



12-27-1855

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 09, No. 24): December 27, 1855

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 09, No. 24): December 27, 1855" (1855). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 439.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/439

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

I was traveling through Piedmont towards the Alps, Great St. Bernard being my object of the present journey. Among my traveling companions in the present coach—if the heavy, lumbering thing in which we rode can be called such—was an Englishman, named Fitzhugh. He had traveled nearly the whole continent, and his companionship was not only pleasant but valuable. We left Châtillon in the morning, and at noon we stopped to dine at a little inn some fifteen miles to the northwest of Ayace. It was only about twenty miles from St. Bernard, and directly among the Alps. There was no other building in sight than those belonging to the inn, for there was hardly a chance to build another. A wilder spot I never saw; but yet it was grand and romantic. The giant Alps towered up close at hand, and all about the spot we could see the massive crags lifting their dark gray heads above the forest trees. A wide stream went dashing wildly through the gorge, and its roar was at first almost deafening when the stream was high.

I noticed that my companion regarded the place with interest, and he took particular note of several things which seemed very commonplace to me. After dinner we went out back of the house to look at the torrent. As far as the eyes could reach on either hand the water came and went, dashing over its bed of rocks—tumbling, crashing, boiling and hissing, and I soon grew dizzy with the view; for I had imagined what would be the sensation of my soul were I to fall into the mad flood; and the very thought was so fearful that I shuddered and grew weak. Near at hand was a narrow foot-bridge, formed by three stout logs, which had been fallen across from crag to crag, and bound with ropes. There was no railing of any kind to protect the passengers, and I had no desire to cross over.

When we returned to the inn, we found the ostler just leading the horses out, but my companion asked me to take a turn up stairs. I followed him up, and after reaching the second landing, he turned into a sort of corridor, which led out into a long wing towards the stream. At the further end of this passage he opened a door and entered a small room, in which was a bed-frame, but no bed. I looked out at the little square window, and found the torrent close below me. At least, I could have easily jumped from where I then stood, half way across the boiling stream.

"I don't wonder they've taken all the bedding out from here," I remarked, as I turned my gaze from the window to the bare framework of the couch.

"Why so?" asked Fitzhugh.

"Why, no one could sleep here, with such a roar in his ears."

"And yet I slept here once," he said.

"You?"

"Yes. But there's the horn. I'll tell you about it when we get underway once more."

"We'll take a seat on top."

"So we hurried and looked the diligence ready to start. We took our seat on the top, and as soon as we had got fairly started, Fitzhugh commenced to relate his adventure in the old inn we were leaving."

"It is now ten years," he began, "since I passed this way before. I was then alone, and on horseback, and was traveling in the opposite direction—on my way from Great St. Bernard to Châtillon. I reached the inn we have just left about the middle of the afternoon, and as my horse was tired, and fearing that I should not be able to reach Ayace until long after dark, I resolved to remain here for the night. So I gave my horse to the ostler, and ordered supper and a room. There was no other traveler beside myself, but I found plenty to engage my attention. When supper time came, I found a new comer at the table. He was a tall, dark looking man, but yet with a very intelligent face, and one calculated to command a certain degree of respect. He was dressed in a plain suit of green cloth, without ornament of any kind, save that the shirt, or frock, was worked with black cord upon the breast. He had a military appearance, and I at once took him to be a military officer in the Austrian service. He conversed with me in French, but with the Germanic accent. We were alone at the table, and after some remarks had been passed on general topics, he asked me if I was traveling north. I told him no—that I had come from the north, and was going south."

"Rather a hard road," he said with a smile; "but if you are not going on by night it may be all safe."

"Where is the danger?" I asked.

"O, only now and then a fellow who wants to overhaul your luggage."

"Robbers, do you mean?"

"Exactly."

"Have you ever come across them?"

"Ah, I wish I could, sir. I came for that purpose."

"What, to hunt up brigands?"

"Yes; I trust you, for I know you would be a fool to betray me. I am sent out by government to arrest these villains if possible. I have a detachment of soldiers at Carnillon. I have only been about here three days, and have hardly got started yet. Are you on business?"

"Partly," I answered.

"I began to like my companion, and before we left the table we cracked a bottle of wine. I told him my business, and informed him that I had some reason to dread meeting robbers. Our conversation was careless, and before we arose from the table I had confessed that I traveled with quite a sum of money."

"After supper the ostler said I must excuse him, as he had orders to send to his troops—so I was again left alone. I lighted a cigar, and started to take a stroll down the stream. I had gone some hundred rods or so, when I was startled by hearing the sharp cry of some one in distress. I stopped, and the shout came up loud and shrill. I hurried down the stream, from whence the agonized sounds came, and upon reaching a bluff where the torrent poured down into a deep chasm, and then took an abrupt turn, I saw a boy almost down to the building, hissing loud, clinging to a sharp point of a jutting rock. For a few moments I was too horrified to move. The poor fellow was some twenty feet below me, hanging with his feet over the water that the rushing spray had soaked them. He caught my eye and his cries were piercing. I saw that he could not help himself in the least, for the point upon which he hung was so far out that he could not swing his feet in so as to touch the rock below him, and it was almost impossible for him to raise himself a hair."

"Help! help!" he cried in such agonizing tones that I felt my heart leap painfully.

"For a moment I almost determined to leap into the flood, but that would have been mere suicide, without helping him. But my thoughts became calm in a few moments, and then I went carefully to consider if there was not some means by which I could reach him."

I walked further down, and soon found that the rock upon which he hung was a jut from a narrow shelf which extended about parallel with the water to a distance of some forty feet down the stream. If I could reach that shelf I could reach the shelf by a narrow gorge, in

The Eastern Mail.

which grew a lot of shrubbery, provided that shrubbery was deeply rooted enough to hold me. I took hold of some of the bushes which grew near the top, and found them firm. With a quick prayer I threw off my coat and boots, and then let myself down. I found the shelf not more than two feet wide, and you may believe that it was a dubious track; but I hurried on and reached the jutting rock in safety. In a moment more I was flat on my breast, and then reached over after the boy. I caught him by the collar of his jacket, and told him to help himself all he could. He made his last effort. I threw all my strength into that one lift, and the poor fellow was dragged over the rock and laid by my side.

"It was some time before the youngster moved, after I laid him down; but when he did, I found that he was perfectly sensible. I asked him if he could walk, and he said yes; so I arose, and bade him follow me. We reached the little gorge in safety, and made our way up the bank, and when we were once more on the faithful ground the boy sank down upon his knees and clasped his hands. He was not over twelve or thirteen years of age, and dressed in a sort of hunting garb of chamis skin. He had an intelligent look, and his accent was pure German."

"Come," I said, after he had blessed me a dozen times, "get up and I will help you to the inn, for you must be weak and faint."

"No, no!" he answered quickly. "I must go the other way, and I must hurry, too. I ought not to have stopped to look over into the stream, and you see what came of doing it. I looked at the water so long that I became dizzy. I fell upon the rock that juts out there, and as I was going off I caught it with my hands. I should not have been here alive now if you had not come."

"I told the boy I was thankful as he was. He thanked me and blessed me again, then said he hoped he could repay me sometime, and then turned away. I watched him till he was out of sight, and then turned back toward the inn. I smoked another cigar, chatted awhile with the ostler, (the landlord being away somewhere,) and then went up to my room. I was shown into the same apartment that we visited; it was well furnished, and looked comfortable. Yet I disliked the roaring of the mountain torrent directly under my window, and asked for another room; but I was told that this was the only one they had in readiness for travelers, so I had to put up with it."

"I always used to sleep with my pistols under my pillow, and of course I did so on this occasion. I had faithful weapons—made on purpose for me in Manchester—double-barreled and powerful. They were a pair of my own invention, and one hammer operated on both pans, so that they were easier to carry than the ordinary weapons with double flint locks. I left my lamp burning with a low flame, and having secured my door, went to bed. The roar of the torrent soon became a wild music to me, and I was not long in falling asleep."

"I must have slept not far from three hours, when I was awakened by feeling something on my shoulder. I started up and made an instinctive movement towards my pistols."

"—sh!" uttered some one close to my ear. "Don't be afraid. You saved my life, and now I am come to save yours."

"My eyes were now fairly open, and by the dim light of my lamp I could see the features of the boy whom I had rescued from the rock only a few hours before."

"What is it?" I asked, not a little startled.

"You are to be murdered and robbed before morning!" he replied, in low, quick tones.

"Murdered!" "What, here!"

"Yes—here. The brigands are about, and they know you have money. You are in danger! They mean to kill you and throw your body out of this window into the stream, and that would be the last of you!"

"But how do they know I have money?" I asked.

"You told them so."

"I—told—"

"Yes. You ate supper with the brigand chief!"

"So the mystery was out, and I knew what a fool I had been to trust a stranger."

"But," said I, "the landlord will—"

"He dares not do anything," interrupted the boy. "Fear binds him. We come here—the brigands come here when they please, and he serves them."

"Then you are with them!" I remarked.

"I cannot help myself," he said. "For I have no other home but with them."

"You may imagine how peculiar my feelings must have been at that time. I could not take my horse, for one of the brigands was in the stable. I could not fly, for the yard was watched. The boy informed me that there were four of the robbers at the inn, and that they would be at my room in an hour. He also acknowledged that he had been sent up to see if I was asleep, and if my door was locked. I asked him if he could not help me."

"I have done all I can," he said. "I have told you all, and I should die instantly if that were known."

"But can you not get hold of their pistols, and extract the balls?" I asked.

"They won't have pistols," he answered. "For they make too much noise, and there are some of the girls in the house they wouldn't trust. The dagger and club do their work. They mean the club for you, and then if your body is found in the stream, nobody could swear you were murdered. You understand now, and I must go back, for they'll expect me. I shall tell them that you are snoring loudly, and that I found your door locked."

"And I did lock it," I uttered, wondering how he got in."

"He smiled and showed me that the socket into which the bolt shut was so arranged that it could be removed from the outside. Once more he bade me be on my guard, and assured me that the brigands would be up in an hour at least."

"And now we are square," he said, "or as nearly so as we can be at present, for you may be sure that I risk my life now. Protect yourself if you can, and may God help you."

"With these words he went away, and I was left to my own reflections. My lamp was still burning, and having knocked the crust from the wick, I examined my pistols over again. There were four of the robbers, and I had four balls to fire—and they without firearms. I lost courage at this. My next movement was to dress myself, and then I began to think—Should I remain in my room, or should I seek some other place? I could not go below, for

there I should be detected, and perhaps taken at a disadvantage. If I allowed the villains to come up, they would not be very particular about their arms, as the work of killing a man in his sleep is not very difficult. At length I remembered a place in the long passage two which I had come where there were two recesses. I hurried out from my room, and glided noiselessly along to this place, where I found a position which could not have been bettered. These recesses were directly opposite each other, and were about four feet wide. One of them was for a window, and the other seemed to have been originally left for a closet, but it had no door, and was lumbered up with old chests. I went to my room and left the lamp, and having once more examined my pistols, I returned to my newly found stand. I took my position on one of the old chests, and thus had a great advantage in my favor, for while it would be difficult for any one in the passage to see me I could yet see them plainly on account of the opposite window, against which their forms would be clearly revealed."

"So there I sat, and at the end of half an hour I heard a creaking of the stairs. I drew back as far as possible; and ere long a form glided through the recess. It was a man, the very one with whom I had eaten supper—and in his hand he carried a lantern. After him came three men. I heard them at my door—I heard them enter my room—and in a minute more I could hear them talking in wondering tones. For a while I could only understand that they were surmising what could have become of me, but at length I heard the order given to search. I could hear that the doors between me and my room were all opened, and that the apartments were searched. At length he with the lantern reached the recess, and as his lantern was raised so as to cast its rays in, I was discovered."

"'Ha! here you are!' the brigand chief uttered; and on the next moment he drew his dagger."

"My pistols were both ready."

"Move this way another step, and you die," said I.

"But he only laughed, and came towards me. At that moment every nerve in my body was as still as a dead man's. I took deliberate aim at his head and fired. I saw him stagger back, and upon the next moment two of the others were upon the spot. I could see them plainly against the opposite window, but they could not see me, for their leader's light had gone out, as he let it drop upon the floor."

"I knew those villains meant to murder me, and my blood was up. I took aim again, and fired at one of the heads. In an instant I caught the other pistol and fired again. The last one uttered a sharp cry, and ran towards the stairs, but the other two fell. It was a full minute before the fourth man made his appearance. I saw him between me and the window, and I could see that he had a weapon of some kind in his hand. 'I'll do the world a blessing,' I uttered to myself, and with a careful aim, I fired my last ball. The man gave a cry and then staggered from my sight."

"Without a moment's delay I sprang from my retreat, and hastened to my room, where I found my lamp still burning. My little portmanteau had not been molested, and from thence I took my powder and reloaded my pistols. After this had been done, I took the lamp in one hand and a pistol in the other, and went out into the passage. I found the landlord, the ostler, the boy who had given me the warning, and three women gathered about the spot where I had shot the brigands."

"What do you think of this?" I asked.

"The landlord was frightened, and he stammered out a reply which I could not understand. He feared that I should suspect him, but I contrived to quiet him on that point, and soon afterwards we went below, where we found the third man whom I had shot sitting in the bar-room. But he never spoke again, and died before morning. I saw that the boy was fearful that I might expose him unintentionally, but I soon assured him to the contrary, for to a question of the host's as to how I happened to be so well prepared, I answered with an easy manner."

"Oh, it's simple enough. I knew that fellow that ate supper with me the moment I saw him, for I have met him before. When he asked me about my money, and warned me not to travel any further until morning, I knew he meant to rob me, I knew it. Then when I went to bed, I anored, but did not sleep. By-and-by I heard some one come to my door and try it. I anored away then, but at the same time had my pistols ready. After that person went away I happened to remember the recess and there I went and hid myself. I did not fire until the villains showed their weapons, and offered to attack me."

"This satisfied mine host, and assured the boy. The former protested earnestly that he knew nothing about the robbers, and I affected to believe him. Of course I stole no more that night, nor did I leave my pistols far out of reach. In the morning I offered to pay my bills, but the landlord would take nothing. I ate an early breakfast and then set out on my journey, leaving mine host to take care of my night's work at his leisure. I reached Châtillon in safety, but said nothing more of my adventure, for I knew that other brigands would be shy of the place for a while, and that I might only lead to the arrest of the boy. A year afterwards I went that way again. The same host was at the inn, and he assured me that no brigands had been there since the night on which I had stopped there before. I inquired for the boy who had been there, professing to think that the lad was his son, but he knew nothing of him, and hinted that "the little scamp belonged to the brigands."

"ADMIRAL ROSS'S THEORY OF THE AURORA BOREALIS."—It having occurred to me that, if my theory was true, namely, that the phenomena of the aurora borealis were occasioned by the action of the sun, when below the pole, on the surrounding masses of colored ice, by its rays being reflected from the points of incidence to clouds above the pole which were before invisible; the phenomena might be artificially produced; to accomplish this, I place a powerful lamp to represent the sun, having a lens at the focal distance of which I placed a rectified terrestrial globe, on which I painted the various colors we have seen in Baffin's Bay, was placed, to represent the colored icebergs we had seen in that locality, while the space between Greenland and Spitzbergen was left blank, to represent the sea. To represent the clouds above the pole, which were to receive the refracted rays, I applied a hot iron to a sponge; and by giving the globe a regular

diurnal motion, I produced the phenomena vulgarly called 'The Merry Dancers,' and every other appearance, exactly as seen in the natural sky, while it disappeared as the globe turned, as being the part representing the sea to the points of incidence. In corroboration of my theory, I have to remark that, during my last voyage to the Arctic Regions (1850-51) we never, among the numerous icebergs, saw any that were colored, but all were a yellowish white; and, during the following winter, the aurora was exactly the same color; and, when that part of the globe was covered with bruised glass of that color, the phenomena produced in my experiment was the same, as was, also, the Aurora Australis, in the Antarctic regions, where no colored icebergs were ever seen. I regret that it is out of my power to exhibit the experiments I have described, owing to the peculiar manner in which the room must be darkened, even if I had the necessary apparatus with me; but it is an experiment so simple that it can easily be accomplished by any person interested in the beautiful phenomena of the aurora borealis."

[Correspondence of the Boston Post.]

Venice.

Hang me if some men wouldn't rather see a sheep washing than to look at Niagara Falls, and would think it a pity the water so runs to waste."

Why Venice is perfectly glorious. I would deprive myself of every luxury and half of my comforts for a long period; I would live on bread and water for a year, or lay in jail for six months, if by so doing it would procure me the means of visiting Venice, for two days, and I could not do it otherwise. The houses are mouldy and the streets grass grown, business is nowhere; there is not horse or a vehicle in the place—gondolas excepted—fare is poor, rooms have stone floors and no carpets; one of my companions waked up this morning with a live scorpion in his bed, and yet this is Venice, the

"Glorious city in the sea!"

The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets, Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed Clings to the marble of her palaces. No track of men, no footsteps to and fro, Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea, Invisible; and from the land we went, As to the floating city—steering in. And gliding up her streets, as in a dream, So smoothly, silently—by many a dome, Mosque-like, and many a stately portico, The statues ranged along on azure sky! By many a pile, in many a Eastern pride, Of old the readiness of merchant kings, The fronts of some tho' time had shattered them, Still glowing with the richest hues of art, As though the wealth within them had run o'er."

And who can read and be insensible to the gorgeous descriptions of what was once the most powerful Republic the world has ever seen? How can Americans, be indifferent to the national career of Venice; Americans, children of a now powerful Republic; with the wonderful history of this maritime State before us, how can we look on her neglected and almost forgotten career, and not feel a glow of enthusiasm?"

"For unto us she hath a spell beyond Her name in story, and her long array Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms depend Above the doges' arch, the vanished arch! Ours is a trophy which will not decay With the Bialto; Shylock and the Moor, And Pierre, cannot be swept away."

The keystone of the arch, though all were o'er, For us re-peopled were the solitary shore. In youth she was all glory—a new Tyre—Her very words spring from victory. The 'Plaster of the Lion,' which through fire And blood she bore over subject, earth and sea, Though making many a way herself set free, And Europe's bulwark 'against the Ottoman.' But now how changed!"

Venice lost and won, Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done, Sinks like a sea-weed into whence she rose!"

Now Austrian Soldiers and Austrian officials guard the streets and fill the offices.

Our hotel is near the mouth of the grand canal, close to St. Mark's Cathedral. It is usually supposed that we cannot go about Venice except by water. This is not so. Every house is accessible from the streets, as well as by the canals. One side of a block usually fronts a canal and the other side a street. Bridges of a single arch cross the canals in every direction. Sometimes all the space between houses is taken up by a canal, but often a canal has a street alongside of it. People go all over the city on foot with the same facility that they go by the canals, but there is no way of riding except by the gondolas. Last evening after our arrival, we took a man from the hotel and asked him to conduct us to St. Mark's Place. Here lighted up with gas, the Place, perhaps one hundred yards square, and surrounded by shops on three sides, and the Cathedral on the fourth, had thronging it a great number of people promenading, chatting, making love, many of them drinking wine and smoking before the cafes, seated on chairs, and uttering a general tone of happy hilarity. Venice looks as if there were neither trouble or care here; and very little business, except just to supply daily wants. The market appears to be well supplied with meat and fish, and a great variety of fruits and vegetables, the latter principally from the islands around Venice. I have never seen finer apples, pears, plums or grapes. For strangers at the hotels, living here is rather expensive, but with the resident people it is not. With the aqueous fluid all around them, and almost living afloat, water is the most expensive article in Venice. The Venetian water carrier is a character. A girl with a couple of copper kettles or pails suspended from each end of a pole, which is carried across the shoulders, are seen at all hours. These sell the water from house to house, just as milk and other articles are hawked about the streets of London and New York. With the advent of the railway an aqueduct of pipes is to supply the city with fresh water from the main land, at La Crotton.

I have been to the Rialto, where merchants most do congregate, and though the scene is not the same as when it was the great exchange and money mart; when Skyhook and the Moor were; there is now a great deal of traffic. The bridge is a single arch of stone of elegant proportions, spanning the grand canal, seventy-five feet wide and ninety-four feet above the water, has three streets or passages, and two rows of shops, about twenty-four in number. Here articles of jewelry, bijouterie and curiosities are sold. The Ponte de Rialto was commenced in the year of 1589, its predecessor being a wooden structure; so that the present bridge has stood nearly three hundred years. To appreciate the beauty of the arch one has to embark in a gondola on the grand canal and go under it.

I have to-day been all over Venice. Gondola riding is delightful and very cheap. One with one man is charged a zwanziger—almost sixteen cents for the first hour, and half a

zwanziger for each subsequent hour. Churches, places pictures, galleries, shops and show places have been visited. The church of the Frari, St. Maria Gloriosa de Frari, has two of the most interesting monuments in all Italy—those of Titian and Canova, both Venetians. By a singular coincidence, these two eminent artists—though one has been dead for two centuries and the other not a quarter of one—have both had monuments erected opposite one another over their remains in the same church, within the last ten years. Canova's monument is a pyramid of marble in relief, almost twenty feet high, standing out of the wall of the church and supported by figure in sculpture. Titian's monument is perfectly gorgeous. There are two female figures, the size of life, on each side and of the most exquisite form and figure.—The Emperor of Austria, I understand, contributed a large sum of money towards the erection of this monument.

The Frenchman and his English Studies.

Frenchman—Ha, my good friend, I have met with one difficulty—one very strange word. How you call H-o-u-g-h?

Tutor—Huff.

Fr.—Tres bien, Huff; and snuff you spell S-n-o-u-g-h, ha!

Tutor—Oh, no, no, no, Snuff is S-n-u-double-f. The fact is, words ending in ough are a little irregular.

Fr.—Ah, very good, 'Tis beautiful language. H-o-u-g-h is Huff. I will remember; and C-o-u-g-h is Cuff. I have one bad Cuff, ha!

Tutor—No, that is wrong. We say Kauff not Cuff.

Fr.—Kauff, eh, bien. Huff and Kauff, and pardonnez moi, how you call D-o-u-g-h? Duff, ha!

Tutor—No, Duff. Huff.

Fr.—Not Duff? Ah! oui; I understand—it is Duff, hey?

Tutor—No, D-o-u-g-h spells Doe.

Fr.—Doe. It is very fine; wonderful language, it is Doe, and T-o-u-g-h is Toe, certainly. My bestefest was very Toe.

Tutor—Oh, no, no, you should say Tuft.

Fr.—Tuft? Le Diable; and the thing farmers use; how you call him P-o-u-g-h, pluff, ha! you smile; I see I am wrong, it is Pluff!

No! ah, then it is Plee, like Doe; it is a beautiful language, ver' fine Plee.

Tutor—You are still wrong, my friend. It is Plow.

Fr.—Plow! Wonderful language. I shall understand ver' soon. Plow, Doe, Kauff, and one more—R-o-u-g-h, what you call Gen. Taylor; Rauff and Ready? No? certainly it is Row and Ready?

Tutor—No! R-o-u-g-h spells Ruff.

Fr.—Ruff! ha! Let me not forget R-o-u-g-h is Ruff, and B-o-u-g-h is Buff, ha!

Tutor—No, Bow.

Fr.—Ah! 'tis ver' simple wonderful language; but I have what you call E-n-o-u-g-h! ha! what you call him?"

[N. Y. Home-Journal.]

AMERICAN LITERATURE IN EUROPE.—The European correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, writing from Rome, says:

"You will not be surprised to hear it said that the progress of Letters and Science in the United States is doing more to conciliate respect for the country abroad than its noisy and anomalous politics. Whilst it would be difficult to find a name in its multitudinous body of legislators, place-men and aspirants, which is ever heard outside of the circle of its immediate relations, your men of Letters are familiarly known and honored in all the intelligent circles of Europe. Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Ticknor, Wheaton, Sparks, Cooper, Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, are not only republished in England, but, most of them in Paris and Leipzig, and, in some instances, Vienna. Such is, in fact, the popular taste for American writers, that even such books as 'The Wide, Wide World,' and 'The Lamp-lighter,' are extensively read in both French and German editions. Irving's and Bancroft's Histories are as yet the only American works—excepting, of course the cosmopolitan 'Uncle Tom,' known and read in all tongues, and that have received an Italian version; but the English language is now so generally studied by reading people on the continent that the great publishing houses of Leipzig—the German mart of the book-trade, where the publishers have an exchange of their own—find their interest to reproduce in cheap form the original text of American books. The cheap editions of Tauchnitz—the Harper of Germany—are to be found in all the book-stores of Europe."

PARLOR AND KITCHEN.—"Talk of the parlor with its touch-me-not elegance—we care nothing for it. Let its covered magnificence riot in darkness; its red velvet lie in shrouds—its pictures gaze dimly through crapes—its splendid piano stand dumb in its linen cover—its worsted roses and pinks, and gilt flowers remain unopened in dark corners—its carpet bloom unseen. Let the shutters and double curtains exclude every beautiful ray of light; while we can have the pleasant, airy, yellow-floored and uncarpeted kitchen. This is the place for real enjoyment—the kitchen, with its bright shelves and its clean white tables, white with time. The kitchen, with its old easy chair, and broad shining hearth and with its cracking and blazing fire. We do not mean the kitchen in the great house, where servants have entire control, and the lady of the house never sets her foot within its precincts; but the homely and comfortable kitchen of the well-to-do working man, where the wife and the tea kettle sing together, and the little children prattle round the mother while her own hands set the table for tea. There may be snow in the gleaming, or sun arrows lodging in the tops of trees—there may be city walls about, or blue undulating hills. It matters not, in such a place everything swarms of true comfort."

TRAINING OF TREES.—The editor of the Horticultural Review says:

"Trees with low heads do bear sooner and better, and will bear longer, than whip stocks and bean-poles. In our prairies, low headed trees are the only ones that can hold up their heads, or hold on their fruit. They are naturally shaped fruit bearers, and they are miserably unpopular with that class of purchasers who know more about trees than the men who raise them. This is a most important subject, and fruit growers will never repent but once, if they prune their trees up high. Like most tyros, we began so, too; and it has inflicted one perpetual sorrow upon us. The low tree is healthier, not subject to affections of bark or insects, not injured by winds, the

fruit is easier gathered; in fact every reason is in favor of low growth. We now try to form a head not higher than three feet from the ground, for apples, letting the branches grow out."

CONUNDRUMS.

"Talking of conundrums," said old Hurricane, stretching himself all over Social Hall, and sending out one of those mighty puffs of Havana smoke which had given him his name.

"Talking of conundrums, can any of you tell me when a ship may be said to be in love?"

"I can tell—I can," snapped out Little Turtle. "It's when she wants to be manned."

"Just missed it," quoth Old Hurricane, "by a mile. Try again. Who speaks first?"

"I do, secondly," answered Lemons. "It's when she wants a mate."

"Not correct," replied Hurricane. "The question is still open."

"When she's a ship of great size," (

