

mers say, the secular changes which our own globe experiences, the slow formation of valleys and deltas, the succession of equable seasons, with other conditions of intelligible life. In all parts of the surface except "the snowy poles of moonless Mars" this particular sphere exhibits features and details which encourage the idea of a peopled world. Mars is more comfortably placed, according to mortal notions, for becoming tenanted than great bodies like Uranus, where for twenty years together the small and feeble sun would not be visible to people in a certain latitude, or than Jupiter, which Whewell held was a "world of fog with a cinder or two for a centre." Mars, therefore, is precisely the place whence we might expect interesting speculations to arise on this absorbing topic of life beyond the earth.

It is not, however, in Signor Schirparelli's discoveries that any ingenuous mind must look for proofs of planetary existence. These "canals," so numerous and curious, must be of prodigious size to be visible at all; probably as wide as the Mediterranean at the very least, and much beyond the range of any mechanical power which even Martians could exercise. If they be found permanent the phenomenon would indeed prove very puzzling, but they will more probably turn out to resemble the belts of Jupiter, which, though varying from time to time, are never absent from the face of that great planet. These, also, take the form of parallel stripes or ribbons of different color, and are formed and closed up in a single hour, though thousands of miles wide, showing probably a prodigious activity of internal motion and force in the orb itself, since the sun at that distance could not so influence Jupiter. It is always doubtful whether we see the real surface of any telescopic body except our own Moon, and these lines upon Mars, like his red color and his white poles, may be but the irradiated tints of an enveloping medium. The interest, however, of the discovery remains, nor need it affect one way or the other the all-absorbing question of the possible extension of animated and intelligent existence beyond our narrow experiences. Neither Science nor Religion takes, perhaps sufficient account of this immense and sublime conception. Science in doubting the spread of life throughout the whole universe, because of this or that physical difficulty, has not considered how impossible it would have seemed to construct out of the sixty or seventy lifeless terrestrial elements, under our atmospherical and physical conditions, the men, and animals, and vegetation of the earth. Religion in failing to employ the beautiful and hopeful conception of a hierarchy of existence, rising by natural grades from sphere to sphere, has cramped her powers of moral and spiritual encouragement, and spoken far too long the limited language of Ptolemaean theologies. For anything that man knows, imprisoned as he is in this small orb, with earthly senses and a narrow mind overcome with inherited dread, space itself may be capable of forms and modes of existence, as our own ocean is, and our air; and to imagine the planetary and stellar bodies the only centres of life may be as gross a mistake as though a limpet supposed that nothing lived which had not a shell, and a rock to stick upon.—*The London Daily Telegraph.*

Odds and Ends.

"Oh! has you got your coal in,
Am you ready far de cold?
Got de cellar full o' taters
To brave the winter bold?
Kase it's gwyne to freeze,
An' gwyne fur to snow,
An' you'll git de chilblains
De fust thing you know."

—Givedam Jones.

Entry of July.

WRATH OF THE ELEMENTS.

A Fearful Storm Sweeps over Ohio and Indiana—Cyclone in Pennsylvania.

CINCINNATI, July 1.—A storm of wind and rain passed over southern Ohio yesterday afternoon from the northeast. Very meagre reports as to its extent have been received, but from the prostration of telegraph wires in all directions, north and northwest, it is evident that the wind was fierce. It was not felt at Indianapolis, but was severe at Cleveland, and did not reach far east of Pittsburg. At Wilmington, O., the wind was terrific, but the damage was mostly to crops. The wheat was blown flat, but with fair weather may be saved. The corn and oats were the most injured, the former being blown down, and the heavy rain apparently breaking it off. Alexander Jenkins was killed by lightning while shocking wheat.

At Peru, Ind., the wind and rain were unusually severe. Wheat was blown down and is supposed to be greatly injured. Here the wind was the severest of the Summer. Shade trees were broken down and one or two houses unroofed. At a point northwest of the city the wind was so strong as to blow pedestrians from their feet.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., July 1.—Such a rain as fell here yesterday was never equalled in the recollection of the oldest inhabitants. The streets were flooded at nine o'clock last night, filling the cellars level with the sidewalks, and washing away street crossings and fences, and doing damage to the extent of many thousands of dollars. The upper part of the city for over a mile resembles Venice on a small scale. The culvert under the South Street Railroad yards, containing several tracks, was washed out. Two men narrowly escaped being buried. Only one track can be used for a quarter of a mile. The damage is not yet fully known, but it will prove to be very heavy.

OREGON, Ill., July 1.—A storm of unequalled severity prevailed yesterday. The water rose on the flats, driving dozens of families from their homes. Fifteen buildings were struck by lightning, and a Mr. Spooner was killed. Many barns and outbuildings were carried away by the wind and the flood. A score of bridges floated off. Hundreds of acres of grain were entirely ruined, and horses and cattle were killed by lightning in nearly every pasture. Damage to the amount of \$50,000 was done in this city and vicinity. Miles of the track of the Chicago and Iowa road are impassable.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia., July 1.—There was a furious storm in Central Iowa on Thursday night, but though a regular tornado it was for the greater part of its course in the air, not striking the ground except in a few places, where it demolished everything.

GREENVILLE, July 1.—A cyclone struck Coalville, Butler County, Pa., last night at seven o'clock, blowing half the houses down and nearly all of the stores. Two persons were killed and twenty-five injured.

The track of the storm was only about one quarter of a mile wide and ten miles long, but in that territory great damage was done. In the country adjoining the village many houses were blown down. The principal portion of the ruin wrought was in Coalville. A new frame store building and dwelling, owned by Frank Bard, was completely wrecked in an instant. Mr. Bard, his sister-in-law and his clerk, Mr. Cannon, were badly injured. Mrs. Bard was blown a considerable distance, but miraculously escaped any injury beyond a few bruises.

MANITOU, Col., July 2.—A waterspout last night done considerable damage to property here. Over a mile of railroad was washed away. Arthur Gillingham, a boy, was carried down with the flood and drowned.

An Iowa Storm.

(Related by an Eye-Witness.)

"The sun went down," he said, "behind a bank of peculiar clouds. They were of fantastic shapes, and the last rays of the setting sun imparted to them a crimson, angry hue. I couldn't help, for the life of me, thinking of the ferocious red eyes of an untamable bull dog, when I looked at the lurid spectacle. Night came on, and with it the storm. Incessant lightning illuminated the northern and western heavens. The clouds grew blacker and the atmospheric agitation increased. The balloon-shaped cloud about which you already know, could be seen approaching a quarter of an hour before it reached the town, and for at least five minutes before its arrival the roaring sound which has been aptly likened to the rumbling of fifty freight trains across an iron bridge filled the air with its ominous echoes. It was preceded with a violent wind, which blew down trees and drove people into the house. I was standing in an open space on one of the western streets of the town, and feeling that I was safer there than I could be in a house, I determined to stay there, though I admit I was frightened half to death. The rumbling roar came nearer, and the lowering mass seemed to reach out black arms to the earth, when with a horrible, whistling shriek, the monster swept by within a hundred yards of the spot where I was rooted with amazement and fear. The raging thing swooped down upon the place, licking up everything in its path. Some of the houses were mashed down and swept along, while others were picked up bodily, torn to pieces, and the furniture and occupants lifted into the air, either to be hurled to the earth again or blown the Lord knows where. The dreadful giant pursued its way, crushing, crunching, and destroying with cruel wantonness. In the unearthly glare produced by the blazing lightning which flashed wickedly and incessantly, and by the balls of fire with which the gyrating mass seemed alive, I could see the air filled with flying objects of every conceivable form, from scraps of paper to sections of roofs and floors, to the height of four hundred or five hundred feet, and I don't know how much higher. A house would be crushed like an egg shell, and in less time than it takes to tell the materials that composed it would be climbing skyward with incredible rapidity. The air was charged with electricity, and where I stood the atmosphere was of a ghostly pallor. The whirling monster threw out flashes and sparks and balls as it passed along. Mingled with the frightful roaring of the cyclone could be heard the shrill, blood-curdling shrieks of women as they were caught up and borne away to their death. The demon concert is ringing in my ears yet. The cyclone was probably a minute or a minute-and-a-half passing me. It seemed an age. Nothing ever filled me with such unspeakable awe as this relentless riot of the elements—this merciless march of death."

Path of a Cyclone.

The editor of the Des Moines Register makes an appeal to the people of the country for aid for sufferers by the June cyclone in Iowa. He makes the following statement: "The tornado made a swath of destruction through a thickly settled portion of Iowa, some one hundred and fifty miles in length and an average of a half mile in width. We have now of sixty-nine dead and five hundred wounded. Half of the latter are grievously hurt, and probably a fifth of them fatally. Over three hundred families have had their homes totally destroyed, and there are now at least fifteen hundred homeless and in want. The loss in property will exceed two millions of dollars, and may reach three millions."