

LOVED AND LOST.

On paths, down which her little feet have wandered, To hold the sunbeams yet; O books, o'er which her dreamy blue eyes pondered...

Just for the moment, that the night and morning Honeysuckle, to me, are one; That with Love's gold and purple dawning In this life am done.

I hear the chaffinck piping in the bud as In quantity tender lay, And just beyond the noisy brooklet's edges, The little ones at play.

Just as all of the roses bud and blossom Beneath the window-sill, But she who weeps there on her bosom Is lying warm and still.

O little feet! why didst they grow weary? Blue eyes, why didst grow dim? All these long years have been a dreary, Wrapp'd with shadows grim.

O loved and lost! at peace beneath the grasses, Outworn by grief or strife, Wait me some message on the breeze that passes, And ease my burdened life!

Chinese Offerings to the Dead.

One of the most ancient customs of the Chinese is that of offering food to the dead at their graves. It is one of the most cheerful features of a pagan creed, indicating a belief on the part of the idolater that his relatives and friends, departed this life, live in the other world; that they are capable of the sensuous enjoyments of this, and that he is enabled to demonstrate in a practical manner his continued love and devotion to them.

The Chinese burial ground at Lone Mountain was the theatre yesterday of a general observance of these customs. They are usually performed twice each year, on the 10th of February and the 10th of July, according to their calendar. In China it is regarded as a sort of festival, and the houses and shops are decorated in all the profusion of Oriental splendor. In this country such general observance is unknown, and the people content themselves with the less costly operation of cooking food and carrying it as an offering to the tombs.

At an early hour, Sunday, a long procession of carriages and express wagons toward the Lone Mountain. The Chinese quarter. Every one was filled with Chinamen, some of the wagons being overloaded. In the latter were the offerings to be made at the graves. Scores of white people, attracted by the novelty of the proceedings, went to the cemetery to witness them. Arrived at the ground, the carriages were drawn up, and the burials were taken out, conveyed to the tombs and deposited on the ground. Each party of sacrificers had a roast hog, laid on a shallow wooden trough or tray, baked ducks and chicken, pyramids of cakes, composed of lard, flour and sugar, and baked in various colors, pots of tea, bottles of wine and brandy, chopsticks, cane plates and saucers, packages of rice and large bundles of yellow and crimson paper. The ceremonies at all the tombs were similar, so that a description of those at one will answer for all.

The tray holding the roast pig was placed at the foot of a grave or inclosure containing several graves. On the tray was placed a piece of matting, on which was spread the smaller delicacies of the Celestial lunch. Rice was scattered on the ground, tea and wine and brandy poured into little cups, the chopsticks placed in position for use, and the pyramids of cakes uncovered. Then the men of the party, sitting on the ground, bowed twice with clasped hands toward the offering and the graves, then knelt and bowed the head thrice to the ground. Josticks and crimson wax tapers were lighted and stuck in the sand on the tombs, the latter for the purpose of discouraging the presence and officious interference of spirits or those who had been foes of an earth of the dead. The peculiar odor of Chinese incense filled the air, and was at times so pungent as almost to discourage the presence of Caucasians, clothed in the strong armor of the earth earthy. The oblations being all properly arranged, the packages of paper were unfolded and prepared for the flames. Some of the papers bore inscriptions written by men called wise in matters of religion. Some were prayers to the gods for good harvests, health, peace and joy to the living. Some were in the nature of bills of fare, informing the departed of all the ingredients of the offerings, the names of the donors, and a petition to them to come and partake. Then there were piles of "money paper," representing copper, silver and gold, according to the color of a little piece of gilt paper stuck in the centre of each sheet. This is intended to be drawn on sight by the dead, and used by them to defray their necessary expenses in the other world. All these, and such other communications as may be written, are supposed to become visible and tangible to the spirits when reduced to ashes. The pile is fired, and in a few minutes clouds of smoke and cinders fill the air; the immortals are present, and renew the festivities of mortal life. It is always supposed that these are spirits who have to friends to call them back to the world of the living, and that the Chinaman cuts off small portions of the pig, the lower bill of a duck, a portion of a chicken's breast, takes a morsel of cake, a little wine or tea and rice, and deposits them in a side-dish for the gustatory enjoyment of the poor spirits. At the conclusion of the sacrificial ceremonies, all the edibles that have not been eaten upon the ground are gathered up again, replaced in the wagons and returned to the abodes of the living, where the tables receive them, and they soon disappear down the throats of all who have contributed to procure and cook the Celestial feast.—San Francisco Bulletin.

REGELATION.—The curious phenomenon of regelation can be exhibited by placing a block of ice on a melting of the wire. The wire, made by the wire, and, passing down through it, will become frozen in a mass again below the wire. A simple wire can, in a similar manner, be drawn slowly through a block of ice, which unites again behind the wire, finally showing no sign of having been cut at all.

The Great Eastern has been once more chartered to lay a fourth trans-Atlantic cable, and is now lying at Sherness waiting its completion. The contract for the cable has been completed, and duly signed. The cable is to be manufactured by and laid under the auspices of the Telegraph Construction Company of England.

The Loss of the Central America.

The storm which destroyed the Central America commenced on Wednesday, the 9th of September, 1857, off the shores of Florida, and between that day and the following Sunday it swept the entire coast from Cape Canaveral to Cape Hatteras. The Central America left the port of Havana on the morning of the 6th, and was therefore literally midway of her route when she met the gathering tempest.

The vessel was built in the city of New York, in the year 1833, and was called the George Law, in compliment of Mr. Law, under whose superintendence the ship was built; that gentleman's interest in the company that owned her ceased in 1854, when, by permission of the Secretary of the Treasury, and an act of Congress, the name was changed to the Central America.

In July, 1857, she went into the balance scale, and was thoroughly overhauled. Her commander, Captain Herndon, of the United States Navy, was one of the most efficient and prudent commanders in the service; as far as human foresight could guard against accident, everything had been done by her owners to secure the safety of the ship against any possible accident of the sea. When the Central America left Havana, she had on board four hundred and ninety-two passengers; of these one hundred and sixty-six were saved; the rest perished.

The storm commenced on the morning of Wednesday, the 9th, and continued to increase until the ship became unmanageable. About half-past five o'clock on Friday afternoon the captain ordered the foremast to be cut away, in hopes that it would right the ship. The vessel was then listed over to the leeward, so that people could not walk the deck. At this time the passengers, including many of the women, were heroically engaged in whatever work about the ship they could do to facilitate its safety, and those who were not engaged on deck were busy in bailing water out of the ship's hold. Saturday, the 12th, dawned upon the passengers still engaged in bailing, but all was of no avail, the water was increasing rapidly. Throughout all these long continued trying days and nights, Captain Herndon was untiring in his exertions, and with his appearance of the greatest cheerfulness, encouraged all to their work. The men, especially the cabin passengers, at this time found their strength failing them; the women remained calm, and seemed to be resigned to death.

At noon the weather moderated a little, and a cry went throughout the ship of a sail! a sail! which created the greatest excitement. The effect of sudden hope where all before was risk with death, caused the most stout-hearted to lose their self-control. There was shrieking, crying, weeping, agonizing joy, where late was nothing but the agonies of death. The serene calmness that rested on each cheek, making it pale as lead, but as steel, was displaced by the flush of excitement, profuse tears, the embraces of friends, mothers, children, husbands and wives. Then terrible fear followed, that the sea was so high the vessel offering succor could not be reached.

The brig, though badly damaged by the storm, answered the signal of distress, and passed by the Central America within a mile of her stern. Many of the passengers, who had been constantly at work without eating for two or three days, now recovered their appetites, and partook heartily of such food as offered. Captain Herndon, having announced his determination to remain the last man on board, the ship, decaying fast, and the women, which resolution was cordially seconded by the passengers. At one o'clock the captain's boy entered the cabin and told the ladies that they must come on deck; many, in anticipation of this order, had already relieved themselves of all unnecessary clothing. Others, as if to illustrate how little value the gold, brought out bags (not entrusted to the purser), and scattered it on the floor, asking all who wanted money to help themselves. The moment the women reached the deck the sea washed over them. The first boat lowered was dashed in, the second swamped and the third being in readiness, the women were let down into the boats by a kind of rope-chain; a noise was passed under their feet and dress; there was nothing to support their backs; they then seized a rope which came down in front, with their hands. The boat could only approach the steamer between the waves, so they had to remain suspended sometimes while the waves passed. These waves would also drive them under the side of the steamer; the cook was hurt considerably that way; she died on the home passage, probably from the fright she received; she had no bruises. The women were placed in the bottom of the boats and rowed to the Marine, the spray dashing over them all the time. The men were first rate hands or they would never have reached the brig. Thirty women, twenty-six children and a number of men were thus conveyed on board the Marine. The first passengers got on board of the brig at half-past two o'clock on Saturday, September 12, the last just before dark in the evening.

About two o'clock on Friday, the engines of the steamer stopped, and the ship fell off, helpless, into the trough of the sea. The last that was seen of Captain Herndon was his standing on the top of the wheel-house attempting to fire a rocket as a signal of distress. In this position he remained when the vessel went down. As she began to settle, some of the passengers jumped over and endeavored to get clear of the anticipated engulfing of the waves. No one shrieked or cried, but all stood calm, and resolutely met their fate. Suddenly the ship, as if in agony of death herself, gave a plunge, her interior gave one gigantic death-rattle, the next instant disappeared, leaving nearly five hundred human beings floating in darkness upon the fathomless ocean.

Many never came upon the surface, being already exhausted by labor and despair; but to those who retained their senses, there was heard a wail above the surging of the sea, and hundreds of human beings, with innumerable pieces of wreck, were seen floating distractedly upon the waves.

Five hours after the sinking of the Central America, the Norwegian bark Ellen came in the vicinity of the passengers; the cries of distress reached those on deck, and the work of saving was

re-olutely commenced, and forty-nine persons were rescued, as if by miracle, from the jaws of death. After the captain and crew had satisfied themselves that no more passengers survived in the water, Captain Johnston did all in his power to make comfortable those who had so unexpectedly become his guests. To one of the passengers he told the following curious incident. He said he was forced by the wind to sail a little out of his course, but upon altering it a small bird flew across the ship once or twice, and then darted in his face. The first he took no notice of this circumstance, when the same thing occurred again, which caused him to regard the circumstance as something extraordinary, and while thinking on it in this way, the mysterious bird for the third time appeared, and went through the same extraordinary manœuvre. "Upon this," said the Captain, "I was induced to alter my course into the original one which I had been steering, and in a short time afterward I heard strange noises, and on trying to discover from whence they proceeded, I found that I was in the midst of people who had been shipwrecked."

The Schuyler Mansion Near Albany, N. Y.—The Story of a Portrait. Here the old and new meet, and the old has the vantage ground. The sturdy Dutchman holds it against the "smart Yankee." On these flats, beneath the same old bricks brought from Holland, have lived and died many of the long and honored line of Schuylers, and a representative of the family still retains the place. In the midst of unrivaled business enterprise, and the consequent advance of "real estate," it is refreshing to find a contented man in a brave and strong enough to preserve an ancestral estate without modernizing it, and to live in an old-fashioned domicile.

These imported Dutch bricks have served for two houses, the new one having been built more than a hundred years ago. It is in the style of the old Dutch mansions, with brass knockers and divided doors, giving admission to a spacious hall with large, low-ceiled rooms on each side and beyond. On the wall of the sitting-room hangs a portrait of Peter Schuyler, son of the first Mayor of Albany, a gentleman who held the most important offices of trust in the gift of the home government in the American colonies. His portrait, like his father, had great influence with the Indians.

On one of his conciliatory visits to the Mohawk chiefs he took with him his little son, grandnephew of the present proprietor of the homestead. The friendly red men gave the boy a torch, and bade him set fire to the fields saying that as the torch would burn the fields, so the boy should belong to their good brother Peter. But the father protested. The portrait of the original Colonel Peter Schuyler formerly hung in this spacious hall, but according to a custom which makes the eldest son heir, it was removed to his house, a little distant. That old portrait, however, the French and English were contending for mastery in this country each endeavored to secure the favor of the natives. It was deemed expedient by the English to send to the mother country a few sachems that they might be impressed with the power and greatness of England, and convinced that the French were deceiving them. The chiefs consented to go on condition that their brother Peter should accompany them. Accordingly they went, and were several times presented at court. Good Queen Anne received them graciously, and all were delighted. Her Majesty proposed to knight Colonel Peter, but he respectfully declined the honor. He would interpose a barrier between himself and his brothers, and he expressed a fear that "it might be the means of awakening pride or vanity in the female part of the family." By way of complimenting her guest without hazarding such a catastrophe, the Queen ordered his portrait and coat of arms to be painted by her court painter. I think it was Sir Godfrey Kneller. Hers was unfortunately lost.

By the courtesy of Mrs. John Schuyler, we were shown the Colonel's portrait and other heirlooms. The subject wears the court dress of the time, 1710—a wig, a coat of crimson velvet, knee-breeches, and shoes with broad square toes. The handsome right hand is extended; the left holds a gauntlet. Under the left arm he carries what we should style a Kossuth hat, and a sheathed sword hangs by his side. The mission was successful. Immediately on their return the sachems summoned friendly chiefs to the old man's exhausted state, and an offensive and defensive league with the Queen was formed.

North of the lane which leads to the dwelling is the old family graveyard, overgrown with blackberry vines and locusts. Beneath the lichen, on freestone tablets, we deciphered ancient dates and inscriptions recording the domestic virtues and "public" services of the dead. This quaint historic Schuyler homestead is situated on a low strip of land that extends along the west bank of the Hudson, between Albany and West Troy—the latter almost pressing upon it. Across the river, along the base of which is dotted with houses and trees, are the villages of West Coxsack, Albany, and an offensive and defensive league with the Queen was formed.

AGRICULTURAL.

VALUE OF POULTRY MANURE.—From actual experiment it has been found that the droppings from four Brahms for one night weighed in one case exactly one pound, and in another more than three-quarters of a pound, an average of nearly four ounces each bird. By drying, this was reduced to not quite one and one-half ounce. Other breeds make less; but allowing only one ounce per day, a dry dung, fifty fowls will make in their roosting house alone, 10 cwt. per annum of the best manure in the world. Hence one-half an acre of poultry will make more than an acre of manure for one acre of land, seven cwt. of guano being the usual quantity applied per acre, and poultry manure being over richer than guano in ammonia and fertilizing salts. No other stock will give an equal return in this way; and these figures demand careful attention from the large farmer. The manure, before using, should be mixed with twice its bulk of earth, and then allowed to stand in a heap, covered with a few inches of earth till decomposed, when it makes the very best manure which can be had.

A statement is afloat to the effect that a French professor is actually making good palatable butter out of a variety of animal fats, by a process which is protected by letters patent. The specifications and claims are said to be presented with much detail and the reader is carried along through all the details of the process, and the process becomes sophisticated fat, and ultimately, an article which the inventor would have us believe would pass unchallenged through the hands of a first-class St. Albans inspector. This intelligence is certainly "important if true," but, one authority, Dr. Nichols, indicates that he is not ready to break or burn his churn or send his brindle to the butcher. He prefers at least to wait further advice. But, he thinks, is a delicate animal compound which cannot be fabricated or imitated successfully by any chemical process whatever. Doubtless it is possible to produce a substance which may serve as a fair substitute for butter among certain classes in Europe; but the fastidious tastes of large consumers both in that country and in this can never be satisfied with butter coming from other sources than the sweet grasses of hills and meadows, or from grains transmuted or changed by the subtle chemistry of the animal organism.

Clover and timothy seed are very easily raised and saved, and one acre of each will be found amply sufficient for the needs of a farm of a hundred acres. Each crop should be grown by itself; on good soil timothy would be better to be credited and put into articles for clover, and the reverse. Clover for seed should be taken from the second crop, the first crop being cut early in June, and the second crop cut in the fall when the seed is ripe. It may be cut easily by fixing to the mower, back of the finger-bar, a frame covered with cotton cloth or canvas, from which the seed will fall into a receptacle. The seed should be gathered in sufficient quantities, by a boy following behind. No damage will occur if the clover becomes wet; when dried it will thresh out easier for it.

If our English cousins are right, then we must admit that our cattle intended for the butcher, even those staid, got to much exercise. In England when a farmer would produce the best beef, he grazed his cattle on clover and turnips, and into this the bullock is lowered and a shelter built. It is then supplied with all the roots, hay and meal it can digest; the needful quantity of water is also furnished, as well as an abundance of dry straw for litter. The droppings are trampled under foot as soon as the animal is turned out to graze, and gradually by their accumulation rise to a level with the surface of the ground, by which time the animal is usually ready for the knife, and yields a rich and juicy flesh, and leaves many tons of excellent manure.

An English farmer puts in a strong plea for turnips, accounting them considerably superior for milk cows to caraway and other roots. The milk increased by mangels is large in supply but of poorer quality and not nearly so productive of cream as that resulting from the use of turnips, and the taint given by the former roots is more objectionable and less easy to obviate or overcome to a possible degree. In getting carrots to milk cows, they only receive a small benefit, and the absence of all unpleasant taste in the butter, as the milk is neither so abundant nor so rich as that obtained in turnip feeding.

Dr. Holt stated before the Farmers' Convention at Petersburg, Va., that the peanut crop of the Counties of Surrey, Sussex, Southampton, Nansemond, and Prince George has often been equal in value to the entire wheat harvest sold in Richmond in one year.

By feeding "chopped straw, oats and rye seed, thoroughly cooked by steam, and a few Swedish turnips, one of the largest dairies in England increased the yield of milk from 552 to 680 gallons per each cow per annum.

Three good reasons why it is best to plant small instead of large trees: They cost less at the nursery, expense of packing and transportation is less, and losing but few roots, they are more certain to live.

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Hon. Joseph F. Swift, Mayor of Rockland, Me., Isaac M. Brazee, Esq., Bangor, and Messrs. Pope, Brown, Marston, & Co., lumber merchants, to be issued by the Sheridan Co., Rockland, Me. Powder, and have given the proprietor liberty to use their names in recommending them.

ASTHMA.—It is useless to describe the tortures of spasmodic Asthma. Those who have suffered from its distressing paroxysms know full well what it is. J. W. Whitcomb's Remedy, prepared by Joseph Barnett & Co., Boston, has seldom failed to afford immediate relief, even in the most severe cases.

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Table with columns for Butter, Eggs, Flour, Grain, etc. and their respective prices.

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Avoid the Perils of the Season. Autumn, although the most radiant portion of the American year, has its drawbacks. The heavy evening dews and morn'g vapors and the great disparity of temperature between night and day, give rise to many painful disturbances of the bowels, such as cholera morbus, diarrhoea and dysentery. The digestive organs are also unfavorably affected by the change of season, and dyspepsia generally suffers most severely during the autumn months. The liver is likewise common, and miasmatic fevers prevail in newly-settled districts and low-lying and marshy localities. These unpleasant consequences of the season are not, however, unavoidable. By attending to their requirements the wholesome stimulation which the genial vegetable invigorant supplies. Under its remedial influence the nervous energy which the waning heat of July and August had kept in abeyance or partially extinguished, crops out afresh; the bowels muscles recover their elasticity; the appetite takes a sharper edge; the process of digestion and assimilation becomes more rapid and perfect; the spirits rise, and the whole organism acquires its maximum of activity and resistant power. Even persons of comparatively feeble constitutions, when thus fortified against the perils of the season, will have little cause to regret that they have taken Serravallo's Liver Invigorator. It is a most valuable and reliable remedy, and one which should be in the hands of all who are exposed to the perils of the season.

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