For the Raftsman's Journal THE SUNBEAM.

BY MYRRHA MAY. The Sunbeam came down on a mission of love, To this cold, damp world of ours, I saw it first in the garden walks,

And heard it 'mong the flowers "I come," it sung. "from the land above, The drooping flowers to cheer; Perchance they will raise their hanging heads, When they feel my presence here.

As it sang and danced I saw them raise. Each languid and weeping face, And it kissed them all as on it passed— And beauty was in that place.

Thus, methought, a sunbeam from kind hearts The Earth's drooping one's might save, Ere they sink to rise again no more, In dark sorrow's stormy wave. Gay Garden, June 8th.

THE QUALITY. AN AMUSING STORY.

"I reckon," said old Mrs. Placide, whilst making her first visit to the old Edgarton cottage, "you haint seen many of your neighbors Yet ?"

"No ma'am," said Laura, "we have been here so long, and none have been to see us until you. We were beginning to feel like unwelcome intruders. But I suppose they were much attached to the people who lived here before us, and dislike seeing strangers in the place of their old friends."

"Oh no! that ain't it; they was afeard to come."

"Afraid!" said Laura, surprised; "afraid of what ?"

"Well, we have heard you was all quality, if you was broke, and afeard we would get ourselves in the wrong box. We've seed them elephants and knows what they is," she continued nodding her head knowingly.

"Why, I did not suppose," said Laura, smiling, "that we had anything so formidable in this quiet little nook, and I am serry that our neighbors should make such bug bears of us,

and suppose us wanting in civility to them." "Oh, we wasn't aminding the civility. The quality lays that on so thick one minute till you begin to rub your eyes and wonder who you is-thinks sure you must be the Pope of Rome's wife; then they push you one side beto tote their puppy dog. But they's sich a sight o' trouble when folks begin to have anything to do with 'em. Now, thar's the Feathercords. They lives eight miles off, but the quality is a sorter restless creeter that's allers wanderin' about outer their range. Well, they's mighty fine, and you see my daughter Betsy Baker likes fine things, and took to 'em mightily. She was powerful anxious for 'em to come and see her, so one Sunday she seed 'em all at meetin', and axes 'em to come and take dinner the next Saturday. Well, they all stood up thar in the meetin' house and talked a power of dictionary talk about "exceedingly," and "exquisitely," an "interchangin' of rural hospitality;" but whether they was a comin' in or no, Betsy she couldn't make out. But howsomever, Betsy 'lowed she had better be on the safe side, so kept up a mighty fixin' all the week. When Saturday came she had everything as fine as a bride's cake, 'cepting the dinner. Betsy 'lowed she wouldn't put that on till she made sure if they was a commin'. She had been working hard all the morning, her and the niggers, a reddin' up the house and dressin' up their sleeves. But when the levener clock come and no quality. Betsy give 'em out, and they all took off their Sunday clothes and went to gittin' every day dinner. They had to hurry mightily, but it was ready arter a while. The hands was workin' close to the house, so Betsy just hollered to 'em to come to their dinner. Arter the dinner was all over, and every thing sot to rights an' the niggers sot to work, me and Betsy sot down to cool and sew. 'Bout four o'clock Barney Baker he come back from the courthouse, says he, "Betsy, did them hired men come in to dinner ?" "Law," says Betsy, "I was so taken up expecting them Feathercord folks to dinner that I forgot all about your hirin' Jim and Bill Jones to split rails, and bein' as they's so far off, I reckon I didn't blow the horn." "Confound the quality," says Barney, "they's all just qualified for the lunerticker sylum, and reekon you will go along with 'em just to be with the quality when they go," an' he jerked down the horn and he blowed a blast you wo'd athought all the stages that ever run was 'riven thar at onst. Just then we heard a migh-

ty fuss in the front yard, and when we locked

thar was a fine carriage full o' women, with

horses bitched up with fishin' seins, a cavortin'

about over the yard; and one o' the puffed up

niggers they had dreesed up like soldgers, a

settin' on a bench outside the carriage, was

the creeter was killed, and run to him, but he

was a part of his milishus drill, and says he

Netty and Miss Angeline Feathercord." By

that time Barney had got the horses quiet, and

says I, "You Mr. Flunkey had better open the

in' here makin' manners," so he did it. Its

well he told me who they wur, for such a car-

go of folks I never did see before. They had

in' purty little things. Then they had flounces all over their frock tails, and all over their capes they called "talmers:" and they was beflounced from the top of their head to the bottom of their feet and all the flounces pinted like windin' sheets only a heap finer.

the first glimpse, cause she had on a mighty dirty frock, but she put a new white satin shawl all over her, and then she looked as fine as any of tem, and axed 'em to walk in and take seats, and set down and be seated. Arter a while she told 'em she was a lookin' for 'em all mornin'. "Oh," said old Mrs. Feathercord "we were engaged to be here to dinner: and we never dine before four, and it wants some minutes to that now," takin' out her fine gold watch, though the clock was starin' right afore her. Betsy looked as blank as if she had run for sheriff and didn't get a vote. But she run right to the kitchen, and the way she hallow'd up Dilce, and Alice, and Dina, and the whole tuckin of 'em from the tater patch, and the wash tub, and ironin' board, and all quarters

Soon as I got the quality all settled I went out to help poor Betsy. I was sorry for her. Sich a sight as the kitchen was! Thar was half-picked turkeys, half picked chickens, every body running round all sides at onct .-Says I, "Betsy, honey, do let me help you." Says Betsy, "Law, mar, what ken you do ?-Do pray go long in the house and talk to them ladies, and keep 'em from pryin' about; but for the Lord sake, mar, don't talk nothing lowlife."

"Well," says I, "Betsy, I will try to talk anything you want me to." Says she, "Talk about the fashions, and Washington, and whar they went to last winter."

new fashions this year?" Says one of 'em, holdin' her head up mighty high, "We always these outlandish iimecracks and thought you don't know no better." I don't know what made Betsy think they'd like to talk about fashions, for they didn't. I was cute enough to see that in a minute; so I tried Washington. Says I, "You was to Washington last winter?" Says one mighty brisk, "Yes, we went to see our uncle take his seat in Congress as an Honorable Representative." "Well," says I, "if I ain't clean beat! So Jake Feathercord is a Congriss man! Well, if he ken make speeches as fast as he can lav bricks, he's a glib one. But I don't approve of people leavin' off a good trade an takin' up with what they know nothin' at all about. Now Jake was a mighty good brick layer."

"You are mistaken, Ma'am," says she : "my uncle is the Hon. Jacobi Feathercord."

Says I, "I reckon I aint mistaken. Old Jake never had but two sons, Zeke, your pappy, and young Jake,"

Well, if you believe it, Betsv was out of it again-they wuz no ways anxious about Washington; so I picked up a mighty fine little shiny snuff box, lyin' in one of their laps, an' says II, "This is a new fashion snuff box; migh-

"It's not a snuff box," says she, right off short; "it's a card case."

Bless me, I looked right up to the top of the room. "The Lord help your poor soul," says I, "why you aint eighteen years old, and are carryin' your cards about to play an' gamble with all day long."

"They're not playing cards," says she.

"Well," says I, "do let me see them." She showed me one; 'twas nothing on the Lord's yearth but a piece of white pasteboard, with Miss Netty Feathercord' writ on it. Says I. "what does you do with these things? 'Twant worth while to fetch 'em here : we all knowed you. And your nigger in the uniform told us all o' your names afore you could get a chance to tell 'em yourselves."

Says she, "When we wish to pay calls, if we do not feel like going in ourselves, or the persons we are calling on are out or do not wish to receive the company, we just send our servant to the door with one of these, which is equivalent to a visit, We had some calls to make on the way here this morning."

"Well," says I, "you all don't set much store by each others' company, ef a nigger in a soger's jacket an' a piece of pasteboard does as well," and I put it mighty softly, athinkin,

"vou better make a snuff box of it." "Well, I tried mighty hard to entertain for poor Betsy. I told 'em all about blue dye and bounced off like an injin rubber ball. I tho't coperas dye, and how wuz the best way to set hens, an' which eggs would batch pullets an' jumped right up before me, and made sich a which roosters, an' how to keep a dog from a bow, you never seed the like of it, jest like it suckin' of 'em, an' all about Betsy's baby a havin' the measles an' hoopin-cough both at "Mrs. Feathercord, Miss Feathercord, Miss once. But ef you believe me, they never heerd a word I was sayin! So I run through and let 'em alone. We was all a settin' un behavin with all our might, when Betsy came to door and lettin them folks out, stidder standthe door an' axed 'em all to walk out to dinner. It was a powerful relief all round. When we got to the dinner room, thar was a mighty nice dinner spread out, and thar stood Barney. the back o' their heads kivered with artificial flowers all fixed in little flounces, and little an' Bill an' Jim Jones, ready to set down. The quality looked at Jim an' Bill, then look-I reckon they wa'nt much acquainted with ed at each other, and looked for all the world compare her to your old oxen."

the sun, or they wouldn't tho't he was a mind- | like they had never been axed to eat dinner seats, an' set down an' help yourselves. Bill, | lin' up herself a boot-lickin' this way. you an' Jim set down an' fall to. These gentlemen, ladies, are my friends." Bill an' Jim | poultry that's been killed." Betsy had run back as soon as she had got did set right down an' fall to, shure enough: they never cared a mite of the quality had a stood over 'em and stared at them a month.

The quality seemed like they wus a gwine back in the hall room. But they give another look at the dinner, an' I reckon they wus as hungry as Bill and Jim wus, for they sot right down sort o' desprit, and got theirselves helped. Presently one on 'em looked at one o' celery.

Dilce locked at Betsy mighty hard; Betsey frowned at Dilce, an' looked like she knew all about it, an' says, "Hand the salt-cellar." Dilce handed the salt-cellar.

"No," says the quality gal, "I asked for the celery," and she looked right hard in the plate o' raw shellotes.

Dilce jerked up that and handed it to her.

"Them is shellotes," says Barney. The quality gal turned her nose right up at Betsy's shellotes, which never done her no harm, an' says, "I thought they were celery." "I'm very sorry," says poor Betsy, "I didn't know you preferred celery to shellotes."

"You needn't trouble yourself to be sorry, wife," says Barney, "we hain't got no salary,

and taint your fault they don't grow here." Arter a while one on 'em had eat everything out of her plate right clean, an' says she, "Mr. Baker, I believe I will change my plate, and take a bit of that goose."

"Certainty, mam," says Barney mighty po lite. So he cuts off a nice piece and lays it on So I goes in, and says I, "You all seed any his own plate, what was full of all sorts o' things, and swaps plates with Miss Feathercord. Well, the notionate woman wouldn't receive from our manta-maker and milliner | cat a bite of Barney's dinner arter she got it, the latest styles." "Well, now," says I, "I an' I didn't know what made Barney look so thought you wouldn't a spiled yourselves that | solem, like he was a doin' mischief. Come to away, your own selves, an' lo an' behole, its find out, he knowed all the time that she wantthat mancher-maker woman. She sent you all | ed a right clean plate to eat that piece of

Arter they had all made a mighty hearty dinner, the old lady tuk her hands and done 'em so at Dilce, like she wanted 'em rubbed. Well, the niggers had been runnin' round the table all the time an' Dilce was bent on showin' how smart she was. So she flew at the old soul's hands an' set to rubbin' 'em like all possessed; but Miss Feathercord jerked 'em away, an' says she, "I wanted a finger-basin."

Poor Betsy, she was tuck all aback agin .-But she is a mighty smart woman, of she is my daughter, and don't often be put out. She membered in a minute the little porringer she keeps on the top shelf to give people chicken | joyed myself powerful. soop in. So she filled it with water, and handed it to Miss Feathercord. She washed her hands in it, an' all round her mouth, and then tuck a mouthful an' washed out the inside of her mouth, an' spit it all back in the porringer. Thinks I, you don't git me to eat any more chicken soup out of that quality finger-basin.

The rest o' the quality, when they seed thar was no more porringers comin', all washed subject alike to mutability. The verdant grass, their hands in their tumblers. I looked with all my eyes to see 'em drink the water when they was done an' spit it back in the tumbler; but as good luck would have it they didn't; I know it would a made Barney mighty mad to had to smash up all them new tumblers arter the quality had used 'em; and for my part, I can't see what they bedaub theirselves with everything they cat fur, and can't git up from the table till they are washed. 'Twould a been a kept their hands under the table cloth, and any impression which the skillful artist may a let the niggers a fed 'em.

to stay all night. But fust thing we knowed, till education tunes the heart's lyre and rears they axed fur their hats. (That's what they it to the attention of the great and good. The call them poseys they war on their heads.)-Barney told 'em they better stay, that 'twas any magnanimity which the being of reflec-

dark if we can avoid it; old Sol's too ardent beams are too overpowering."

"Yes," says another, "and the gentle moonlight is so soft and beautiful."

"And," said another, "no poetical and soulinspiring."

guardian angels."

Barney looked like he thought it was his duty to warn 'em and to ax 'em to stay all night, no moon; but they said them an' their coachman an' hosses an' carriage was all used to ridin' about at night; so they fixed on their head-gear and took their little sun fans an'

Poor Betsy was hard at work to the last a gittin their supper, for she was bound to have that in time.

"Well, wife," said Barney, "I don't know which looks the jadedest, you or my par of old oxen that Ben Gill has been workin' most

"I don't think, Mr. Baker," says Betsy, wyou have much respect for your wife, to

Says he, "Whether I have respect for her or before, an' didn't know whether to set down | not, I am gwine to take care of her, and you've or not. Barney he knowed what they wus ar- got to let them quality alone. I don't see ter, but I didn't. So says he, "Ladies, take nothing in 'em that my wife should be a kil-

"Yes," says I, "to say nothin' of all the

We all went to bed 'pretty soon, cause you see the quality had pretty nigh used us up .-But we wa'nt done with 'em yet. Way 'long in the night I heard a great beatin' at the front door. I jumped up, got a light, and went to see what was to pay, an' as I live, thar stood one of those nigger soldgers, a bowin', and a scrapin' soon as he got sight o' me.

"The Lord bless my soul," says I, "is your the nigger gals an' says, "Girl, hand me the missus sent you here to fetch one of them vis- to remain for a long time, a partial wilderitin' cards this time of night?"

> He bowed agin and says, "Mrs. Feathercord presents her respects to Mr. Baker, and would be much obliged could he lend his assistance. The coachman being deceived by the darkness of the night, was so unfortunate as to run off the side of the causeway and upset the carriage in the swamp."

> I seized him by the collar and give him sich a shaken, uniform an' all, jest like I was makin up a feather bed. Says I, "You impudent captain general you, why didn't you say so at onet? What did you stand a bowin' an' talkin' quality talk to me fur, and all your missesses a slashin' about heels over head in Cow

> Barney heerd me a talkin' to a strange man, an' come tumblin' down stars, rolled up in a blanket, an' when he saw me collarin' of the fine nigger, says he, "Mother, jest turn that fellar over to me."

> Says I, "Barney, go right up stairs an' get into some close directly and start off. Them quality women and their flunky nigger, an' hosses, an' carriage, an' little sun fans, an' poseys, an' snuff-boxes, an' visitin' cards, is keeled over in Cow Swamp."

"Of course," says Barney, "so much for gittin soul-inspired, an' trustin' to the moonshine of a dark night, and starry eyes of guarjin angels." But he hurried off; an' I give the nigger another shake, jest to remind him I had youd this. holt of him yit, "Now," says I, "run for yeur life to that fust nigger house you come to, and tell Dan, without no palaverin', mind you, to jump right up, and get the carry-all ready, and his master's hoss, and you help an' have it ready right away."

I let him go, an' you would a thought I had shot him off. I put a pile of blankets in the carry-all, and Barney and Dan went down five miles to Cow Pond and fished 'em all out an' carried 'em home; and we've washed our hands of them quality ever since.

Well, its most dark. Good-bye honey .-You're mighty pleasant company. I've en-

For the Rattsman's Journal. CHANGE. BY ELLA H.

CHANGING, is indellibly inscribed on every object beneath the broad blue canopy of Heaven. The saffron tints which illuminate the oriental morning; the imposing beauty of the noon-day sun; the rosy clouds of evening, are the tragile flowers, the stalwart trees, the blooming meadow, the quaking forest, the dancing rill, the murmuring river, the foaming ocean-all are changing. To-day clouds may obscure the beauty of the rising sun; to-morrow those clouds will have passed away, and the brilliant luminary bursts upon our enraptured gaze in all its golden glory.

So it is in the intellectual, as well as the physical world. The restless mind of man is a heap less trouble to poor Betsy of they had primarily as unsculptured marble, pliable to choose to engrave-an impress which cannot By the time the dinner doins was over it was be erased, though the storm of adversity may putty late. We tho't shure they was a gwine | beat in all its fury. It is an incondite mass untutored mind of a child is susceptible to dangerous to ride eight miles over that rough | tion may wish to inculcate; and that as infallible as the frail barque of humanity, and "Oh," says one, "we never go out before fades only with the intellect. Line after line is indited on the page of imagination and memory, till the unthinking, defenceless child becomes the thoughtful, powerful man of refinement, intellect, greatness, education and honor. We, too, are changing: we are fast pass-"And," says t'other the twinkling stars timents that predominated over us vesterday. looked like the ever- ratching eyes of our have fled, and others, new and strange, which but seemed mightily relieved when they fruit, streamlets and seas, as well as thought wouldn't be warned. He told 'em there wasn't | and opinions change. Were they always the same, the human mind, fond of variety, would

ing away; the thoughts, the feelings, the senrule our hearts to-day, may exert no influence on action to-morrow. It is well that empires and kingdoms, forests and fields, flowers and soon weary of the monotony. Now we may bask in the sunlight of Friendship, and rejoice in the smiles of prosperity and happiness; tomorrow dark clouds may dim the lustre of our social horizon; we may be called to shed the bitter tear of sympathy or sorrow over the ruins of some beloved object or admired friend, to see our cherished hopes drowned in the vortex of oblivion. Let us be preparing for a more glorious, a happier, better, greater change, one that will sever the galling fetters which bind us to Earth, try to forget the sorrow, the wrecks of mutability in the past, and live in the enjoyment of the present, ever remembering there are bright and elevating, as well as gloomy changes in life's varying drama.

Fleming, Centre Co., Pa.

THE SAND HILLER

WHAT SLAVERY DOES FOR THE POOR WHITE MAN. en-headed children. A correspondent of Life Illustrated, travinto vagabondage.

Between the "low country," of South Carolina lies the middle, or Sand-hill region. A large portion of this tract, which varies from ten to thirty miles covered with forests of pine interspersed here and there with a variety of other trees. Where it is under cultivation, gentleman, however light his purse. "Poor the principal crop is cotton. But the land is white man" is an object he looks down upon not generally fertile, and much of it is likely

The country itself presents few interesting features, but it is the home of a singular race of people, to whom I may profitably devote a few paragraphs of description.

In travelling through the "middle country." I often passed the rude, squalid cabins of the Sand-hillers. All the inmates usually flocked to the door of their windowless domicils to stare at me-and such a lank scrawny, filthy set of beings I never beheld elsewhere-not even in the "purlicus" of the "Five Points."

Their complexion is a ghastly yellowish white, without the faintest tinge of wholesome red. The hair of the adults is generally sandy and that of the children nearly as white as cotton. The children are even paler, if possible than the adults, and often painfully haggard and sickly looking.

They are entirely uneducated, and semi-barbarian in all their habits, very dull, stupid and in a general social position far below the slave population around them. In fact the negroes look down upon them with mingled feelings of pity and contempt. They are quartered on lands belonging to others either with or without their consent. They sometimes cultivate or rather plant a small patch of ground near their cabins, raising a little corn and a few cabbages, melons and sweet potatoes. The agricultural operations never extend any be-

seemed to be their principal articles of diet. To procure the latter, and whatever clothes they require, they make shingles or baskets or gather pine knots, or wild berries which they sell in the villages, but beyond what is necessities they will not work for.

Their principal employments are hunting and fishing, and their standard amusement, drinking whiskey and fighting.

Their dress is as primitive as their habits. The women and children invariably go bareheaded, bare-tooted and bare-legged, their only garments apparently being a coarse calico dress. The men wear a cotton shirt and trousers of the coarse home-spun cloth of the country, with the addition sometimes of an upper garment too rude and shapeless to be named or described.

I one day met a migrating family of these miserable people. On a most sorry, lank, and almost fleshless substitute for a horse, were packed the entire household effects of the family, consisting of a bed and a few cooking utensils. Two small children occupied the top of the pack. Two larger ones, each loaded with a bundle, trudged behind the mother, who appeared not more than seventeen years of age. The father a wild sinister looking fellow, walked in advance of the rest with his pouch by his side.

A correspondent of one of the city dallies thus describes an encounter with a Sand-hill family:

"Here, on the road, we met a family who have been in town. A little girl of ten years old, with a coarse fragment of dress on, is sitting on the backbone of a moving skeleton of a horse, which has the additional task of trailing along a rickety specimen of a wagon in which is seated a man-a real outside squalid barbarian, maudlin and obfusticated with bald faced whiskey-with a child four or five years old by his side. Behind this a haggard looking boy upon another skeleton of a horse is

What a low outlandish, low wheeled cart the horse is pulling! There sits the old spring. woman and her grown up daughter, with nothing on apparently, except a very dirty bonnet. a coarse and dirty gown. The daughter has a basket by her side, and the old woman holds fast to a suspicious looking stone jug, of half a gallon measure, corked with a corn cob. the Mormons conquered, Brigham Young a You can bet your life on it, that is a jug of prisoner, and put in a cage, to show around whiskey. The family have been to the vil- the country! lage with a couple of one horse loads of pine knots used for light wood. They have probably sold them for a dollar, half of which has doubtless gone for whiskey, and now they are getting home. Degraded as they are, you see it is the man who is helpless and the woman who has the care of the jug, and conducts the important expedition. There are hundreds such people dispersed through these Sandhills. You see the whoie of this party are bare-legged and bare-footed. And how bony and brown they are! And it is a curious fact. that in the temperate countries, the children of all semi-barbarous white people (except a lady's face upon his heart.

Sir Henry Bulwer's pack of red headed Celts,) a lady's face upon his heart.

Consistency! thou art a jewel. That's so. and all Anglo-Saxon back-woods, or mo-

or prairie people, have cotton-headed or flax-

Low indeed is the lowest class of the white elling in South Carolina, thus describes the people in the sourthern States, but nowhere condition of that miserable class of whites else have I found them so degraded as in South' called Sand hillers, whom the employment of Carolina. "Poor buckrah," "poor white Slave labor by the wealthiest class has driven folks," are the terms by which the negroes designate them, and in the "poor" a great deal is meant in this connection. It includes not only pecuniary poverty, but ignorance, boorishness and general degradation. The Southern negro never applies the word to any one who has the manners and bearing of a

> -an object of pity or contempt." This sketch very well offsets the beggarly description given by Southern journals of Northern mechanics and laborers-with this difference. The condition of the latter (the mechanics) is too independent and prosperous to be tolerated by the aristocratic feelings of the slave-drivers who seek to drag them to a level with their slaves; while the Sand-hillers are the low, degraded and barbarian product of Slavery domination-the remainder in this problem of "Southern Society."

AGRICULTURAL.

IMPORTANCE OF LAND DRAINING .- We have recently travelled over considerable portions of the country, says the Valley Farmer, and noticed in many places that the wheat crop has been more or less winter-killed. This is owing, in the first place, to late sowing, in consequence of the dry, unfavorable weather at the proper time of sowing; and when winter set in, the plants were small, with weak slender roots; the earth has since been filled with meisture, and the succeeding frosts have, in some unfavorable locations, entirely killed out the wheat.

The corn crop is a very important one to the American farmer. Upon the flat and otherwise wet lands, corn is usually retarded in its growth several weeks in consequence of the excessive moisture in the soil during its early growth. Corn is a tropical plant and requires great heat to insure a quick and vigorous growth, but while the excess of water is passing off by the slow process of evaporation, the natural warmth of the soil is reduced thereby. eight or ten degrees, and the consequence is. for the first month or more the corn makes a slow, sickly growth; whereas, upon a drained required to supply their very limited actual soil it starts vigorously with the commencement of warm weather, and becomes well rooted and far advanced towards maturity before the drouth of summer sets in. What is true of corn, is also true in a greater or less degree of other crops. It is an established philosophical fact, that every gallon of water that is carried off by evaporation from the soil, requires as much heat as would raise five and a half gallons from the freezing to the boiling point, so that it may be clearly seen that the immense amount of water that must necessarily escape from such lands by evaporation. carries with it a great amount of heat, when it is most required by the growing crop.

Within the last few years, there has been a very marked improvement in the various departments of agriculture in the United States, and we know of none more important that now demands the attention of the American farmer than that of land draining. In a few States, under-draining has been adopted to some extent, and the result has been an increase in the vield of crops cultivated from one hundred to two hundred per cent. At the long rifle on his shoulder, and his hunting prices to which corn and wheat have advanced. and which are now likely to be sustained, this increase of product will pay all the cost of draining in from one to three years-frequently in one year; nor is the increased productiveness all the advantages that result from draining. The soil is less likely to wash and run into the valleys during heavy rains, and the health and longevity of the inhabitants in the drained districts are greatly promoted. It is the excess of stagnant water in the soil, which can only escape by the slow process of evaporation, that causes much of the billious diseases that prevail in our country during wet seasons. Another advantage is, drained land is better prepared to withstand the effects of drouth than that which has been saturated with water and firmly packed during winter and

THE Brooklyn Daily Times suggests the appointment of Phineas T. Barnum to the Governorship of Utah. It contends that duplicity is more needed there than force, and thinks before a year would pass, Barnum would have

There is a story in Washington that in consequence of the declining state of his health. Gen- Cass will soon withdraw from the head of the State Department, and that Governor Walker will be recalled from Kansas to fill the place of the great Michigander.

A man named Daily, for attempting to commit suicide in Hendricks county, Ind., has been sentenced to the penitentiary for three years, and disenfranchised for fen years.

Dr. Conyers, of London, dissected a person who died for love, and found an impression of