

details, show an improvement in this respect. He justly remarked that numbers alone form a very imperfect test of the prosperity of a country. The actual condition of the population must also be considered. Unless where it proceeds from bad laws emigration is the result of natural laws. Within a country itself there is a constant migration of labor from agricultural districts to manufacturing towns. He called attention to the general use of agricultural implements as another sign of improvement. His testimony was as follows as to the farming classes:—"They have now security of tenure and never in the history of the country were farmers so prosperous and well to do. Rents are well paid, land better tilled, houses and offices improved. Food and dress have undergone a marvellous change, even within recent memory, and when lands are set up in lots to suit tenants there is no lack of purchasers." He gave returns to show that in 1861 the deposits in Irish Joint-Stock Banks were £22,672,657; in 1870 they were £24,366,479, showing an increase of 8 per cent, and for the six months to June 30, 1871, they were £26,048,818, showing at the same rate an increase on the year of 14 per cent. The deposits in Post-office savings banks were in 1869 £478,148; in 1870 £585,185, and in the first six months of 1871 £642,627. The deposits in private savings banks were in 1869 £1,974,539; in 1870 £2,034,907, and to the 30th of June, 1871, £2,151,430. In agricultural produce there was a decrease of acreage under crop, but an increase in the value of live stock, amounting to £1,240,988. It is worthy of remark that the potato crop now occupies about as large an acreage as before the famine. The condition of the labouring classes is not so satisfactory. Their wages are high and employment is good, but their dwellings are bad and they have no security in their homesteads. He suggested an amendment of the Land Act as regards the compensation clauses. The progress of manufactures is steady. In 1862 the number of flax factories was 100; power looms, 4,698; the numbers in 1868 were—factories, 143; power looms, 12,969; the number of woollen factories in 1862 was 39; power looms, 123; in 1868, number of woollen factories, 45; power looms, 215. He read statistics which showed that the tonnage of the ports of Dublin and Belfast had increased fourfold in 30 years, and improvements on a large scale were in progress in both ports. The education statistics showed an increased attendance in the National schools, but there is still a stratum of the population to be reached, the commitments of women and girls to gaol exhibiting a very large proportion of ignorance. There is also a want of good intermediate schools. He alluded to the criminal statistics compiled by Dr. Haecock, and commented upon the increase of crime in Dublin, owing to the influx of criminal classes from the provinces. While expressing satisfaction at the improvement in the material condition of the country, he pointed out some defects, the most remarkable being the want of identity in the laws of the United Kingdom. He advocated the assimilation of the Irish to the English Poor Law, as regards outdoor relief, and also a reform of the Grand Jury laws. But at the same time he expressed his belief that "there is not a single one of these reforms or any others necessary for our well-being which cannot be obtained from the Imperial Legislature."—*Times Dublin Cor., Nov. 22nd.*

**CITY OF DUBLIN PRESIDENTIAL SESSION.**—On Wednesday morning Mr. Justice Fitzgerald sat to dispose of claims for compensation for malicious injuries and grand jury presentments. It was expected that a claim for £3,000 would be made by the brothers and other representatives of Constable Talbot, but Mr. Nagle, the Clerk of the Crown, said the solicitor for the claimants would not prosecute the petition. Mr. Hargrave, Queen's street, whose house was wrecked on the evening of the 23rd September, after the meeting in the Park, claimed £400 compensation, but after a long inquiry into the nature of the injuries he was awarded only £125.

**DEATH FROM STARVATION.**—An inquiry was held on Monday into the death of John Johnston, a pensioner, who died of starvation in Cork. The deceased lived in great misery in a room to which he would admit no one. He went about in rags, and was in the habit of soliciting alms from his neighbors, and would pick up and eat garbage in the streets, alleging he was starving, and had no money to buy food. He had not been seen for the past week, and last evening the neighbors, in forcing the door of his room, found him dying of starvation, so far gone that though a doctor was called in, nothing could be done for him. This morning the room was examined, and it contained upwards of a thousand volumes strewn about, including many valuable books. A savings bank pass book was found concealed in a recess, showing that the deceased had one hundred and ninety-three pounds to his credit in a Cork savings bank, together with deposits for fifty pounds from the Munster Bank. The verdict was death from starvation.

**THE DUBLIN MURDER.**—Head Constable Talbot, for whose murder Kelly has lately been tried and acquitted, seems by the following account given of him in the *Dublin Daily Express*, to have been no ordinary man. At the age of nineteen he entered the constabulary, and his taste and talent soon introduced him into the detective department of that body. Finding his country education insufficient for his advancing position, he set to work to improve it. Observing the advantages the lawyers had over him when defending prisoners, he studied jurisprudence so that he could read an Act or prepare a case as well as most of them. Latterly, he had commenced the study of medical jurisprudence. Nor were other studies beneath his attention. As a thinker he travelled with his budget, and made a good living at it too. He could make and mend shoes, undertake bricklaying, carpentry, slating, plastering, &c.; all came as by instinct to him, and in farming he was ever at home. Nor were his accomplishments neglected. He played cards with the shippers and knew their tricks, some of which he exhibited in open court when prosecuting a gang who had infested a railway line. He could dance a jig or reel, court the girls, and tell a capital story or joke; but all was acting, for beneath the sparkling surface there was the stern determination to accomplish a purpose unsuspected by any. He was "on duty" and for the detection of crime and protection of society he felt no doubt, that the end justified any means. At the commencement of the Crimean war, he joined the Commissariat Department, and received a silver medal for his faithful services and ability in a position of trust which he occupied. When the Fenian organization became so powerful and extended that in order to suppress it a thorough knowledge of the leaders and their movements was necessary, Talbot volunteered for the dangerous duty, and so well did he perform it that he received the highest praise at the close of the State trials from the judges and Crown counsel. To detail his exploits would fill a volume, and through his means nearly 200 of the leaders and active men of the Fenian body in the district of Limerick and adjoining counties were convicted. Adopting the name of Kelly, he appeared on the Shannon as a water bailiff, became acquainted with the gigglers, was sworn into the Fenian Brotherhood, and was ultimately made a head centre. He was as good a Catholic as any of them, regular at mass every Sunday, attentive to his confessional duties, and even partook of the sacred elements publicly. Little did the Fenians who came to the chapel to confess know, as they were repulsed by the priest, that the big woman devotionally kneeling alongside with beads and book was netting every one of them a report to Dublin Castle that night. Talbot stopped at nothing, and through his information the Fenian conspiracy was frustrated and the lives of thousands of people saved, as well as a vast amount of public money.

**Nov. 20.**—Mr. John Clibborn, manager of the Arran Quay branch of the Royal Bank, committed suicide this morning by blowing out his brains at the grave of his mother and child in Mount Jerome Cemetery. In his hat, which he had placed on the ground with two stones in it to prevent it from being carried away by the wind, was found a written statement to the effect that he had become embarrassed by the purchase of mining shares, which had become depreciated. He had induced a friend to become security for him, and a creditor having sold the shares at a sacrifice, he could not bear the thought of his friend's loss. His account with the Bank, in which he had been employed 25 years, was quite correct. He was highly esteemed.

On the subject of assassination, the *Nation* speaks out in distinct and emphatic terms of condemnation. While expressing detestation of the occupation and practice of spies and informers, and dissenting from some of the observations of the Lord Chief Justice, it adds:—"But we quite agree with his Lordship that the assassination of those detestable creatures is not permissible from either a legal, moral, or religious point of view. Human law and the law of God forbid the commission of murder, and the well-being of society requires that assassination shall be held as a crime of the deepest dye. It is not to be tolerated that individuals or cliques, clubs or parties shall take into their hands the power of secretly dooming men to death and suddenly executing the vengeance thus privately decreed. The practice of assassination is sinful, shameful, and abominable. It is evil from every possible point of view, and all things calculated to encourage it are worthy of condemnation. For this very reason good men in all countries are bound to regard with aversion any system of government which cannot be carried on without the aid of spies and informers. Those characters are everywhere hated with a terrible hate; no class of men are the objects of such scorn and loathing; none evoke in the minds of other men such burning anger and so wild a craving for vengeance. It is not well for the morals of any people to have such characters prowling about among them; it is a terrible strain upon their patience, and one from which injury is certain to result."

There can be no doubt that the horror with which assassination should be regarded is considerably mitigated to the popular mind when the victim is a Government spy or informer; it is certain that some persons do not hesitate to declare the deed justifiable and praise-worthy, and that they offer in defence of their opinions arguments that may not be quite devoid of influence on the minds of others: it is equally certain that men who do not go quite so far in their opinions on the subject are yet not inclined to indulge in language condemnatory of the act, and unquestionably the result on the whole of such a state of things is unfavourable to the morality of a people. For such danger and for such demoralization as may ensue one cannot help blaming the system of government which, being out of harmony with the mind and spirit of the people, seeks to sustain itself by the services of spies and informers."

## GREAT BRITAIN.

**THE LONDON "TRUTH" IN CONGRESS.**—On the Continent the terror of Democracy is increasing among the proprietary and trading classes. Not even the power and reputation which have been achieved by the Princes of the Order in Germany, nor the image of Russian Conservatism which looms behind the agitations of the West, can reassure timid spirits, who fancy that they and all they have may any hour be swept away by a deluge of long pent up popular forces. The victory of the Versailles Government over the Commune is but poor consolation to them. They fear that Versailles represents a temporary and waning, the Commune a permanent power. The idea seems to be firmly fixed in the European mind that the International Association of Workmen is a society of immense power, threatening Europe with the greatest dangers, and that the Government of England, which has uniformly treated it with indifference, has most to fear from its machinations. People will tell you seriously that the fabric of English Constitutionalism is honeycombed by the slow but constant action of Socialist doctrines, that it stands solid enough to look at, but ready to collapse when the hour comes for applying the revolutionary force, and, furthermore, that this force is in the keeping of the International. It is in vain to tell them that they judge as by themselves; they will answer that we are like them, though we think we are not, and that any differences which geographical accident or political traditions may have created are passing away under the very influence of these new powers—Socialism and internationalism. The International cannot fail to perceive the effect it has produced, and it may be that the policy of its chiefs is to render it more mysterious and terrible in the eyes of its opponents. It cannot be more hated by them; it will be an advantage, or at least a pleasure, to be more feared. We cannot otherwise explain the last act of the Society, which has been to draw up and publish a series of Resolutions, purporting to form the permanent basis of its organization. Our Continental neighbours on reading this document will at once explain that it is just as they expected. The folly, the culpable weakness of the British Government stand manifest, and no one can doubt that it will reap its reward. There is no longer any concealment: in England are the headquarters of the Socialist army, and hence the campaign against civilization is directed. A Conference was held in London in September last, and from London the manifesto now goes forth. It is dated "256, High Holborn, W.C." The place sounds hardly a suitable cradle for the universal revolution; but there, at any rate, we have an International conclave organizing the war against Kings, Aristocracies, Landlords, and Capitalists from a spot within the jurisdiction of the London police, and within half an hour's march of the Houses of Parliament. We have perused with curiosity the programme of the International, and, though not at all disposed to share the alarms of the Continental Conservatives, we think it ought not to pass without notice. It indicates the possible growth of an affinity of thought between our own Radicals and the Democrats of the Continent. Our working classes have heretofore been politicians after their own British type, and, separated in principles and object from the French revolutionaries or the king-haters of Germany and Italy, they were thought narrow and unimaginative by their foreign visitors. Their objects were material, their means peaceful. This is still the character of the great body of them, but it seems that some at least are ready to adopt the broader Continental principles and use the language of "fraternity and solidarity." Though the document dates from High Holborn, though half the names appended to it are English, and no doubt an English version of it was prepared at the time in accordance with English discussions, yet the spirit is entirely French. It is not merely that there is an elaborate organization, for such things have been long since transported to British soil, but the ideas and the phraseology represent much more the traditions of the Commune than of our Radicals or Chartists. The first care is to establish the International One and Indivisible. There is to be a General Council, to consist of citizens belonging to the various nationalities, so chosen that no nationality shall preponderate. The Central Councils of the various countries are to be designated Federal Councils, or Federal Committees, "the designation of General Council being reserved to the Central Council of the International." "No branches, sections, or groups shall designate themselves by sectarian names, as Positivists, Mutualists, Collectivists, Communist branches, or form separatist groups, giving themselves special missions beyond

the limits of the common object pursued by all the groups of the International." This rule does not apply to the *Société de Résistance* affiliated to the International. But, beyond the function of resisting masters and organizing local strikes, the International will not tolerate any independent action in its component parts. The "Local Committee" must obey the "Federal Council" of the particular country, and this in its turn must take its orders from the General Council, which represents universal proletarianism. A payment of ten centimes yearly is to be made by all the members of the Association, by means of a system of stamps, the process being intended, we presume, more as a census of the members than as a means of revenue. A variety of regulations follow. Sections may be constituted of women alone, without prejudice to those where the sexes are mingled. Studies are to be taken of the working classes and sent to the General Council every August. The Association will give effective support to the Trades Unions, and encourage the relations between those of the different nationalities. Measures will be taken "to assure the adhesion of the agricultural producers to the movement of the industrial proletariat." The article which will cause most comment is the 9th, headed "The Political Action of the Working-class." It is in reply to this article that we find a Swiss newspaper speaking of the document at once as a call to civil war on every point of Europe and as the organization of a despotism which, if it could be realized, would drive us back three hundred years. The Resolution recites various *dicta* of the Association, which must be taken to have the force of principles:—"The landlord and the capitalist will always use their political privileges to defend and perpetuate their economic monopolies." "The conquest of political power has become the first duty of the working-class." "The social emancipation of the working-class is inseparable from their political emancipation." "In presence of the unlimited reaction which violently stifles every effort at emancipation on the part of the workmen, and pretends to maintain by brute force the distinction of classes, and the political domination of the classes having property (*Classes possédantes*) which results from it." Such are the expressions which are to be found in this article, and it follows as a matter of course that the "proletariat" is declared to be unable to act as a class against these hostile Powers "except by constituting itself a distinct political party, opposed to all the old parties formed by the possessing classes." This constitution of the "proletariat" as a political party is indispensable to assure the triumph of the social revolution, and to cause it to reach its supreme object, the abolition of classes. Equally to be expected are the principles with which the article closes:—"The coalition of working-class forces already obtained by economic struggles must also serve as a lever in the hands of that class in the struggle against the political power of its exploiters." "The economic movement and the political action of the working-class are indissolubly united."

**"The Times" replies.**—"By the glare of burning Paris such maxims as these are read with terror. They have a measured and calculated quality which produces a deeper effect than the ordinary invectives against the rich." Searching after the "Truth."—The following is too good not to be told:—A correspondent of the *Record* advocates selling old Bibles for waste-paper as "rather an effective way of circulating the Holy Scriptures." The writer adds:—"I found a Roman Catholic servant of mine, one winter's evening, reading somewhat seriously a piece of printed paper, soiled, and worn-looking. I watched my opportunity to ascertain what it was, when, to my great pleasure as much as surprise, I found it a leaf of a Bible, which she had just brought in from the neighbouring chandler, wrapped round some mould candles. It was part of the Acts of the Apostles, containing St. Paul in Prison. 'Sirs, what shall I do to be saved?' Now had that page of the Bible been burned, it would have never fallen into the hands of one forbidden to search the Scriptures. Chandlers and others who deal in small wares prefer to use waste paper on account of its cheapness, and, therefore, unconsciously but effectually, distribute or scatter holy seed, not knowing what it may spring up and bear fruit."

A prison chaplain was lamenting the want of success attending his ministry. Of one man he had been condemned to death he said he had great hopes, the prisoner having been most assiduous in the study of a Bible he had given him. The chaplain after great exertion, obtained a commutation of the sentence. "I called to inform him of my success. His gratitude knew no bounds: he said 'I was his preserver, his deliverer.' And here," he added as he grasped my hand in parting, "here is your bible. I may as well return it to you, for I hope that I shall never want it again."

**ECCLESIASTICAL PATRONAGE.**—The 17 livings in the presentation of the Marquis of Bute have, since his accession to Rome, been placed in the hands of trustees. These gentlemen belong to the High Church party, and are about to present to the rectory of Cardiff and another incumbency adjacent. It is understood that Cardiff was offered to Mr. Furse, the vicar of Staines, but was declined by him.—*Globe.*

**LONDON, DEC. 8.**—The betting upon the result of the Tichborne case is quite general. The latest quotations from the clubs indicate the prevalent odds as 10 to 1 against the claimant.

We should not wonder if the Dublin jury were right after all in acquitting Kelly for the murder of Talbot. It seems clear from a letter published by a juror that the jury had before them proof not produced in Court that the bullet taken out of Talbot's neck did not come out of Kelly's revolver, and think it not improbable that the assassin, whoever they were, had arranged that suspicion was to fall on the man who did not fire the fatal shot. He would be tried, but they would meanly let off, and he would be acquitted all would go well. If on the other hand, he were convicted, nearly an impossibility in the teeth of the difference in the bullets, the escape would be allowed to explain the truth. The idea has something of Italian cunning in it but the difficulty of catching a Fenian in America is great, and Irishmen when conspiring show brains.—*London Spectator.*

Warwick Castle, the ancient and splendid seat of Earl Warwick in Warwickshire, Eng., has been irreparably damaged by fire. The destruction of pictures, statuary and other works of art, and articles of vertu, is great.

**LONDON, DEC. 13.**—The British Foreign Office sent instructions to all its agents abroad to investigate into the organization of the various branches of the International in the countries to which they are respectively accredited, and report to the government.

The Birmingham Jews have formed an association to oppose the London Society for the conversion of the Jews. Everybody paying a shilling a year is to be a member.

## UNITED STATES.

THE NEW YORK BIRD—THEIR NATIONALITIES.

Mayor Hall is a native American.  
The Recorder is a native American.  
The Commissioner of Public Works—Twedd—is a native American.  
The Commissioners of Police—Bosworth, Smith, Maniere, and Barr—are native Americans and old Know Nothings.

Two of the three Judges on the Supreme Bench, Sutherland, and Barnard are native Americans—we are not sure but the third is also.

The Chief Justice of the Superior Court, Barbour,

is a native American; of the five Associate Justices, one—McCune—is an Irishman; two—Monell and Spencer—are Anglo-Americans; one—Jones—is a Scotchman; and one—Freedman—is a German.  
The Collector of the City Revenue—Dunlop—is a Scotchman.

The Superintendent of the Bureau of Street Improvement—Gilbert Palmer—is an Anglo-American.  
The Superintendent of Lamps and Gas—Bergen—is a German.

The Bureau of Water Works, the Bureau of Water Purveyor, the Department of Docks, the Bureau of Public Administrator, are all in the hands of Anglo-Americans.  
So with the Excise Department of Public Charities and Correction—all are controlled by Anglo-Americans.

The President of the Fire Department—Dekershausen—is a German; and the Superintendent of the Department of Buildings—McGregor—is a Scotchman.

The Collector of Assessments, the Surrogate, the Commissioner of Jurors, the Commissioner of Taxes, and the Superintendent of the Bureau of Street Cleaning—Stackweather, Hutchins, Taylor, Sands, and Coleman, are all Anglo-Americans, with the exception of the last named who is a German.—*Pilot.*

The days seem to be at hand, when the Servant is, again, not to be above his Master. That Master said that, though foxes are hunted by every one, they have, yet, their burrows, where, for a time, they may be at rest; and that birds, though shot at, and snared, by men and boys, have, yet, their nests, that are, by usage, respected. But that the Son of Man had not where to lay His Head! The enemies of the Catholic Church are rejoicing at this desolation of all human aid for the Vicar of Christ. We, too, rejoice in it. It shows that the Lord is nigh! He looks, and there is no one ready to give protection. He waits, to see if from poor, weakened, broken, human nature, there is not one ready to give efficient help. There is not so much as one! Therefore the time has come for Him to arise, and to plead *Hic non est corpus!* The enemy has entered into His Sanctuary, and laid waste most precious things. Arise, O Lord! let not man prevail! *Abend-Thine von einer!* The time is near at hand. Those that laugh at the prediction will, when it comes, explain it away, as something they had looked for. *Hypocrites!*—*N. Y. Freeman.*

**WONDERFUL PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH.**—The English correspondent of the New York *Times* writes from London:—"I have written of the rapid growth of the Roman Catholic Church in England—so alarming to many Protestants, while others look upon it as one of the signs of the last days. Here is an example: A woman died a few days ago in Manchester, who came to that town when it contained one priest and eight Catholics. Her family increased the number to seventeen. Manchester has now a Bishop, a dozen or more churches, and a Catholic population of one hundred thousand. It is much the same in most of the large towns in England. England has now a Catholic Missionary College, and is sending some missionaries to America, and to what is here imagined to its most benighted population, the negroes. They begin in Maryland, but have strong hopes of being able to convert the entire colored race; as the negroes are supposed to have that docility of disposition and love of ceremonial and ritual which adapts them to Catholic usages. It may be so, but I have been led to believe that they were rather more inclined to the more demonstrative, not to say noisy, services of certain Protestant denominations. The Episcopalians never did much with the negroes in the south. Perhaps they were too Low Church. Ritualists may be more successful."

**TEA, PORK AND PICKLES.**—The editor of the *Health and Home* sent out a request for the bills of fare used in the families visited by that paper. The result is given in the following paragraph. Are there any people in Canada who are trying to live on similar fare? Certain homely facts, however, have come to light that are suggestive at least. Of the many careful and conscientious records (for which we most heartily thank the writers) a great proportion are pork, pork, pork, from beginning to end; if not pork, tea; if not tea, cheese and pickles! We had thought of these two items as "relishes," dainties to be warily and scantily introduced, not as staple articles of diet. But we find that in many families these are stand-bys, with bread, or even crackers, are good for an entire meal at any time. We find that in nearly every part of the country but tea is invariably indulged in at least three times a day; and as for pork, what with the viand boiled, roasted, fried, stewed, baked, sautéed, head-dressed, corned, and frizzled, and what with cooking every possible thing with pork, our Western population are likely to become one vast trichina factory before they know it. If not this, the country surely is committing indiscretion to a degree that may be considered alarming.

On Wednesday evening Nov. 22d, Rev. Father Damsen, preached an eloquent address to a very large congregation, at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, in Fifth street, New York, where a Mission is at present being held. The Rev. gentleman spoke of the large number of "religions" denominations every day springing up on all kinds of pretences, many of which were highly dangerous to virtue and morality, and said that probably the next religion would be that founded by Victoria C. Woodhull and her adherents. He looked upon it as a bad omen for the morality of this city to see an audience of some thousands of men and women sit—aye, even stand—and listen to the vile attacks made by such a woman on religious holiest institutions, for two hours and vehemently applaud when she ridiculed what every Christian was taught to believe most sacred. New York society must be in a deplorable condition when men and women of wealth and genius, moving in the highest circles, paid homage to a woman who declared that she was a "Free-Lover" and gloried in the title, and grew enthusiastic when she called on her female hearers to pay no attention to what she called the "hollow unmeaning ceremony of marriage," but to declare themselves "Free Lovers," as she had done. The reverent preacher cautioned his congregation against all doctrines so dangerous as those of Victoria Woodhull and Free Love.

This is what they call a "joke" in New Orleans: A country-looking chap gets off a train. A stranger steps up to him and says: "Ah! five feet nine high, two feet eleven across the breast, eighteen inches through." "What do you mean, sir?" eagerly asks the countryman. "It's all right," says the other. "You measure five feet eleven by eighteen. I'll be ready for you by nine o'clock to-morrow morning," and he put up the tape line with which he has been making the measurements. "What are you driving at, sir?" asks the countryman angrily. "Why, you see," says the other, "the yellow fever is killing off strangers so fast that I have to take their measurements as they come in, or else the dead bodies accumulate on my hands." A pallor comes over the countryman's face, a frantic call is made to the baggage-master to re-check his trunk, and he leaves for home.

The New York *Evening Mail* says for some time past the New York papers, with much persistent pendency, have chronicled the mysterious performances of a table in front of Plymouth Church pulpit. On Sunday evening, Mr. Beecher alluded to the phenomena, which consisted of the usual pumpings and thumpings characteristic of certain tables, and affirmed that the world is open to the influence of spirits, and that such influence is greatly to be desired. And then and there occurred a manifest approval of the sentiments, and Mr. Beecher's over-

shoes became violently agitated, and trotted out of the church. In due time we expect to see Mr. Beecher lengthening and shortening himself in the periods of his discourse, and levitating about among his hearers with all the facility of a Houdini, "with the spirits of just men made perfect."

The latest story about the extent of the Tammany plunderings is that Tweed has taken \$25,000,000, Conolly \$13,000,000, Sweeney \$10,000,000, Mayor Hall \$3,000,000, Harvey \$6,000,000, Ingraham \$3,000,000, Woodward \$2,000,000, and various others \$9,000,000; total \$71,000,000. Some persons who say they have been investigating the matter declare these enormous figures to be correct.

A lady editor in Wisconsin advertises in her own paper for a husband. She says he must be a printer, and possess means sufficient to buy a new press.

A servant girl in Boston mistook a bottle of croton oil for hair oil and gave her head a very liberal supply of it before going to bed. In the morning her head was as bald as a billiard ball, and the oil had trickled down and run into her eyes, burning her face and seriously endangering her eyesight.

**FARMERS' SONS GOING TO THE CITY.**—We have heard the cry of wailing and lamentations for the last forty years about farmers' sons going to the city; it becomes stronger and stronger with receding years. It is discussed in the newspapers, at farmers' clubs and in the family circle. Mammies are unanimously opposed to it. Pupils are rather neutral in feeling, but lean to mamma's side as a matter of policy. He says if the boy thinks he can do better let him try it; if on trial, he finds that he cannot do better, the way is open to return to farming again; he has had a good moral training, acquired habits of industry and economy, which is more than a majority of the city boys can lay claim to. So, Sammy goes to the city with the prayers and blessings of his parents, full of hope, and, on his part, with a determination to succeed.

We have watched the workings of this matter with a great deal of interest; viewed it in different lights, individually and nationally; have come to the conclusion that it is not so great a calamity as some fond mothers are inclined to believe. We have a warm feeling for the success of farmers' sons (and daughters, too), and think that their own inclinations in the choice of business, should not be too rigidly overruled. Parental advice with common sense reasoning, is always in order; carried beyond that, it is tyranny.

Who are the successful merchants and manufacturers in the cities? A large majority of them were country boys, trained to industrial habits, with plenty of exercise to develop and strengthen the muscular and nervous system, compelled by circumstances to be economical, they go to the city in the full vigor of health, with good morals and habits. They go without capital, other than that which is bound up within themselves. They go into clerkships or apprenticeships and thus learn a business. The proprietors are not slow to discover and appreciate their good qualities; their salaries are advanced from year to year, until they are taken into partnership, and, finally as their elders retire, they become head of the firm. This is about the history of most of the successful merchants and manufacturers in cities, and they owe it in a great measure to their country training in boyhood. We do not deny that these would make successful farmers; but then, what would be one of the cities and the great mercantile and manufacturing interests of the nation?

With all due courtesy and with all due respect to the hals rented in the cities, deprived of walking for miles on the fresh earth, in the bottom of a furrow just uncovered by the plowman, holding and guiding the plough under the invigorating influence of a summer's sun; deprived of the exercise in a harvest field, riding on a reaping or mowing machine behind a pair of good team horses, with a watchful eye to keep the end of the cutter-bar within an inch of where the other end passed on the preceding round; all this in the open air and in the sunshine. I say deprived of these and other exercise so invigorating to the system just at a period in life when the system so needs them to build up a strong healthy body that will not break down in after years by the close application of an over-worked mind. It will be hard, we say, to compete successfully with the man who has enjoyed all these advantages in his boyhood.

We might fairly make a comparison with plants that have grown in the shade, protected by walls, or otherwise, from storms and sunshine, to those that have grown in the open air exposed to sunshine and all the vigor of open culture. The one is constitutionally feeble by under nursing, the other strong by virtue of sunshine and storms. The one is easily broken down when exposed to rough usage, the other elastic and strong under all circumstances.

We do, however, most earnestly protest against a young man going from farm life into the city to commence a business about which he knows nothing. He cannot compete successfully with those who are experienced in the business. Papa should not give him a dollar for that purpose. If he does, it is pretty sure to be lost. Let him commence as a clerk or an apprentice, even if he has to pay for the privilege. When he has become acquainted with the routine of business, and with the best markets at which to buy and sell, able to tell by handling goods what they are worth, learn the character of business men with whom he would have to deal, and the "tricks of trade," not for the purpose of practising them, but for the purpose of not "being sold."

We will say in conclusion, that there is no occupation so ennobling to the pure principles of the human mind, that gives so much real enjoyment to life, and fewer drawbacks, than that of a farmer. But this, like every other occupation, requires industry, economy, good judgment, perseverance, and a full share of common sense to make it agreeable, pleasant, and a paying business. Now let the reader form his or her own conclusion as to whether it is more prudent for their sons to stay on the farm, and be healthy, honest business men of our land, or repay to the city in early life where the odds are proved against them in favor of their success in life.—*American Stark Journal.*

**THE GENEROUS BOY.**—One day a gentleman saw two boys going through one of the streets of New York. They were barefooted. Their clothes were ragged and dirty, and tied together by pieces of string. One of the boys was perfectly happy over a half-withered bunch of flowers which he had just picked up in the street. "I say, Billy," said he to his companion, "wasn't somebody real good to drop these 'ere posies jest where I could find them? And they're so posy and nice! Look sharp, Billy; mebbe you'll find something bimby." Presently the gentleman heard his merry voice again, saying, "O Jolly, Billy; if here ain't most half a peach! and 'bout as big as a peach. 'Cause you hain't found nothin' you may take the first bite." Bill was just going to take a very little taste of it, when his companion said, "Bite bigger, Billy; mebbe you'll find another 'fore long." What a noble heart that boy had in spite of his rags and dirt! There was nobody for him to be kind to but his companion in poverty—the poor ragged boy at his side. But he was showing him all the kindness in his power when he said, "Bite bigger, Billy." There was nothing greedy, nothing selfish about that boy.—*Bite bigger, Billy; mebbe you'll find another 'fore long.* Who can help admiring the noble heart of that poor boy? I would rather have that poor boy's kind and generous spirit than have a monarch's crown upon my head without it. "Bite bigger, Billy!" Think of these words if you are ever tempted to be unkind or selfish to your companions.