Cuddle Doon.

The laitrins cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' wishes fanent nae din;
O, my sae weary, ye wankrife rogues,
Your father's comin' in.

They never heed a word I speak;
I try to gie a froon,
But I'll tap them on an' dry,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
He aye sleeps neist the wa'—
Bangs up in glee, "I want a piece!"
The rantin' starts thereon a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,
They stap ewer the soun';
Then drew the blankets up an' cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab
Cries out frae 'neath the claes:
"Mither, mak' Tam pit over at ance—
He's kittlin' wi' his taes."
The mischief's in that Tam for tricks;
He'd bothee half the toon;
But aye I hap them up, and cry:
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their father's fit,
An', as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae's the weanie been quiet," he asks
As he pits off his shoon;
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,
An' long since cuddled doun."

An' just there we bed oorsel'
We look at oor wee laddie;
Then hae his arms roun' wee Rab's neck,
And Rab his arms roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
And as I mark each crown,
I whisper, ill my heart fills up,
"O, bless ye, my cuddle doun."

The laitrins cuddle doon at nicht,
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But sune the big warld's cark and care
Yet come wha will to dis see,
May He who sits above
Aye whisper, though their paths be hard,
"O, bairnies, cuddle doon."

A Reproach and its Answer.

BY E. W. E.

The Sun cried to the laughing Sea,
"Leave thy sweet wiling!
Hast thou no depths of love in thee
Too deep for smiling?"
But ever, till the day was done,
The Sea turned laughing to the Sun.

But in the darkness and the storm,
Could he discover
What terrors lost, what fears deform
His laughing lover?
Oh! pity love grows love to wed,
When his mere presence makes her glad

The Melancholy Story of a Great American Composer.

(From Foster's American Monthly.)

Of all the popular song composers our country has produced there is no one better known than the subject of this sketch, Stephen Collins Foster, with whom it was my pleasure, in some ways a sad one it must be confessed, to become personally acquainted during the last year of his brief existence. It was in the latter part of the year 1852 and in the city of New York, that I saw him for the first time. "I was introduced last night to Foster, the composer," said a friend to me; "would you like to know him?" It was an opportunity I had long desired, and I accepted the invitation to make a call upon him. Immediately the songs I had loved from childhood, almost associated with Foster's name, bubbled up from my heart, and murmured in my ear, and I already imagined myself before the hale, merry old man, with long white hair, his head bald at the top, and a kindly smile ever on his lips, such as I had always pictured him; the man for whom I had long felt a sort of reverence.

Talking of him and his many melodies, we walked quite a distance down the Bowery, in the neighbourhood of the old theatre, and turned into Hester street. On the north-west corner of Chrystie and Hester streets was an old tumble-down grocery, and into this we entered and passed through to a dingy bar-room at the back of the store, where, a moment after I was introduced to the author of "The Old Folks at Home." Let me describe him as he appeared to me: A figure slight and a little below medium stature, attired in a well-worn suit; his face long and closely shaven, soft brown eyes, somewhat dimmed, shaded by a rather high forehead, which was disfigured by the peak of a glazed cap that clung lately to his head, scarcely allowing his short brown hair to be seen. His appearance was at once so youthful and so aged that it was difficult to determine its exact age; it he were 25 or 50. An anxious, startled expression hovered over his face that was painful to witness.

Looking at him thus, it was hard for me to believe that, standing before me, was the then most popular song composer in the world; but it was, Easter, indeed. He seemed embarrassed as a girl in the presence of strangers, and this diffidence never entirely wore off. Whether it was a natural bashfulness or voluntary reserve I cannot say; but even with those who knew him most intimately he was never familiar. His conversation, made up mostly of musical reminiscences, was always interesting, and at his invitation I frequently thereafter made an opportunity to visit him. He lodged generally at a small hotel in the Bowery, but that small grocery he made his usual sitting room, and an exquisite melody had its birth in that most uncongenial place.

He was not one to haggle about the price when selling songs, and it was not seldom, in consequence, that a publisher would take advantage of this fact, as well as his poverty, paying him a paltry sum for what other and inferior composers would demand and receive a fair remuneration.

He used often to talk of his earliest efforts, and how he first happened to discover his power as a composer. At a very early age he had attained, unaided, a moderate proficiency in playing upon the flute, flageolet and piano forte; and besides this, his voice was well under control. These qualifications made him quite a leading spirit in serenading expeditions, and at the solicitation of his comrades in these parties, he attempted to write songs for them, which were so successful that they speedily became favourites among them. This fired his ambition, and when a travelling minstrel troupe passed through his native town, Pittsburg Penn., and he chanced to be present at one of their performances, he sought, through them, to have one of his own songs brought before the public. "Oh, Susanna!" was submitted by him, accepted and sung, and shortly afterward published by Peters of Cincinnati, meeting with a decided success, his remuneration being twenty-five copies or thereabouts, of the song. This was in the year 1842, when Stephen, who was born on independence day, 1826, was a mere boy of 16. In the same year "Open the Lattice Love," a serenade, was published by George Willig of Baltimore, and "Uncle Ned" by the publisher of his first song, both becoming rapidly popular.

He saw and felt that he was appreciated, and needed no other incitement to exertion. Song after song he taught the people, each new one to be loved by them only better than the last; for he had acquired the secret of translating the thoughts, feelings and sympathies of every-day life into melody.

Whenever an opportunity offered itself he would visit Methodist camp-meetings, both white and black, and listening to their weird chants, as he loved to do, would gather many an idea for his folk-songs; and in this fact, perhaps, lies the secret of his wonderful success in writing negro melodies. One song of Foster's in particular sprang from this source, "Hard Times Come Again No More." And I might here mention that on more than one occasion in that old grocery I have heard him sing that good old "song of weary" with rare pathos.

It is sad to think that one who was forever singing of home and loved ones should have no dearer place than this that he might call a home, and no fond friend to comfort him; yet here he was, in that great, cold city, in that sense alone, and writing ever of "love, love, and only love."

It is unnecessary to give a list of all of Foster's songs, they are so numerous and so well known; but the following table of sales of but half a dozen of them, taken from an old catalogue of the publications of Frith, Pond & Co., issued over 20 years ago, will give some faint idea of their wonderful popularity:

"Old Folks at Home," 300,000; "My Old Kentucky Home," 150,000; "Massa's in de Cold Cold Ground," 78,000; "Old Dog Tray" (six months), 74,000; "Willie we Have Missed You," 135,000; "Ellen Bayne," 135,000.

In "Old Folks at Home" Foster hoped, and even expected, to rival "Home Sweet Home," which he always considered was written contrary to the rules of pure melody. He could never account for its popularity and the enthusiasm and emotion with which it was received on every occasion. Perhaps, had he not made the words of this song local, by the mention of the "Suwanee river" there might have been a chance of its equalling, or at least approaching, the song it was intended to eclipse, for it is a simple, touching and beautiful composition. But few have dared to follow where Foster failed, and "Home Sweet Home," still stands secure, the home song of the world.

In looking over the titles of his pieces, it is curious and pleasant to notice how often the name of "Jenny" occurs. As many as 10 are woven about that loved name—the name of his wife. She was the daughter of the late Dr. McDowell of Pittsburg, "Little Jennie Dow," as she was called in one of his songs. He not only sang his wife's praises, but always spoke of her in the fondest terms. He used to say that she it was who, then a bright-eyed, merry little girl, first inspired his soul with song, and made him long to attune it to the music of her voice. "Jenny's Coming O'er the Green," recalling the time when he waited for her coming, was always a great favourite with him, and when asked to sing, if he yielded at all, which was rarely, that was most likely to be his choice. His voice was then of small compass and little power, yet he sang so tenderly and earnestly that the effort was always pleasing.

"Old Folks at Home" the best selling song he ever composed, in fact the most profitable piece of music published in this country prior to the rebellion, was in the tenth edition accredited on its title page to E. P. Christy (of minstrel notoriety. For this privilege he is said to have paid Foster a considerable sum.

Foster was a poet, as his songs attest, the words of nearly every one of his songs being of his own composition, and many of them are beautiful, though simple. "My Old Kentucky Home, (Good Night," was thought worthy of a place in Bryant's "library of poetry and song," but Foster receives no credit, though it was undoubtedly written by him.

The accident, a severe fall, which terminated poor Foster's life, occured at the American house, in the Bowery, on the morning of the 10th of January, 1864. He was immediately carried to Bellevue hospital, where he lingered but three days. In his waking hours he was scarcely ever unconscious of what was passing, but often conversed easily and on his customary topics. He laid out his plans for the future, for he seemed to have no idea that death was at the door. On the morning of the 13th the attendant came to dress his wounds, and in answer to some objections, said he would be careful not to hurt him. "Oh, wait till to-morrow," whispered Foster. These were his last words. A gasp followed, his head fell back, and he sank dead in the attendant's arms. At Pittsburgh, his native city, interesting and imposing ceremonies were held in his honour. A large concourse of people, eager to do homage to the memory of their gifted townsman, attended the funeral and accompanied the remains to the grave. Many of his popular songs were there performed, among them that exquisite serenade, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," his most elaborate and artistic composition.

A Beggar Millionaire.

"A Beggar Millionaire," according to the *Berger Zeitung of Berlin*, has just died in Berlin. The old fellow left property amounting to a million and a half marks. He had a numerous family, children and grandchildren, and lived in splendid style in Berlin, giving sumptuous entertainments, at which the champagne is said to have run in streams. The *soirees* were only attended by the middle class of society, and were only held during the winter. In summer the jovial old gentleman invariably left his house for four or five months. It is now known that he has regularly frequented, a least until a few years ago, the principal bathing places of Germany, and that he gathered his immense plunder by begging. In a wretched dress, with an invalid's cap, blue spectacles, long snow-white hair, and apparently palsied limbs, he used to shamble slowly along the promenades. He never directly asked for anything, but used to receive voluntary offerings from the visitors, and these amounted to a large sum, which was regularly sent to Berlin every week. His biggest harvests were collected in the great gambling towns, when those places were in the full bloom of their hideous prosperity. He got the report well spread abroad that he had formerly been very rich, but had lost everything at the gaming tables. He would pace to and fro in and around the great building at Baden-Baden, and more than once during the day some player, who had made a lucky stroke of business, would sympathetically press a piece of gold upon the old man's acceptance. He is said by the *Burger Zeitung* to have driven this profitable business for thirty seasons, and to have owed the great part of his well-invested fortune to this curious mania, for it became in time a mania, since he continued it long after he had become a man of unusual wealth. His last appearance was in Wiesbaden. One day, as he stood on the promenade, with a woe-begone aspect, and trembling with feigned illness, a Berliner called him aside and informed him that he recognized him. That evening the old man took his tickets at the railway station, and steamed home to Berlin. He never appeared again in his character of beggar.

Life and Inactivity.

If a steam-engine is stopped suddenly and left unused for a long period, the piston rusts fast in the cylinder, the packing corrodes the rods, and every part is thickly covered with dust. When the human frame is inactive and torpid for a length of time, the muscles relax, the nerves lose their tone, the organs refuse to perform their functions, and the whole of that great machine—the human frame—is disorganized. Day in and day out men sit poring over ledgers and day-books until they are addle-headed, and the figures swim before their eyes. When evening comes, and business hours are over, instead of taking a walk, so as to send the blood dancing and tingling to the remotest part of their frames, they get into some omnibus, and drowsily roll to their doors. A very great portion of the minor ailments flesh is heir to is caused by leziness. An afflicted individual goes to a doctor; "something is wrong inside," but he doesn't know exactly where. Thereupon the physician looks grave, and says, "Ah, dyspepsia;" and forthwith orders tonics aperients, and when all the lazy man wants is a two-mile tramp, or a good old-fashioned bouncing on a hard-trotting horse. A certain eastern potentate, feeling himself out of sorts on one occasion, sent for his physicians and demanded a cure. "Take this mace," said the physician, "mount a horse, and swing the instrument backwards and forwards, riding meanwhile at a rapid pace." Certain drugs concealed in the handle will then exude; your excellency will absorb them and be cured. "And he was cured," says the legend; the shrewd man of medicine knew full well that all the king required was fresh air and exercise, and he took this method of prescribing them. It is better to wear out than to rust out, and shoe-leather is far less costly than medical advice. Stretching the legs relieves the tension on the purse-strings, and the cheapest as well as the best medicine for dulness, headaches, stupidity, hypochondria, and ill-temper, is fresh air and sunlight. These are sovereign remedies; but because they are easily obtained, are not unpleasant to take, and cost nothing, few use them.

A MAN who works with a will—a lawyer.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

DIE as you wish to be dressed by.

MIRTH puts in the maidens fabric of a dream. To the tramp, home is where the hash is.

GRATE sympathy—That given to jailed criminals.

THE beginning of an end—the stump of a dog's tail.

AN anonymous article—A baby before it's christened.

DON'T get in debt to a shoemaker if you would call your "sole your own."

KING CETAWAYO'S song: "I Kaffir nobody, no, not I, and nobody Kaffires me."

A MINISTER, in the course of a sermon upon angels, alluded to them as "an extinct race."

A WHITEHALL woman calls her husband Good Resolutions, because he's always broke.

DO they call it the oodish aristocracy because it is made up of the salt of the earth?

If you are in love, just constitute yourself a "Teller committee" of one, and settle the business.

IF a sneeze is a sign of good health what is a snore? If a snore isn't anything what is a yawn?

THE woman whose husband refused her a chip bonnet when she axed him says he is a blockhead.

A HAPPY mother of male twins enthusiastically refers to her treasures as her "sweet boy and boy."

THE man who dreams he dwelt in marble halls woke up to find that the bedclothes had tumbled off.

THE man who has no sentiment in his heart will now saw off the handle of his snow shovel for a base ball club.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage. This is why we occasionally see a cross dog with a brass band around his neck.

We would remark that the lilac buds are swelling, but refrain through fear of some scoffer asking us why we lilac that for.

"COME, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come," and bring a fan, a glass of soda water, and some cough medicine with you.

"WHAT is a pedestrian?" asked the child. "The pedestrian," explained the father, "is a tramp set to walking in a circle."

You can always tell when the hero and heroine in a play are man and wife. They infuse no warmth or feeling into the stage kiss.

It has been proven that after kindling his fire a miser stick a cork in the nozzle of the bellows to save the little wind that was left in it.

IN swimming down the river Paul Boyton should be attended by directors who will see that he makes no runs on the banks.

AN Ohio man had his neck broken while trying to break a colt. The safest way to break a colt is to hire one of your creditors to do it.

SAID the sailor: "We had a pet monkey on board, and when we struck the first early weather you ought to have seen that monkey-wrench!"

MONTEZUMA'S maiden name was Helena Bende. What eccentricities there are in names, to be sure. The above is more odd than Helen Blazes.

THE Marquis of Normandy, who has been Governor at one time or other of half the British dependencies, has been appointed Governor of Victoria.

VERY kind girl—"Do you know, my dear, that we have to-day the shortest day of the year?" *Lady*—"Very true! But your presence makes me forget it."

THE ice men are going around saying the ice is so thick they cannot cut it without being put to great expense, consequently ice will be dear next summer.

CHICAGO has been holding an egg convention, with many wise men present, and yet no one seemed to understand that nature designed the egg for nogging.

THE beautiful pontiard by Benvenuto Cellini, which was lately stolen from the palace at Lisbon during a ball, was found by a street scavenger. Not a diamond was missing.

A CLOCK having struck the hour of one, a tender-hearted woman exclaimed, "Oh! what a cruel clock!" "Why so?" asked a friend. "Because it struck its little one!"

"MOTHER is all the time telling me not to bolt my food," said the small boy, "and now she has gone and bolted up the cupboard that has got all the company victuals."

FIRST Swell—"Look here, Fred, you shouldn't wear so many big diamonds. It's awfully bad form." Second Swell—"Bless your soul, dear boy, they ain't real."

DID you ever see two men, when they stop on the street to talk, cross over and back at the end of every sentence? And yet they do this on the stage in order to appear "natural!"

THE class in geography was on exhibition, when the question came, "Who discovered the Sandwich Islands?" Every hand was instantly raised, followed by a chorus of "Joseph Cook."

BY a recent order of Prince Bismarck all public works in Germany are to be executed exclusively by Germans, and with German material, except in the case of articles not produced in that country. Foreign architects are excluded from all competition.

JUDGE—"Your client had better make a compromise; ask her what she will take." Counsel—"My good woman, his lordship asks what you will take." Old woman—"I'm obliged to his lordship [courtesy], as he's so kind [courtesy]. I'll just take a glass of warm ale."

And now the gay and festive frog
Within the marsh is seen;
The leader seeks a sunny spot
Upon the village green;
The trade in patent liver pills
Becomes a steady thing—
The rhymer with a genuine air
Indites an ode to spring.

POLICEMAN sees pedestrian tumble into gutter, a carriage drives rapidly past, and picking up the injured man, calls to the driver: "Hi, hold on there! You'll have to answer for this! You knocked him down." Coachee (with honest indignation)—"What d'ye so-oy! No I didn't, cap, I aimed at him, but the old machine missed fire."

If you must smoke do it in the way to give most pleasure to yourself. Place a little tobacco in the bottom of the pipe and light it. When well alire fill the pipe to the top. The tobacco will in that way burn up slowly if there is an occasional puff outward through the stem, and the taste will be more pleasing. So "they say."

NICARDVA RODRIGUEZ belonged to an influential family in Chili, but many years ago went to California for the purpose of becoming a Claude Duval. His first exploit, in 1856, was to lead a party of highwaymen that robbed a waggon train of bullion worth $29,000. He has since performed feats of the same sort that would charm the readers of dime novels; but he has had the unpleasant experience of fifteen years in prison, and must go there again for a recent stage robbery in Arizona.

THE current feeling among thinking men in Germany seems to be that however ably Prince Bismarck may deal with politics, he knows nothing about finance. Sentiments of this kind have been freely enunciated before the Statistical Society of Berlin. At a recent meeting Dr. Bamberger delivered a very able address on the proposed reactionary policy, in the course of which he said: "There is confusion without equal; no business man knows what course to pursue. * * * A standstill in the development of industry and an assault on the Government will be the result." The *Frankfurter Zeitung* takes a similar view, and especially points out how injurious the proposed customs duties will be to the carrying trade of Germany.

Hudson Bay Dog-teams.

(From Lippincott's Magazine.)

Profanity—and particularly French profanity—seems a necessary adjunct to dog-driving. It is unfortunate that, by some inscrutable dispensation of Providence, the only method of reaching a dog's reason should be through unlimited imprecation. But, speaking with the experience of many days of dog-travel and an intimate acquaintance with a score or more of dog-trains, I have never seen any attempt to reach it in any other way. I do not seek to exaggerate, but simply to present dog-driving as it really is—an inhuman thrashing and varied cursing. The cruelty with which the dogs are treated cannot be excused. It is true they are often obstinate and provoking, and require severe beating, especially from a new driver, till the team is brought into subjection. But when helpless animals, undergoing severe labour in the traces, are not merely beaten on the body with heavy lashes, but systematically flogged on the head till their ears drip blood—beaten with whip handles till their jaws and noses are cut open with deep wounds—cudgelled with clubs, knelt upon and stamped upon until their howls turn into low moans of agony—punishment merges into sheer brutality. And yet such treatment is of common occurrence. As I said, the beatings from being intermittent became incessant. Many of the dogs had so exhausted themselves by violent darting hither and thither in their endeavours to dodge the blows of the descending whip, that they had no strength left for the legitimate task of hauling the sledge. The heads of others were reduced to a swollen pulpy mass by tremendous thrashings, while one or two had given out altogether, and had been taken from the harness and abandoned on the plains. The operation of "sending a dog to Rome," had been performed more than once—a brutal operation in which the driver sinks below the level of the beast. Sending a dog to Rome is effected by simply beating him over the head with a club or heavy whip-handle, until he falls insensible to the ground. When he revives, with the memory of the awful blows that deprived him of consciousness fresh upon him, he pulls frantically at his load. A dog is sent to Rome for various and often trivial provocations—because he shirks or will not pull, because he will not, not permit the driver to adjust some hitch in his harness. While he is insensible the necessary alteration is made, and upon recovering consciousness, he receives a terrible lash of the whip to set him going again.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

WE should not retain the remembrance of faults we have once forgiven.

THERE is no greater slave than a man who owes another money he cannot pay.

A MAN proves himself fit to go higher who shows that he is faithful where he is.

REAL happiness is cheap enough; yet how dearly are we in the habit of paying for its counterfeit!

It is much better to work in earnest and to play in earnest than to mix work and play carelessly together.

MEN of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

TRUE liberty consists in the privilege of enjoying our own rights—not in the destruction of the rights of others.

NATURE is a very careful to provide against scarcity. In the moral world it is the same. Goodness and beauty lie thick around us, in spite of sin, and sorrow, and wrong of all kinds.

THE more I meditate, the more I am convinced that, to tread firmly in the path of virtue, it is necessary that we be supported by the staff of knowledge. Ignorance is the mother of follies.

If young people are induced—led, not forced—to begin their reading aright, the chances are largely in their favour that their critical knowledge will make them pretty good judges afterwards.

BACON says that "whenever it is possible, knowledge should be insinuated into the mind of another in the manner in which it was first discovered." If this principle were fairly carried out, it would work great changes in our methods of teaching.

THE right to freedom is vested in those only who have the capacity and the will to act in a proper manner. Freedom of action conferred upon those who possess not both of these attributes must inevitably disorganise society, demoralise the people, and force them back to barbarism.

A Palmermitan Carmen.

Piemo has a Carmen in real life named Caliva. She was wondrous fair and fell in love with a daring and successful brigand. She was luckier than the gypsy in Bizet's drama. Her lover, Plaja, was the leader of the Giuliani band, and had long been ineffectually chased by the police, when at last he was run to earth in a house at Giuliana, and attacked there by a force of seventeen gendarmes. The assailants, after forcing the door, found themselves in a dark room, in which they were coolly shot down by the bandits, while several women and children were lying in the house partly sheltered by beds, but not sufficiently so to protect them from wounds inflicted in the fray. After no fewer than seven of the police had been killed outright, and six lay wounded on the floor, the chief of the band escaped with one companion through a hole which the band made in the wall communicating with the adjoining house. Plaja made his way safely to the open country; but would not abandon the neighbourhood without going to pay a visit to the adorable Caliva. He retired with her to the house of a friend at Contessa, was again besieged, and this time gave way, as the witness declared, to desperation and thoughts of suicide. His courage was restored by the words of the heroine, who stood at the door of the house, receiving two dangerous wounds, while the man, firing from an upper window, once more slew the greater number of his adversaries, and made good his escape, leaving Caliva to be captured and tried by a court which, partly moved, as it seems, by her appearance and courage, has sentenced her to a term of only fourteen months' imprisonment.

Romance on the Rail.

On a railroad train—no cards. A section of the sleeping-car of the night express which left Pittsburgh Friday evening was occupied by a lady who had informed the conductor that upon the arrival of the train at Harrisburg she expected to meet a beautiful young man. He was all the world to her, she explained with downcast eyes, and he would be accompanied by a minister. The train bowled into the depot at 3.50 a.m., and bridegroom and minister entered the bridal-car. The conductor shouted "All aboard;" the train thundered on through the night; the porter held a lantern by the light of which the minister read a brief marriage service, and the young couple, who stood before him holding on to the seats and more or less to each other, were declared one. Not long afterward the eastern sky was streaked with pink and gray; anon a morning newspaper was cried in the car, and ere a great while a train-boy stared the travellers out of countenance, and murmured, "Peanuts and lozenges." Their wedding journey had begun.

ONE of the brightest things we have noticed going round lately is a highly-polished circular saw.

THERE was an ingenious amount of devotion implied in the remark of a love-sick millionaire when the object of his affections became ecstatic over the beauty of the evening star. "Oh, ride, ride, do not praise it like that!" he cried; "I can not get it for you."

Another Startling Invention.

Two Hundred Words a Minute Sent Over One Cable Wire—A Whole Newspaper Telegraphed in Half an Hour.

(From the Boston Post, March 13.)

We are enabled to lay before the readers of the *Post* this morning a piece of exclusive intelligence which will be found of intense and universal interest. It reaches us by the last mail from London, and indicates that the old and new worlds are about to hail the approaching dawn of cheap telegraphy on land and under sea between and throughout all the countries of the civilized globe, but more particularly across the Atlantic ocean between Europe and America. We learn that the American Cable company, of New York, through its general agent, who is now in London, has just closed, signed and sealed one of the most important contracts that was ever connected with the subject of telegraphing, and by which the new company has secured the exclusive right to the use of a new invention, or process, for sending messages by cables or otherwise. One party of the contract guarantees to send ten messages of twenty words each per minute through the conducting wire between Paris or London and New York. This is the minimum speed stated in the contract, but it is said that at the maximum speed what could be sent in thirty minutes would be equal to the number of words contained in one number of the London *Times* or the New York *Herald*. And it is also asserted that an entire number of either of the above-named journals could be dispatched through the cable from New York to London or Paris, or from London to New York, and be reproduced at those points in *fac simile*, on a stereotyped block or plate, complete and ready to be printed from in thirty minutes, and at a trifling expense. This would make an average rate of about two thousand words per minute.

What has enabled this wonderful process of invention to be brought to perfection and put to practical use is the new system and inventions now controlled by the American Cable company, these latter instruments serving as the basis of the new discovery. The above-named company has, we are informed, an exclusive right to the use on all its proposed cables of both of these most wonderful inventions, but the general agent owns and controls all the other rights of both inventions in all countries and for all purposes. It is now believed that with the combined use of these two inventions the new cable company will be able to reduce the tariff for cable messages between New York and the five different countries which are to be connected directly by its cables to from three to five cents per word and pay dividends of from 8 to 20 per cent. on its total capital. We take great and undisguised satisfaction in the fact that an American company is to be the first to enjoy the distinction and receive the benefits of the introduction to the world of these two inventions, concerning which more full information is yet to be received. They will be instrumental in bringing about marvellous advancements in the distribution of news and private communications by telegraphic methods throughout the world. The great importance of this discovery may, perhaps, be better appreciated from the additional statement that at the moment of signing the document of transfer to the American company through its general agent the inventor was offered for his process so large a sum as £400,000 by the Anglo company through parties interested in the latter. Inasmuch as it could not have been used by the Anglo company for lack of the proper electric instruments, the benefit of it would of course have been lost to the world. We understand that a company is to be formed in London, with large capital, to bring over and operate all other rights of the invention outside of those held by the American Cable company. It is evident that ocean telegraphy is yet in its infancy, and Americans will have reason to feel proud of seeing the promised revolution in the business set on foot by a company that bears their country's name.

Charles Reade's Balloon War.

Charles Reade in a recent letter to the London *Telegraph*, suggests that the use of a captive ball on would have saved the English troops in Zulu'and from the recent massacre. "A very small one," he says, "would have raised a man a thousand feet, and shown him in a moment the shallow secrets of Zulu strategy. Lateral ambuscades, though in a jungle, are no ambuscades to a scout looking down vertically with a powerful binocular, and sweeping thirty miles at a glance. The nation, therefore, will feel obliged to the War Office if it will send out, not a great many more soldiers to be knocked on the head, but a few more soldiers, more ammunition, more balloons, more gasometers, more binoculars, and more brains." Mr. Reade neglects the opportunity to speak of the value of a portable electric light to disclose night assailants.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP can now be purchased right at home. It is the most successful preparation ever introduced to our people. It works like a charm in all cases of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhages, Asthma, severe Coughs, Croup and all other Throat and Lung Diseases. No person has ever used this medicine without getting immediate relief, yet there are a great many poor, suffering, sceptical persons going about our streets with a suspicious cough, and the voice of consumption coming from their lungs, that will not try it. If you die, it is your own fault, as you can go to your druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it; three doses will relieve any case. Regular size only 75 cents.

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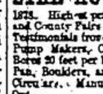
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