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GEO. S. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Soul Time is Summer Time.

"I wandered forth alone," sang she,  
"When summer flowers were young,  
And birds made merry songs for me,  
The summer woods among;  
And gayly, gayly danced the rill,  
And balmy was the air;  
But there was something 'alled me still,  
Though all the land was fair."  
"The blossoms all are dead," she sings,  
"That graced the summer time;  
And summer birds have spread their wings,  
To seek a softer clime.  
The wintry sky is dark above;  
The silent woods are bare;  
But thou art near me, oh, my love,  
And all the land is fair."

## THE DISGUISED FRIGATE.

"Black as a wolf's mouth," I said, as I came on deck to relieve the watch, the first night out; "one can hardly see a fathom before him."  
"Black enough, Mr. Danforth," replied a gruff voice by my side.  
"Ah! Taffrail," I said, as his stout form, closely wrapped in his son's wester, emerged from the mist by my side, "are you there?"

"It's dark enough, to be sure, sir," he continued, "but it's nothing to what I've seen off the Irish coast, where the fog's been so thick that you could almost have cut out pieces of it with a jackknife. There's the night for watches, especially when there's a sprinkling of hail or snow, sheeting every rope with ice, and making one shiver under a monkey-jacket like a youngster about to be thrashed. I've heard it was on such a night that Sir What-d'ye-call-him Something, great English baronet or knight, was frozen to death near the North Cape, ever so long ago."

"Sir Hugh Willoughby, you mean," I replied.

"Ay, that's the name," he replied. "Well, they found him and his crew years after, standing every man at his post, stark and rigid, just as death had left him—didn't they?" And as he spoke, the veteran coolly squirted a stream of tobacco juice over the Yankee's side, and, turning his eye to windward, took a knowing look at the white, opaque mist.

"There's no coast as bad as the American, sir, in a wester's night," said Taffrail. "It's well we've just had a nor'wester, and so need not fear a cold spell, just here off Block Island, sir, a matter of some ten years ago, in a China ship, one of the few that traded to Newport. We'd been gone a long while, and were anxious, you may be sure, to get in. So, with a fair breeze, through a light one, we stood merrily in till just such a fog as this settled down like a nightcap on us, and in a little while we did not know where we were. The skipper waited till morning, afeard to go on at night; but very soon, exactly as now, the son's wind died quite away, sir, as a whiff of smoke from a 'backy pipe. It wasn't long after that before the breeze chopped around to nor'-nor'-west, with rain and sleet, blowing right in our teeth, and kicking up in no time a deuce of a swell; not a long, regular heave, but a short, cross sea that made the old craft pitch and groan, and sent us to the leeward like a tub. The skipper stripped her soon, for he knew what was to follow, and tried to lie to, so as to lose no ground; but Lord, sir, the rollers came tumbling over the knight-heads, do what we would; and the waters freighting every time a wave struck her, we soon had tons of ice on deck. If you'd have sunk as light and trim a frigate in time as ever was built, let alone an old logger-built Indiaman, as broad in the beam as a Dutch wife; so at last we had to give up the struggle and run for the gulf stream. It was a month, sir, before we got into port, when, but for that fog, we should have been in the night we came on the coast."

I liked to beguile the dull hours of a watch with Taffrail's prolixity; so, desiring to warm him with his subject, I continued:

"I've heard that Kidd's ship is often seen hereabouts, sometimes in flames, sometimes crowded with shrieking wretches, and always on a foggy night like this."

"Ay, sir, I've heard so, too. And once," he added, lowering his voice still more, "I met an old Block Islander who said he'd seen it, and there came from it the awful curses he ever heard, till on a sudden, bethinking him to pray, he began the Lord's prayer, when scarcely had he finished the first two words, before the ship vanished in a blue flame, with a strong smell of sulphur. But, God preserve us, what is that?"

As Taffrail uttered this sudden exclamation, he grasped my arm, and pointed over the weather quarter, where a vague, gigantic mass, like a ship cut out of white smoke, loomed suddenly up. It was not stationary, but moved astern slowly, like a sheeted ghost.

"Could I have heard the slightest sound—the creaking of a block, the gurgle of the parting waves against the stern, or the voice of a look-out—I would have believed it a real ship; but the absence of all these, when the propinquity of the apparent ship was so close, convinced me that what we saw was an illusion. Although incredulous of supernatural appearance, I yet felt a thrill, half of terror, as that huge, shadowy object floated slowly astern and disappeared. It vanished as suddenly as it came, going out all at once, like a puff of steam."

Neither of us had spoken again while the spectral ship was visible—a period probably of two minutes; and now Taffrail drew a long breath.

"The Lord have mercy on our souls!" he said; "I'm afeard something's a-going to happen, Mr. Danforth." I was about to answer, when, just at that instant, I heard the water rippling faster against the Yankee's sides, I looked up. The fog had slowly thinned off since the disappearance of the shadowy ship; and I could now see the fore-top-sail, and noticed that, instead of hanging idly, it was bellying slightly to the breeze. In an instant the whole current of my thoughts was changed.

"We shall have a wind soon," I cried, with animation, "and get well off the coast before morning." "Ducky, too; for, if the blockading squadron catch sight of us they'll make us pay for having slipped their fingers on our first cruise, and almost escaped them on the second. Lay aloft there!" I cried, elevating my voice and rousing the watch; "loosen that maintop-sail, and let her have everything that will draw."

In a few minutes, with clouds of snowy canvas sheeted home, we were making the best of our way south, going deep to windward. The change from the dull wash of the swell under our counter to the brisk dash of the water over the knight-heads, was most exhilarating; and the men, who had been skulking here and there in the fog, now came forth and stood eagerly on the lookout, for the mist was rapidly clearing off before the increasing wind.

Four bells had just been struck, and the stars were thickening on high like grains of gold on the azure of a maiden's veil, when, ranging the horizon to the windward, I thought I saw a large sail a few miles distant. Almost at the same moment a lookout hailed. Calling for a night-glass, I took a long scrutiny, and made out the stranger to be a merchantman of large proportions.

I had just closed the telescope, when Captain Drew came on deck, half-dressed, and rubbing his eye.

"I heard a hail," he said, "just as I was turning for my second nap. Where is the ship? I would not like to have a British cruiser to windward, though that's just where we must expect them, after all."

"She seems too close in for a cruiser," I replied. "The late northwester has blown the enemy's fleet further east, I should think. Her position is more like that of merchantman hugging to shore to get in unobserved."

Captain Drew, meantime, had taken the glass, and was now engaged in carefully scrutinizing the stranger. At last he laid down the telescope.

"She looks like a merchantman; I can now see part of her hull; and I incline to favor your view the more, as on the African coast you were right when we were all wrong."

"At any rate," I said, "it would not be easy to escape her, were she twenty times an enemy. We cannot go back; that is certain. So I have kept her to her course, as you see; and, at the rate we are now going, we shall soon be up with her."

"You did perfectly right," replied my superior. Meantime, if the stranger had perceived us, which she must have done, she showed no intention of allowing our presence to interfere with her course. I did not like this feature of the case, for it looked as if the sail was not American. But Captain Drew remarked that she might easily suppose us to be a merchantman, taking the opportunity of the late gale to get out of the sound.

"Or," said he, "he may think we are what we are. In any event, we shall soon know."

As we approached the stranger, I grew more uneasy, but apparently without cause; for, now that we could more closely examine her, we saw no evidence of an armament. His sides were black, with a white streak, without even the fiction of painted ports, and not a soul could be seen about him, except one or two idle lookouts.

"We'll overhaul him now," said Captain Drew; "and was he to him if he should happen to be a British trader, or transport from Jamaica, —oh! That last would be grand, Danforth. We'll make a tack and fetch across his fore-top. Call all hands to be ready for him if he should prove a prize."

In a moment the whistle of the boat-swing rang through the brig, and the men, who always, as they said, slept with one ear open, came tumbling up, ready for their work.

The wind had now freshened considerably, and as the Yankee bent to its force the spray from the opposing seas came crackling, thick and fast, over the bow, wetting the deck well forward. The merchantman was rapidly approaching, loomed larger and larger every moment, till, but for the absence of ports in her sides, we should have thought her a full-sized frigate.

Suddenly, to our dismay, as she came down toward us, rolling the water in cataracts under her bows, the long white streak, which had convinced us of her pacific character, fell off, like a huge scale of paint, and we saw twenty frowning ports, with their blood-red mouths, through which gleamed the light of as many battle lanterns.

"Caught, by the eternal!" ejaculated Captain Drew, hissing the oath between his teeth. "It's that frigate they disguised by covering her ports with a strip of canvas, in order to trap our fast-sailing clippers. I've heard of the trick before."

The enemy, for such he evidently was, now almost overlooked us. A light figure sprang into the mizen-rigging of the frigate, and hailed authoritatively:

"What ship is that?"  
"The private-armed brig Yankee, of the United States, bound out."  
"This is his Britannic majesty's frigate Invincible. Haul down your flag, or we'll fire into you."  
"Very well," said Captain Drew; "shall we come to under your lee?"  
I had expected to see the leader fling down his trumpet in a passion of mortification and rage at having his worst anticipations thus confirmed; but he seemed cheerful, and in no wise deponding.

"Send a boat on board," gruffly continued the officer from the frigate.  
"You have struck your flag, you say?"  
"We had not raised it yet," answered Captain Drew. And then, in reply to the order, repeated again, to send a boat on board, he replied: "Ay, ay, sir."

But, meantime, he turned to me, and whispered, as we rounded to under the stern of the frigate, "just as if we were going to make sail, dead into the wind's eye. I'll see that they bustle about the quarter-boat."

We were now rocking upon the waves, under the lee of our huge adversary. As we floated astern, I saw we gradually widened the distance between us, heading to the wind, under the influence of a bit of head-sail which I had left up, as if accidentally. I comprehended at once why Captain Drew had been so little depressed, I saw the bold maneuver he was about to attempt; and, as my duty as officer of the deck called on me to execute it, I immediately whispered to my subordinates, and had every man, on the instant, alert to spring, at the required whistle, to his post. Meantime, the captain was superintending the launch of the boat, which, by some mischance to the tackle, appeared to stick at the davits.

Fortunately it was comparatively dark, and the enemy could only see that there was some delay, without entirely comprehending its cause. We floated apart so imperceptibly, too, though our decks must have become less discernible every minute. Officers and men, meantime, were looking at us over the frigate's sides. At last, the royal captain seemed to lose all patience.

"Why don't you lower the boat?" he thundered, angrily.  
"The block sticks," said Captain Drew, "but we'll be ready in a minute."

"Be quick, then, or I'll fire into you," he replied surlily.  
"Ay, ay, sir!" still answered Captain Drew. All this had passed in a comparatively short interval of time. Every minute had been more precious to us than gold, for it drifted us slowly but surely, further from the frigate, past her stern and to windward. We were now almost in the position we desired. It seemed incredible that the suspicions of the enemy had not become aroused, for our increased distance was clearly perceptible. We expected every instant, indeed, to see our purpose avinced. As the crisis drew nearer, every heart beat with terrible rapidity, and the flushed countenances of the men, as they crowded around, showed how sensibly excited they were. Suddenly we caught the breeze full, and I knew the favorable point was reached. I looked toward Captain Drew. He, too, saw the crisis was arrived, and springing with a leap to the side, he shouted:

"Mind your helm—hard down!—set every thing that will draw—and now, lads, let's see if we can't give trick for trick."

The men immediately rushed to their several posts, near which they had stationed themselves in advance, at my orders. In a second of time, as it were, the sails, which had been hauled up, fell to their places, and were sheeted home; the brig bowed before the breeze, and began to make rapid head-way; and before the Englishman could understand our design, we already had the weather-gage, and were darting to windward, like a duck upon the wing.

Had the frigate been prepared to throw out her light sail, or had her battery been properly manned, she would, notwithstanding this bold maneuver, have recaptured us; for she could have crippled us before we got out of range. But she had been under easy canvas all along, and knowing us, from the first, to be so much her inferior, she had opened her ports merely for bravado, and then only on the side opposite to that where we found ourselves. Whether her men even were at their stations, we never knew; most probably they were not.

As we parted from her, after we were once fairly in motion, the impulse that seized us all was irresistible; and, with one accord, officers and men united in a huzza that made the very welkin ring.

She threw a few shots after us from her stern-chasers, but they did little damage, and we were soon out of range of her guns. She did not long persist in a chase, which every minute she saw to be more useless. Before noon the frigate was hull down on the horizon.

"The flying Dutchman, last night, was the enemy's frigate," I said to Taffrail, the day after this occurrence. "Her figure, reflected by the fog, was clearly what we saw."

"Ah, Mr. Danforth," said the old

fellow, still incredulous, "tell that to the horse marines."

## United States Railroads.

During the past year, says the Railroad Manual, only 1,940 miles of road were constructed against 3,948 in 1873, 6,167 in 1872, and 7,670 in 1871. The earnings have fallen off, but in less ratio than the construction—a fact that has been frequently illustrated in this paper of late. The aggregate cost of the roads at the close of the last fiscal year was \$4,221,763,594, and their length 69,273 miles. Of the total cost \$1,990,997,486 was made up of share capital and \$2,230,766,08 of various forms of indebtedness, chiefly of bonds maturing at a distant day. The average cost per mile was \$90,425. The gross earnings for the year were \$520,466,016. Of this \$379,466,995 was received for freight and \$140,999,081 for passengers. The operating expenses were \$330,895,058, the net earnings \$189,570,958, being 36.4 per cent. of the total. The gross earnings equaled 12.3 per cent. on the total cost of the roads, and the net earnings were 4.50 per cent. of the cost. The net earnings of 1873 were \$183,810,562. The reduction in the cost of operating is due to cheap railroad supplies and cheap labor. The net earnings of the railroads of the New England States equaled 6.21 per cent. on the total share capital; of the Middle States, 5.7 per cent.; of the Western States, 1.92 per cent.; of the Southern States, 0.50 per cent., and of the Pacific States, 0.1 per cent. The gross earnings were only \$5,953,919 less than for 1873. They were \$52,224,961, or ten per cent. greater than those of 1872. They exceeded by \$117,138,808 those of 1871. During the five years ending 1873 28,428 miles of new line were constructed. Among these were about 12,000 miles of land grant roads. These were pushed with reckless energy to save the grants; hence the railroad panic. "The great offenders in building of unproductive lines," says Mr. Poor, "are the Chicago and North-western, the Milwaukee and St. Paul, Toledo, Wabash and Western, the Erie, and the Michigan Southern." Wabash and Erie have been forced into liquidation. North-western and St. Paul "have probably sacrificed the value of their capital upon wild and visionary schemes."

Mr. Poor finds a favorable aspect to the railroad situation in the following points: Population is so increased that the roads increasingly support each other. The earnings per head of population are now five times greater than in 1858, when the last great panic occurred. Foreign markets are vastly enlarged, and those do not fluctuate rapidly. The productive capacity of the people has been doubled within ten years. All these and many other changes must inure to the benefit of railroads.

**Responsibilities of Corporations.**  
The question of corporate responsibility is assuming gigantic proportions. Every day, from all sections of the country, the death-roll is augmented by terrible accidents on the sea and land, causing death, wounds and many kinds of suffering. The disasters at Rockaway and on the Long Island Southern railroad cause a momentary spasm of indignation, but whether this feeling will pass away without bearing any good fruit is to be seen. The graves of the dead of St. Andrew's church, the Holyoke disaster, and even the Mill river catastrophe, are yet fresh and green, but the cause of them is fast fading from memory. We are far too careless in this respect. Horror and indignation are superfluous when a calamity occurs, but how soon the feeling is cooled down and the edge of sorrow blunted; and then we view with calm philosophy the graves of the dead, pity the wounded, and let the subject drop.

Whoever undertakes the management of a place of public amusement, or the transportation of passengers, become at once entirely responsible for the lives under their care. Contributive negligence should be no bar to damages if an accident occurs by which lives are sacrificed or men or women injured. Corporations should see that an accident is impossible. Directly a passenger enters the property of a railroad, steamboat, or other company, that company is at once responsible for his safety. Danger should be made practically impossible by the companies, and all others to whom the lives of citizens are entrusted. Let the corporation once suffer in their pockets, and the lives of our fellow-citizens will be more safe than they have been in the past.—N. Y. Express.

**"Ouida."**  
A correspondent writes: Of Miss de la Rame, who writes about the signature of "Ouida," rumor keeps about very puzzling and conflicting statements. Her residence has been for some time in Florence. A portrait published in one of her late novels represents her as a fair woman, in years somewhere between thirty and forty. Her face has an expression of amiability, but judging from her books her heart must be full of gall. She delights in nothing so much as in deadly sarcasms upon love and upon women. At some time in her experience "Ouida" has undoubtedly been sorely wounded in her pride or her affections, and she revenges herself by the most savage attacks upon the character of her own sex. She deserves whatever aspersions are cast upon her name, for there is no woman living whose influence is more blighting.

**The Traffic in Italian Children.**  
The Paris correspondent of the London Times, speaking of the abominable traffic in Italian children, says: Attention has often been drawn in the Times to the lamentable practice of begging exercised by children trained in the trade. This question has been reopened by a circular addressed by the "Societe Italienne de Bienfaisance" of Paris to corresponding institutions throughout the world. The following facts will, I think, convince every one that the suppression of this social pest would be a really philanthropic work in southern Italy. In a naturally very rich province of the Basilicata the greater portion of the inhabitants make a regular trade of organ grinding and begging, and thence come those bands of children who have made their country notorious throughout Europe and even America. Five or six communes are especially distinguished for their immigrants—namely, Marciovetese, Copieto, Laurezano, Calvello, Piccinisco and Viggiano. This immigration, which was facilitated by the former Neapolitan government, doubtless with the object of getting rid of a turbulent population, still continues with the same activity. The custom of begging from town to town by means of children has given rise to a traffic which is openly practiced in and even tolerated by the authorities of every country. Every year several hundreds of children of every age and sex leave their homes under the guidance of individuals who call themselves their parents, or padrones. In reality these men are nothing but slave masters; the children are let, sold, or confided to them by virtue of contracts signed by two parties, who consider them so binding that they sometimes call for the assistance of consuls abroad to enforce their conditions.

These agreements generally hand over the children for a fixed period at so much a year or for a sum to be paid before hand. These bands of children begin by begging all through Italy. Following the Corniche road they come to Nice and Marseilles. Very few come to France by sea, as at Marseilles the disembarkation of beggars is guarded against. When they have no passports they cross the Alps by Briancon. On the frontier the children are often resold to persons living in Paris or other large cities, and their conductors after delivering up their human merchandise return to the Basilicata in search of others. In Paris the children are huddled pell-mell, boys and girls, into lodgings near the Place Maubert and the Pantheon. When they are out begging their masters often follow them to watch their receipts, but most generally the eldest child takes possession of the money, the padrone preferring to spend his time in low taverns. The smallest children are considered the best workers, and are most in demand, because they excite most compassion from the public. Begging lasts from morning till night, the children obtaining their food from the charity of others. In the evening they return to their lodgings to give up the proceeds of the day, but if the receipts are bad they often beg late into the night to avoid ill treatment. Some of them are sent into the suburbs, more especially on fete days in the summer. They wait outside the stations for the trains, singing a barbarous mixture of patriotic and obscene songs. When one of them is arrested he is provisionally detained, and notice is given to the Italian consul. The padrone, however, generally arrives first, asserts his claim, and the child is nearly always given up to him. A Neapolitan physician states that of one hundred children of both sexes who leave their country only twenty return, thirty establish themselves abroad, and fifty fall victims to illness, privation and cruel treatment. Fifty is, indeed, a heavy mortality.

**A Female Smuggler.**  
A New York correspondent writes: The custom house inspectors noticed a lady on one of the English steamers who seemed to be very much over-dressed. She was one solid mass of furbelows and frills, and over her elegant black silk costume she wore an Indian shawl, which completely enveloped her person. She was stopped and escorted into the searcher's room, where the female in attendance "went through her," and was rewarded by finding on her person more than \$5,000 worth of jewels, laces and gloves. The gloves were found sewed up in the inside lining of her bustle, and the lace inside a large braid of false hair which she wore. Her undergarments were all made to contain various articles, even her corsets being made to do service in cheating Uncle Sam. The guilty woman cried bitterly. She is a lady well connected, and was allowed to go free upon payment of the sum total due the government.

**VINDICATED BY HIS WIFE.**—A correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal having charged Gen. Sherman with burning a Catholic orphan asylum in Georgia, and attributing Mrs. Sherman's handsome presents to a Southern Catholic fair as a reconciliation to her conscience for the acts of her husband, that lady has written a fine letter of vindication, in which she says that she has associated or corresponded with him every year of his life since he was nine years old, and hence knows that the charges against him are foreign to his nature. She also states that Gen. Sherman sent two Catholic officers with orders to especially look after the convent and asylum in question.

**To Kalsomine a Wall.**  
Buy the best bleached gine if the walls are to be white or some light tint (if the dark, it is immaterial, so the gine is clean), and use it in the proportion of a quarter of a pound of gine to eight pounds of whitening. Soak the gine over night; in the morning pour off the water, as the gine simply swells while soaking. Add fresh water, put it in a tin pail, and set that in a kettle of boiling water. When dissolved, stir into it the whitening, adding enough water to make it, after mixing, of the same consistency as common whitewash. It may be tinted to any color desired, and is applied with a whitewash brush. If the color is rubbed smooth in a little water first, and then mixed with the wash, it will be more even. If the walls have been previously whitewashed, scrape away all that will come off, and wash with a solution of white vitriol, two ounces in a pail of water. The vitriol will be decomposed, forming zinc white, and plaster of paris, to which the kalsomining easily adheres. It is important to dissolve the gine in a hot water bath; for if scorched by too great heat, its tenacity is impaired or destroyed. Whitening is simply chalk freed from impurities, and reduced to a fine powder, and is also known under the names of paris and spanish white, though the latter is really a white earth found in Spain.

There is a great difference in whitewash brushes; and the beauty of the work, as well as the ease of performing it, depends very much on a good brush, making it well worth while to pay the difference between a good one and a cheap one. For the inexperienced, it is more difficult to lay on tints evenly than pure white.

For those who have not had experience in using or dissolving gine, it is well to say that the dry gine should be spread in a broad flat basin, like a shallow milk pan, and cold water enghoured on it to fairly cover it; then let it lie over night, or for a day, when, if the water be not all absorbed in the swelling gine, the excess should be poured off, when fresh water will be added, in which you boil the gine, to be mixed with whitening.—Maryland Farmer.

**In the Detroit Police Court.**  
"Loafing around, eh?" inquired the court, as John Brown was brought out.  
"I've tried for a job," growled the prisoner.  
"I know all about you, John. I've seen those ears—that nose—that yawning mouth here at this bar half a dozen times during the past year."  
"I'm going to Chicago, sir."  
"I'll bet five hundred dollars to a cent that you won't! You are going to the house of correction for sixty days."  
"It's bad, sir, when a feller tries hard to find work."  
"I know it. The police have seen you trying to work into barns and sheds. You've tried to work money out of strangers. You've worked up rows and riots on the Potomac, and now you've worked in here again. I've thought your case over and over in my mind, and I wonder that you haven't run across some one who wanted to break your neck. You don't know what gratitude or self-respect or honor is. You'd rather own a fighting dog than the best library in the country, and rather get drunk than be presented with an eighteen-dollar Bible. You'll have to go up."  
"I'll try to be good, sir."  
"Can't help it. I gave you fair warning, and the greased plank awaits you."

**Suicide in Ireland.**  
The "Vital Statistics" for Ireland (1871), recently issued, show that the mania for suicide is on the increase in that island. During the decade ending 1841 there were 765 cases of self-destruction; in that ending 1851, there were 841; in that ending 1861, there were 797; and in that ending 1871, there were 797. This increase has been greater among the rural than the urban population. In 1841 there was one suicide to every 6,842 persons. Suicide prevails among men more than among women. Among the former hanging is the more popular form of self-destruction, while with the latter poison is the favorite mode by which to throw off the burdens and sorrows of life. Suffocation was once fashionable among Irish suicides. In the decade ending in 1841 twenty persons used this as a means of self-destruction. But in the decade ending 1871 only two men resorted to it when determined to put off mortality by violent means.

**An English Opinion of Canada.**  
The London Times says Canada has been advancing rapidly, but not so fast or with so free a tread as the United States. If any Canadians formerly felt a lurking wish to join the republic they became loyal when they saw the enormous load of debt and taxes left by the civil war. Canadians might, however, have sought annexation ere this in some fit of penitence if the mother country had left them any grievance. But on the whole they scarcely felt the restraint of the imperial government. Canadian loyalty has been admirable; but we may yet have to call for larger proofs of patriotism if we intend to knit the colonies into a firmer union with the mother country, so as to make them a source of strength instead of weakness in times of war.

## Baby Clothes.

A very elaborate and expensive wardrobe is not essential to the growth and comfort of the baby (though it may delight the taste and gratify the pride of the mother); if the flannel slips are snowy and soft, the flannel fine, the linen clean, and the number of changes sufficient, it matters little whether or not there are embroideries or laces to adorn the child withal. Indeed, both child and mother are quite as well off without them. The slips should be high in the neck and long in the sleeve, and in number not less than half a dozen. There should be of flannel night wraps three, and of muslin three. Of flannel skirts and foot-blankets, three of each will suffice for common use. A half dozen linen shirts and three zephyr knit will serve for summer and winter wear. Let the flannel be fine, soft, all wool, and washed before it comes in contact with the sensitive skin of the little one. To the uneducated eye washing it may spoil its beauty, but that is a small matter when compared with the comfort of the wee thing that by a very slight neglect can be made to suffer. Now flannel almost always produces irritation of the skin when worn before it has been thoroughly washed, and babies are often supposed to cry from colic when their complaints are caused in reality by the irritating sensations which the new flannel they wear produces. The garments worn next the body should be of fine soft cambric, except the band, which must be of flannel. During warm weather care should be taken not to overload the baby with clothes; a little shirt, a foot blanket, a flannel skirt, and a little slip of cross-barred muslin or nainsook is enough. The object of long clothes is to keep the baby's feet warm, but skirts half a yard long accomplish this sufficiently for a very young infant at any time, and are vastly more convenient than those which sweep the floor when the child lies in its mother's arms. Besides, when a child's feet are weighed down with so many dry goods it does not learn the use of them at so early an age as when they are left free. There must be a cloak for baby to take its airings in, and flannel shawls to throw around it when needed for additional warmth. A basket neatly lined with cambric and furnished with inside pockets where soap, towels, pin-cushion, and all other toilet necessaries may be placed is a great convenience. In this the garments worn during the day may be laid at night, and all the little baby belongings find a permanent place. Patterns for baby clothes can be found in any of the pattern books; these come with full directions as to quantity of materials and style of making. As a rule, the more simply a baby is dressed the prettier it is. A deep hem in the skirt of the dress with a dainty edge around the neck and at the wrists, if the quality of the dress is fine, makes a more attractive toilet than cheap fabrics heavily trimmed.

**The Right Thing to Do.**  
Almost everybody rushes to a fainting person, and strives to raise him up, and especially to keep the head erect. There must be an instinctive apprehension that if a person seized with a fainting or other fit falls into the incumbent position death is more imminent. Now the head of a fainting person should be on a level lower than the body. Fainting is caused by a want of blood in the brain; the heart ceases to act with sufficient force to send the usual amount of blood to the brain, and hence the person loses consciousness because the function of the brain ceases. Restore the blood to the brain, and instantly the person recovers. Now, though the blood is propelled to all parts of the body by the action of the heart, yet it is still under the influence of the laws of gravitation. In the erect position the blood ascends to the head against gravitation, and the supply to the brain is diminished, as compared with the recumbent position of the heart's pulsation being equal. If, then, you place a person sitting, whose heart has nearly ceased to beat, his brain will fail to receive blood, while if you lay him down, with the head lower than the heart, blood will run into the brain by the mere force of gravity; and in fainting, insufficient quantity to restore consciousness. Indeed, nature teaches us how to manage fainting persons, for they always fall, and frequently are at once restored by the recumbent position into which they are thrown.

**Amnesia Produced by Tobacco.**  
In his work on Ophthalmology, Dr. Mackenzie expresses his belief that tobacco is a frequent cause of amnesia, and states that one of his best proofs of this being the case is the great improvement in vision—sometimes complete restoration—which ensues on the use of that narcotic being abandoned. This position of Mackenzie is confirmed by Michel, who classes the disease among the two forms of cerebral amnesia but little known. One of these, observed in drinkers, he describes as symptomatic of delirium tremens; the other he regards as due to the use of tobacco, and believes that there are few persons who have smoked for a long period more than five drams of tobacco per day, without having their vision and frequently their memory enfeebled. Both these forms of disease, he says, are characterized by the presence of well marked symptoms of cerebral congestion.