

# THE FREE CITIZEN.

E. A. WEBSTER, Editor and Proprietor.

A Weekly Paper Devoted to Temperance, Literature and Politics.

VOLUME I.

ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1875.

NUMBER 37.

## MONSOOR PACHA.

BY GEORGE H. DOWELL.

Monsoor Pacha, it is pleasant to meet  
Here, in the heart of this treacherous town—  
Where faith is a peril and courtesy a cheat,  
More false to the touch than a rose overblown—  
With a soul that is true to itself, as your own.

Monsoor Pacha, as two gentlemen may,  
Civilized, city-bred, link we our hands;  
Now from the town to the desert it away!  
Ours is a friendship whose spirit demands,  
The scope of the sky and the stretch of the sands.

Monsoor Pacha, doff your courtier's garb;  
We have given to courtesy all of its dues;  
Springs to your throne on the back of your barb,  
Shake to the breezes your regal banners, and  
Wave your lance-sceptre wherever you choose!

Monsoor, my chief! ah, I know you at length  
King of the desert, your children are come  
To cluster, like sheep, in the shade of your strength,  
Or to strike, like young lions, for country and  
home,  
When your eyes are ablaze at the roll of the  
drum!

Monsoor, my chief! now one gallop to see  
The land that you have sworn that no despot shall  
grind!

Though sun-tanned and arid, by Allah 'tis free!  
His crops are their jances; these sons of the wind,  
Our steeds are the flocks—a grain sown to bind.

Monsoor, my chief! how we dash on the sand,  
Hissing behind us like storm-driven snow!  
Flash the long guns of your wild Arab band,  
Brandish the spears, and the light jerbads throw,  
As, half-swinged, through the still-inging  
breezes go!

Monsoor, my chief! send the horses away;  
The sports of your tribe I have seen with de-  
light,  
Now let us watch while the rose-tinted day  
Fades from the desert, and peace-bearing night  
Shakes the first gem on her brow in our sight.

Monsoor, my chief! Jo, I enter your tent,  
As brother by brother, hands clasping, is led;  
I sleep like a child in a dream Heaven sent;  
For here I not eat, the salt and the bread?  
And Monsoor will answer for me with his head.

## The Past Winter.

Increased Death Rate in Europe and America—Old Consumptives Swept On and New Ones Made.

The past winter has been a phenomenal one, and such a one as the best informed meteorologists do not expect to see again for twenty years.

Everywhere, from Shreveport, La., to Stockholm, in northern Europe, a sudden increase in the death rate marks the continuance, and follows in the wake of the winter of 1874-5. Dr. Elisha Harris, registrar of vital statistics for this city, in speaking of the past winter, both in this and other cities from which he receives weekly returns of deaths, said: "The mortality has been fearful in every section on account of the great changes from the normal state of the weather. The only winter which at all compares with it is that of 1793-4. The past season has been especially heavy in deaths from pneumonia and other pulmonary diseases. The weather has been very cold, and also saturated with moisture at all times. While the thermometer did not indicate any specially low temperature, the skin and mucous membranes of the lungs, throat and other passages suffered on account of the humidity of the atmosphere. In our own city the total percentage of deaths will be from 12 to 15 per cent. additional, and in the special classes of diseases most fatal the ratio has been doubled. Fever cases have been very rare. Typhoid has been almost a matter of chance. In diphtheria the mortality has assumed the virulence of an epidemic. Our reports from Edinburgh, Glasgow, London, Liverpool, Dublin, Vienna, and Hamburg, all show that this particular class of disease has been specially fatal there. Paris has been more fortunate owing to the admirable sanitary regulations in force there. The greatest percentage of fatal cases outside of those of children are of persons over sixty years of age and those who have been hard drinkers. I do not mean drunkards alone, but those who have been in the habit of taking strong liquors, and they are not poor people alone. In these persons the mucous membrane of the throat is weakened and cannot resist the double assault of a cold atmosphere heavily laden with moisture. The effects of this winter have not stopped yet, by any means. I should estimate that about as many as have already succumbed will date their death sickness from colds contracted during the recent cold spell. For the next fifteen years consumption will carry off persons whose lungs first showed the germs of tubercular deposits this past winter. That is a serious side of the question, and physicians are carefully considering now what should be done, and how to take precautions against these consequences of the cold. People who have colds should get rid of them as speedily as possible, by breathing pure, dry air and getting their whole system in sound health."—N. Y. World.

The greatest depth of the grand canyon of the Yellowstone is but 1,000 feet, and the average for miles along the deepest part is not over 600 feet. Clear Creek canyon, in Colorado, which Grace Greenwood, Bayard Taylor, and other travelers have praised as rivaling the Yellowstone, is but little over 1,000 feet at its highest point. Prof. Gaanet declares that there is nothing in America that equals the two wonders of the Grand and Gunnison. The white walls, contrasting strongly with the others in the neighborhood, in many places cut and scarred into curious and fantastic shapes, spires, towers and minarets, standing out above, add to the startling picturesque and awful grandeur of the scene. Here and there, along the lower sides of the canyon, may be traced strips of coloring.

This is due to the mingling waters from several springs that line the river banks, iron springs producing the red colors, and sulphur springs the yellow. The river bed is shallow, and the water clear.—Dr. Hayden.

The average masculine stomach in this country craves liquor, and society must be revolutionized before a better state of things can exist.—Kate Field.

## The Japanese.

The subjoined translation from an editorial in a leading Japanese journal is full of practical good sense, worthy of a nation of much higher civilization. The growing commerce between Japan and our Pacific states and thus with the Union, causes an increasing interest in the progress of that peculiar people. We quote:

Many among us are desirous that our civilization should take equal rank with that of Europe and America. But, as our country is poor and the people are ignorant, we must first promote agriculture, so that the land should yield more abundantly. We should promote commerce. We should promote the education of our children and compel the indolent to be industrious; and when all this has been done it will be time to talk about rivalry with foreign countries. But our scholars who desire all these changes immediately are like those who would set a child to hard labor, or who imagine that the poor should abound in luxury like the rich. We do not mean to say that we are in the same condition that we were several years ago. But, as we have said before, the first and most important thing to be done is to build schools, and to secure the diffusion of useful knowledge among the people; then to make an advance in commerce and agriculture, so as not to be decaying the outside only and doing so much expensive work in vain. Our scholars of European science ought to be assisting both the government and the people. This is the manner in which they will best show their patriotism. And we entreat them, too, to have a little patience, and to cool their ambition that all these changes should occur at once. Let them prepare the way for them, so that when they come we may be ready for them and they may be really to our profit.

**The Etiquette of Court Presentation.**

The Court Journal gives the following in a review of the etiquette of the court of St. James's drawing-rooms: "The lady wishing to be presented must first find a lady willing to present her, and also to attend the drawing-room at which she wishes to be presented; for, although it is by no means necessary that the two ladies should pass at the same time, or even that they should meet, it is absolutely *de rigueur* that a lady who presents another should attend the drawing-room. This preliminary being arranged, the presenter gives her friend a note addressed to the Lord Chamberlain, stating her intention of attending a certain drawing-room and of presenting Mrs. Jones. This note Mrs. Jones leaves at the Lord Chamberlain's office, at least two clear days before the drawing-room, accompanied by a large card, on which is legibly written: 'Mrs. Jones, presented by Lady Brown;' or, 'Mrs. Jones, presented on her marriage by Lady Brown.' From the Lord Chamberlain's office she receives on application two pink presentation cards, on which 'Presentation' is printed in large letters. These she takes to the palace with her, giving one to the page-in-waiting at the corridor at the top of the grand staircase, and reserving the other to be given up at the door of the presence chamber, where it is handed from one official to another till it reaches the Lord Chamberlain, who announces the name to the queen. Care should be taken by the lady to write her own name and also that of the lady presenting her very legibly, so that there may be no danger of mistakes. In the case of the presentation of a bride, it is usual for her to be presented by her husband's mother, sister, or some other member of his family, if possible and convenient; but this is a matter of taste, not of necessity."

**Circumstances Make Women.**

The queen, speaking of unappreciated women, says the woman who might have been "a Joan of Arc or a Maid of Saragossa, in favorable circumstances, hemmed in by the narrow chances of a small locality is only a rather masculine person, who has, probably, independent notions on the subject of dress, and whose boots would not bear the impressive of Bond Street. The unattached sister of mercy is a fussy, kin-hearted person, who has the most extraordinary pleasure in nursing sick folks, and who, as often as not, gets no thanks for her pains. The possible Hypatia or Olympia of a village town is simply a very odd young woman, who has the strangest notions and the most eccentric ways of expressing herself; who has, moreover, the character of reading undesirable books, and whose words and ways form part of the staple local gossip, not losing in transmission. Yet, the power is the same in the country girl who is half despised and half feared, as that which once founded a school, and has been celebrated by historians and biographers, centuries after. One of the unsolved mysteries of things as they are, is the waste of life and energy that goes on in the physical world; and the world of mind follows that of matter. There is a perpetual smothering of potential queen bees into ordinary workers, useful, but not prolific; industries, but not magnificent; and possibly, excellence is being forever pressed into grooves where only the tame and most commonplace powers can exist. We plant too many of our oaks in iron-bound flower-pots, and never give them the chance even of fracturing the mold. We put a scrubbing-brush into the hands of our Cornucopians, and set Sapphros to tie down the jame, and see that the house linen is neatly mended. All sorts of lovely faculties which would have made men

more glorious and life more full of pleasure, had they been given their full, free outlet, are hemmed in to fulfill mean uses; or are atrophied altogether, starved out of existence for want of nourishment. It seems to point to the need of some more perfect organization of society than any we have attained; but perhaps this, too, is among the many Utopian dreams with which we bewail the present, and imagine a better future, when power shall have its place and reward."

**What Children do for us**

We hear a great deal about what parents do for their children, and the duty and obedience which they owe them in consequence, but it is useful to us at times to look at the other side of the question and see what children do for their parents, and not for their parents alone but for the world at large.

Take the cases of unmarried men and women, or of married men and women who have no children, and we shall see what an utterly joyless world this is to them—how destitute of all the saving influences which follow in the train of a new-born child.

It is true that they do not always know it; true that they sometimes congratulate themselves upon the freedom which the absence of responsibility gives them. But what does this freedom do for them? If they do not use it in caring for those who have none to care for them it simply incloses them in a wall of selfishness. It allows them to indulge their own whims and fancies to their own destruction, and deprive them at the last of all the consolations which spring from participation in family life and a consciousness of duty well performed.

Children are really all there is in life worth living for. There are many other things which are pleasant in it, there are many things which give zest to it, there are many things which seem necessary as a relief from the absorbing care which the rearing of a family of children brings, but none present sufficient motive for continued effort or sacrifice; and if it were not for children, therefore, much of our stimulus to exertion would be taken away and the most imperative work of the world remain unperformed.

Because the father supplies the food, because the mother prepares it in a manner suitable for the growth of their bodies, we consider all the obligation is on one side. But how many hungry hearts has the love of a little child been nourishment and consolation and support? How many would have fallen by indifference or through temptation if the necessities of a little child had not withheld them.

People who avoid children for the sake of getting rid of responsibility find in time that they have missed the pleasures only, not the cares, and but a few of the pains. Association with our fellows entails certain burdens and obligations upon all of us, and if we have not voluntarily assumed any of our own we shall find them thrust upon us and be obliged to carry the weight without the happiness of a strong incentive in the nearest and dearest of earthly ties.

Childless men and women very often console themselves with the reflection that children are as likely to turn out ill as well; that time and strength and money are frequently wasted upon them, and, therefore, might as well be saved or put to other use. But physical science is beginning to show us that cause and effect act as directly in the production of the human species as in any other phenomena of nature and that care and cultivation bestowed upon naturally good qualities produce as fine results among men and women as upon a fruit farm.

If this were not the case, however, if the results were dependent upon chance, men and women ought still to accept the duty of rearing children for their own sakes.

The woman knows nothing of the possibilities of her womanhood, the man of his manhood, until they are discovered in the strength of the love, the efforts the sacrifices (not felt as such) which are exercised and made for little children.

Is there any pride equal to that which the father feels in the growing daughter? Is there any love equal to that which the mother knows when little hands clasp her and a soft cheek lays its velvet against her own?

Friends may grow cold, ambition may be disappointed, slanderous tongues may poison your good name, and though all are felt more or less, yet home and the love and confidence of children are a sure and certain refuge, a harbor from the storm, inexpressibly comforting and consoling to the weary and abused man, and heart-soothe and neglected woman.

But it is not for their simple faith and trust alone that we should value children. They deserve cultivation; they abundantly require care and kindness, attention and the forbearance which it is necessary toward their immaturity and want of judgment. Our leisure, at least more of it, should be given to them. We should take pains to flout out what they think that we may guide them aright and teach them to avoid the shoals and quicksands upon which we perhaps have been stranded.

—*Heath and Home.*

—A large, heavy-set man who resided near Indianapolis died recently from a disorder which no Indian doctor could make out. At the time of his death he was little more than a skeleton, his flesh having wasted away. A post-mortem examination showed that his liver was full of abscesses, so that his food had not been properly absorbed, and that he had actually starved to death.

## The Khedive's Half-way Munificence.

The Fitch-Sherman diamonds still remain under lock and key in the vaults of the New York custom-house. It may seem a little odd, but it is nevertheless true that the necklace has never been appraised by the officials. Nor do the owners evince any great curiosity to ascertain its real value. This is perhaps attributable to discretion, says the World, and calls to mind the famous Portuguese rough diamond exhibited in the palace at Lisbon. This diamond, though it is as large as a hen's egg and weighs over eight hundred carats, has never been subjected to the tests of cutting and polishing, simply because there is doubt about it. For there are experts in the trade who pronounce it to be merely a very fine piece of chrysolite.

Half the charm of the Khedive's present would vanish if this celebrated necklace were tested by the appraiser's art. The Jewelers' Circular for March gives an excellent drawing of the necklace, and says of it: "The estimates of the value of these jewels have been exaggerations beyond all precedent, and \$40,000 really represents the most liberal valuation that can be put upon them, the number and size of the diamonds are so counter-balanced by their off-color." The Khedive has probably never seen the necklace; and he would hardly be pleased to learn that those who were intrusted with the order in Paris had an eye to quantity rather than to quality in making the purchase. This ornament contains, it is said, about seven hundred and seventy brilliants of all sizes, from a seven or eight carat stone to some as small as one-twelfth of a carat. The aggregate weight of the diamonds is at least 300 carats; but the quality is what is known as Cape Bywater—a quality of diamonds technically described as being of "off-color," and they are well paid for at \$100 per carat, cost of setting and all included. The duty at 25 per cent. on the jewels would at the utmost only be \$10,000.

**The Dress-Pattern Trade.**

The New York correspondent of the Boston Journal writes: "A great business has grown up apparently out of nothing. The business is the making of dress-patterns out of a flimsy sort of paper made for that purpose. The amount of business done is simply marvelous, though it lies in the backwoods, in the country, and in the remotest and sparsely settled districts can at the cost of a dime or so secure the latest fashion for themselves and children. One of these establishments sued a house in New York on a note given for goods delivered. The defense set up was that there was no consideration. A quantity of goods were brought into court and their flimsy textures exhibited to the inspection of the intelligent jury. The jury gave a verdict for the defendant on the ground that there was no property in such material. Yet the dealings in this frail fabric are hardly equalled by any other branch of trade. One house does \$100,000 worth of trade a year. The paper is manufactured expressly for the work, and is sent into the city tons at a time. A single order exhausts 5,000 reams. This house has 1,000 agencies. They are in every part of the United States, in Canada, and across the seas. Orders for patterns come in from \$25 to \$1,000. The largest establishments in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Chicago buy \$500 worth at a time. One hundred and fifty hands are kept constantly at work to meet the orders. And yet a New Jersey jury affirms that there is no market value in this business."

**The Great Work.**

A telegram from Nevada says the Sutro tunnel, which has reached a length of 9,000 feet, has approached within one hundred feet of shaft No. 2, which is filled with water to a depth of eight hundred and seventy-five feet. From this point a diamond drill has been started, successfully tapping this great column of water, which it was feared might drown every man in the tunnel before it could have been possible to escape. The workmen can now approach within twenty-five feet of the column, when a great number of holes will be bored to let the water off altogether. As an additional means of safety, a bulkhead, suggested by an officer of the United States engineer corps, is constructed, with a tunnel of sufficient strength to withstand a pressure of 2,000 tons, with a self-slutting gate only sufficiently large to allow cars to pass, which gate the approaching rush of water closes, giving the workmen time to escape in the event of a sudden flood. The amount of water flowing from the tunnel will be increased to about one hundred miner's inches. The connection with shaft No. 2 will insure good ventilation. The tunnel at this point enters the mineral belt in which the Comstock lode is situated.

The great Bessemer steamship, which was to abolish the horrors of the English Channel, has been tried and is only a partial success. The ship steamed from Hull to Gravesend in a gale of wind and proved an excellent sea boat and fast. Her two faults appear to be an excess of draught and the unsteadiness of her movable saloon. The former is partly accounted for by an extra supply of coal, and may be got rid of in one way or another—must be got rid of before she can enter Calais on an ordinary tide. As to the saloon it appears that the machinery intended to control it, and to neutralize, so far as it is concerned, the movement of the ship, is in some way defective. The saloon can be handled with ease, but cannot be kept still; in other words, shares the motion of the ship. These facts

## FACTS AND FANCIES.

**BABY:—**  
They called him tiddy ikle sing.  
And soothing syrups they did bring  
To stem the rising squall.  
In vain they sought for secret pin,  
And gave him peppermint and gin—  
Yet louder did he bawl.

Beneath his petticoats his feet,  
Like little mice who pussy meet,  
Did twist and twirl about;  
And, oh! he roared in such a way—  
No costard seller blithly and gay  
Gives half so loud a shout.

His tears an instant cease to flow—  
Anon he wildly squeals, as though  
Some flea had bit him badly.  
Poor pa, he rises up in ire,  
Strong argument does him inspire—  
Things end for baby sadly. —*Fun.*

—Go and buy a cow right away. A Wisconsin cow came home the other night with a bag of gold on her horn.

—Ohio has a new religious sect called the Eternalists, and they are eternally fighting to see who shall lead them.

—A fashionable Paris dress-maker announces that "ladies' shrouds are now out decolletee."

—A postal card picked up on the street at Norwich, Conn., the other day, bore this solemn appeal: "Dear Mary for luv of God send me a pare of pants."

—A Vermont lady fainted away at a party, and, when a young man cried out for some one to saw her corset-strings in two, she arose, drew a pair of shears, and said she'd like to see 'em saw!

—A wonderful exhibition has been opened at Brussels. It is a collection of about 100 landscapes of great merit, painted by a boy named Fritz Kerchove, of Bruges, who died an idiot at eleven years of age.

—Hats are flaring, with broad brims turned up, or turned down, or raised, so as to display branches of trimming under the brim on one side. They are picturesque and pretty, and are vastly becoming to young faces.

—From a young lady in town to her friend in the country: "I'm sitting on the latest spring style, Mary." And, judging by the number of monstrous buttons one sees in the fashion-plates, a very uncomfortable seat it must be.

Too bad about sister Katurah!  
She wanted to sit on 'ery  
But the man she he's set on  
Dint' wish to be set on  
I'm sorry for sister Katurah!

—Great preparations are afoot at Trieste for the unveiling the statue erected to the memory of Maximalian. Invitations have been sent to all the companies who served under the emperor in Mexico.

—Cardinal Manning, in accordance with a usual custom, will take his title from some church in Rome, and has selected the church of St. Gregory, after whom he will be called. If by any possibility he should be elevated to the papacy, he would therefore become Pope Gregory XVII.

—A gigantic swimming bath, composed of iron and roofed in with plate glass, has been moored in the Thames at London. The water that is admitted to it flows through a thick bed of charcoal, and is so effectually filtered that it sparkles and glistens as if it were drawn from an artesian well.

—Johnny saved himself trouble but lost marks in his definition exercise the other day. He got bravely through "presbyter," which he found, by looking it out, to be one who had had the laying-on of hands by the presbytery. The next word was "dissenter," and in an evil moment Johnny, without turning a leaf in his dictionary, wrote, "one who has had the dysenter."

—The following harmless (if hard) hit we find in one of our English exchanges. The "doctor" referred to, it will be perceived, is a reverend doctor:  
"I cannot praise the doctor's eyes,  
I never saw his glance divine;  
He always shuts them when he preys,  
And when he preaches he shuts mine."

—The present programme of the British arctic expedition proposes that the two vessels shall leave Portsmouth about the latter end of May, and taking the usual route to Baffin's Bay, endeavor to pass up Smith's Sound. In 81 degrees or 82 degrees north latitude they will probably separate, and while one will explore the northern coast of Greenland, the other will push still further northward.

AN INNOMINIOUS CONCLUSION.—Mary Ripley, of Columbus, is sixteen years of age, and feeling that the time had come when she should commence her work in behalf of humanity, she hired a hall and invited the public to come and hear her lecture on "Social Topics." Mary began as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen: If there were no men in the world there would be fewer poor, miserable girls wandering—" Mary proceeded no further in her discourse, because at that point her father walked upon the platform and led her out of the house by the ear.

THE CUBAN INDIANS.—The good-natured aborigines, who, according to accounts, must have numbered as high as two or three millions in the island of Cuba, a writer says, have been nearly exterminated. Thousands perished from overworking for invaders, who treated them as slaves; thousands were shot and lacerated by dogs as if they were game; and thousands were killed by foolish and bloody Spaniards, who had made a vow to slaughter every morning thirteen heathens in honor of the Savior and the twelve apostles. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the Antilleans knowingly committed the suicide of their entire race by solemnly pledging their women not to bear children.

are gathered form a letter written to the London Times by Lord Henry Lennox, who came in the ship, and who explains that the present trouble arises partly from some wrong arrangement of the levers and partly from the inexperience of the man who works them.

**The Golden Rule of Agriculture.**

Plants live a double life. They have a two-fold nutrition—mineral and organic. Their mineral food is derived from the soil and the organic from the air. While the organic constituents of plants are generally uniform, by a strict analysis of their ashes it is discovered that the different classes are marked by the prevalence of certain mineral elements. Some abound in potash, others in lime, some in phosphates and others in silica. Different parts of the same plant have also their preponderating elements. Thus it appears that the reason why all crops are not suited to the same soil is a variation of the mineral elements. All crops are deficient in certain mineral elements, or they exist in too large quantities.

The fertilization of soils is the addition to the soil of suitable pabulum for the growth and development of plants. If allowed sufficient time, plants can extract organic materials from the surrounding atmosphere to attain a vigorous growth; yet if we apply to their roots manures yielding ammonia, carbonic acid, nitrogen, etc., we supplement the atmospheric supply and hasten their development. Liquid manures are, therefore, of high value, as their action is immediate and powerful. But if this policy is long continued it will exhaust the soluble mineral elements in the soil and render it comparatively worthless. Hence, in all permanent systems of agriculture, mineral fertilizers can no more be dispensed with than organic.

Long-continued cropping removes from the soil all the available mineral constituents of plant food, unless we restore to the soil in the shape of manures exactly what is lost in the crop. This, then, is the golden rule of agriculture. By failing to heed this important principle millions of acres of the choicest land have become worthless, and millions more are now undergoing the same ruinous process.

We should economize every source of fertility. Manure heaps should all be sprinkled with some absorbent, such as gypsum or diluted sulphuric acid, to prevent the escape of ammonia, liquid excretions preserved in tanks that none of it may be wasted, ashes saved and spread on the fields. Compost heaps should be formed where all refuse—animal or vegetable—may be utilized; and while the accumulation of filth and noisome odors is prevented, the soil is enriched and farming made remunerative. With fertilizers the careful farmer can accomplish much; without them he can accomplish nothing.—*Cor. American Farm Journal.*

**Boys and Farming.**

Farmers' sons upon arriving at a certain age often become dissatisfied with their vocation. In New England the majority of the boys leave the farm at the age of eighteen or twenty. Why is this? Perhaps the most potent reason is aversion to hard work or a mistaken idea of its ignominy. One reason why boys leave the farm in the west lies in the fact that so many farms are so isolated that neighbors are few and far between. The boy who toils day after day in the field mingles very little in society. He longs for associates and neighborly influences.

Many farmers are so absorbed in work and profit as to care very little for outward appearances. I will illustrate a case: It was a rickety-looking place; the buildings had been long out of repair. The barn and its accompaniments were close by the house. A big hay-stack occupied a prominent position, with which the winds and unruly members of the barn-yard had raised sad havoc. Near by was the hog-pen, whose aroma was anything but pleasant to the sense. The intervening ground was scattered profusely with old logs, carts and wagons. What wonder is it that the boy gets tired of such slovenly farming as that, and that the familiar scenes of home are not attractive?

As he grows up into manhood he resolves to get into some genteel business. "Farming will do very well for the old folks; but I've had enough of it; I'll go to the city and seek my fortune." He sees the well-dressed clerk at the counter. Visions of wealth fill his mind as he views the stately columns that industry has founded. "I'll be a merchant!" he says to himself. A situation is secured with a salary of two or three hundred dollars a year; he may in time be promoted; but his chances of success are small. Where one merchant succeeds, thirty become bankrupts.

Boys, keep out of the city; it is overcrowded already. Seek employment elsewhere. Farmers, beautify your homes; strive to make them so attractive that your boys will be reluctant to leave. Provide a library for your family, and teach the boys to farm by theory as well as by practice. Don't complain of hard times and the uncertainty of crops, but tell them of the nobility of agriculture as a life-calling, its independence over all other employments, and without which no branch of industry could flourish. Rise up, then, ye sturdy sons of the soil. "Buckle on thine armor," and chase the barren waste to glow with fruitfulness.—"*Uncle Ned*" in *Western Rural*.

—A Scotch maiden, upon her lover remarking, "I think I'll marry thee, Jane," replied: "I would be muikle obleeged to ye if ye would."