiet and repose as a fractured limb or an inflamed eye, and it is obvious that the chances of shortening the seizure and arresting the pain will depend on our power to have this carried out effectually. It is a practical lesson to keep steadily in view, in that there may lurk behind a simple headache some lesion of unknown magnitude which may remain stationary if quietude can be maintained. There is a point worth attending to in the treatment of all headaches. See that the head is elevated at night, and the pillow hard; for, if it be soft, the head sinks into it and becomes hot, which with some people is enough to provoke an attack in the morning if sleep has been long and heavy.

Hints on Carving.

Never rise from your seat while carving. Never cut across the grain of the meat, that is, not across the ribs of beef, as people often do. Never place a fork through the back of a fowl in order to cut the leg and wings, but draw the knife gently through each side of the breast, detaching the leg and wing the same cut. Never cut up the body of a fowl or any poultry at table, that should always be left; but game should always be cut up, as many epicures prefer the back bone. For a sirloin of beef the under part of the loin should be cut while hot, and the upper part cut through from the back bone towards the outside of the ribs; by this plan you will not spoil the appearance of the joint. For a shoulder of veal or ham, begin from the knuckle, cut thin and slanting.

Sleep for Children.

There is no danger that children can sleep too much. The old proverb, "he who sleeps, eats," is illustrated in those little ones who sleep most. Wakeful children are almost always peevish, irritable and lean. If they can be induced to sleep abundantly, they are quite likely to become good-natured and plump. Their sleep should be as much during the hours of darkness as possible, and therefore it is better that they should go to bed before sunset to have their sleep out, than to lie long after sunrise in the morning. It is well to let any healthful, growing child or young person sleep till he wakes himself, and then give him such variety and amount of out-door exercise as shall make him glad when bed-time returns.

Neatness Indoors and Out.

Neatness is a commendable virtue. Who does not admire this quality? It should be seen in and about every home in the land. Sometimes it happens that the housekeeper may be a neat body, and the husband who manages outside may be a sloven, and *vice versa.* The home of a slatterny woman is one to be avoided always. This habit of neatness may be carried too far, but we think it is better to err on that side than in the opposite direction. A good housekeeper will never permit things to become untidy. The habits of neatness are partly natural and partly acquired.

Keep Busy.

In no place in our columns can we give this advice better than here. Men, says Dr. Hall, who have half a dozen irons in the fire, are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes, and pines, and thinks himself into the madhouse or the grave. Motion is all Nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental. And yet, nine of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing or something only if they feel like it—the very siren that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest, and will live to most purpose.

Amusement for the Children.

On rainy days the active child resents his confinement within doors, and is more than usually troublesome. I know of nothing which will afford him surer amusement than the making of scrap-books. Provide the little ones with a pair of blunt-pointed scissors and let them cut out and trim neatly the pictures from papers you do not care to preserve, circulars of farm machinery or anything they fancy, and then, armed with a cup of boiled starch and an old tooth brush, if you have one, let them exercise their ingenuity in filling the book with their collections. Quite small children find enchantment in this kind of work. A large picture may be put in the centre of the page, and the space around it filled with small ones, or short pieces of prose or poetry. I have seen very pretty ornaments for the juvenile scrap-books cut out of the illustrated books for children, which had become badly tattered with use so that the pictures were all that were worth preserving. When two pages are full the book should be left open until dry before going on. This amusement need not make much litter about a house, and the little workers can easily learn to pick up their scattered scraps after themselves, and wash the starch cup and brush after using it, so that it will be ready for the next rainy day.

The Benefit of Buttermilk.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says nothing furnishes a more wholesome beverage than buttermilk. I do not pretend to specify its action on the stomach, or the action of the stomach upon it, in assimilating its properties into the system; but I am satisfied that most persons would be greatly benefitted by its constant use. Of course there are some systems that are adverse to it, just as there are to everything else. I have used buttermilk constantly for three or four years, and have been entirely free from everything like sick headache, vertigo, foul stomach, etc. Besides it keeps the appetite in its normal condition.

Hints and Recipes.

PASTE FOR TARTS.—Four ounces of flour, three ounces and a half of fresh butter, and one tablespoonful of sifted lump sugar; put in a basin; mix with a spoon; roll it to the size of your dish and and bake it; when done, remove it with a knife.

TOMATO PIE.—Stew green tomatoes with very little water until tender, and for each pie allow one tablespoonful of butter, three of sugar and a little nutmeg. Bake between two crusts. The quantity of butter and sugar given is for a medium-sized pie.

LEMON MINCE MEAT (best of any).—The juice of eight lemons till they are quite tender, changing the water to take out the bitter; pound them in a stone mortar till quite smooth; add a pound and a half of beef suet, chopped, with two pounds of raisins, stoned, then add two pounds of moist sugar, two pounds of currants, and half a pound of candied orange.

TOMATO STEW.—Scald and skin the desired number, and place in a stew-pan without water; let them simmer for half an hour. Add pepper, salt, a good sized piece of butter and a spoonful or two of white sugar. Grate a few pieces of stale bread over all; boil up once, and serve very hot.

TO PERFUME LINEN.—Rose leaves dried in the shade, or at about four feet from a stove, one pound; cloves, carraway seeds, and allspice, of each one ounce; pound in a mortar, or grind in a mill. Mix all those together, and put the compound into little bags.

MOTH POWDER.—Get two or three pounds of borax; if necessary untack the carpets around the edges; sprinkle plenty of borax all around the outer edges of the carpet, and with a feather or brush try to push as much as possible under the edges, and let the borax remain. It will not injure the carpet.

TYLER AND VANDERBILT.

A Sharp Letter from the Grand Trunk President.

Sir Henry W, Tyler, President of the Grand Trunk, under date of July 10, replied to Mr. Vanderbilt's letter. He maintained the truth of the charges of detrimental interference by the New York Central with the traffic of the Grand Trunk. The letter is very long, pungent and aggressive. Sir Henry W. Tyler says:

Though the Grand Trunk has now been for some time dependent for through traffic almost entirely upon lines controlled by yourself, yet the rates for that traffic have never been so low as during the last two months. Seven and a-half cents (less than half the cost of carriage) has recently been the ruling rate for 100 pounds from Chicago to New York, in consequence, not in any way of Grand Trunk action, but of disagreement between the New York Central and Pennsylvania interests. If the influence of the Grand Trunk Company has been so injuriously felt in the past as might be inferred from your letter, a contrary effect might have been reasonably expected, now that your action has so effectually deprived that company of any independent influence over through traffic and through rates. With regard to the "International Line," established by agreement, dated Dec. 15, 1872, for the purpose of exchanging business with the New York Central, you are clearly mistaken in your statements as to "its having been broken up long before I (you) came into possession of the Michigan Central." This line was, in fact, broken up on May 30, 1877, by notice given on the part of the New York Central company, and before the end of the following month of June the new board of the Michigan Central was elected, giving you the control of that undertaking, while about the same time you purchased a controlling interest (to which you did not refer in your letter) in the Chicago & Northeastern Railroad a mere link in the Chicago & Lake Huron Railway, and our only then remaining means of independent connection with Chicago, and you thus virtually broke up our Great Eastern fast-freight line organization and destroyed our through traffic by that route. Between May and June, 1878, a series of obstructive orders were issued by the executive officers of the New York Central Company. Grand Trunk cars were ordered to be returned empty to Black Rock; local rates were to be charged on Grand Trunk traffic; former divisions were to be canceled; no interchange of through traffic was to take place on the former and usual basis; and, in fact, it was stated (as indeed was apparent on the face of these orders) that the intention was to put an end to all interchange of traffic with the Grand Trunk Company. In my speech on April 28, to which you refer in your letter, I stated that in the half year ended December 31, 1878, the Grand Trunk had lost 106,900 tons and $457,000 in receipts, from traffic mainly received at Port Huron and Detroit; *i. e.*, from the Chicago & Lake Huron and Michigan Central Companies, and the reduction in our total ton mileage was 40,800,000. Whatever your good intentions, this was, in fact, the result to us of your action, and the proceedings of your officers. And I might have added, on the other hand, that the Michigan Central for the year ended December 31 last, as per published accounts, shows an increase in the through trade carried eastward, *i. e.*, to Detroit, of 82,000,000 ton-miles, or nearly one-third (thirty-two per cent.) over their eastbound traffic of the preceding year.

THE UNITED STATES AND EUROPE.

(From the Golos.)

For several years past Europe has suffered an economical crisis, and England and Germany especially are suffering from the depression of agriculture. The grain trade of those two countries is destroyed by the competition of Russia, and more immediately by that of the United States. In Germany to assist the interest of agriculture a high tariff is resorted to; but Bismarck, though a shrewd diplomatist, is a poor economist. It is plain that in order to protect German grain raisers from competition it would be necessary to raise the tariff so high that Germany would be threatened with great suffering and serious disturbances. England, on the contrary, apprehends the real cause as well as the remedies of the agricultural depression Lord Beaconfield in Parliament openly denounced protectionism, Government interference, and all artificial measures; and Lord Derby one of the largest land owners in England, alleged that success of agriculture depends not on the prosperity of the farmers, but the rent question must be examined, and that, in view of the foreign competition, the landlords must seek to increase the productiveness of the land by putting their money into it. But while Europe is trying to find out how to secure the improvement of its economical situation, the United States is becoming the real master of the European market. American farmers have immeuscly increased the area of fertile soil by cultivating former wildernesses; American manufacturers continue to supply the farmers with improved farming machines and implements; the Americans possess cheap and rapid ways of transportation. Besides grain, they supply the market not only with cattle, but also with fresh preserved meat, for which there is already a fair demand. Russian agriculturists must look closely after their interests in the grain market lest the Yankee supplant us there. We hope that the committee appointed by the Czar's Government will succeed in discovering the conditions under which we can compete with the United States in the European grain market.

A BRIDE'S MISFORTUNE.

Sensation on a Canada Southern Sleeper.

A newly-married wife, returning from her wedding tour with her husband to Fort Wayne, Ind., met with a painful accident on the Canada Southern railroad a few nights since. They had disrobed and were cosily lying in the lower berth of a sleeper, when the occupants of the car were horror-stricken by hearing the young wife give vent to a series of piercing shrieks. There was a general commotion, and the conductor pushed aside the curtain to see what was the matter. "Oh! my heel! my heel!" she cried, with shrieks of pain; "something has run into my heel." The husband was beside himself with anxiety and grief, but like the rest of the passengers could not imagine how his wife was hurt. Finally, assisted by several ladies, who hustled on their clothes, an examination was made. It appears that the lady had hung up her hat in the bath, and a large ornamental pin, about three inches long, had become detached by the motion of the car and fell at her feet. In extending her limb suddenly the pin had run into her heel about two inches, causing exquisite pain. To add to her troubles, her husband tried to pull it out, and it broke off. The conductor telegraphed to St. Thomas, and on the arrival of the train a surgeon was in waiting, who, after an hour and a-half's work, cut open the heel and extracted the pin. That couple will get more laughter than sympathy when they get home.

—All too soon the days will be here when such lines as the following will be appropriate:

But the summer days are brief—
Love must sicken when they're o'er;
Autumn comes with whispered grief—
Ah! behold the falling leaf.

Lo, the flower, the vine, the sheaf;
Lo, the garlands idly wrought;
Hark! the whisper, "Life how brief!"
See, alas! the falling leaf!

—The *Saturday Review*, or some other journal, says, that "the interesting young man" must be pale and thin, have long hair, but no side whiskers, eat little in public, never smoke a pipe, be short-sighted, have a big pain, be sour, talk about himself, be impudent, be extreme in opinion, especially on theology and mediæveliism, be popular with women, not be able to shoot or ride, hate wet feet, be disliked by men, and, in toto, be a "double-distilled fool."

OUR SPECIAL COLUMN.

LITERARY.

The Philadelphia *Progress* has discovered three members of the English House of Commons, who are either American blood or breeding. Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell is claimed to be of high Liberal principles; his wife and daughter spent last summer at Newport, and *ergo* they are American. Mr. Parnell is a member for Meath, Ireland. But *Progress* will have it that Mr. J. Henry Pulesston, the member for Devonport, is more of an American still, because he was once a partner of Jay Cooke & Co. We cannot see how that is, for we rather think it was our old friend Capt. Puleston, who is spoken of. He spent some years here and at Brantford. He is said to be the right hand man of Lord Beaconsfield, and a Tory of the first water. To complete the trio we have Mr. Lewis, who is the nephew of a conspicuous citizen of Philadelphia.

The New York *Herald*, in reviewing a recently published sensational novel, says in speaking of the vile characters in it, "It is only in novels that such wretches meet with their just due."

Dr. Russell failed to distinguish himself in his account of the great battle of Ulundi, in which Lord Chelmsford was successful. He was beaten by his successor in the *Times*. Dr. Russell is an able correspondent, but there are just as good writers as he is. He certainly did himself credit by his letters from the Crimea, but his reports of the American war were not very entertaining, particularly the Battle of Bull Run.

The great actor Fechter, who died recently near Philadelphia, was a man of rare ability in his line. His irritable temper rendered him unsociable, but no man ever had a higher appreciation of his calling. He was probably unequalled in *Ruy Blas*, and his *role* of Shakespearian characters placed him in advance of all competitors. Strange to say he died comparatively a poor man, although his earnings were sometimes immense.

The lives of distinguished Irishmen have been given in various forms, but now a compendium of Irish biography is offered, which comprises sketches of the most eminent men Ireland has produced. The work is one of great interest, and is certain to meet with much favor.

The world of fiction is by no means barren of results just now, for a new batch is announced every week. A list of nine recently appeared in the *Atheneum*, namely, "Fallen Leaves; Nature's Nobility; The Last of the Kerdrees; Marcia; Dorcas; Nemesis; Her Friend Laurence; A Parisian Sultana, and Le Docteur Claude." The first is by Wilkie Collins, but is not considered equal to some of his other productions, at least with regard to plot. "Marcia" is from the pen of Miss Craig, who has already won great fame.

Mr. Gladstone's masterly production in the last issue of the *British Quarterly* gives a succint though brief narrative of the Evangelical movement in England. The origin and progress of the movement are clearly traced from the time of Henry the Eighth to the present. The writer informs us that the present century had dawned before any attempt was made to write the history of English religion, or of the Church of England, such as their had been during the eighteenth century. He contends that until the close of the reign of George the Third the Evangelical clergy were a small and a numerically in considerable minority of the whole clerical body. But they increased after that, and the rise of the Tractarians rendered the Evangelicals more active, as it became a matter of strife between the two sections. Mr. Gladstone is fair and reasonable in his deductions, and the paper may be read with interest by all.

A "History of the English People," by John Richardson Green, M. A., touches also on the religious question. He dilates at length upon Puritan England, or England from the accession of James to the throne in 1603; and the Revolution or the period from 1660 to 1688. After the Restoration it began to be plain that the work of Puritanism had not been undone. Mr. Green says:

"The revels of Whitehall, the scepticism and debauchery of courtiers, the corruption of statesmen, left the mass of Englishmen what Puritanism had made them; serious, earnest, sober in life and conduct, firm in their love of Protestantism and of freedom. In the Revolution of 1688 Puritanism did the work of civil liberty which it had failed to do in that of 1642. It wrought out through Wesley and the rivival of the eighteenth century the work of religious reform which its earlier efforts had only deferred for a hundred years. Slowly but steadily it introduced its own seriousness and purity into English society, English literature, English politics. The history of English progress since the Restoration, on its moral and spiritual sides, has been the history of Puritanism."

Following this history, we have "Lectures, on the history of England," by Mr. M. J. Guest. They give a vivid picture of the times Speaking of Cromwell Mr. Guest says:

"Those who think Charles the I. a saint naturally think Cromwell a wicked murderer, and his memory is still hated and reviled by some. But nobody can help seeing that he was an extraordinary man—a strong man with an iron will, a true genius for command, and a sincere feeling of religion. As to his acts, it would be vain to attempt to justify them all, but that he saved England at this time from slavery and ruin can hardly be denied."

Mr. Louis Wiesener, has undertaken, in a work of considerable ability, to describe the youth of Queen Elizabeth, because he thinks the virgin queen has been overrated by English writers. He will have it that she was a traitor at heart to her sister Mary. M. Wiesener condemns Elizabeth on account of her Protestantism, and, thorough Frenchman as he is, he does her down right injustice in many instances. He says she was proud of being Queen of England, and used to declare "I am the most English woman of the Kingdom." It is to be regretted that well-informed foreigners will insist upon misrepresenting English rulers.

That wonderful history of the Reformation by D'Aubigne, which has charmed so many, is said to be excelled by a recent history by Dr. Hagenback. It is spoken of in terms of the highest praise. His portraitures of the chief actors in the Reformation are admirably portrayed, and the pages of the book glisten with vivid and picturesque descriptions.

Among the noblest of German writers who have passed away there were none who excelled Ernst Moritz Arndt, a writer of great repute, and singularly given to a defence of Christianity in all he wrote or said. He lived in the Napoleonic age, and labored to excite the sympathies of the Prussian people in defence of their rights, though a born Swede. He wrote both poetry and prose. Dying at the age of ninety he must have had an eventful life.

Some men are wondrously clever until they are found out. M. Zola, author of that astonishing book "L'Assomoir," which has had such a run in France, England and the United States, is now charged with plagiarism; in other words he has written a book called "La Mort d'Oliver Becaille," which has a striking resemblance to a "Histoire de ma Mort," by M. Mulet. It is charged that "L'Assomoir" is partly borrowed, and by and by it will probably appear that Zola wrote no part of it. These French are a curious people, especially the authors.

The wonderful ability displayed by Dr. Kenealy, as counsel for the "Claimant," otherwise Sir Roger Tichborne, rendered him famous in forensic annals. As much, however, cannot be said respecting his political career, for he has played anything but a creditable part as a Parliamentary representative. Extreme in his views and violent in temper, he has made several exhibitions of himself in the British House of Commons. Despite all this, Dr. Kenealy is among the ablest of writers and the most accomplished of classical scholars. Added to these qualifications he is a poet of no common order, as is proved by the recent publication of his collected poems in three handsome volumes. His versatility is remarkable, for he has produced translations in Greek, Latin and other languages, and has translated into English Homer's "Hymn of Hermes," poems from the Swedish, German, Spanish, Danish, Italian, French, Irish, Portuguese, Breton, Arabic, Bengali and Persian. He has also put original compositions into Latin, German, Hindostanee and Persian.

DOES IT PAY TO HIRE CHEAP SCHOOL TEACHERS.

A man tries to be a farmer and fails; tries to be a mechanic and fails; tries to be a lawyer and fails; tries to be a minister and is not even good enough for that; but one thing he can do—he can be a schoolmaster. And so you will find throughout the country schoolmasters are selected because they are cheap. You can get him for $10 a month found. Shame on the parsimony that would take a cent from the pay of the men or women employed as teachers. If there is any profession which should be made absolutely independent of all care as to the means of living it is that. I do not undervalue my own profession, but I think that the schoolmaster stands nearer to God than a minister can. For myself, I hated the school, I hated it in my mind, I hated it in my body, I hated it in my affections. I had no religious nature, so I could not hate it in that. I hated school, and yet there came a summer in old Litchfield when in spite of tears and protestations I was sent out of the house and to school, and I found a school ma'ma comely, though with very pale face, and young—not over eighteen—who met me at the door and patted me on the head and played with my curly hair and she sat me down at her feet and made me happy. She was taken sick and died, but while she taught was the only pleasant time I ever had in school. There is no economy so penurious, no wrong so intolerable as that which cuts down the pay of the teacher, and simply because they with whom they have to do are only children? Only children! Whose children? Your children, my children, God's children, the sweetest blossoms in the garden of the world, for whom angels may be proud to do service. If they are neglected you are to blame, for if you cared enough about it, it never would happen.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

—Lotta will next act in McVicker's theatre Chicago.

—Mapleson agrees to pay Cary 15,000 for five months.

—Helen Blye has accepted an engagement of three years with Augustin Daly.

—Tom Karl is building a cottage by the sea. Rather late in the season.

—Wilhelmi has bought a summer residence at Saratoga and paid $12,000 for it, too.

—East Lynne is being played at three London theatres—the Olympic, Park and Standard.

—It is the quality of the music that makes it necessary to chain the monkey to the hand-organ.

—Edwin Booth will inaugurate Charles Pope's new theatre in St. Louis, on September 29th.

—Miss Emma Thursby will leave Europe for New York in October, for a visit of three months.

—Clara Louise Kellogg says that if she could live backwards she would take England by storm.

—Steinway's pianos are said by a London musical paper to be the favorites with the Russian aristocracy.

—Fanny Devonport—that is to say Mrs. Edwin Price—has just paid $45,000 for a summer home in Canton, Pa.

—Anna Dickinson makes her second theatrical venture next month, appearing in San Francisco in a play of her own writing.

—John McCulloch, who boasted last spring that he had "never been ill a day in his life," is at Saratoga in poor health. Sorry to hear it.

—The Mendelssohn Quintet Club has secured for its new leader Mr. Edward Heimendahl, a violinist of extensive European reputation.

—Mary Anderson celebrated her 20th birthday at Long Branch last week. She is to open the Academy of Music, Montreal, September 15.

—Camilla Urso's latest plan is a two years' tour in Australia. Herr Scherek, of her former company, goes with her as accompanist and director.

—Kate Claxton's company comprises Charles A. Stevenson, H. B. Phillips, Mrs. C. E. Furbish, Miss Carrie Wyatt and J. T. Burke.

—Mme. Modjeska has left Poland for Paris, and will go to London about the 15th of this month. She does not expect to return to America before next year.

—John E. Owens lately met with an accident which, though not very serious, confines him to his home, at Towsontown, near Baltimore.

—"Buttons," "Cadets," and "The Electric Light" are among the new American operas to be produced next season. N. B.—They are all better than "Pinafore."

—Clara Morris is reported to be enjoying good health just at present, but it will be well to be prepared for rumors of surgical operations, the fall season being close at hand.

—Music halls, the special feature of which shall be the substitution of non-intoxicating for intoxicating drinks, are to be established in London by a company which includes among a number of celebrities Dean Stanley and Carl Rosa.

—The London *World* says: "We have been requested to notice the recital of a young American, who is thought to be a nice singer and a nice pianiste; only she is thought to be a nice pianiste by those who hear her sing, and a nice singer by those who hear her play."

—Mr. Henry Irving told a London audience on the 25th of July in the Lyceum Theatre, of which he is the manager, that since the 30th of Dec. his receipts had been $180,000. "To stay among you," he added, "I have forgone all engagements out of London, and I intend to begin again here on Saturday, the 20th of September."

—Said a grizzly old pioneer to Remeny after a late concert in Virginia City: "I ain't much on the fiddle myself, mister, but you bet yer life I know good playin' when I strike it. I was to hear you last night, and I never run afoul of anything like it. You are a fiddler from Bitter Creek, that's what you are, and I kin lick the man as sez you ain't."

—The bucolic press is at present engaged in industriously circulating a gratuitous advertisement of Blanche Davenport, who, you may be sure, is to sing in America next season. Max Strakosch has been hearing her sing, and with eyes bedewed with tears cries out in his anguish: "I cannot describe her! I saw her draw tears from streng men! I cried myself!"

—The critic of the *Portland Press* evidently knows a good dirge when he hears it, and thus describes one that recently came under his notice. "It was a robust and well assorted dirge. It opened with resolutions of respect to the deceased, followed by a wake; then the procession went with decorum to the cemetery, and finally came home at a round trot. The thumps, representing the carrying home of the chairs borrowed for the funeral followed, and all was over."

—Adelina Patti had a rather unpleasant experience at the opera in London the other evening. The withdrawal of her name from a concert programme on the previous night sorely offended some Italians, who expressed their disapprobation by hisses and hootings when the smiling face of the prima donna appeared on the stage. Counter demonstrations were instantly made by the rest of the audience, but Patti began very heartily to cry and retired behind the scenes, while the curtain dropped. When she again appeared, the cheers were enthusiastic.

—A London dispatch to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: "A hot dispute has arisen between Gilbert, Sullivan and the directors of the Opera Comique Company concerning the property in the copyright of the opera bouffe 'Pinafore.' The directors to-day forcibly entered the theatre during the performance and seized the properties, including the big gun used in the piece. The proceedings of the directors created quite a panic among the audience, many of whom stampeded, causing a a consternation which at one time threatened the lives of many persons. The dispute ended in the institution of proceedings in both the Chancery and Police Courts."

AN INFANT BITTEN BY A RAT.

(From the Troy Times.)

A sad misfortune occurred yesterday afternoon to a little five-weeks-old boy of Mrs. Louis Shepherd, residing at No. 46 Canvass street, Cohoes. Between 3 and 4 o'clock the child, which at birth weighed two pounds, and has only increased its weight eight ounces since, was placed in its cradle, in a rear bedroom, for a nap. Shortly after, Mr. Shepherd, in crossing the kitchen, was startled by a large sewer rat running directly under his feet and into the room where the babe was sleeping. A few minutes elapsed when a cry of pain and distress issued from the child, and the mother, rushing to its aid, saw the rat leap from the bed and disappear under the flooring. The child presented a pitiable sight. With the voracity of a wild beast the rat had attacked its defenceless victim and bitten it in numerous places. Over the eyes a piece of flesh was bitten out, the left ear was lacerated, and pieces of the left cheek actually torn out. To defend itself the child must have raised its right hand, which was seized and its index finger bitten through so badly that amputation will be necessary.

—Exception is taken in England to the manner in which Mr. Talmage points a moral. In his lecture on the "Bright Side of Things," delivered at the Temperance Fete at the Crystal Palace, as an instance of "the ruling passion strong," he related the following: "Ah," said a man, who was on a sick bed, to his wife, "I am going to heaven." "You'll look very pretty," said she, "stuck up in heaven." "Bring me the broom," he shouted, "and let me give you another walloping before I die." A correspondent of the *Echo* insists that it was scarcely necessary for a Doctor of Divinity to come from the other side of the Atlantic to speak in this manner, as there are preachers in the East End and cabdrivers all over London, who can do as well, if not better.

GEN. FORREST'S GAME OF POKER.

A Thrilling Story—Did his Wife Pray While he was Playing!

[From the Nashville Banner.]

Several years ago Gen. Forrest visited the city and stopped at the old City Hotel. That night several gentlemen called to see him, among them gentlemen now connected with the *Banner*. The room had been crowded during the early part of the night, and Forrest had received the usual attention bestowed on him. Now, however, he was sitting off to himself, and appeared tired and worn out. Our informant, wishing to have a talk with him about himself, sought him, and entered into conversation with him:

"General," says he, "I've heard you were a great poker-player in your time.

"Yes" says the General, "I have played some." and his eyes began to sparkle with the memory of the old times, and he at once seemed interested in the subject, for be it known that no one was fonder than he of recounting his wonderful exploits.

"How much General, was the largest stake you ever played?"

"I once called $48,000 in New Orleans."

"Did you win?"

"Oh, yes! I won it."

"What was your hand, General?"

"It was three kings."

"But," says he, "the hardest game I ever played was at Memphis. Just after the war closed my wife and I went to Memphis, and we stopped at the Worsham House. The next morning we got our things together, and I emptied all my papers out of my trunk on the floor, and Mary (I'm not certain his wife's name was Mary, but that will do for the tale) went over and over them, hunting for something to raise money out of. I emptied my pockets and Mary emptied her'n, and between us we had seven dollars and thirty cents. After huntin' over everything, we found that every man who owed me was either dead or broke. I hadn't one single paper on which I could raise a cent. After we got through the pile I looked at Mary and Mary looked at me. 'Now, what's to be done, Mary?' says I. 'I don't know,' says she, 'but the Lord will provide.' You see, Mary was one of the best women in the world, and she had a heap of faith in her religion. I looked at her right straight a long time, and at last says I: 'Mary, you are a mighty good woman, and I'm going to tell you something. There's to be a big dinner at——— this evening, and I'm invited. They always play poker at that house, and you have always been agin me playing, and I reckon you are right about it. But things have become desperate with us, and somehow I feel if you wouldn't be agin me, but would pray for me, I could make a raise tonight.'

"Says she, Bedford, I can't do it. It's wrong for you to do it, and I'd heap rather you wouldn't."

"'But, Mary,' says I, 'I never was in such a fix before. Here we are with no money but $7.30, and that wouldn't pay our tavern bill. I can't lose no more than that, I'll come home, and if I win, then we'll have something to start on.' Well, I argued and argued with her, but she wouldn't say yes. But at last she says:

"'Bedford, I know your mind is set on it, and I know you are going to bet, whether I'm willin' or not; so I won't say nothing more about it.'

"But, somehow, I felt when I started that she was for me, and I jist knowed how 'twould be