

ROTATION OF CROPS.

Read Before the Richmond County (Ga.) Agricultural Society.

From the Augusta Chronicle.

Much has been said and written upon this important subject, and, although the merits of the system have been often and abundantly discussed, it does not seem to be generally appreciated in the South. The rotation of crops is a system of agriculture which has been practiced in various forms by the agriculturists of all countries since the dawn of history.

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MARRIAGE OF A PRIEST.

Young Father Sherman, of Brooklyn, Breaks His Vows of Celibacy.

(From the New York Star.)

The announcement made a few days ago that the Rev. William J. Sherman, the assistant pastor of the Church of the Visitation, in South Brooklyn, had broken his priestly vows by marrying Miss Tillie McCoy, is believed to be true by the friends of both parties. Although said to be married on June 14, no one suspected it until three weeks ago. The matter became a rumor about two weeks ago.

Father Sherman is the son of Michael Sherman, a wealthy contractor living at No. 165 Warren street, South Brooklyn. He courted Tillie McCoy a few years ago, but when she refused to marry him he consented to the wishes of his parents and became a priest.

After ordination he resumed his visits to the McCoy family, and finally induced Miss Tillie to marry him. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Francis J. Schneider, of No. 91 Second avenue, New York, who was roused out of bed to do the office. The groom said he was 27 years old and the bride 25. It is asserted that even after the marriage Father Sherman performed his priestly duties, and vehemently denied to his mother and father that he was married.

Rev. Father Lane of the Church of the Visitation said that he heard it intimated that Father Sherman had been married. "But as it was only a rumor," he said, "I paid no attention to it. Father Sherman has been away on a vacation for more than three weeks, and, of course, before taking any action in the matter I want to wait a reasonable length of time to see if he intends to return. He should have been back several days ago. If he does come back I will not permit him to officiate until he clears his skirts of these charges. If he does not return or explain the cause of his absence."

At the Episcopal residence the Bishop's secretary said that prompt steps would be taken to ascertain whether Father Sherman was married or not. As he did not make any attempt to officiate, no action had yet been taken. Besides, no charges had yet been made. Now, that the matter was the subject of public discussion, prompt action would be taken. If Father Sherman could not satisfactorily prove that he had not been married he would be excommunicated. Of course the marriage could not be sanctioned by the church, so, if he and Miss McCoy had been married they could never again be identified with the church.

Father Sherman's parents and his sister are heart broken. They refused to see any one except near relatives. Michael Sherman, the priest's father is about 50 years of age, and a wealthy contractor. A reporter who called at the residence found the whole family in tears. When asked if the whole was true, he said he feared it was. "If it is," he said, "I never want to see or hear of him."

"Do you know where he is?"

"I have not the least idea. The farther away the better, if this story is true. It has broken our hearts."

Upon the front of the comfortable looking house at No. 12 Douglas street which has been for years the home of Miss Tillie McCoy, was a bill announcing the house to let. Things inside the house were in confusion. Carpets were up and the furniture was being prepared for removal. The aged mother and other members of the family were in the same heart-broken condition as the family of Father Sherman. Edward McCoy, brother of the alleged bride, is the head of the house. He is a fine looking, intelligent young man of 25 years. When asked about the statement of his sister's marriage, he said firmly: "We have nothing to say about the matter." When Sherman's family were he said:

"I should think they would be to have such a son. They spent no end of money upon him."

"Will you not either deny or affirm the statement?"

"It would not have been made public only for the betrayal of a friend. He was hard up for money and sold the information. I know who he is, and it won't be good for him when I lay my hands on him."

"Do you know where your sister or Father Sherman is?"

"The latter I don't want to know anything about. I hope I will never see or hear of them."

"Don't you know that they are living some where on Atlantic avenue?"

"To be candid, I do know. They are not at the place you name. Under no circumstances will I say where Father Sherman is. However, it will be impossible for you or any one else to find him."

It was said by the neighbors that owing to this affair the McCoy family intended to leave Brooklyn. It is also believed that Father Sherman has gone or going West.

THE MISSION OF BOY DETECTIVES.

They Are Called to "Spot" the Breakers of the Prohibition Law.

(From the New York World.)

Waldo and Theodore Barnes, two efficient looking striplings, believe that they have experienced a divine call to redeem Rhode Island from the ruin that threatens in consequence of the defective construction of the new prohibitory law. The act, which was framed by Prohibitionists unlearned in the law, was made to read "as a beverage" thus limiting the illegal purposes and leaving the manufacture or sale open for all other purposes. The result of this has been to convert the State into a vast entomological museum. Nearly every third person has taken an interest in the alcoholic preservation of bugs, caterpillars and insects of every description, and, therefore, the consumption of spirits has abated little since the reign of temperance began. Defiance of the law was observed in all quarters, especially in the country, but no warrants were issued, the authorities knowing that it would be useless to act with the old gang of spotters, whose rascally connivance with venal magistrates was recently exposed by a legislative committee. The friends of these spotters were so glaringly and so intelligently in the way of the prohibition party that the amendment of the constitution seemed a dead failure, while these beardless boys presented themselves and made known their alleged mission.

The Joan-of-Arc call came to them simultaneously while they were boiling a dead horse, and they there and then resolved to devote themselves to the service of the State as detectives. The father of the Barnes boys has carried on the profession of horse knacker for many years, and his sons have grown up to be experts in the art of extracting the fats from the carcasses scoured by the old gentlemen. The authorities were at first inclined to treat the young men as maniacs, but the earnestness, honesty and candor of the lads pleaded for their amateur detective hands on the violators of the liquor law. Elected over their appointment, Waldo and Theodore returned home and began to lay in an outfit for their first crusade. In the light of their knowledge of detective work, derived almost wholly from books of the Jonathan Wild type, the lads believed they could only accomplish their purpose with the aid of disguises. From the relics of a long ago stranded dramatic company they procured wigs, moustaches, pirates' beards, corsair shirts and other suitable costumes. Packing up these with a map of the State and a copy of the prohibition law, the boys started out on their expedition. A pair of horse pistols completed their outfit. From the outset they met with signal success, obtaining sales at scores of places and collecting evidence of the most incontrovertible character. They could have obtained all they wanted by a wink of the eye, but the striplings were impressed with the idea that they must be disguised and that their throats would be cut if their disguises should be penetrated. Thus, instead of walking up and getting their drinks in a natural way, they appeared as aged travelers, castaway sailors, etc., bent with years, trembling in gait and with hanging tongues.

In this way the inspired youths succeeded in bagging fifty law breakers, and with one exception all have been convicted or adjudged guilty and remanded for trial in the higher courts. The boy detectives make good witnesses, and cannot be beaten down by the cross-examination. They are honest and conscientious in their alleged mission, and have such phenomenal memories that they never make any memoranda, nor can they be tripped in court upon a date or day. In a lone country inn where they were disguised in costumes that had been used in Ingomar, the landlord was so scared at the sight of the fierce looking visitors that he fled, leaving all his illicit stock to them. Disguised as clam diggers they visited another place, and after making a sale they came into town and were photographed. They took the portrait and relate the adventures with great relish. A few evenings ago they imagined that a committee of depraved colonists were charged with the duty of striking them, and they sent out an alarm to the police, but it was nothing but their own highly dramatic imagination. Once within the walls of their isolated dwelling, where the dead horse cauldron is run, and they are seated on the most daring assassin. The aroma of the sweltering carcasses makes the place impregnable. The chief of police has now a huge stack of warrants ready for service, and upon a given night officers will sally forth and execute them simultaneously. It will be another slaughter of the innocents.

How Edith Shocked Them.

"Yes," said the parson at the tea table, "Miss Jordan was out driving with my young Poppinny the other evening, and the horse ran away. They were both thrown out and the buggy smashed to pieces. It was a Providential escape for both of them; but I cannot understand how the young man came to lose control of his horse."

"He must have been driving with one hand," flippantly suggested an minister's son, a wild rake of a boy.

"Or, perhaps, he had the reins around his neck," said Edith, a shy young beauty of sixteen, with a charmingly modest mien. And then everybody exclaimed in chorus:

"Why, Edith!"—Cambridge Chronicle.

How to Manage a Woman.

A Persian poet gave the following instructions upon this important subject:

"When thou art married seek to please thy wife, but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight, and wouldst thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Since then 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper. Forgive her faults and blame her not, nor let her anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved."

THE HERALD SOUTH.

Improved Condition Consequent Upon the Late War.

(Correspondence of the Southern Herald-Union.)

I watched the change through the terrible time of Reconstruction and carpet-bag rule, or misrule. None of the changes that have since taken place compare until about 1875-80. Since that time business has improved in all its branches; immigrants have been welcomed, and in a number of cities Northern men and capital have been invited. The old burned districts in the Southern cities and towns have been rebuilt, improved, water power sites utilized, and many changes made that those who have only there since the war changes (returning there since the war) seem little short of miracle.

This change is not confined to the city alone. The country and its people have also felt the result of that great struggle, even to a greater extent than the city people. Frame houses now occupy the place of the old pole houses. A new pole house in the South in most sections would seem like a release to an age long past. Lamps have taken the place of pine splinters, used for light so long. City-made chairs, tables, bedsteads, etc., fill the place of the old home-made "before-the-war" trunks. Rural magazines and agricultural papers can be seen in every corner, and children now read and intelligently discuss the news of the day for and to parents who never enjoyed the privilege of reading for themselves. There is also a more general desire to diversify the crops and to plant gardens and fruit trees. The churches (Baptist or Methodist) are of frame, and chairs or easy-benches wooden benches now take the place once occupied by a couple of short blocks with a pole on top to sit upon. It seems that to get religion in one of those old backwoods churches should entitle one to rank as a saint in the calendar of the churches. To sit for hours on such seats, to kneel on the uneven floor, and when the religion was a certainty, to be taken out in the woods and baptized in a pond almost alive with young alligators and water moccasins, was pressing endurance to the very verge of edge. Some of these new churches are painted, and I say this, with all caution, that I have heard of one on Big Hill Hill Swamp that has an organ. True, no one there can play it, but it got there all the same.

Less than three years ago, while in conversation with a man of this class, an old overseer and a very hard-working man, I said to him: "Mr. S., what did you fight for, any?" "Why," he hesitated a moment, then looked round at his garden and his house, and his girls on the porch, reading and sewing, and, doubtless, comparing their lot with his and their mother's when young, he replied: "I did not know at the time, but I have often thought," and touching his new house with his hand and nodding, he concluded, "it must have been for this, after all." Within ten yards from where we were standing was his old home, a pole house, with an earthen floor, containing one room, in size about 15 by 12 feet, and in which he and his wife and five girls had lived until after the war. The comparison between the old shanty and the new house of five rooms, a nice garden, and everything lovely and smiling, struck even him, and spoke volumes of the old past, that happily for the white, as well as the black man, could never return again.

Land that could be purchased ten years ago for fifty cents an acre, to be paid for at fifty cents an acre, is now hard to get for \$5 or \$8 per acre, cash, for the lumber alone is worth that much.

Upon a recent visit I was shocked to find a saw-mill in full blast, run by an ex-Confederate Major and a Yankee, upon the site of many a happy day's deer and turkey hunt that I have enjoyed, and a large number of the people know of and appreciate these changes in their condition, and very often acknowledge the obligation they consider themselves under to the war for having brought this change about.

The life and sniew of the South do not think of the war or its consequences any more, only to cherish the memory of those they fought by the side of, and to realize that if left them in a position where they had to "get up and dust." How well they have done so the improved condition of the most illiterate white in the Union testifies to-day. To a large number of the Southern people the war was an unmixed evil, to a great many it was a great blessing in disguise, and a large number know and speak of it as such. And if it was now left to a popular vote an overwhelming majority would declare against a resumption of the old order of things.

To most of them Jeff. Davis is like an old battle flag—he represents all old held dear; he recalls old names, old faces, hopes and aspirations; so when he reappears among them they veil themselves in honor, for he brings back to them all memories they consider sacred—memories they would not part with for the world, and, also, memories that most of them would not live over again for worlds. Matters cannot help being this way. Let them have their just glories. Let them cheer their old leaders. They shall cheer, even better than we do, that this is all that is left of the cause they espoused.

Fish Dying on the North Carolina Coast.

Great multitudes of fish have recently been found dead in the waters of the Shalotte River, Brunswick county, North Carolina. The river empties into Tully's inlet from the ocean, about thirty miles southward of Wilmington. The water is covered by an oily scum, which extends far out into the ocean, and has been noticed five miles from the beach. This oily scum, which is supposed to have caused the mortality among the fish, cannot be accounted for, though some suppose that a vessel with a cargo of oil had foundered in the neighborhood. The wind seems to have no effect upon the oily water, and the surface is as smooth as glass. The dead fish are drifting up on the shore by thousands of hundreds, and are of kinds ever seen in the vicinity, except the whale. It is supposed that there are no live fish left in Shalotte River, or within ten miles of its mouth. There is great excitement over the affair, though we are never thought of the probability that there is a "fish" in the vicinity, and that an unknown oil spring has broken out on the surface of the earth.

Well, John," said the Judge to a pig-tailed Colonel, "what can I do for you?"

"Want to getee name changed?"

"What's your name now?"

"Sing Sing, no gooddee. Two mchdee Aldeman. Gecee changed to Wabble Twicee."

"To Warble Twicee?"

"Yes. Allee samee Sing Sing."

UNEMPLOYED WOMEN.

What Shall Be Done With Those Who Can Do Nothing?

(From the Richmond Dispatch.)

To the thoughtful woman the question recurs again and again, What can be done for the thousands of untrained women willing to work for wages but unable to spend time and money in a doubtful attempt to fit themselves for a particular occupation? A woman's exchange is chiefly a storehouse for undesirable articles, a few of which are bought in pity. It is a device of those who are earnestly seeking to help their fellow-women and not a natural outgrowth of the law of supply and demand. The training school begins at the foundation; it fits a girl to hold her own, asking no favors.

A woman's duty begins with the woman nearest to her by ties of blood and affection, and stretches out to those counted less fortunate than herself, but it does not end there. There are women far above her in the scale of wealth, perhaps, who need a wider outlook and broader sympathies; who need to be drawn out of themselves and their exclusiveness; who need to be interested in the great, busy, struggling world outside their circle, and to feel that upon them rests, in part, the responsibility of making it better and purer. In some ways they are more restricted than the woman who sews for them. The wife of a tradesman, if she have the time, can take up any remunerative employment, and her friends neither question nor repudiate her. The wife of a millionaire, possessed of unlimited leisure, must be able to do something, or she will be better employed. If she can endure the epithet of "peacemaker" she may give her life to the investigation and improvement of tenement houses or devote herself to a particular line of study; otherwise her work for her fellow-women and women will be confined to charity balls and fashionable bazaars. To do aught which would bring her a return in money is not to be thought of for an instant.

And from the wife and daughter of the millionaire to the girl who starves behind a counter rather than go into a comfortable kitchen, the same power is at work. Alas! low work we are. Women may say that all honest work is ennobling, and all voluntary idleness degrading, and that, in comparison with the woman who never lifts a finger to serve another, nor has a thought above her own adornment and her social conquests, the woman who does the work of her kitchen, if she do it well, is worthy of all the honor; but the conviction has not yet become a part of them.

FALSE CABINET RUMORS.

No Change Contemplated by President Cleveland.

WASHINGTON, July 28.—Rumors about Cabinet changes that began with the displacement of Mr. Manning follow with the withdrawal of Mr. Bayard and with the expulsion of Mr. Garland, ending their way into sight here pretty regularly once a week, and have to be added to other relief of the public of the impression that the relations of the present Cabinet family are to be changed. The stories about Mr. Manning are based upon the assumption that his health will not be sufficiently restored to enable him to resume his duties in the Treasury Department.

Those about Mr. Bayard are in nearly every case inspired by motives of hostility, and have not been allowed to rest for a moment since they started, soon after he failed to make Mr. William Henry Hunt, the friend of Mr. C. A. Dana, Minister to Italy, and General Charles Gibson, the friend of Mr. Pulitzer, Minister to Austria. The desire to get Mr. Garland out of the Cabinet is most zealously expressed by persons who have made arguments against the prosecution of the Bell telephone suit brought by the government, and who are at the same time clamoring for the appointment as his successor of ex-Senator Joseph E. McDonald, one of the counsel for the Bell Telephone Company. This fact alone would appear to be an obstacle to Mr. McDonald's preference for a Cabinet position, even if it were not true that he has a large practice in Washington which calls him frequently to the departments and to the floor of the House and the Senate.

From a source that entitles the assertions to the fullest belief, it is ascertained that there is absolutely no foundation for any of the rumors about Cabinet changes. It is certain that Mr. Bayard has not the slightest intention of withdrawing. His relations with the President and all the members of the Cabinet are peculiarly pleasant, and his domestic afflictions from which he has suffered have seemed to bind to them with an affection which has been most marked. Rumors affecting Mr. Bayard's departure from the Cabinet may be set aside as entirely worthless and incorrect.

Secretary Thompson's Ready Wit.

Architect Anstett, of the Supervising Architect's office of the Treasury Department, is authority for the following story: Governor Thompson, the new Assistant Secretary, who succeeded the Hon. William E. Smith in that position, has been tormented by a large number of office-seekers since he assumed charge of the appointing power. He has already learned to distinguish the professional place-hunter. A great proportion of those who come to him are, of course, those who have applied to his predecessor and are still waiting. Their unquenchable desire to serve their country and themselves in the Treasury Department leads them to attempt a little invasion upon Governor Thompson. Every day some one of them pretences his or her application with the statement: "Your predecessor, Mr. Smith, promised that I should have a position on such and such a day," naming almost the hour when they were to receive their appointment. This little trick of theirs was related to Mr. Smith when he visited the department last week, and, calling upon Governor Thompson a few minutes later, he remarked, good-naturedly: "If you believe all the stories office-seekers tell you about me, you must believe me to be the greatest conglomeration of truth on earth." "Oh, no," replied the Governor, quickly, "I don't believe that, but I am beginning to think you the most promising man in America."—Washington Post, July 26.

TOMMIE CLUVERIUS.

He Calmly Contemplates the Future and Loves His Flowers.

(From the Richmond Dispatch.)

Thomas J. Cluverius, who is confined in the city jail for having murdered his cousin, Frankie Lillian Madison, is still kept in solitary confinement in one of the upper rooms. His room is a small one and overlooks the lower portion of the town in the direction of the Chesapeake and Ohio depot. The furniture consists of a single bed, a pine table, with a bowl and pitcher, and a small pine bench, upon which are several potted plants—geraniums, etc. Cluverius is said to be very fond of flowers, and whenever he writes to his aunt and brother, with whom he corresponds regularly, speaks of his flowers. Cluverius enjoys good health; keeps in good spirits, and is polite and courteous to his keepers, who speak in commendatory terms of him. His meals are furnished him twice a day from a restaurant.

Cluverius wears a gray suit, and is neat and careful of his appearance. He has his hair cut close, and shaves regularly twice a week. He reads much—the Bible and newspapers especially. His aunt and brother, who live at Little Plymouth, in King and Queen county, have not been to see him for several weeks. Occasionally visitors call upon him, but are not admitted without his consent. A reporter of the Dispatch called at the prison a few days ago, and Cluverius expressed his willingness to see him, provided that nothing about the visit was to be written. The terms being so unfavorable to the reportorial business, they were declined with thanks. At Staunton, September 10, or soon thereafter, the Virginia Supreme Court Appeals will decide whether it will give Cluverius a rehearing. If their decision is adverse, as it now seems sure to be, Judge Atkins, of the Hustings Court, will appoint the day of execution.

A GHOST AT THE THROTTLE.

A Strange Apparition Seen in a Worcester Workshop.

For some time queer stories have been told of unusual proceedings at the Worcester Steel Works at night. Complaints were made of assaults committed and of the general conduct of the men who insisted on going in and out at will, until at length, to check those alleged outbreaks, the managers requested police protection. Patrolman Dealey was detailed to go on duty there after 9 o'clock at night and remain until early in the morning.

Michael Gleason, one of the employees, told a Times correspondent a queer yarn about an experience that he had recently. He said that one night he was walking through the mill which was well lighted by electricity. When he passed the boiler house he saw a strange man standing inside with his hand on the throttle of an engine which had not been fired up. The man looked at Gleason for a moment. Gleason spoke to him jokingly and asked him if he was going to start up. The stranger's countenance did not change and his eyes seemed to jump from their sockets. The man was unknown to Gleason, who had worked in the mill a long time and knew everybody. Turning quickly Gleason ran to the other end of the mill, very much frightened. Large drops of perspiration stood upon his face, and suddenly he swooned away. Gleason said that he was cared for by his companion, and when he recovered he told him what he had seen. He described the man's appearance minutely, even to the striped jacket which he wore, but no one knew him. Finally some one recalled the fact that it was a perfect description of an engineer who was killed two years ago at the very spot where the strange apparition was seen by Gleason. Many of the workmen are firm in the belief that it was the ghost of the dead engineer.

The Value of Pasteur's Process.

Having felt some uncertainty as to the efficacy of M. Pasteur's process for combating that fatal disease hydrophobia, I came here some days ago to study the question and the evidence on the spot. I hasten to say that all my doubts as to the validity of this greatest of modern discoveries were being dispelled, and for the following reasons: M. Grancher, who has made a very careful analysis of the cases treated by M. Leblanc, veterinary practitioner of the city of Paris, it results that, as a rule, 16 per cent. of such cases may be expected to succumb to hydrophobia. The value, then, as M. Grancher says, of the curative process of M. Pasteur may be represented as 23 times as great as that of all other treatments. I may add that, with the exception of the prick with the fine-pointed injection syringe, patients have no other annoyance to complain of, as there are absolutely no symptoms, and 10 punctures on 10 successive days are sufficient. To me the question is therefore judged, and all who are in danger should submit to this little operation.—Dr. C. R. Drysdale in London Times.

Brother Sam Jones must get up some new points. The New Orleans Picayune objects to the well known dog story, and adds:

He said, it will be remembered, that if this animal went to see a base ball game he would kill him. He also threatened to kill him if he did various other things. His latest threat is that if this dog votes for any but a Prohibition candidate he will annihilate him. It's a wonder that the dog hasn't suffered a sudden death long ago. Probably, though, this dog is already dead. He is certainly too good to be living in this world of sin.

THE GOLDEN ROSE.

The receipt of the Queen Regent of Spain of this rose has led some curious writers together the following particulars concerning the flower:

The first of roses were simple flowers of red, representing the natural color of rose. Later the color of these fell white, and a large variety into the center, the reflection high and the petals a tint. In fact, had a golden rose made which over eight pounds, and represented several syndicates, and represented of over 10,000. Alexander ordered one rose at 6,000 francs and at 4,000. Later the golden has been worth over 10,000 francs, at the time of a branch with flowers, a natural rose, which was blessed by the Pope, from center. Of this kind is the rose the Queen Regent of Spain has given. It is planted in a magnificent garden, which is a splendid of Roman workmanship. It is said to be a symbol of love; the splendor and richness of the petals represents the eternal light surrounds the Divine, and the pendent spikes, which are placed in by the Pope, symbolize the resurrection of Christ. The bend of the rose is a solemn secret, Holy Father, in his sacred robes the formula of the benediction which is held by a Bishop other Bishops holding lighted candles by his side. The high of the Papal Court surround him, holding the incense, the ter, the spices, and other per Another dignitary kneeling prostrate to the Pope, who reads, blesses the incense, the perfume, which are in turned to him by a Cardinal. After them into the vase which hold the golden rose is blessed exonerous ends.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Great Island, Bergamo and Vienna, 3 days.

Frankfurt, 4 days.

Leipzig and Augsburg, 5 days.

Nuremberg, Rotterdam, Middleburg, Cologne, Breslau, Nuremberg, 6 days.

Danzig and France, 10 days.

Hamborough, 12 days.

Naples, 14 days; Rome, 15 days; Genoa.

Leghorn and other places in Italy, number of days.

Sundays are included in the respective London, Naples, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Middleburg, Konigsburg and France, It Venice, Cologne, Breslau, Hamburg.

Rotation of crops is no where reduced to a system. With a moderate use of manures and excellent culture the same lands are planted for years in cotton—it is thought not only without deterioration, but with actual improvement. The ratio which the price of cotton bears to that of meat and eggs affects the success of crops more than anything else. Nevertheless, there is but one opinion as to the beneficial effects of rotation in crops as a cheap means of preserving the richness of the soil, the succession of crops, cotton, corn and small grain.

In the produce of his fields, the farmer sells, in reality, his land. He sells his crops certain elements of the atmosphere that are constantly being replaced from that insubstantial store, and certain constituents of the soil that are his property, and which have seemed to form out of the atmospheric elements, the body of the plant. In altogether alienating the crops of his fields, he deprives the land of the conditions of their reproduction. A system of farming, based upon such principles, justly deserves to be branded as a system of robbery. Had all the constituents of the soil, carried off from the field in the produce sold from year after year, or rotation