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## The Sun and the Hodge.

The flying of the arrow  
In the air;  
The shooting of the shuttle  
In the loom;  
The sinking of the water  
In the sea;  
The passing from the cradle  
To the tomb;  
Tell me, Sun, tell me, is it all?  
What the hour that throbs us  
Into life?  
Where the loom that throbs us  
To and fro?  
Whose hand that spins us  
Into death?  
What in the making man us  
Here below?  
O tell me, Sun, what it is!  
I see the arrow flying,  
Not what sends it;  
The bow that shoots it hither,  
And who bends it;  
I see the shuttle shifting,  
Not what throbs it;  
The weaver who begins it,  
And who closes it;  
I see the water spilling,  
Not what sinks it;  
The empty pitcher filling,  
And who fills it;  
But where the arrow flies,  
And what the loom is weaving,  
And where the water sinketh  
I do not see at all.  
What in the cradle throbs,  
And what it is that thinketh,  
And what it is that dieth—  
The living and the leaving—  
I do not know it all.  
Perhaps it is not, Hodge;  
Perhaps it does but seem—  
The shadow of a shadow—  
On a troubled stream;  
What some Power remembers—the phantom  
of its dream.

## A DAY'S INCIDENTS.

BY A LADY.

AUGUST 7, 1831.—PAST 10 P. M.  
I am very weary, but I must write out the incidents of this day while fresh upon my mind. It has been a pleasant one, what a memorable day it has been to me! The boys deserved it well; how beautifully they acquitted themselves at the examination of the Grammar School, and how admirably they spoke in the evening. Fred so calm, self-possessed and gentlemanly; Charley so bright and buoyant—so full of fun; how his eyes sparkled and told the humor in his speech long before he pronounced the words!  
But let me begin at the beginning. We rose at the break of day. Honey and I washed and dressed them nicely. Everything, even to the little linen gloves that Charley hates so much, was complete. Then we went to breakfast while I made my toilet.  
I had just finished my cup of coffee when the omnibus came for us, and we left the cottage as if no one had risen for every member of the household would slumber longer after we came away except Honey. She, I believe, never sleeps; always ready, always prompt—bless you, Honey!  
We reached the cars in ample time; quite sufficient to enable Charley to get the genealogy of the brown punk—a pleasant-looking farmer was taking along with him. The man was pleased with the little fellow that they chatted away the whole distance to Newark, and it was quite pathetic to see the farewells between them. We soon found ourselves at the hotel in New York. There we found friends. They welcomed me to the city once more; admired my boys greatly. Wasn't I happy? But, poor rustic that I am, I could not enjoy their conversation, the noise was so great, the confusion so intolerable. Who would believe one could become so numb, numbed in eighteen short months?  
I absolutely trembled when I found myself once more in Broadway, but I soon got into the vortex, and whirled on like the rest. Such shopping! That Charley! how he bobbed in and bobbed out—stopping at the hotel, saying two things in the middle of the pavement to admire "a noble span of horses"—then to be jostled, pushed here, then there, while they laughed till they cried at a monkey which an organ-grinder was carrying about! And I, as bad as they, was equal to the cunning organ-grinder. Besides, how could she gentlemen apparently enjoying our verandah as much as we did the wonderful tricks of the monkey. At last we tore ourselves away. Poor rustics, we do not see a monkey every day!  
Who should I see coming out of the store but Mrs. C. as dress; charmingly dressed. She looked me full in the face, and her eyes fell, while I was on the point of rushing up to her with open arms. Simpleton that I am, to forget we have lost so much money in these commercial bodacisms as to be obliged to retire to the country to economize. Besides, how could she speak to me at that time of day in Broadway?—me, little rustic, in my black silk dress, plain bonnet, and simple black scarf. To be sure, I had neat gloves and boots on; more than she had with all her fancy. She never was complete, as the saying is, in any thing something wanting. Fool that I was, to feel such a headache because I was not remembered by a fashionable woman. How could I expect her to remember that my house had been open to her at all hours; how she had walked in and out, drinking and eating, and using my carriage as if it had been her own. To be sure, she wrote me a long note after we went to the country to ask how large a horse we had; and what sort of company, rides, walks, and all that. But when I answered that our house was a cottage, pleasant and roomy, but with no spare bedrooms; that I had too much to do at home to be able to judge of the society about me; that I was busy preparing my hennery, I never heard from her again. Heigh-ho, it is sad to be forgotten thus! One's vanity is not gratified at finding we were valued for our money and clothes. Thus I realized as we went up Broadway.  
We were going to a toy-shop. Who should be there but Mrs. C. She

was busy selecting some fancy article. I had just received one lesson, and I am a very apt scholar. So she looked at me as if she had never seen me before in all her life; and I looked as calmly at her. Could she have forgotten that dreary night when her savage, drunken husband turned her into the street, and she took refuge with me; and how I wept for her mortification, and took her down to the boat at early dawn, loaning her money to get off to her friends at Philadelphia, before the Uppertondom could get hold of the circumstances? As we approached, we mystified them all until a peace was patched up. Well, perhaps she does right not to remember such disagreeable *contemporaries*; but I could never have overlooked such acts of kindness. Happy those who can wipe off their memories of a shame, and do his sins. I wonder if their consciences are as tractable!  
She was looking at a box of games—the very thing we had come after, and the last one in the store. However, I said nothing, while Charley selected his marbles, and the commission from the boys. Fred took a top, and his share of "these beauties"; and I chose a light carriage-whip which I shall want for use when we drive into town. Charley "could carry it finely," he said. Then we must get a small china tea set for Dolly's "tea parties." The commission from the little girls. All this while Mrs. C. lingered over the box, but in truth watching me. At last she said—in her deprecating tone of voice—  
"Oh, Mr. Bonfanti, you ask too much for this box, I positively cannot take it. But the commission from the boys." "I'll take it, if you please, Mr. Bonfanti," said I, laying the full price down.  
We wrapped it up, and as we left the store Fred whispered, "Oh, mamma, how very angry that lady looked!"  
It seemed that I was doomed to be "used" all this day. As we passed by just as we left the store; but her veil required fixing when she saw me. I do not wonder at that, for her father caused my husband to lose ten thousand dollars. He failed; so did we. He still lives in great style in his country, having given up everything to pay our debts. I wonder how she would act if I reminded her that she never paid me the advance I made to enable her to settle her bill at Newport summer before last. I'll write to her about it, and for the fun of the thing, Goldsmith says, "If you don't confess your poverty the severity of the sting is partly removed." I'll try the prescription. I was rich then, and had money to loan; now it is supposed, and rightly too, that there is nothing more to be got out of me. "My property," said I, "money never gave me happiness. Adversity, like the venoms toad, has a jewel in her head," and I have learned many excellent lessons by its light, for which I am very thankful, so I will not look again at any one as I walk this day, and I shall prevent them from compromising themselves."  
We then went into a book-store, bought the "Arabian Nights," and a book of fairy tales for the long winter evenings; then to the dry goods store for tapes, needles, cotton, etc. [See Excursion Box.] Then we returned to the hotel and lunched. How soon we leave the city without going down to the Battery!

Long we walked, and looked, and took in the beautiful scene for memory to paint; at least for me, for many a day when probably I may be making bread or feeding chickens. Well, suppose it does not intrude what then? It would be more beautiful from the contrast to the employment. What a fool I am to think so repiningly of matters and things. When I lived in the city I thought it vulgar to be seen on the Battery; and now, because my eyes are open to the exquisite charms of nature, I hate to confess to myself that I am wiser and happier for it. Heigh-ho! we are strangely made.  
We walked down leisurely to the boat for Jersey City. What a number of bundles we had, to be sure. I never could have believed it till they were collected; but by filling my pocket with the boys' pockets and their hats, and dividing the parcels between us, we got along nicely. I really would have pardoned any of the upper ten for not acknowledging me as we went down to the boat. I looked very like a "heaver of wood" with a drawer of water" with my arms full—but they were all paid for; that was something.  
Early as it was, the boat was nearly full. However, we got seats. At the end of the bench nearest to Charley sat a very fine-looking—really handsome—gentleman, reading a newspaper. I thought I had found a peep at the Battery letter. If I had had it on the Battery, what a nice place it would have been to have read about the Tulleries and Paris; but I received it after our return to the hotel. I thought, "Now I'll just take a peep." It was five minutes to the starting-time. I reached the bottom of the page. She was telling me of the annoyances she had with the crabbed old man, her husband. "That's for marrying for money,"  
I looked up, and Master Charley was off. "Fred, where's your brother?" said I. How could Fred know? He was deep in one of the "Nights"—he was far away in Araby the Blest. "Now," said I, "you must mind the bundles while I go and hunt him up." After pushing and "please ma'am-ing," and "thank you, siring" through the crowd, I found the chap perched up on somebody's carriage that was going over in the boat, and trying the efficiency of the new carriage-whip. I coaxed him down, and got him safely back, and placed myself between him and Fred, and resumed my letter. Jane gets the value of the postage in writing, if nothing else.  
Jane was telling me in the letter of a cruel piece of scandal about a poor girl, and begging me to contradict it. Alas, Jane, those days are gone when, if I could condescend to tell one, as was holy as truth; but now holy truth would have to be substantiated by the money-bag. A man's veracity is in ratio to the money he has in bank. When I got to the bottom of the page, Charley was off with whip and all.

"Fred," said I, "do give up your book, and attend to these bundles, while I hunt up that tiresome brother again."  
By this time we were half across the river. There he was, cracking the whip and "gee-ing" at the horses. I had a stout battle to get him off, and if it had not been for fear of losing the bundle of mixed candy we were carrying home, he would have remained in spite of me. Master Charley becomes a sort of a tyrant under such circumstances, particularly when a horse is concerned. However, we got back to our seats.  
"Now, Charley," said I, "if you leave me again I shall not bring you to the city for many months. Keep still, that's a dear child. Suppose I should have to hunt you up when we get ashore, we shall lose the cars, and how frightened they will be about us at home!"  
"Oh, do let me go back and see the horses again! I'll wait for you there," he pleaded.  
"You could not wait for me; the crowd would probably push you overboard, my child. Now be a good boy."  
The fine-looking gentleman was folding up his newspaper.  
"Madam," he said, "if you will allow me, I'll take charge of our little friend to see the horses, and I will meet you as you leave the boat. I'll take care of him."  
Before I could answer, Charley had him by the hand, and I saw them pushing through the crowd, as if they had known each other all their lives. On stepping ashore they were waiting for us.  
"Thank you, sir," said I, "for your great kindness. Now, Charley, take your parcels, and let us get into the cars."  
"Permit me," he said; "I can relieve you of a few of them."  
And he calmly took two of the largest, and walked on before us. We followed. "Well," thought I, "if you are so polite, it will, indeed, assist me;" so we got into the cars.  
"Madam," he said, "have you bought your tickets?"  
"I always buy the tickets!" answered Charley. "Come, mamma, come!"  
"No, no," he replied; "you and I will go, then, and get the tickets."  
I watched them to the ticket-office. How many bows he received—many gentlemen shaking him by the hand so respectfully—Who could be he? They returned slowly, and he gave me a game of marbles. Charley could not pass them without trying one of his bright "alleys." So there he stood, looking down upon the three boys, as deeply concerned in the game as they were, his thumbs in his armpoles. What a very noble-looking man he is!  
"All aboard!" and they entered the cars.  
"Who beat?" asked Fred.  
"I did," said Charley; "but I gave the boy a green alley; he asked me for it."  
I had kept two seats, for we were not very crowded. He gave me the tickets.  
"Thank you, sir!" I exclaimed. "I scarcely know how to express to you my gratitude for your kind assistance."  
"None is necessary," he answered. "It is quite refreshing to have such a bright, manly little companion as this. How old is he?"  
"He will soon be seven," I replied.  
"He is a noble little fellow!" he said. "It is a long while since I have watched a game of marbles with so much interest. Do, indeed, put away childish things, and I fear it would be to us if, when we reached our second childhood, we could carry the zest for its pleasure along with its helplessness."  
I could not avoid looking at a baby in one of a grandchild's arms, as was trying to amuse just in front of us.  
"How hard the lesson is to learn to know how to grow old wisely and gracefully," he said, and seemed to muse for a few moments. "You have your boys at school, don't you? Do you have your own? Charley tells me he goes on his trip to the city to-day because he had learned his speech so well."  
"Yes, sir," I replied; "they are at Grammar school. It is an excellent one, being kept by a well-educated and able man from Edinburgh. Happy for me he is a Scotchman, and I fear should be separated from my boys, my husband seems so desirous of sending them abroad."  
"Why should you object to that?" he asked.  
"I have my own ideas about education," said I; "I think it is as much obtained at the domestic fireside as in the school-room; there is nothing like the memory of home influences for a man."  
We continued the topic for a short time—Charley, in the meanwhile, was emptying his pocket into my lap.  
"Mamma," he said, "do you believe I have only one penny left?"  
"How many had you, Charley?" asked the gentleman.  
"I had fifty-nine, sir."  
"How did you get them?" he asked.  
"I worked for them," answered Charley, "hoeing potatoes and pulling up weeds. Mamma pays us six cents an hour; but I never could work very long; and then, you know, we must have luncheon, and I spend most of my pennies for cake!"  
"Stop, Charley," said Fred, "you meant to say molasses candy. We take cake always from home."  
"That's right, my son," said the stranger, "be ever exact and particular in all your statements. Love truth next to your mother."  
"Mamma says," answered Charley, "we must love it before father and mother and all."  
"She is right," he said, "you should love her the more for her teaching you such an excellent lesson. Now, what are you going to do with that one penny, Charley?"  
"Spend it as soon as I get a chance," replied Charley.  
How he laughed! After a few moments he said:  
"Suppose I tell you what I did with a penny once, how long I kept it, and what it did for me. Shall I tell you?"  
"Oh, do!" cried both boys. "We

do love tales so much. Mamma tells us one every evening."  
"Mamma must have a fertile brain, I'm thinking, to find sufficient novelty to amuse the minds of two such active fellows as you are," he replied.  
"Oh!" said Charley, "she tells us she has a wind-mill in her head, and can grind a new one every time we want one."  
Then he laughed merrily. "But let me go on with my story," said he. "I was very small then—yonger than you are, Charley. I was on my way to school one morning when I had to pass a field in which a rich farmer who owned it was trying to catch a horse, I stood looking over the fence, and laughing at the tricks of the horse."  
"Boy," said he, "if you will catch that horse I'll pay you."  
"So I put my hooks down and went to work. Round I ran, down there, up here, shook the corn, crept up softly, went behind, then before, chased him into a corner, and the old man and I were then sure we had him; but away he went over the fence, and I after him. About a noon when I started two men caught him for me, lent me a halter, and I rode him home. By this time the morning was gone and I had not been to school."  
"Come back," said the farmer, "and I'll pay you in the afternoon."  
"I went on to school. The master asked where I had been playing hokey, and I told him about the horse. Then didn't I 'catch it,' do you ever 'catch it,' Charley?"  
"I guess I do!" answered Charley; "but Fred don't totem me!"  
"But never mind," said I to myself, "I shall have some money to buy a book. I wanted it very much. I loved books as much as Fred does. So I dried my eyes. We carried our dinners to school, my brother and I; but I had no appetite after I 'caught it.'"  
"Oh!" said Charley, with such an air, "I don't mind it much that."  
The gentleman positively shouted, he was so much amused.  
"Well," he continued, wiping his eyes, "the school was out, and we all went our different paths home. My brother went with me to the old farm, and I went to the county line to get my mail. Mind you, I had run all the morning till I was almost sick, and had 'caught it' besides, Charley; and he gave me how much, Fred?"  
"A shilling an hour," answered Fred in a business way.  
"Five dollars," said Charley.  
"He gave me one penny, with a hole in it!"  
"Oh, the mean old scamp! Didn't you slap it into his face?" asked Charley.  
"No, indeed; pennies were not so very plentiful in my youthful days as they are now. I took it home and put it away carefully. How long do you suppose I was getting pennies together to buy that book?"  
"About a month," said Charley. "I could make two dollars a month if mamma did not count so strictly; but she is a miser, and she is!"  
"Certainly," he answered; "she is right to keep to her bargain. I was just ten years saving up penny after penny before I could get my book. But I got it at last, and you don't know how much I valued it; much more than if I exercised less self-discipline. Many a time would I have sold it, and said, 'I never shall have enough to buy my book. I might as well spend this now;' but my good angel would say 'No!' and I would withstand the temptation, and so add soon another penny. What book do you suppose it was?"  
"A bible," said Fred.  
"No. There were always plenty of bibles in our house, thank God!"  
"Robinson Crusoe," said Charley.  
"No," he answered. "I never had a chance of reading Robinson Crusoe till my son and I went together. Books were very scarce when I was young, and was a Horace. Do you know who Horace was?"  
"Yes, sir," said Fred. He was a poet, protected by Augustus; he hid for friends Miceenas, Tibullus, Virgil and others. He was a little man. His satires are the best of his works."  
"Well done, my little man," answered the gentleman.  
"Pshaw," said Charley, "he did not learn that at school. Mamma teaches him all such things. That ain't book learning!"  
The gentleman laughed.  
"Madam," he said, "I congratulate you upon the great probability of your pre-eminence success in making two good men. Why should our men not be good and good with such mothers? Rome could not boast of such women as ours; a few isolated acts do indeed show a bright character. One thing we know, and that is, he declines to be a Horace, the first exhibition of it to the world was in the loss of dignity in her women. But we—must be a great nation with such women as we have even now in this our youth. My mother was a great and a good woman. Continue, madam, and reap your reward."  
"I accept your compliment," said I, "for the rest of my sex; but for myself, I feel that I cannot yet deserve it, for my experience is young; but as I advance I shall grow wiser."  
"Yes," he said, "I congratulate yourself," "my mother was not highly educated, but she had strong—excellent sense—she was a good woman."  
"Looking at you," I answered, "I should think she was something of a Madame Mere."  
"You have hit it. And she loved pennies as well as the lady you mention, because she had early been taught their value by experience. But she cannot boast of a Bonaparte for a son—except in the love I bear for her—as great as was his for Madame Letitia."  
"Perhaps not. But she has a Christian and a good man, I am sure, for a son," said I; "and that is better than all the glory and renown."  
"Oh," said Charley, "I've been going several times to ask your name."  
"Why, Charley?" exclaimed Fred.  
"How very rude!"  
"True," he answered, "but my name is—Tom Thumb."  
"More likely," said Charley, "Jack

the Giant Killer. I shall call you Jack."  
"Do," he replied, and laughed most heartily. "I like the name of Jack—it is so innocent."  
And thus we chatted away till at last we reached our stations. John, with the carriage was waiting for us. I delivered to him all our numerous parcels, and then turned to our kind gentleman, saying:  
"You must not allow me to depart without knowing to whom I owe so much pleasure for such a very pleasant ride, and such great kindness as you have shown me." I then gave him my card. "We reside," I continued, "on the room above, in a neat, roomy and comfortable cottage; and if at any time you are passing this way, I need not say I should be so very happy to see you some little while. We have in our power—in return for your exceeding kindness to us. Fred and Charley, you will thank this kind gentleman, I am sure."  
"That will be all," he cried. "Thank you, sir! I will go, sir!"  
Charley stepped up and touched his rosy lips to his hand. He looked around, and placing it on the boy's head, said:  
"Heaven bless you, my boy! Love your mother! Madam, you are very kind. I am a better and happier man for this little episode in my life. It has done me good. Here is my card; and if at a future day I can serve you, or either of your boys, call freely upon me. This afternoon's ride will not be forgotten, I assure you."  
He assisted me into the carriage; the boys were there before me. I looked out as we started; he smiled and kissed his hand. I turned up the card and there I read  
DANIEL WEBSTER.

**A Handy Dream.**  
Our readers, says the Evansville (Ind.) Journal, will remember the case of the recovery of a watch and the arrest of the thief, who stole it from a Union township farmer some months ago, through a dream of the farmer's wife. Strange as the case appears a lady who lives in Warwick county, near the Spencer and county line, thought of the Kockport stage road, has more than matched it by a dream through which she defeated a thief in an attempt to rob her house. Several weeks ago the lady, who has numerous relatives in this city and Kockport, dreamed that a man came to the house and sought lodging; that he was taken in and put up stairs to sleep, but before he went up stripped off his shoes and put them outside the door; during the night he came down stairs, robbed the house of all its valuables, and left. The incident was so strange that she thought the lady was awakened, awoke her husband, and told him the dream, but he only laughed and returned to sleep. This singular dream was repeated twice during the same night, and each time she awoke her husband and was laughed at. After several days the lady thought perhaps she deserved to be laughed at and in a couple of weeks forgot all about her dream. One evening after the husband had been to town and received a considerable sum of money a man came to the house applying for lodging, was received, and after a good night's rest he awoke and sought the thought of the dream recurring to the lady until she was startled by discovering the shoes of the stranger in exactly the position she had seen the shoes in her dream, and then she remembered that he was in almost every particular like her husband's, and she sought her husband, and re-remembered of his derisive laughter, told him her fears. This time she was not laughed at. The husband mounted guard, and at a late hour the strange man came creeping down stairs, fulfilling the dream in his manner, and with the shoes in his hand, was making an examination of the lower rooms. One of the first things he saw was the husband with a gun in his hand, and the first thing he heard was a demand to "git." His prompt obedience spoiled the perfect fulfillment of the dream, but it elevated the wife to a higher plane than she had ever occupied, and it is pretty certain that she will never be laughed at for another dream.

**An Earnest Pastor.**  
"Burling," speaking of the personal and pecuniary attractiveness of the pastorate of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, says Dr. Duryea, who has declined the call: "He is greatly attached to his people, and considers his enterprise a sort of experiment that he is quite unwilling to abandon. His Brooklyn church is not rich. Still he has a salary of \$7,000. He is a pastor of all work. He conducts the music, often leaves the pulpit to play the organ, and has really been the chief engineer of his society from the start. To leave it will greatly endanger its prosperity. But he is not rich; large as his salary is, it does not support him, and a call to the foremost church of New York is not only honorable, but very seductive."

**A Pleasant Game.**  
One of the barbaric games handed down to the Romans from time immemorial has just been forbidden by the authorities. It was too provocative of an appeal to the knife. The game was called "Fistula." The party chose a king and entered with shields. Each man was obliged to call and pay for a certain quantity of wine, but no one might drink without permission of the king. If he happened to be a tyrannical fellow, or had a secret grudge against one of the party, he would get one or more of the fellows in the discomfiture of their less fortunate companions. Most of the serious quarrels at the wine-cellers were traced to this game, but hosts and customers are alike indignant at its suppression.

**Complimentary.**—E. P. Terhune thinks, now these are very dreary parties, where the only parties one meets are parties one never knows? She—  
"Not more dreary than our other parties, where the only ones one knows are no ones."

**Giants.**  
The body of Orestes, according to the Greeks, was eleven feet and a half; the giant Galbar, brought from Arabia to Rome under Claudius Caesar, was near ten feet; and the bones of Secundilla and Pafio, keepers of the gardens of Sallust, were but six inches shorter.  
Punnam, a Scotchman, who lived in the time of Eugene the Second, King of Scotland, measured eleven feet and a half; and Jacob le Maire, in his voyage to the Straits of Magellan, reports that on the 17th of December, 1615, they found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones; and having been desirous to remove the stones, they discovered human skeletons of ten and eleven feet long.  
The Chevalier Scory in his voyage to the peak of Teneriffe, says that they found in one of the sepulchral caverns of that mountain, the head of a Gannet, which had eight feet, and the body was not less than fifteen feet long.  
The giant Ferragus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high.  
Roland, a celebrated anatomist, who wrote in 1614, says that, some years before, there was seen in the suburbs of St. Germain, the tomb of the giant Isoret, who was twenty feet high.  
In Rouen, in 1503, in digging in the ditches near the Dominicans, they found a stone tomb containing a skeleton, whose skull held a basket of bread, and whose shin bone reached up to the girdle of the tallest man there, being about four feet long, and consequently the body must have been seventeen or eighteen feet high. Upon the tomb was a plate of copper, whereon was engraved, with an inscription showing the noble and puissant lord, the Chevalier Ricord de Vallemont, and his bones." Plateau, a famous physician, declares that he saw at Lucerne the true human bones of a subject which must have been at least nineteen feet high.  
Valence in Dauphine boasts of possessing the bones of the giant Bueart, tyrant of the Vivarais, who was slain by an arrow by the Count de Cabillon, his vassal. The Dominicans had a part of the shin-bone, with the articulation of the knee, and his figure painted in fresco, with an inscription showing that this giant was twenty-two feet and a half high, and that his bones were found in 1705 near the banks of the Morder, a little river at the foot of the mountain of Crussol, upon which, tradition says, the giant dwelt.  
January 11, 1613, some masons digging near the ruins of a castle in Dauphine, in a field which by tradition had long been called the Giant's Field, at the depth of eighteen feet discovered a brick tomb thirty feet long, twelve feet wide, and eight feet high, on which was a gray stone, with the words: Theobaldus Rex erat hic sepultus. When the tomb was opened they found a human skeleton entire—twenty-five feet and a half long, ten feet wide across the shoulders, and five feet deep from the breast-bone to the back. His teeth were about the size each of an ox's foot, and his shin-bone measured four feet.  
Near Mezarion, in Sicily, in 1516, was found a giant thirty feet high; his head was the size of a hoghead, and each of his teeth weighed five ounces.  
Near Palermo, in the valley of Mazara, in Sicily, a skeleton of a giant thirty feet long was found in the year 1518, and another of thirty-three feet high in 1550; and many curious persons have preserved several of these gigantic bones.  
The Athenians found near their city two famous skeletons, one of thirty-four and the other of thirty-six feet high.  
Totu, in Bohemia, in 758, was found a skeleton, the head of which could scarce be encompassed by the arms of two men together, and whose legs, which they still keep in the castle of that city, were twenty-six feet long.  
The skull of the giant found in Macedonia, September, 1691, held 210 pounds of corn.  
The celebrated Sir Hans Sloane, who treated this matter very learnedly, does not doubt these facts, but thinks the bones were those of elephants, whales, or other enormous animals.  
Elephants' bones may be shown for those of giants, but they never can impose on connoisseurs.  
Whales, which by their immense bulk are more proper to be substituted for the largest giants, have neither arms or legs; and the head of that animal has not the least resemblance to that of a man. If it be true, that a great number of the gigantic bones which we have mentioned have been seen by anatomists, and have by them been reputed real human bones, the existence of giants is proved.

**The Corn and Potato Crop.**  
The National Crop Reporter publishes a final summary of the corn and potato crops of 1873, in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Ohio and Tennessee, compared with the crop of 1872. The loss in bushels of corn in these States is in round numbers as follows:  
Illinois.....114,200,000  
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Kansas.....14,500,000  
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Missouri.....29,600,000  
Ohio.....30,000,000  
Wisconsin.....1,600,000  
Tennessee.....9,500,000  
Total.....241,200,000  
The aggregate yield for 1873 in the States named is 514,000,000 bushels against 756,000,000 in 1872.  
The potato crop in the States named shows a loss in round numbers in bushels as follows:  
Illinois.....6,000,000  
Iowa.....4,000,000  
Kansas.....2,300,000  
Minnesota.....900,000  
Missouri.....1,400,000  
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Total.....18,400,000  
The aggregate crop in these States was for 1872, 47,000,000 bushels, and for 1873, 29,000,000 bushels.

**The Steamer Virginus.**  
Message of President Grant to the United States Congress.  
WASHINGTON, January 5.—The President to-day sent the following message to the Senate and House of Representatives:  
In my annual message of December last I gave reason to expect that when the full and accurate text of the correspondence relative to the steamer Virginus, which had been telegraphed in cipher, should be received, the papers concerning the capture of the vessel, the execution of a part of its passengers and crew, and the restoration of the ship and the survivors would be transmitted to Congress in compliance with the expectations then held out. I now transmit the papers and correspondence on that subject.  
On the twenty-sixth day of September, 1870, the Virginus was registered in the Custom-house at New York as the property of a citizen of the United States, he having first made oath as required by law that he was the true and only owner of the vessel, and that there was no subject or citizen of any foreign prince or state, directly or indirectly, by way of trust, confidence, or otherwise, interested therein. Having complied with the requisites of the statute in that behalf, she cleared in the usual way for the port of New York, and on or about the fourth day of October, 1870, sailed for that port. It is not disputed that she made the voyage according to her clearance, nor that from that day to this she has not returned within the territorial jurisdiction of the United States, and it is also understood that she preserved her American papers, and that when within foreign ports she made the practice of putting forth claim to American nationality, which was recognized by the authorities at such ports.  
When, therefore, she left the port of New York on October 4th last under the flag of the United States, she would appear to have had, as against all powers except the United States, the right to fly that flag and to claim its protection as enjoyed by all regularly documented vessels, registered as part of our commerce, and to demand that she be resisted conferring upon a maritime power the right to molest and detain upon the high seas a documented vessel, and it cannot be pretended that the Virginus had placed herself without the pale of all law by acts of piracy against the American flag, had been hunted down by the captors, that the vessel had been carried to a Spanish port, and that Spanish tribunals were taking jurisdiction over the persons of those found on her and exercising that jurisdiction upon American citizens, not only in violation of international law, but in contempt of the provisions of the treaty of 1765, I directed a demand to be made upon Spain for the restoration of the vessel and for the return of the survivors to the protection of the United States, for a salute to the flag, and for the punishment of the offending parties.  
The principles upon which these demands rested could not be seriously questioned; but it was suggested by the Spanish Government that there were grave doubts whether the Virginus was entitled to the character given her by her papers, and that therefore she might be proper for the United States to demand the surrender of the vessel and the survivors to dispense with the salute to the flag, should such facts be established to their satisfaction. This seemed to be reasonable and just. I therefore assented to it, on the assurance that Spain would then declare that no injury to the flag of the United States had been intended. I also authorized an agreement to be made that should it be shown to the satisfaction of this Government that the Virginus was improperly bearing the flag proceedings should be instituted in our courts for the punishment of the offense committed against the United States. On her part, Spain undertook to proceed against those who had offended the sovereignty of the United States or who had violated their treaty rights. The surrendering of the vessel and the survivors to the jurisdiction of the tribunals of the United States was an admission of the principles upon which our demand has been founded. I therefore had no hesitation in agreeing to the arrangements finally made between the two governments, an arrangement which was moderate and just, and calculated to cement the good relations which have so long existed between Spain and the United States.  
Under this agreement the Virginus, with the American flag flying, was delivered to the Navy of the United States at Bahia Honda, in the Island of Cuba, on the 16th ult.  
She was in an unseaworthy condition in the passage to New York. She encountered one of the most tempestuous of our winter storms. At the risk of their lives the officers and crew placed in charge of her attempted to keep her afloat. Their efforts were unavailing and she sank off Cape Fear. The prisoners who survived the massacres were surrendered at Santiago de Cuba on the 18th ult., and reached the port of New York in safety. The evidence submitted on the part of Spain to establish the fact that the Virginus at the time of her capture was improperly bearing the flag of the United States is transmitted herewith, together with the opinion of the Attorney-General thereon and a copy of the note of the Spanish Minister, expressing on behalf of his Government a disclaimer of any intent of indignity to the flag of the United States.  
(Signed) U. S. GRANT.

A little daughter of E. P. Terhune died in Newark in consequence of having had her nervous system shocked a year ago by a fright. While rambling through the woods at the country residence of her father, a little friend jumped suddenly upon her from a clump of bushes and frightened her so badly that she never recovered from it.

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