FOR THE FARMER.

Food and Breed as Affecting Quality of Milk.

Dr. Voelker recently delivered the opening lecture of a course of lectures before the students of the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, England, and in the course of his remarks on dairying had the following to say upon the influence of food and breed on the quality of milk:

"In 1862 I made some experiments with a view of finding out, if possible, how it was that some of our cows produced at times such bad milk. Our cows were wretchedly fed, and we had rancid butter and very indifferent cheese. I wanted to find the reason of the poor milk, and I saw the cows milked, and when I analyzed the milk regularly in the laboratory I was perfectly astounded to find how, with a change of food, the character of the milk changed immediately. In the month of September, 1862, our cows gave milk that only contained 1½ per cent of pure butter fat—you can add one quarter more to represent the quantity of commercial butter—and 90.7 per cent. of water. In the evening the cows milked a little poorer—90 7 per cent. of water, and only a little over 1 1-2 per cent. of pure butter fat. Mr. Coleman thought the scant herbage accounted for this poverty of the milk, and also for the scanty supply which the cows furnished. He therefore put the cows in the stable in the evening, and gave them hay, mangolds and rape cake, (rape cake is very good food when you can get it free from mustard), and the result was that immediately the quality of the milk improved. Then he gave them the palm-nut meal, with the same result and so rapid was the improvement that, by giving the cows concentrated food in the evening, the milk of the following morning was immediately very much richer than that of the evening before, so that in something like six hours the food told upon the quality of the milk.

"It is surprising how rapidly oily matters introduced into the food will find their way into the milk. I mention this to throw a little light upon the question whether morning or evening milk is the better. It is entirely a question of feeding. If you feed the cows well in the day, the evening milk is rich, and if you leave off the feed at night the morning milk is poor. As a rule, therefore, the evening milk is somewhat richer than the morning, but it does not follow that it is invariably the case. I find, for instance, during the twelve months to which I have referred, that out of thirty-two samples of morning and evening milk, in eight cases the morning milk was poorer than the evening; on four days the morning milk was the richer, while on the remaining four days there was no appreciable difference between the quality of the morning and evening milk.

"From a table before me, I see I have found as much as four per cent. of pure butter fat, and I have found as little as 1½ per cent. I have found similar difference in experiments which for the last four years I have carried on under my own personal supervision, seeing the cows milked, and so forth, at the show of the British Dairy Farming Association at Islington. In 1879 I had in the showyard an Ayrshire cow whose milk produced 5 1-2 per cent. of pure butter fat, while that of a Dutch cow gave as little as little as 2 1-2 per cent. In the succeeding years we had similar variations, and I cannot help giving you the results of our last year's milk trials which have just passed through my hands, relating to the show held on the 24th October last, and I define my quotations to prize winners. The first prize animal, a large Dutch cow, a very profitable animal to the milk dealers, gave in the morning 31 lbs. 4 oz., or about three gallons, and in the evening 29 lbs., or 60 lbs. 4 oz., roughly speaking six gallons of milk in the day. But when we examined the milk I found that the produce of the Dutch cow gave only 2 86 of pure butter fat, total solids 12.12, leaving 88 per cent. of water—evidently not a rich milk. The second prize cow, a very taking little cow, gave in the morning 15 1-2 lbs.; in the evening 11 lbs., total 56 1-2 lbs. of milk in the day, or about 2 1 2 gallons, less than half the quantity of the Dutch cow. But the milk of the Devon cow gave 5 1-2 per cent. of pure butter fat, and would, therefore, make 1¾ lbs. of saleable butter per cow, while the six gallons of milk of the Dutch cow would only make 1 1-2 lbs. of butter."

Cutting Timothy.

The following method is that of an educated Indiana farmer: Timothy, unquestionably makes much the best hay for all kinds of stock when well cured, which is more easily accomplished than with any other grass, but which is not always done, by any means; and yet is as worthless as need be when cut at an unseasonable time or handled in an unintelligent manner. My plan for cutting timothy, is when it is in the best state, if possible, and that is when a major part of the field is in bloom. Some of the seeds were then in milk, and most of them, perhaps, before I was through. I never cut my grass, wet or dry, before I was ready, as some do. But my rule is to begin the first fair day after I think the gluten, starch and sugar are most abundant in the stalks and leaves, and keep on the work as fast as possible during the dry weather, and while there is plenty of sunshine. I never cut grass for hay when it is wet from much dew, or even after very little rain. Only a careful observation of the weather is needed generally, to secure the crop in good condition. During the summer season two or three days of cloudy or rainy weather is usually followed by about the same number of good, or fairly good, hay-cutting weather, alternating in this manner through the season, except in the case of severe drought or excessive rains.

Top-Dressing Fields.

We are more and more impressed with the importance of top-dressing mowing fields. Of course cultivation becomes necessary for the production of different crops, but otherwise the maintenance of mowing fields could be effected by top-dressing. Upon ground that is naturally rough and hilly, cultivation and re-seeding often gives a return for considerable labor in the removal of stones brought to the surface; in such cases, if once a good sod is secured, the maintenance by top-dressing becomes very agreeable and satisfactory. We have noted with satisfaction the effect of a top-dressing in the late fall of 1882. It was upon a field in which the grass was growing thin. Last season there was a considerable increase, but it remained for this spring to exhibit a most remarkable increase of growth of clover and timothy, which was nearly or quite exterminated, as far as appearance would indicate. We know that there are farmers who think little of top-dressing, but our experience has been that upon our soil top-dressing uniformly produces good results.

Pulverizing the Soil.

One of the conditions of success in the cultivation of the soil is its pulverization. Without this the operation of culture becomes tedious, and its results unsatisfactory. For two seasons we have noticed the operation of the disc harrow, as it is employed upon a sod newly turned over. In both instances the sod was as well turned as could be expected, but fully showed the furrows, and gave evidence that it was sod before the use of the harrow, but after using the harrow, passing over the piece thoroughly, no one could detect any appearance that it was sod. The entire surface was well pulverized, and in excellent condition to receive seed of any kind that might be planted, or even for reseeding. Of course in order to secure the most satisfactory results requires that the soil be free from stones, so as to admit of the free use of the several discs, of which the harrow is composed. We should imagine that as an implement for the preparation of the soil for the preparation of the soil for seeding down, the disc harrow with the roller would serve a most excellent purpose.

Dedicating a Mormon Temple.

Discretion seemed to me to be the better part of valor, and I remained in Zion while thousands of Saints hied them to Cache Valley to view the Logan temple as the "grandest edifice of its kind that has been erected in this dispensation." Though not in Logan on this eventful occasion, I have obtained some important facts from Saints who were. To begin with the editors of Logan's own newspapers, the *Utah Journal* worked like beavers on the day preceding the dedication collecting statistics of the temple, the number of donors and their names, the cost of the edifice, etc. These enterprising brethren had their type set up, and were about to print, when orders came from the prophet John Taylor that the results of their blessed labor was to be "knocked into pie!" Tell the world that Logan temple cost $500,000! Put the United States Government in possession of such important information, when the law limits every church to $50,000 worth of property in any given locality! It wouldn't do. So the foiled journalists labored all night to fill the aching void, and the Latterday saints again proved their astuteness. On the night before the dedication John Taylor received a revelation direct from God that he accepted the temple, the ground and sacrifice of the saints. All was pronounced "good," as at the creation of the world, and the next morning it took the "Almighty's mouthpiece" thirty minutes to bless every stone, chair, window, door, pane of glass, etc., pertaining to the holy edifice. This prayer was "so complete and perfect," declares a good saint, as to "seem to comprise everything on earth and in Heaven portaining to the offering of the temple." There's no doubting this statement. I doubt whether a bolt or a bar was forgotten. In reading the prayer I wonder what a deity of supreme intelligence thought of this mass of verbiage, provided He thought of it at all. Only Mormon patience could endure such a Niagara of words. Everything in this world depends upon the point of view. "Never," asserts one of the best of Mormon women, "never since the time when we witnessed the remarkable, one might say marvelous, occurrence which transpired in Nauvoo at the time when the mantle of the Prophet Joseph appeared so plainly to fall upon Brigham Young, have we seen any manifestation of divine acceptance so distinctly clear as during the dedication services in the Logan temple—a sensation as though myriads of angels were in attendance and taking cognizance of that which transpired."

It is significant that, the prayer excepted, very brief reports of the three days' services were given to the public. One who was there affirms that the greater part of the preaching dwelt upon obedience to the priesthood and upon the glories of celestial marriage. The prophet, John Taylor, repeating himself, declared that no man should hold office in the church, who did not carry out the sublime principle of plural wives, and branded every man as a "coward" who did not at once obey God's command. He defied the United States Government to harm "this people" or stay their onward march. The world would yet see a temple in New York City, built by the saints, and dedicated to the God of Israel! Aye, this would come to pass, in spite of all Hell!"—[Kate Field in Boston *Herald*.

Origin of the Bayonet.

In the short reign of James II. the first step was taken towards the abolition of the use of pikes in our Army by the introduction of the practice of sticking the dagger into the muzzle of the musket, in order to protect the men when charged by cavalry immediately after they had fired. It is said that this practice, which was borrowed from the French, was the origin of the bayonet. The daggers were for many years affixed to the musket by having their long handles, in some cases a foot in length, jammed down the muzzles. At what time the mode of fixing the bayonet so as not to prevent the loading and firing of the piece was adopted in England it is not very easy to discover; but the improvement is said to have originated in France; and the following anecdote in Grose's *Treatise on Ancient Armour* seems to support this—"In one of the campaigns of King William III. in Flanders there were three French regiments whose bayonets were made to fix after the present fashion, a contrivance then unknown in the British Army. One of them advanced against the 25th Regiment with fixed bayonets. Lieut.-Colonel Maxwell, who commanded it, ordered his men to screw their bayonets into the muzzles of their muskets to receive the enemy; but, to his great surprise when the French came within a proper distance, they threw in a heavy fire, which for a moment staggered his people, who by no means expected such a greeting, not conceiving how it was possible to fire with fixed bayonets. They nevertheless recovered themselves, charged, and drove the enemy out of the line." The word "bayonet" is believed to have been derived from the town of Bayonne, in the extreme south-west of France, the first weapons of this description—used to convert muskets, as it were, into pikes—having been made there.

MURDERED HIS FATHER-IN-LAW.

A Sensational Story by a Deserted Wife from Texas.

The readers of the *Enquirer* will remember a paragraph which appeared in this paper a few days ago referring to a woman named Lizzie Perry, who reported to Capt. Devine, at the central station, that her husband had stoled her 4-months old child, which she was wheeling in a baby-carriage on West Court street. The story, when related by the excited mother, at once enlisted the sympathies of the police, who promised to give her every assistance possible to reclaim her child. She sobbed pitifully that he would kill the babe. The officers attempted to persuade her that her husband would not attempt such a rash act. "Oh, yes, he would," replied the weeping mother; "I saw him kill my gray-haired father before my eyes." This sudden and unlooked-for announcement put a different phase to her story, and when questioned by the captain as to the correctness of her statement she related the following harrowing story, which, if true, would make her liege lord an undesirable citizen in any community:

"Charles Perry, the young man who is the author of all my recent troubles, arrived in the state of Texas a little over four years ago, and settled down at Brookstone, La Mar county, Texas, where, after a short courtship, we were married. Not, however, I am sorry to say, with the approbation and consent of my father, who was a prosperous trader in the country. I was not long in perceiving a growing jealousy between my father and husband, which culminated in the death of a fond parent at the hands of a worthless husband. An arrest quickly followed and the whole community were much agitated over the tragedy, as 'old man Robinson' (my father) was respectably connected. At first I concluded to abandon my husband and leave him to his fate. But his constant pleading caused me to relent, and I called to see him at the jail where he was incarcerated awaiting his trial. After several ineffectual attempts in procuring bail I was at last successful in inducing Capt. Shelton, a very wealthy man, who, through sympathy for me, consented to go on his bond.

"When the date fixed for the trial drew near my husband began to grow extremely nervous, and finally announced his intention of leaving the state. I consented to share with him the hardships and perils of such a course, knowing that in doing so I would incur the hatred of all my former friends. But, woman like, I clung to him, for which I am now repentant. Indian Territory was the first place in which we concluded to stop, as we felt secure from further pursuit, and in that wild region my child was born. My husband becoming dissatisfied with the place, at last concluded to start for Cincinnati, where we arrived a short time since. The relatives and friends of my husband live here, and he is protected in his extreme cruelty towards me. I know he will kill or take my innocent babe to his mother's home, and they will send it away."

The poor woman, after she had concluded the tale of the wrong she had suffered under such trying and peculiar circumstances, started out of the station in quest of her stolen child. Charles Perry, the husband, who, with his child, was stopping at his sister's, No. 424 West Ninth street, read the paragraph and at once repaired to the central station, stating that he was the man whom it was claimed through the press had on the day before stolen his own child, if there was such a crime. Capt. Devine asked him to relate his version of the story and all the circumstances connected with his domestic life. Mr. Perry, who is yet quite a young man and with nothing about his general appearance that would indicate bloodthirstiness, began, and in a clear and precise manner made the following statement:

"Some time ago I left Cincinnati, and in my traveling about I found myself in the Lone Star state, where I concluded to remain, and worked steadily for quite awhile, and in the meantime became acquainted with my wife, then Miss Lizzie Robinson, whose father was a well-to-do citizen of the place. Like many young men, I became infatuated, and made up my mind to marry Miss Robinson. I went to her father and asked for his consent, but was met with a blank refusal, and told to discontinue my visits about the place, but his objections were ignored in a clandestine marriage. Such a course made my father-in-law a bitter enemy. We had many quarrels, but nothing of a serious nature, as I concluded to leave the place, and come on here. I am sorry to say my wife contracted a strong desire for drink, and I attempted several times to break her of the habit, but without success. When we arrived here a short time ago she drank so that I was compelled to leave her. I went to my sister's and my wife was given lodging at the Home of the Friendless. Yesterday I was passing up Court street, and when near Mound street my wife spied me. She left the child on the sidewalk and ran away. Of course, I took my child and brought it home. I could not leave it in the street. I promised her to pay her board and give her money besides, but would not live with her."

"But she says you killed her father. Is there any truth in her statement?"

"Yes, I did; but it was a clear case of self-defense, and I was acquitted of the charge of manslaughter. The deed occurred one evening while seated at the supper table. He attacked me with a dirk-knife, and here is the wound that he gave me."

Mr. Perry opened his shirt and exhibited an ugly scar on the left breast.

"This was inflicted while Robinson had me down on the floor. I reached out and picked up a small hand-ax which was lying near the stove, and dealt him one blow on the head. It was that blow that killed him and saved me, as in a second more I would have received another stab which would have ended my life. He died the next day, and I was taken to the hospital. The talk made of my jumping my bail is all nonsense, as I was not on bail, but lying helpless in the hospital with my life despaired of.

"If you desire I will inform you from whom you can learn the truth of the affair." The statement made by Perry is no doubt correct, as the superintendent of the Children's Home heard his request to his wife, which she refused to comply with. Mr. Perry says that he never intends to live with his wife again. Perry is said to be a brother of the notorious Ben Perry, who is said to be a brother of the notorious Ben Perry, who is wanted for burglary.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A Gambler's Suicide—Siberian Cattle Plague—Cruelty to a Child—in the Seine, &c., &c.

Another link, connecting Portugal with Spain,—namely, the railway from Salamanca to the frontier, where it joins the general system of the Portuguese railways,—is now expected to be completed in September next.

Munkacsy's new picture, "Christ on the Cross," is the new excitement with the art world in Paris. The picture, critics say, even exceeds, both in beauty of composition, color, and technique, the artist's other great work, "Christ Before Pilate."

A few days ago an English sailor entered a cafe in Boulogne, and, having lit his pipe, departed, forgetting his match box. Shortly afterward some one in authority entered the place and spied the pieces a conviction. The rightful owner having disappeared, the landlord had to pay the penalty—namely, 30 francs, or one franc for each match.

A fisherman named Flood has died at Drogheda from blood poisoning caused by a bite inflicted on his face during a savage fight with a man named Murphy. The bite was followed by a hideous leprosy of sores, which eat away the flesh on the throat and chest, leaving the muscles bare. The doctors certify that death was caused by the bite. Murphy is in custody.

The Siberian cattle plague has this year assumed enormous proportions. From the 1st to the 15th of January 533 head perished in Tchiginsk, 217 in Bieloff, 170 in East Aleisk, and 140 in Zimin. In the district of Tcharittheaky the loss in three weeks among five villages amounted to 1,150 head. The peasantry in many districts become more and more impoverished, and seek a remedy in constant migrations.

The annual returns published by the prefecture of police show that there has for the last three or four years been an increase in the number of fires in Paris. The total in 1880 was 2,097, of which 1,509 were chimney fires only, but last year the total had risen to 2,593, of which 1,688 were chimney fires. The number of persons burnt to death last year was 8, and 51 firemen were more or less seriously injured. Honorary rewards were conferred upon 39 firemen for special acts of bravery.

Berlin was treated to another pageant recently in the shape of a grand historical procession, organized by the Guild of Shoemakers, in celebration of the sexcentenary of its existence. The procession, which attracted enormous numbers of spectators, was viewed from the balcony of the palace by the emperor and the crown prince, and also by Prince Bismarck, as it passed along the Wilhelm strasse. One of the historical groups delineated Hans Sachs and his surroundings, while another showed the development of the shoemaking art.

The latest sport in Paris among the young *gommeux* of the day is to offer a supper in some of the swell restaurants, where the room and the lights were given by the host for a costly sum, while the guests are only allowed the food which they bring, and which they must steal on their way down to the rendezvous. The fashion was set some years since by the Duke de Morny. It is to be presumed that any flagrant act of appropriation to the needs of the moment would in the end be paid for, but for the time being the viands, wines, and flowers have all the flavor of stolen sweets.

Mr. Bryan Molloy was tried at the Dublin commission court, a few days ago, on the charge of bigamy. He had married a number of wives,—it was not known precisely how many,—but five had been traced. The defense set up for him was insanity, and it was proved that he was of weak intellect; that he had several times been in lunatic asylums at home and on the continent, and that he came of a highly respectable family, in which, it was stated, insanity is hereditary. He was convicted and ordered to be detained in an asylum during the lord lieutenant's pleasure. All his wives—at least all the police have been able to get together—were in court.

Chios, which is still suffering from the effects of the earthquakes, is now visited by another calamity. A large number of the lemon and orange trees, which form one of the chief resources of the island, are attacked by an unknown disease, and specialists are being sent by the minister of commerce to make investigations into the matter. Meanwhile the pious inhabitants are having recourse to supernatural remedies. Having chartered a special steamer, they have brought from one of the monasteries of Mount Athos a miracle-working girdle of the Virgin, and a grand procession, headed by the orthodox metropolitan, is bearing the sacred relic through the orchards.

Ellen Cushion and Anastatia Rourke were arrested at Clonmel, Ireland, recently, charged with cruelly ill-treating a child 3 years old, named Phillip Dillon. The prisoners were taken before the mayor, when evidence was given showing an extraordinary survival of superstitious belief. It appeared that the neighbors fancied that the child, which had not the use of its limbs, was a changeling left by the fairies in exchange for the original child. While the mother was absent the prisoners entered her house and placed the child naked on a hot shovel, under the impression that this would break the charm. The child was severely burned. The prisoners were remanded. They were hooted by the crowd.

For the third time a new head has just been placed upon the carving of Maj. John Andre in the beautiful fresco upon his tomb in Westminster abbey. Exactly six cases of sacrilege have occurred at this tomb. The heads of George Washington and Maj. Andre, both being prominent in the fresco, have been three times stolen respectively. Americans are fond of taking home samples of what they see in "old country," and the tomb of this unfortunate English gentleman has, it is supposed, especially suffered in this way. The last theft of Maj. Andre's head occurred during an organ recital by Dr. Bridge upon the splendid new instrument by Messrs. Hill & Sons; and the head has been cleverly replaced by a new carving.

There are no fewer than 25,000 persons in France afflicted with blindness. In aid of the indigent of this class an admirable performance of M. Gounod's "Redemption" was recently given in Paris under the direction of the gifted composer, who is said to have "entered into the spirit of his task with all the ardor of an enthusiastic youth eager to win his spurs." The solo singers were the same as on the occasion of the only previous hearing of the oratorio in France, except that the principal soprano part devolved on Mme. Eides Davrar, who acquitted herself of her task in a truly musician-like manner. M. Faure again spoke the sacred words of the best part with a dignity and solemnity, perhaps, that no other singer could approach.

M. Pasteur's intention to establish at Meudon a range of kennels for subjects used in his rabies experiments causes the population of that peaceful and picturesque suburban resort great anxiety. M. Pasteur's idea, of course, was that no one could possibly object to the presence of his mad dogs on the confines of an ample wood. But in this he proves to have been mistaken. The mayor of Meudon has appealed, on behalf of his commune, to the minister of the interior, and also to the press. However carefully the dogs might be watched, the mere idea of having them for close neighbors would, he urges, effectually prevent quiet Parisians from making Meudon their suburban home and place of recreation, and thus the place would be ruined.

Three men, named Jones, Walker, and Mackness, who had spent Whitsun week in jail for refusing to have their children vaccinated, were liberated from Leicester prison, England, recently. A large concourse of spectators assembled in front of the prison, accompanied by a brass band, and the men were welcomed with great cheering. They were driven in a carriage and entertained at breakfast, in a procession headed by the brass band afterward marching through the principal streets of the town. Resolutions condemning the vaccination acts and imprisonment of men for conscience sake were passed at a large meeting. The goods of twenty persons have been seized for nonpayment of vaccination fines, and they will be sold by public auction.

A good story comes from an Anglo-Indian legion. A sub-lieutenant took sick leave, and spent his leisure in the steps preliminary to getting married. The colonel heard of the indiscretion, and peremptorily telegraphed, "Join at once." With the fatal order in his hand, the youth proceeded to say farewell to his betrothed. But the lady was more intelligent in military matters. "I am glad that the colonel approves the match," she said; "but why is he in such a hurry?" The sub-lieutenant was still too literal for the fair one, who had further to explain that to "join at once" meant "marry immediately." The result was that in forty-eight hours the colonel received the following reply, per telegraph: "Your orders are obeyed. We were married at once."

M. Louis Maiche, a well-known French engineer, has made a discovery of a hardly less startling character than that of a means to set the Seine on fire. He has discovered a gold mine in the bed of that river. The little fragments of quartz and silex which form the gravel in the bed of the Seine are, according to M. Maiche, remarkably rich in the precious metal. In some of the specimens which he has collected the auriferous particles are numerous and visible. The discovery will hardly prove of practical importance. It has been calculated that the pavement of the streets of Strasburg contains gold to the value of 4,000,000 sterling. Unfortunately, it would take just double that amount to extract it, and it is more than probable that the French proverb about the game and the candle will be equally applicable to the pebbles at the bottom of the Seine.

A Walking Stick That Has Travelled.

Col. William Erneston, a bronzed veteran of the British India service, who passed through Philadelphia a few days ago, carried a cane that is a memento of great events. It is made of nine longitudinal strips of wood; the head is a highly-polished bit of bone from the river drift deposits in Devonshire, England, and the ferule is a fragment of a gun used at the battle of Melegnano. One wooden strip is from the Mount of Olives, at Jerusalem, and of the other eight one is from Nelson's ship, the Victory, or from the American sloop-of-war Cumberland, and one from the Alabama, cut before she left Laird's ship-yard; one from the Bellerophon, Napoleon's prison ship, one from the Ville de Paris, Admiral de Grasse's flag-ship in our revolutionary war; one from the floor of the black hole at Calcutta; one from the grove surrounding Taj Mahal, and the last from the wreck of the Royal George. Col. Erneston has written a sketch of the circumstances under which each piece of the cane was obtained, and the whole put together, and on his death it and the manuscript are to be deposited in the South Kensington Museum. Each circumstance regarding the gathering of the pieces is properly attested.

Only One of the Nine.

A man with a disgraceful expression of countenance sat in the corner of the smoking car. One of his eyes was hidden by a green flap, the other gave evidence that it had violently come in contact with some hard substance. His nose looked as though it had been flattened against a window pane when he was a boy and never regained its natural shape. One ear was missing and the other drooped like a wilted morning glory. His left arm was in a sling, and no two fingers of his right hand pointed in the same direction.

When the conductor came along he gazed compassionately at the wreck before him and said, inquiringly:

"Collision?"

"No," growled the human debris.

"Prize fight?"

"No."

"Mother-in-law?"

"No."

"Dog?"

"No."

"Then what under the sun has broke you all up?"

"Base ball," groaned the victim, pulling his slouched hat down over his frescoed eye.

Coaching parties from which the tyrant man is excluded promise to become mildly popular among the ladies. The first of the season was given in retaliation for a party which has enjoyed by none but men, and it was tedious in so inconsiderable a degree that others of the same sort was talked of. Of course the ladies do not hold the reis, and wind the horn, but maybe they will do the former in the course of a few seasons when the present "horsy" tendency in fashionable life shall have borne fruit.