

VALLEY FORGE.

Ells Rodman Church, in Harper's Magazine for April.

Valley Forge is a manufacturing place, and there is a constant hum of machinery from the paper, flour, and woolen mills. The neat little houses of the factory hands are gay with flowers and vines, while the handsome residence of the mill-owner towers castle-like above them.

Nothing has been changed in the old house since Washington left it, with the exception of paper and paint; but it strikes the visitor as decidedly bare-looking, and by no means attractive as a place of residence.

As yet, however, nothing has been accomplished, and very little of interest is to be seen in the way of relics. The back room is the chief point of interest; and one of the deep window-seats is a box, the lid of which is labelled "Washington's private papers, 1777," this receptacle having probably been made to avoid surprises.

We are also shown a Revolutionary cannon ball, the old anvil used in shoeing the horses of Washington and his troops, an ancient fire-place with "backs and jambs." The iron back of another fire-place is unexpectedly displayed outside of entrance door which opens into a narrow passage.

The old Potts mansion has been purchased by the Centennial and Memorial Association, and in the deed of trust the ground belonging to it is carefully estimated at two acres and eight perches. The long low stone barn that stretches across a large portion of one side is rough and plain—the same in appearance as when Washington stabled his horses there.

A LITTLE TRAMP.

From the St. Louis Republic.

The other day a country boy made a pathetic appeal to a Union Square park policeman in the heart of New York. The boy had been gazing at the policeman's star from afar, and at last came to the conclusion that he was a man of authority in the town. The policeman had kept an eye on the boy, too, so there was a good deal of interest worked up between the man and boy before they had any communication.

"My name is Joseph Blowers, and I am 13 years of age. I can't read or write, but I know how to spell my name and a few little words. I was born somewhere up by the White mountains. My mother died eight years ago and my father died two years ago. Before he died he gave me away to a farmer named Jacob Voorhis, who lives at Galena, at the foot of the White mountains. I had

to work about the farm, and had to take care of seven cows and milk them morning and evening. Mr. Voorhis never sent me to school, and as I wanted to learn something I made up my mind to go away and see if I could not do something else, so that I could go to school. So I left Mr. Voorhis, and I've walked nearly all the way from the White mountains to New York, which I'd heard was a big city. Sometimes I've managed to get a ride on the way. It was a long tramp here, but I wanted to go to school, and I heard that they had big schools here. I want to get something to do to pay my way, so that I can learn something."

There are bad boys in New York who sometimes "play it" upon good people, and prove to be among the things that "are not always what they seem." Joe did not look like one of them, and his air and appearance proved his whole story, but the officer wished to make "assurances doubly sure," so he took the boy out for a walk and managed to lose him in a crowd, while he observed Joe's movements from a convenient hiding place. The poor boy ran up and down in terror at having lost his guide, like a little stray dog hunting his master. He was again groping helplessly and hopelessly in the solitudes of the multitudes, and evidently knew nothing of the streets of New York.

This knowledge or ignorance was what the officer wished to test, and being satisfied he again appeared before the lost boy like a messenger dropped from the clouds. Joe was overjoyed, and the friend of the children was satisfied that Joseph Blowers, the White mountain boy, was not a little fraud. A boy who, at the age of thirteen, orphaned and ignorant, finding the time of education slipping by, walks from the White mountains to New York to hunt the better life, has in him the kind of stuff of which great men are made. Ben Franklin strolled into Philadelphia, then the metropolis of the country, munching his penny loaf; Horace Greeley lumbered into New York a green country gawk, and Joe Blowers, a little tramp, may make a big history for all anybody knows.

THAT OLD REBEL YELL.

AN INCIDENT OF SOUTHERN EXCURSION TO CINCINNATI.

Colonel J. E. McGowen, of the Chattanooga Times in a speech to that paper, gives the following graphic description of an incident of the Cincinnati banquet:

The great orchestra, under the pious baton of Michael Brand, struck up the stirring old air "Dixie," with its soul-thrilling associations and memories. For a moment there was a hush. The old soldiers of the North and the old soldiers of the South looked at each other, and the vast throng was still. But before the second bar was struck, the emotions of the gallant Southerners overcame them, and almost simultaneously they sprang to their feet, more than a thousand strong, and the old Southern battle-cry made the lofty arches ring again. Side by side with them stood the Northern hosts and cheered with them. Again and again the men of the South broke forth as the gay measures woke their enthusiasm, and the strains of the orchestra were fairly drowned by their united voices.

A prominent gentleman of Cincinnati, and a famous soldier, turned to Gov. Marks, of Tennessee, and said: "That is the old rebel yell."

"Yes," was the reply, "and now hear it raised for the stars and stripes," for just then the orchestra struck up that grand old patriotic air. The scene that followed is indescribable. As the full orchestra poured the grand old strains of—

"The star-spangled banner, Oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free And the home of the brave."

the grand organ burst forth in glorious unison with all its magnificent power and the vast audience arose as one man, and the old Union cheer blended with the old rebel yell to the notes of the National air for the first time since the dark and bloody years of the great civil war. Men who had faced each other on many a crimson battle-field under the stars and bars clasped hands and waved handkerchiefs until the great level of the hall was like a white sea. All the sound of the orchestra was lost in the exultant shouts of reconciliation and common patriotism and the great wave of enthusiasm swept over the vast, glowing concourse and carried everything before it. It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who anticipated a moment what was cardinal in the history of the Republic.

England's Great Belle and Heiress.

From the London World.

The rumor chronicled last week of the approaching contract of marriage between Prince Leopold and Miss Maynard is said to be unfounded. Such an alliance would have been popular, and a beauty who has £30,000 a year is not a bad match, even for a Prince of royal blood. The Maynards have always been a popular family in Essex, and the bright presence and winning smile of the heiress of that ancient house are ever welcomed at Dunmow. Easton Lodge, near to Dunmow, which is Miss Maynard's property in her own right, is

one of the finest mansions in the county, and is no mean rival of Audley End—but without its wealth of artistic treasures—or Down Hall. The late Viscountess Maynard, the grandmother of the new beauty, for many years distributed £2,000 per annum among the poor in the neighborhood of Easton. Miss Maynard attained her eighteenth birthday last December, and it will be remembered the occasion was celebrated by a magnificent entertainment, which cost an enormous sum and was one of the most brilliant affairs which has been known in Essex for a generation. Flowers were brought from Nice, and a suite of temporary reception rooms were erected for the occasion.

ARENENBERG.

S. H. M. Byers, in Harper's Magazine for April.

Just below Constance the beautiful island is Reichenau lying like a gem in the miniature sea. On the hills to the left the chateaux, villas and castles. At least one of these is historical; it is almost the simplest among them, but is interesting as having been for twenty years the home of Queen Hortense, the daughter of Josephine, and step-daughter of Napoleon the First. With all her brilliancy of birth and character, she was an unhappy and an unfortunate woman.

She had seen her own father murdered on the guillotine. Her mother married an Emperor, only to die broken-hearted. Her stepfather died on a lone island of the sea. She herself married a king, only to be divorced and dethroned, while her children and her whole family became wandering fugitives in strange lands. It is extremely saddening to walk through the rooms of her little home here, and recall the fate that followed her in life.

When Napoleon became Emperor, she was one of the most brilliant and talented women of his court. She wrote excellent verses, arranged plays and composed songs that have cheered the French armies in battle from that day to this. Her song "Partant pour la Syrie" may last with the French language.

When Napoleon's star of destiny failed him, and all who bore his name, or were related to him, were banished from France, poor Hortense, after being refused a resting place in many lands, bought this little villa in a quiet corner of Switzerland. Here she devoted many years to self-culture, and the culture of her two sons.

Here was spent the boyhood of France's second emperor. Arenenberg is a plain villa outside, but is situated on one of the loveliest spots of the shores of the river Rhine. In the garden near the villa is a long, low house, used then, as now, for stables. The upper floor of this out-house contained the rooms of the young prince, Louis Napoleon. Here he studied, and here he schemed.

In a recent visit to Arenenberg the writer hunted up a number of old residents of the neighborhood who had been companions of Napoleon, and a few who had been friends of Hortense. There were many remembered incidents of the life of both; for both, though in a very different way, had been much liked by all the villagers. Hortense's kindness to the poor of all the district has embalmed her name in grateful remembrance there, and even the stern republicans of Switzerland had a warm sympathy for an unfortunate queen. As to her son, the late Emperor, people could never tire telling of the incidents of his boyhood that pointed to the coming man. What a swimmer he was! what a horseman! what a wrestler! and if half the stories be true, what a rake! Of his horsemanship it is maintained he had not an equal anywhere. It was a habit of his never to mount a horse by the use of the stirrup, but to run and spring over the crupper and into the saddle at a bound.

Louis Napoleon visited Arenenberg when he became Emperor, and twenty thousand people came to bid him welcome. As a young man he had been a captain of militia sharpshooters here, and president of the village school board. These bodies joined officially in the greeting. There were several coaches and four drawn up at the station for the Emperor and his staff to ride in. What was the astonishment and joy to see Napoleon jump into the one horse wagon of a friend that happened to be there, and with him head the great procession through Constance! How the people shouted and clapped hands at the democratic Emperor!

Hortense, after suffering several years with a dreadful cancer, ended her eventful life here in 1837. She died in the little upper east room. The stranger going in there now will be impressed to see everything just as she left it. There is the bed on which she died, and near it is the camp bedstead which her son the Emperor had at Sedan. There, too, is her harp, as well as the harp of Josephine.

Down stairs there are five rooms filled with remembrances of the Napoleon family. On a little table in the reception room is the gilt clock used by Napoleon on the island of St. Helena. In other rooms are good paintings and statues made from life of Napoleon the First, Hortense, her mother Josephine, and her brother Prince Eugene; also the furniture presented to Hortense by the city of Paris at the time of her marriage to Napoleon's brother. There, too, covered with a crown of ivy, is a marble bust of Napoleon the Third, taken from a cast of his face after death.

The Empress Eugenie repurchased this place (it had been sold after the death of Hortense), and presented it to the Emperor. It was lately the summer residence of herself and the young Prince Louis.

Over the hills from Reichenau, and in another arm of the lake, lies the pretty little island of Mainau, with its charming gardens reaching down to the blue waters. Real royalty dwells here, for it is the property of the Grand Duke of Baden; and his father-in-law, the Emperor of Germany, often spends his summer days in this lovely retreat. In fact, the kings and princes of Europe have managed to secure most of the rare spots around the lower end of Lake Constance.

Joseph D. Channing, in the Bangor Whig.

The Old Pod Auger Days.

I saw an aged man at work, He turned an auger round; And ever and anon he'd pause, And meditate profound. "Good morning, friend," quoth I to him—"Art thinking when to raise?" "Oh no," said he, "I'm thinking on The old 'pod auger days."

"True, by the hardest then, we wrought, With little extra aid; On honor were the things we bought, On honor those we made; And now invention stalks abroad, Deception digs her ways; Things different are from what they were In old 'pod auger days."

"Then homely was the fare we had And homespun what we wore; Then scarce a niggard pulled the string Inside his cabin door. Then humbugs didn't fly so thick As half the world to haze; That sort of bug was scarcely known In old 'pod auger days."

"Then men were strong and woman fair Was hearty as the doe; Then few so dreadful 'feeble' were, They couldn't knit and sew. Then girls could sing and they could work And thrum gridiron lays; That sort of music took the palm In old 'pod auger days."

"Then men were patriots—rare indeed An Arnold or a Burr; They loved their country, and in turn Were loved and blest by her. Then Franklin, Sherman, Rittenhouse Earned well the nation's praise; We've not the Congress that we had In old 'pod auger days."

"Then slow and certain was the word; Now de'il the hindmost take; Then buyers rattled down the tin; Now words must payment make; Then murder-doing villains soon Were decked in hempen bays; We didn't murder in our sleep In old 'pod auger days."

"So wags the world; 'tis well enough, If wisdom went by steam, But in my day she used to drive A plain old fashioned team; And justice see her bandage off Can now see choice in ways; She used to sit blindfold and stern In old 'pod auger days."

WORDS UPON DYING LIPS.

HOW SOME OF THE GREAT OF EARTH MET THE KING OF TERROR.

Queen Elizabeth, at the end of a most prosperous reign, begun amid dangers and many difficulties that were overcome by bold measures and prudent councils, died exclaiming, "Ah, my possessions for a moment of time."

George VI. met death with almost a jest upon his lips. Turning to Sir Walter Waller, on whose arm he leaned, he said: "Whattay, what is this? It is death, boy, and they have deceived us." The Danish Sovereign, Frederick V., greatly beloved by his subjects, cried "There is not a drop of blood on my hands," as he passed away. Henry VIII., who had altered the whole course of monastic life in England, exclaims "Monks! Monks! Monks!" Edward VI., the wan boy King, with his fast fading eyes, commended his soul to God, "Lord, take my spirit," and Cromwell as he listened to the discourse of those about him said, "Then I am safe," and was silent forever.

The last word of Charles I. on the scaffold to Archbishop Juxson was "Remember," referring to his desire that his son Charles should forgive his father's murderers. Ann Boleyn, in the same terrible situation, clasped her fair neck, saying, "It is small, very small; and Sir Thomas More, as he yielded himself to the executioner, said, with sorry wit, "For my coming down let me shift for myself." Joan of Arc at the stake ended her eventful, stormy life, with our Saviour's name upon her lips, as brave as Gen. Wolf, who, dying in the midst of victory on the battle field, and hearing of the enemy's retreat, cried, "What! do they run already? Then I die happy;" or Philip Sidney, after he had relinquished the draught of water to a humble comrade, though parched with thirst, turned him round to die, saying, "Let me behold the end of this world with all its vanities."

Mirabeau desired to die while delicious strains of music floated on the air, but his last utterance was a demand for laudanum to drown pain and consciousness. Mozart's last words were, "Let me hear once more those notes so long my solace and delight;" but Haydn, forgetful of his art, cried, "God preserve my Emperor." Alfieri's sympathetic nature displayed itself in the words, "Clasp my hand, dear friend, I die;" Goethe cries, "Light, more light." Tasso, "In tous manus, Domine;" Byron, "Come, come, no weakness; let's be a man to the last; I must sleep now." And those who saw his embalmed body in 1824, when brought to England from Missolonghi in the Florida, and removed to Sir Edward Knatchbull's House in Great George street, where the coffin was opened, described the face as of marble whiteness, the expression that of stern quietude, laying wrapped in his blue-clothed cloak, the throat and head uncovered, crisp, curling locks, slightly streaked with gray, clustering over the temples, the profile of exceeding beauty. Boileau congratulated himself, as he closed his eyes upon this world, upon the purity of his works, saying, "It is a great consolation to a poet about to die that he has never written anything injurious to virtue;" and Sir Walter Scott, little thinking his end so near, said, "I feel as if I were myself again."

Dr. Johnson, the rough, kind heart, who loved a good hearer, died as he said to Miss Morris, "God bless you my dear." Washington, dying at Mount Vernon, cried, "It is well." Franklin's last words were, "A dying man can do nothing easily." Mme. de Staël, whose sorest trial was her enforced absence from her native land, died saying: "I have loved my God, my father and my liberty."

Hannah More's last words were: "Paty—joy;" Grotius, "Be serious;" Haller, "The artery ceases to beat;" Adams, "Independence forever;" Jefferson, "I resign my soul to God, my daughter to my country;" Locke, to Lady Masham, who was reading the Psalms, "Cease now;" and poor Lamb, after the most

self-sacrificing existence, wrote his last words to a friend, "My bed fellows are cramp and cough—we three sleep in a bed."

Bishop Broughton's last words are, "Let the earth be filled with His glory;" Archbishop Sharpe, "I shall be happy;" Bishop Ken, "God's will be done;" Farr, Cranmer, Hooper, and George Herbert, "Lord receive my spirit;" and these are but a few of many such utterances. The Prince Consort confirmed the impression that prevails that the dying have sometimes a foretaste of coming happiness, "I have such sweet thoughts," were the last words of a most noble life.

RAT HOLES AT HARRISBURG.

One of the most intensely interesting volumes which has recently been issued from the office of the public printer at Harrisburg, is the annual report of Auditor General Schell. Figures are usually esteemed a very dry and unpalatable sort of diet, but the volume to which we refer contains a vast amount of food for reflection, and embraces almost as many amusing features as a comic almanac. Among the various sources of revenue are two dollars in "conscience money" which came from Philadelphia. This is a small beginning, but it may contain the promise of better things in the future. Of all the money pilfered from the treasury during the last twenty years these are the first two dollars that have ever found their way back again. May we not indulge the hope that they will be parents of a numerous progeny of returning prodigals? It is a great misfortune that history will be deprived of the name of this first great conscience-stricken apostle of reform. Future ages will never know whether it is Lish Davis or Harry Huhn, or Emil Petroff, or George Handy Smith whom they should rise up and call blessed. No less novel and startling is the announcement that the revenues of the commonwealth were still further augmented by the return of thirty-four cents, an unexpended balance remaining in the hands of Secretary Quay. This seems to settle all doubts as to the candidacy of Col. Quay for Senator Wallace's seat in the United States Senate. With this thirty-four cents as a basis he would be a strong candidate on a platform of retrenchment and economy. The satisfaction of the public over the discontinuance of annual sessions of the legislature will be largely increased by knowledge of the fact that the last senate cost the State \$145,708.92, and the house \$420,563.99, with \$29,674.24 additional for the Legislative Record. Whether the State received a corresponding benefit many persons will feel disposed to question, in view of the fact that the only measure of general legislation to which they devoted their time and talents was the scheme to steal four million dollars out of the treasury under pretence of paying the damages of the Pittsburgh riot. In justice to the senators and members it must be admitted that they didn't pocket all the swag themselves, but were most munificent in their largesses to their political friends who constituted the grand army of clerks, door-keepers, messengers, pastors and folders. Over fifty thousand dollars were paid in salaries to the officers of the senate. Six thousand dollars were paid for stationery for the senate, and fifteen thousand for the house, and every member of each body was allowed \$25 for stationery and \$100 for postage. For buckets and brooms \$2,000 were expended; \$2,246 were paid to 91 scrub women to clean up the senate's dirt, an average of forty women every night, almost one to every senator. The resident clerk, at a salary of \$3,000 and a "contingent fund" of \$2,200, and who has really little or nothing to do, had two clerks to help him do it at salaries amounting to \$1,300. The inauguration of Gov. Hoyt cost \$4,098.11, and the sum of \$10,998.91 was expended in refurbishing and repairing the executive mansion. The public printing cost the enormous figure of \$287,924.56; and the superintendent of public grounds got the nice little plum of \$13,424.78. The furnishing of a room wherein the lieutenant-governor discharges the arduous duties of his office cost over \$500. The embryonic statesmen of Harrisburg cost the commonwealth \$129.50 for ice water to mix with their whiskey and reduce the temperature of their blistered gullets. These are only a few specimen items selected out of a volume of 276 pages. How much more undiscovered richness the report contains may safely be left to the imagination of the reader.

In the Australian Forest.

From Chambers' Journal.

Morning and evening the Australian forest is awake; at noon it is asleep. No greater contrast can be imagined than between the morning hours and those at mid-day. In the former, the very flowers seem to possess an active existence. Myriads of such, larger and more brilliant than those under English skies, load the air with the sweetest scents; magnificent tree-ferns wave their fronds or branches in the light breeze; on old stumps of trees great, green and yellow lizards lie watching for their prey; the magpie throws her voice from the wattles, and possibly the lyre-bird in the denser scrub; and in the tall gums numberless parakeets, parrots, rosellas, cockatoos, butcher birds, love-birds, etc., are screaming and darting to and fro. But by-and-by the intense heat will silence all these, and nothing will be heard but the chirp of the grasshopper and the shrill sound of some unseen insect. At twilight again there is a revival of life, but not of so cheerful a description. The cicadas shriek by myriads their deafening "p-r-r-r-r-r," drowsy opossums snarl in the gum-holes, and flocks of cockatoos scream as some great grey kangaroo bounds past them like a belated ghost. If there is marshy ground near, the deep boom of the bittern, the wail of the curlew, and the harsh cry of the crane, mingling, possibly, with those of a returning or passing flock of black swans, will add to the concert. In a moment of silence one may be startled by the mocking laughter of the jackass, or the melancholy "mo-poke" (for "more-pork") of the bird of that name. The dead of night is not so still as the universal hush of the burning noon.

A New Application of the Electric Light.

From the New York Herald.

The wonders of the electric light, it seems, are not to cease. The latest development of its virtues is its power to promote the occult processes of vegetation, as recently demonstrated by the eminent scientist Dr. C. W. Siemens, before the Royal Society. The elaborate experiments made by this investigator to ascertain whether plants exposed to the electric light were affected by its rays conclusively prove that it is efficacious in producing their leaf green and in greatly stimulating their growth. After announcing this beautiful discovery to the meeting of the society on the 4th inst, the discoverer placed a pot of budding tulips in the full brightness of an electric lamp, and in about forty minutes the buds had expanded into full bloom. Dr. Siemens' experimental tests, conducted for two months, show that the ordinary vegetables which were kept entirely in the dark died; those exposed to the electric light only or to daylight only thrived equally well, while those exposed to the daylight and also to the electric light successively grew rapidly and vigorously. He contends that the radiation of heat from powerful electric arcs can be made available to correct frost and probably to promote the ripening of fruit in the open air. It has been generally supposed that plants, like animals, require a certain period of rest in the twenty-four hours, but these experiments show that, subjected to the sunlight by day and the electric light by night, they make increased and vigorous progress.

The discovery may lead to some important practical results of which its own author has as yet no hint. Where natural water power can be had at little cost and the mechanical energy necessary for working the electric lighting apparatus is inexpensive it may, and no doubt will, be highly available for horticulturists.

The Reason of Birds.

From the Spectator.

May I tell you a few facts to prove that birds can be, like their human friends, both reasonable and unreasonable? 1. Several years ago a pair of my canaries built; while the hen was sitting the weather became intensely hot. She drooped, and I began to fear that she would not be strong enough to hatch the eggs. I watched the birds closely, and soon found that the cock was a devoted nurse. He bathed in the fresh cold water I supplied every morning, then went to the edge of the nest, and the hen buried her head in his breast and was refreshed. Without hands and without a sponge, what more could he have done? 2. The following spring the same bird was hanging in a window with three other canaries, each in a separate cage. I was sitting in the room, and heard my little favorite give a peculiar cry. I looked up and saw all the birds crouching on their perches, paralyzed with fright. On going to the window to ascertain the cause of their terror, I saw a large balloon passing over the end of the street. The birds did not move until it was out of sight, when they all gave a chirp of relief. The balloon was only within sight of the bird who gave the alarm, and I have no doubt he mistook it for a bird of prey. 3. I have a green and a yellow canary hanging side by side. They are treated exactly alike, and are warm friends. One has often refused to partake of some delicacy till the other was supplied with it. One day I had five blossoms of dandelion; I gave three to the green bird, two to the yellow one. The latter flew about his cage, singing in a shrill voice, and showed unmistakable signs of anger. Guessing the cause I took away one of three flowers, when both birds settled down quietly to enjoy their feast.

Mineral Resources of Virginia.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Prof. Eccleston lectured on Monday evening before the New York Academy of Sciences on the mineral resources of Virginia and West Virginia. The lecture was of a sort to explain the recent renewal of railroad building in those sections. Virginia produces iron ore in great abundance, while West Virginia is full of coal beds. The Virginia iron ores are of remarkable quality, stretching in veins between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies, and extending from Pottsdam on the east to Clifton. The iron beds were sometimes continuous, sometimes in folds numbering from three or four up to twelve, and some of the specular ores were as rich in mineral as those of Lake Superior. These ores have not been developed, owing to difficulties in access and transportation. Fuel is scarce, connection not being yet closely made with the coal beds further west. But the time was now coming when these ore beds would be worked. They were too rich to be longer neglected, few of them containing more than a fifth of one per cent. phosphorus. Virginia is richer in iron than Pennsylvania, says Prof. Eccleston, and it is a store of wealth for coming generations. If, he added, the prosperity of the iron trade continued, an industrial survey would have to be made of the country, and such a survey would show so much industrial wealth in Virginia that capital must inevitably flow into the State.

Scotch Farmers for Minnesota.

Mr. Williamson, a wealthy grain merchant of Liverpool, England, visited Minnesota last September, and has since then completed the purchase of thirteen sections of land on the Red river. He designs to send this year two families of Fifehire farmers from Scotland to locate on each section, and within three years to have three-fourths of his entire purchase under cultivation. It is not proposed to make large farms, but to make such a size that farmers having both means and intelligence, as the Fifehire men have, can bring the cultivation of the soil to its highest perfection, and instead of chance and average crops have a constant certainty of at least forty bushels of "No. 1 hard" to the acre. The original Fife wheat, which has made Minnesota flour so famous, came from Scotland where these emigrating farmers reside.