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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, August 27, 1857.

Selected Poetry.

SUNDAY.

One more week of care and labor
Has lazily crept away;
To the weary word rest and quiet
Are sent down from Heaven to-day.
The sun shines with holy splendor,
The wind is little and mild,
The trees to and fro heave as gently
As the breast of a sleeping child.
Scattered clouds are pacing slowly
Over glittering fields of blue;
And when they seem to turn and wait,
As church-going people do.
The bells are at morning service
In the churches all around;
They ring not their week-day clangor
But a softened, Sunday sound.
Ah, ring they sally or merrily,
King they hold or ever so low,
They can not still the struggle
That the living spirits must know.
In sunshine and stormy weather
By night as well as by day,
The soul must still be striving,
Striving, laboring all away;
Never feel the noisy passions
The peace of a Sabbath day.
Yet shall there come in the future
A Sabbath for the soul;
The bells shall not ring in the morning,
Slowly, sadly, shall they toll;
In the grave so dark and silent,
Is the Sabbath of the soul.

Miscellaneous.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

DESCENT INTO THE CATACOMBS.

The following thrilling account of a descent into the Catacombs is from Wm. C. Prime's *Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia*.
The descent into the cavern was by sitting on the edge, swinging off with one hand on each side of the hole, and dropping into the depths below, where a soft bed of sand receives us, in a chamber just large enough to hold eight persons of whom the party consisted—all standing in a stooping posture, while we lighted our candles and arranged for progress. I tossed my turban and took up to Abd-el-Atti, and left my head bare. Then—following the principal guide, I lay down flat on my face, held my candle before me, and began to advance with as close a resemblance to a snake's motion as human vertebrae will admit of. My own guide and Abdallah followed me; the English gentleman next and the dragoman and guide bringing up the rear. I progressed slowly and with great difficulty, constantly brushing my back on the sharp points of rock above me, some some five or six yards. Legh calls it tight; but I think it is not so much.—We were now able to stand up again in stooping posture, the ceiling being a little better than four feet high, and thus advancing eight or ten yards further, until we reached the chamber in which Mr. Legh speaks.
I am of the opinion that we had now arrived just under the bed of the torrent I have spoken of, and that the entire cavern which I afterwards explored is a natural fissure in the rock running under the point of meeting of two hills, following the line of the valley between them. This is, of course, a conjecture, as I did not take a compass with me to determine the course.
The chamber, was a small, irregular, cavernous room, the floor of which was covered with shapless masses of stone that had fallen from the roof. Over these we stepped with difficulty. I need not remark that the darkness was profound, and the air already becoming so close that each man was obliged to hold his own at his feet to determine where to set them. Crossing the room, we stepped over a chasm between a mass of rock and the wall of the chamber, to a point in the wall which presented a rugged edge, and from this into a narrow doorway, about four feet high. I call it doorway, for it resembles one, though I could find no artificial origin about it. It was covered with broken rocks, and interrupted by huge deep fissures. A ledge at the side affording a tolerable walking for some distance in a stooping posture; and then we again lay down on our faces, and crawled through a passage twenty feet in length, entering the largest chamber in the pit.
It was a very irregular chasm, perhaps seventy or one hundred feet in diameter. Entrance to it was almost forbidden by a cloud of bats that met me in the narrow passage through which I was crawling, dashed into my face, wounding my face and cheeks, clinging by scores to my hair and beard, like so many thousand devils disputing the entrance to hell. I can give no adequate idea of this chamber of horrors in which I now found myself. Profoundly silent we had crawled along, each man having a fast beating heart, and listening to its throbs; and now as I emerged into this room, the loud whirr of the myriads of bats was like the sound of another world into which I had penetrated. I staggered forward to a rock, and sat down, when a piercing yell start me to my feet. It rang through the cavern as if the arch-fiend himself were there, there tormenting some poor poor soul. But it was only one of my poor friends, who was making their first entrance into an Egyptian catacomb, and had never before encountered the bats, with whom I was thoroughly familiar.
The one who was in advance was overwhelmed by the army that met him as he approached the room.
"What is it?" I shouted.
"These bats; they are devouring me."
"My light is gone, and I can see nothing."
"Here is my light—come toward it." I had held my candle, which had been put out as his

was, and was now seated in the centre of this cavern, on a black rock, holding it before my face. As he emerged into the room and caught sight of me, he uttered a howl of mingled astonishment and terror.
"Pluto or Satan, by all the Gods!" said his friend coming up behind him, and looking at me. My appearance must have been picturesque, in my primitive costume, now begrimed with dirt and seven bats (they counted them) hanging on my beard, with a perfect net work and Medusa coil of them in my hair. I was very little disturbed by the harmless little fellows, although, before coming to Egypt, I scarcely knew of an animal in the world so disgusting in my mind.
But the atmosphere, if it may be so called, of this chamber, was beyond all description, horrible. It was not an air to faint in; there was too much ammonia for that. It was foul, vile, terrible. I confess, that as I found myself panting for breath, and drawing long, deep inspirations, to very choking, without "reaching the right place" in my lungs, (I think every one understands that,) I trembled for an instant at the thought of going further. It was but an instant, however, and the desire to see the great repository of the sacred animals overpowered the momentary terror.
"Abdallah?"
"Ya Howaiji?"
"If anything happens, if I fall down, give out or faint, don't you run. Tell the guides that I have ordered Abd-el-Atti to shoot them man by man as they come out, if one of them appears without me. Do you you pair this down my throat, and drag me out of the entrance. You understand?"
"Aiowah, Ya Howaiji. Fear not; I will do it."
"Recollect that if I die, you all die, that is arranged for, as surely as you, one of you, attempt the entrance without me, Abd-el-Atti is ready for you."
The guides had listened attentively, and having seen me hand my pistols to my trusty dragoman, before coming down, they believed every word of it, although it never occurred to me until this moment.
The guides were all at fault here, precisely as they were in Mr. Legh's time, and that of every traveller since. This chamber has been the end of most attempts to explore the pits. The intense darkness is some excuse for this, since our eight candles wholly failed to show a wall any where around or above us. The men proposed that we should sit still, while they tried various passages opening out of the room. To this I objected, much preferring to trust myself at a juncture like this. In that intense darkness it was not easy to find the way we had come in; for, of course, there was no guide north and south, except my recollection of this rock on which I was seated, and its bearings as I approached it. The reader will bear in mind that the whole floor of the room was covered with immense masses of rock, among which we moved about in search of outlets, leaving always one person on the rock, to mark its locality.
After trying three passages that led nowhere, I hit on that which the guide pronounced correct, and the party advanced. For the benefit of future explorers, if any such there be, I may explain that is the first passage that goes out of the chamber to the right, as you enter it. This is to say, keeping the right hand wall will bring you to it, leaping a chasm at its entrance. This is the chasm of which Legh speaks. I found it only about six feet.
The passage which we now entered ran so low that I found it necessary to creep on my hands and knees, and sometimes to crawl on all fours full length. It continued for a distance that I hesitate to estimate. It is wholly impossible to guess at the progress one is making in such postures. Hence, I think, makes it about four hundred yards. I should think a thousand feet was a very large estimate, but it may be as much. The air was now worse, lacking the ammonia. It seemed to be poor nitrogen. The lungs operated freely, but took no benefit or refreshment from it, while the heat was awful and perspiration rolled down our faces and bodies, soaking our clothes, and making mud on our features and hands with the fine dust that filled the atmosphere.
At length the passage became so narrow that my progress was entirely blocked. My broad shoulder would not go through, and I paused to consider the matter. The hole was about eighteen inches wide, and a little more than two feet high. Evidently Mr. Legh did not pass beyond this. I was obliged to lay over on my right side, presenting my body to its narrow way up and down, and pushing with all the strength of my feet as well as pulling with my hands on the floor and rocky projections, I forced myself along about eight feet. In this struggle my brandy flask, which was in my trousers pocket, being under me, was broken to pieces, and my sole hope, in the event of giving out of my faculties was gone. At the time I thought little of it, laughing at the occurrence as I called out to those that followed me but afterwards I remembered the accident with a shudder. The only argument that had allowed me to persuade myself to attempt this exploration was a promise that I would take some brandy with me, which no one else had done, and if necessary, secure artificial strength thereby. It was gone now, and it was more than a thousand feet to light and, in a passage that did not average four feet by two its entire length. A vigorous push sent me out into a more open passage, and a sort of doorway opened in a gallery on a level of two feet lower. Jumping down this step I was for the first time in nearly half an hour, where I could stand upright. My English friend shouted for help behind me. His light was gone out, and he was literally stuck in the hole. I returned, touched my candle to his, and gave him a hand to drag him through, and in a few moments we were all standing together. We now advanced some hundred feet, perhaps three, perhaps five hundred feet, in a stooping posture mostly, but occasionally crawling as before, and at length, as we crept, the

rough and very low parts of the gallery, and the roof began to lift and I found I was actually crawling over mummies. There was just here a sort of blind passage, at the side of the chief passage in which the French expedition had carved their names. The wall was covered with a jet black substance, like preest lamp black, which the point of a knife would scrape off, exposing the white rock.—Numerous stalactites hung from the ceiling, all jet black, and some grotesque stalagmites at the side of the passage startled me at first with the idea that they were sculptures. This black, sooty matter I cannot account for unless it be the exhalations in ancient times from the crocodiles that were laid here, for we were at last in the depository.
The floor was covered with crocodile bones and mummy cloths. A spark of fire falling into them would have made this a veritable hell. As this idea was suggested, my English friends, whose experience in the narrow hole had been sufficiently alarming, vanished out of sight. They fairly ran. Having seen the mummies, they seized a few small ones in their hands, they hastened out and left me with Abdallah and my two guides. Advancing over the mummies and up the hill which they constituted, I found that I was in one of the number of large chambers of the depth of which it was, of course, impossible to get any idea, as they were piled full of mummied crocodiles to the very ceiling. There was no means of estimating the number of them. When I say there were thousands of them, I shall not be thought to exaggerate, after I describe the manner in which they were packed and laid.
Climbing to the top of the hill and extinguishing all lights but one, which I made Abdallah hold very carefully, I began to throw down the top of the pile to ascertain of what it was composed, and at length I made an opening between the mummies and the ceiling, through which I could go no further, descending a sort of hill of those dead animals, such as I had come up. In this way, I progressed some distance, in a gallery or chamber that was not less than twenty feet wide, and probably twenty or thirty feet deep.
The crocodiles were laid out in regular layers, head to tail and tail to head. First on floor was a layer of crocodiles, side by side, each one mummied and wrapped up in cloths. Then smaller ones were laid between the tails, and filling up the hollows between them. Then, and most curious of all, the remaining interstices were packed full of young crocodiles measuring with remarkable uniformity about thirteen inches in length, each one stretched out between two slips of palm-leaf stems which were bound to its sides like splints, and then wrapped from head to foot in a slip of cloth, wound round, commencing at the tail and fastened at the end. Then small ones were made up in bundles, usually of eight, and packed in closely where-ever they could be stowed. I brought out more than a hundred of them, of which my friends in Egypt seized on the most as curiosities, but I succeeded in getting some twenty or thirty to America.
This layer completed, a layer of palm branches was carefully laid over it, spread thick and smooth, and then a second, precisely similar layer of crocodiles was laid, and another of palm-branches, and thus continually to the ceiling. These palm branches, stems and mummies lie here in precisely the state they were two thousand years ago. No leaf of the palm has decayed. There could have been no moisture from the mummies whatever; or if any, it had no effect upon the palm branches.
Among these crocodiles I found the mummies of many men.
Sitting down on the side of the hill, by the dim candle light, I overhauled goods and men with sacrilegious hands. It was a strange wild and awful scene. Among all the pictures my memory has treasured of wandering life, I have none so fearful and thrilling as this.—It was hell—a silent, still, cold hell. All these bodies lying in rooms, in close packages, like so many packages doomed to eternal silence and sorrow in this prison. Five bodies of men that I drew out of the mass that lay before their hideous inaction and stillness. I dared them to tell me in word the reproaches of which their silent forms were so liberal; and reproaches for penetrating their abode and disturbing the repose of twenty or forty centuries.
These were the poorest and most common sort, destitute of any box. Wound in coarse cloth, and laid in the grave with the beast that were sacred to their god. One I found afterwards in a thin, plain box, but it contained no indication of its period, and bore no marks of its owner's name or position, much to my disappointment.
"Let us go farther, I said to the guides at length."
"There is no further."
I was satisfied that the entrance we had effected was not the passage known to the ancients, and that some other outlet lay beyond these chambers. I pushed my way over the piles of mummies to where another low passage went on, but it was too difficult of explanation to tempt me into it. It may lead to an outlet in the desert hitherto unknown, or that outlet may be long covered over by the shifting sands.
Where was the object of all this preservation of the Nile monsters, it is not within the scope of this volume to discuss. It is at least a mystery, for we cannot understand what part the birds and beasts were to take in the resurrection.
I crawled out as I had crawled in. Before I came out of the chamber of horror (Mad. Tussaud's is nothing like it) I laid the wreck of my brandy flask on a projecting shelf or rock, where the next explorer will find it. The chances are that it will turn up in the British or Prussian Museum, as evidence of the bad habits of the ancient Egyptians, thus prove to be strong in death.
Six of the most beautiful names in the English language, begins with an H, which is just a little breath; heart, home, health, hearth, happiness and heaven.

LIVE FENCES—OSAGE ORANGE.—In the August number of the *Wisconsin Farmer*, its editor affirms that his faith in the Osage orange as a shrub suitable for hedges in a tolerably cold climate has been fully dissipated by the last few years observation and experience.—For almost two years he has constantly, but unsuccessfully, inquired for the first person who was meeting with any substantial success in the growth of the Osage orange, north of Chicago. Hence he concludes that the thousands of experiments that he knows have been tried, must generally, if not invariably, have proved failures. He believes that this long cherished article must be abandoned throughout the whole of the great and fertile Northwest, and that people must look about for something better, or abandon the whole subject of live fences, and make up their minds to fully rely upon dead timber, a material which must long, if not always, be very scarce in many localities, and at best expensive and transient in duration. But he recommends a thorough trial of numbers of our more northern shrubs, and fast growing trees. Observant men throughout the Northwest who have opportunity, taste and leisure, should institute a series of experiments with the native thorn, and dwarf or crab-apple trees or wild plum, with the honey locust, or whatever else in their judgment promises best, not forgetting the hawthorn, both American and English, to which we invited attention a few weeks since. Let the State and county agricultural societies offer a adequate premiums for actual success in these important experiments.
A course of this kind pursued steadfastly and thoroughly by one hundred experimentalists for four consecutive years, would probably result in triumphant success with more than one of the shrubs mentioned. The object is well worthy of a trial in an earnest manner.
The editor of the *American Agriculturalist* in recent travels West, paid particular attention to this shrub, and reports that of forty-seven hedges, examined, twenty-three were badly injured by frost, seven were considerably injured, and four slightly so. Of the thirteen uninjured, seven were sheltered by hillsides, groves, or by snow banks produced by adjacent fences. This looks rather unfavorable to its general use.
MR. SUMNER IN LONDON.—Bayard Taylor writes to the *Tribune* as follows:
LONDON, July 1, 1857.
Mr. Sumner is here, at Manrigh's Hotel, in Regent street. I have not yet seen him, but some friends tell me he is looking very well.—No American has ever been more popular in England than Mr. Sumner, and he is at present floating on the top wave of London society. I heard the other day a good story of his arrival here. He entered his name upon the book as simply "Mr. Sumner, Boston," and was accordingly set down by his host and his flunkies as an ordinary traveller. The next morning one of the latter came to Mr. Sumner's room in some excitement, and said:—"Lord Brougham is down stairs, sir, asking for you." To the water's amazement, Mr. S. (he) said, without exhibiting the least surprise—"Very well; show him up." Not long afterward the former came, still more excited: "Sir, the Lord Chief Justice has called, and he asks for you." "Show him up," was again the cool reply. After his lordship had departed, the waiter came once more, bewildered and a little aggravated; "Sir, sir, the Lord Chancellor of England has called to see you."—"Show him up," repeated Mr. S. These astonishing facts were no doubt at once communicated to the landlord, for the next day's *Morning Post* announced the arrival of his Excellency, the Hon. Mr. Sumner, at Manrigh's Hotel.
CONCENTRATED MILK.—Gail Borden Jr's patent process for concentrating and preserving milk has recently been put in successful operation in Burrville, Litchfield Co., Conn., and milk reduced to about two thirds its original volume is now sold in our city at about 32 cents per quart. It is becoming quite popular on steamships, and may be recommended to all who are sensitive on the subject of swill-fed milk in cities. Its taste is that of ordinary scalded milk, and the process of preparation consists in keeping it from the air and concentrating it as rapidly as possible by boiling *in vacuo* at a temperature of less than 130 deg. Fah. In using it water is simply poured in until the fluid is restored to its former condition. From personal experience we can recommend it as a better article for family use than most of the milk sold in this country, and equal to the best. Under ordinary conditions this milk will keep a little longer than common milk, but there are two ways in which it can be preserved for months and probably for years. It may be hermetically sealed in cans, or may be combined in the proportion with pulverized sugar being less than required by ordinary tastes as sweetening for tea or coffee. A third method, that of surrounding it with ice, will preserve it for several weeks. There is a prejudice against manufactured milk, but this article is simply pure country milk reduced in bulk by the loss of some 75 or 80 per cent of its water. We can vouch for the integrity of Mr. Borden, having known him for many years.
The man who took passage on the wings of morning returned on the shades of night. He is doing well.
NOVELTY.—What we recover from oblivion. We can fish little out of the river of Lethe that has not first been thrown into it.
Mrs. Dawdle says one of her boys don't know nothing, and the other does. The question is, which is ahead?
Why is a benevolent lady like all others of her sex? Because one is a kind woman and the others womankind.
Before you commit suicide, take an emetic. What you take for despair may be only a couple of pig's feet. Try it on.

Seed Wheat.
Before the 15th of September, most of the wheat that will yield a good crop next year, will be in the ground, and the value of the crop will depend greatly on the character and condition of the seed. The importance of this great staple, and the distress resulting from a diminished supply of it, entitle all the aids in its production to a careful study.
SELECT GOOD SEED.—1st. Choose a kind which has succeeded well in soil and climate similar to your own. Intelligent neighbors who have raised good wheat, can help much in this matter. It is not well to try new experiments on a large scale, unless one is prepared to risk a considerable loss.
2d. Accept only that seed which is perfectly ripe and plump. Let no man impose on you by saying that smaller kernels will produce a greater number of plants from a bushel of seed. What is wanted is a strong vigorous growth of wheat plants. This you cannot effect from half-grown or shriveled seed.
3d. Never sow any but the *dearest seed*.—You can tell by examining it what its condition is. If the seed is good in other respects, but is foul, clean it yourself. But be sure to have it clean at all events.
4th. *Reject seed that has been kept damp, or has been heated.* Seed that suffered either or both of these injuries may germinate, but it has lost a part of its vitality, and should never be used for seed if better can possibly be secured.
5th. Do not sow mixed seed on the same ground. Let the seed of one sowing in the same field be of one kind alone. You will thus know what kind you are growing, and be able to compare results, with an approach towards accuracy.
6th. If possible, never sow seed which is more than one year, or at most two years old. Old seed may grow well. But it may not.—Prudence will suggest that seed should be used before it has been exposed to decay, insects, to dampness, or to other injurious agencies.—Experience has taught that some of these are likely to injure the kernel, if it is kept after the first year.
One way to get good seed is to select the cleanest and best spot in your wheat field; where the grain grows most perfectly and is most mature. Then harvest and thresh these portions separately, with the greatest care, and save the seed for sowing. Pursue this course for a number of years, and you will produce what will seem to be a new variety of wheat. But it will only be the same, developed and perfected in a higher degree.—This operation for securing good seed will pay in every department of farming and gardening.
A good mode of preventing smut is the following. Spread seed wheat on the barn floor. Upon four bushels of wheat dash from twelve to sixteen quarts of human urine. Stir the whole well together. Then add about six quarts of fresh slacked lime, and shovel the wheat over until the lime is evenly diffused in the wheat. It should be sown as soon after this preparation as practicable, for a long delay would injure its vegetative powers. This mode of treating wheat is deemed in England, specific against smut. It has been practised in America also by some wheat growers, who say it has been uniformly successful. Tar water will answer instead of urine, and is preferred by many.
The farmer who will prepare and select his seed wheat according to the above suggestions, will greatly increase the chances in favor of his having a fine crop next year.—*American Agriculturalist*.
INDIAN CORN.—Maize, or Indian Corn, originated in America and is not yet, we think, cultivated to any extent on the European continent. Though the people of Great Britain cannot be made to appreciate its merits, very fully, the aggregate exports of corn in 1856, in the form of whole grain, meal, corn starch, farina, etc., amounted to between seven and eight million dollars, or about one fortieth of the whole exports of the country, and 5,700,000 bushels, considerably more than half, went to England alone.
Corn has always been an important article in this country, both of consumption and export. The total amount of this produce exported in 1770 was 578,349 bushels; in 1791, 2,064,936 bushels, of which 351,695 were Indian meal. The value of corn and its manufactures exported from the United States in 1830, was \$597,119; in 1835, \$1,217,665; in 1840, \$1,043,516; in 1845, \$1,053,293; in 1850, \$4,652,804. The export increases more rapidly than the production. The export of corn quadrupled between 1840 and 1850, while the production did not quite double.
The great amount of invention bestowed on corn planters, corn cutters, shellers, cob graders, etc., tends each year to promote the increase of production. It has been estimated that, as a general rule, seven pounds of corn will produce one pound of pork; so that in localities where through distance from market or from transportation facilities, the cereal cannot be raised at a profit for sale, it is frequently the material used in fattening the more concentrated form of diet, and on which, consequently, the freight is less. Cob meal we believe, is most valuable for animals that chew the cud; horses and hogs, as a general thing, deriving less benefit from the cob-grinding inventions. With all animals, however, we believe, there is a perceptible advantage realized by mixing the cob with the denser meal.
GOOD ADVICE.—If you wish for a clear mind, strong muscles, and quiet nerves, for a long life, and power prolonged to an old age, avoid all drinks but water, and mild infusions of that fluid; shun tobacco and opium, and every thing else that disturbs the normal state of the system; rely upon nutritious food and mild diuretic drinks, of which water is the basis, and you will need nothing beyond these things, except rest, and the due moral regulation of all your powers, to give you long, happy and useful life, and a serene evening at its close.

The Laying of the Atlantic Telegraph.
The following from the *London Daily News* gives some information with regard to the precautions which are now being taken on both the *Agamemnon* and *Niagara*, in laying the great telegraph cable:
The outer coating of the greater part of the cable consists of a coil of eighteen strands of even-thread iron wire, as a protection to the gutta percha core containing the telegraph wires, from friction or other injury until it has been safely deposited on the bed of the deep Atlantic. But those portions of the cable which will have to be jointed when the vessels part company may possibly be subjected to an extra strain as the first unbroken link of an extra strain from the stems of the two vessels to find its ultimate resting place; and to meet this possible contingency, ten miles' length of this central portion of the cable has been protected with a sheath of 18, (instead of iron) wires, and is supposed to be capable of sustaining a strain of twelve tons. The machinery made by Messrs. De Buge & Co. includes paying-out sheaves or drums of five feet in diameter, having grooves corresponding to the thickness of the cable, with a friction drum attached to them revolving three times as fast as they do, and with breakage power to check or retard the motion of the sheaves at pleasure. From the hold of each, the cable, passing over four of these sheaves to a few feet above the poop deck, will be dropped into the sea over a fifth sheave, placed above the stern. The exact amount of strain will be constantly indicated by an instrument for the purpose under the eye of the breaksman. At the sides of the vessel will hang down into the water new electrical logs, principally due to ingenuity of Mr. Charles Bright, the Atlantic Company's chief engineer. These immersed logs have vanes and wheels revolving at a rate proportioned to the passage of the ship through the water, and making an electric circuit which is broken at each revolution. An electric wire, from the log to the deck, records there every revolution of the log, and consequently the exact speed of the ship. It must not be supposed when the ships part company that communication will be lost between those on board the vessels. The electricians have hold of either extremity of the coils of the cable, and will interchange signals constantly, so that each vessel will be aware of the other's fate, and of every incident that may help or retard the progress of submersion, unless some unfortunate emergency should snap the link. When the topmasts of the ships have sunk beneath the horizon, and they are lost to view by the look-out-men, the inter-oceanic current of electricity will give instant record of all that passes, until the lengthening line of the cable has been spun out from shore to shore. A bell on board each vessel will sound every second, as each portion of the cable is paid out; and its silence will probably be the first indication of any mishap arising from friction or over-tension of the cable. The vessels will have apparatus on board, so that in any such emergencies they can be backed, the cable recoiled until the faulty place is found, when a piece will be cut out and the perfect portions re-joined with as little delay as possible. In case of a storm apparatus has been provided to allow for any extraordinary strain that may occur, and, if necessary, for cutting the cable without letting the outer end of it slip to the bottom of the ocean, whence it might never be recovered. In such an emergency there are large reels of auxiliary cable of great strength, which could be attached to the end; and these auxiliary cables can be suspended from huge float-shaped buoys on the surface of the water, capable of resisting a very considerable strain till all danger has passed.
LOOK TO YOUR HOMES.—Try to make them happy. Each home is a little State—a sovereignty by itself. Each father of a family should hold himself the paternal monarch there ruling and caring for all things with a gentle but firm hand. Look to your homes, and keep them ever the pure retreats for every member of the household from the temptations of the world. Look to your influence at your homes to the practices set before your children. Remember how readily they learn by seeing and hearing. What you utter as precept will do but little good, if the practice comes not in to add it. Look to your homes for the best means of doing good and being happy.
A ROYAL HAIRDRESSER.—Mr. ISOPORE, the Queen's *ouffeur*, who receives £2,000 a year for dressing her Majesty's hair twice a day, had gone to London in the morning, meaning to return to Windsor in time for toilette, but on arriving at the station, was just five minutes too late, and saw the train depart without him. His horror was great, as he knew his want of punctuality would deprive him of his place so he was obliged to take a special train; and the establishment, feeling the importance of his business, put on extra steam and him the 18 miles in 15 minutes for £18.—*Railway Journal*.
Domestic economy is a science—a theory of life, which all sensible women ought to study and practice. None of our excellent girls are fit to be married until they are thoroughly educated in the deep and profound mysteries of the kitchen.
The question has been asked why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go into the presence of ladies in their shirt sleeves, while it is considered in every way correct for the ladies themselves to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves at all.
Why are fowls the most economical thing farmers keep? Because for every grain they give a peck.
A wine has been advertised under the name of naked sherry. It ought at least to have some *body*.
They are all discoverers that think there is no land when they can see nothing but sea.