

FAMILY READING.

Forest and Stream.

BY ISAAC M'LELLAN.

On the fair face of Nature let us muse,
And dream by lapsing stream and
drooping wood;
Tread the dark forests whose primeval
ranks
Since the creation dawn have cast
their shade;
Ponder by flowing stream and ocean
tides,
And note the varied forms of life they
hold,
Mark the wild game so dear to hunter's
heart,
The swarming fowl that skim the salty
deeps,
The birds that haunt the woodlands
and the plains
The fish that swim the seas, the lakes,
the streams,
And tempt the thoughtful angler to
their marge;
Glance at the life that fills our native
woods,
And game of Asian plains, and Afric
wilder.

When soft May breezes fan the early
woods,
And with her magic wand the blue-
ey'd Spring
Quickens the swelling blossoms and
the buds,
Then forth the russet partridge leads
her brood,
While on the fallen tree-trunk drums
her mate;
The quail her young in tangled thicket
hides,
The dun deer with their fawns the for-
ests range,
The wild geese platoons hasten far in
air,
The wild ducks from the Southern
lagoons pass,
And soaring high their Northward
journeys take,
The dusky coot along the coast-line
sweeps,
The piping snipe and plover that fre-
quent
The sandy bars and beaches, wing their
flight,
And all the grassy prairies of the West
Teem with the speckled younglings of
the grouse,
And all the budding forests and the
streams
Are gay with beauty, joyous with
life.

Then swell the first bird melodies; the
wren
Chirrup and perches on the garden
rail,
The blue-bird twitters on the lilac
hedge,
Or flits on azure wings from tree to
tree;
The golden robin on the apple-bough
Hovers, where last year's withered nest
had been,
The darting swallows circle o'er the
roof,
The woodpeckers on trunk of gnarled
trees
Tap their quick drum-beats with their
horny beaks
The crow caws hoarsely from the
blasted pine,
High in mid air the sailing hawk is
poised,
While from the grove the purple
pigeon flocks
Burst with fond flapping in the grain-
sown fields

Fair is the scene in autumn, when the
frosts
From palettes rich, with prodigal
gorgeous brush
Color the nodding groves with brown
and gold,
Then silvery-skied, and purple-laz'd
the dome
Of heaven's deep vault, and fair the
earth below.
Far up, where sunny uplands scope
their sides,
Shaggy with woods, prone to the brim-
ming stream
Where bowing beech trees shake
laden boughs,
And oaks their varnished acorns high
uplift,
Where the broad butter nut its gummy
fruit
In russet husks slow ripens day by
day,
And where in crowded ranks the
chestnut groves
Wave out their broad leaved pennons
to the air,
And from their prickly burs shake
treasures down,
There the quick chattering of the
squirrels sound.

The gentle valley with its belt of hills
Crown'd to their tops with grand,
primeval woods,
Clows with all forms and hues that na-
ture loves,
Deep in its hollow stretch meadows
brightly green
Kept verdurous by the full o'erflowing
stream;
Yet the deep swamps and thickets that
enfold
The river-reaches, are resplendent all,
Their umbrage tinged with imperial
dyes,
The maples tall with blood-red foliage
burn,
The hickories clap their palms of burn-
ished gold,
The poplar thrusts its yellow spire in
air,
The russet oaks and purple dogwoods
blend
Their colors with the alder's sable
green,
And scarlet sumacs; all contrasted
rich
With sombre evergreens, and willows
pale.
And when the winds autumnal, wailing
strip
The frosted foliage, like a host they
stand,
With trailing banners and with droop-
ing plumes.

Such be the scenes in wondrous forest-
land
Such be the scenes by sea and lake and
stream
That we would picture; wild romantic
scenes,
Gay to the hunter's and to the angler's
soul.

Cheap light for Cities.

The hopes and prayers of long suffering people appear now in a fair way to be realized. Experiments have recently been made in London, which, in the judgment of scientific people who witnessed them, promise to revolutionize the present method of lighting cities. The experiment alluded to more particularly related to the illumination of streets and public places, though the same principle is applicable to the lighting of private houses, which would follow as a corollary of the other. The all-important agent in the matter, we forgot to state, is electricity, and the light produced is described as being "white as the moon and apparently as intense as the sun." The light thrown upon the streets was estimated as fully equal to that of seven thousand candles. One of its greatest excellences is said to be its constancy, the current producing it being unintermittent. Its light-giving property, it appears, is not the only advantage to be reaped from the discovery. The heat evolved from this apparatus is intense. The inventor proposes to produce chemically-pure copper, now worth nearly or quite a dollar a pound, at the cost of ordinary commercial copper, sodium and potassium at less than half the present price; aluminum, now twenty dollars a pound, at eight or nine; and various other rare metals at prices which will make them ordinary articles of commerce. More important still, the inventor declares, and English scientists seem to believe, that in the purification of iron ore it will save the ordinary work of thirty men, two-thirds the coal, reduce the time to a minimum, and the total expense less than one-fifth what it is at present, or, to quote from the statement, the machine "will purify two tons of pig iron in eighteen minutes, at a saving of two-thirds the coal."

These are statements of very large size, and were it not that they are endorsed by such authorities as the London Times and Standard, we should hardly consider them worth the notice we have given them. The inventor, of course a Frenchman, proposes to take his apparatus to the Vienna exposition and if the hopes of his friends and himself are realized it will probably stand at the head of all the new inventions exhibited on the occasion for genuine utility. If it proves successful, and we most fervently hope that it will, it must have the effect of breaking up the gas monopolies under whose rule the people have so long groaned, and we cannot only have what we pay for, but we can have it at an honest price.—*Boston Globe.*

Great Expectations.

The Bubble Speculations of the Last Century.

Benson J. Lossing reviews in the Poughkeepsie Eagle the famous Mississippi scheme and the South Sea bubble—the two great financial sensations of the last century. The Mississippi scheme originated, it will be remembered, in the bad state of the finances of the French government. That government lent itself to an immense scheme for swindling the people, in order to fill its coffers. The company, with John Law, a Scotchman possessing a great reputation as an Amsterdam broker, as its head, had a monopoly of the trade of the Mississippi on condition that it should relieve France of its debt. The most extravagant stories of the richness of that valley were told, and the excitement among all classes at Paris was intense. The company was chartered, and after its shares had gone up to 1,200 per cent above par, burst.

Wide financial ruin followed, and Law died in poverty at Vienna. The counterpart of this organization in England the South Sea Company was to have a monopoly of the South Sea trade, and was to confer the same favor on the British government that Law had promised the French. Its shares rose to above 1,000 per cent, and as a consequence a great number of similar companies sprung up around it. The objects were very curious. One was "for planting of mulberry trees and breeding of silk worms in Chelsea Park;" another "for importing a number of large jackasses from Spain in order to propagate a large breed of mules in England;" and a clergyman proposed a company "for discovering the land of Ophir" and monopolizing the gold and silver of that country.

Toward the end of July 1720, when the stocks of various London concerns exceeded the value of fifteen hundred million dollars, news came of the bursting of the Mississippi bubble. The shares of the South Sea soon fell from 850 to 176. Shareholders pressed their shares upon the market with the eagerness of men fleeing from a falling building. Thousands of families were reduced at one blow to absolute poverty. Old families, whose

estates were lost disappeared from society, and the names of many noblemen were dropped from the list of the peerage of England forever. The event stimulated emigration to America, where ruined men hoped to retrieve their fortunes. From the debtors' prisons in England Oglethorpe procured most of the emigrants who accompanied him to Georgia and founded that State.

Off Mauritius.

The absence of snakes makes the jungles of the interior of the Isle of Mauritius comparatively safe, but the seas swarmed with dangerous enemies, even when Mr. Pike was wading within the reef and safe from sharks. More unpleasant fish than some of the habits of the Mauritius coast we have never heard of. There is Victor Hugo's *pieuvre*, which reaches out an arm, as you pass his lair in the rocks, lays hold of you with half a dozen of cuplike suckers simultaneously, and draws you up within convenient reach of his other limbs. So tenacious is his grasp, that it is difficult to detach it even after his feelers have been severed from the body. One Mr. Pike saw killed measured ten feet across from the tips of the tentacles. Then there is the mud-luff, almost more disgusting looking, with "a spongy, wrinkled, leprous-like skin, blotched with white and grey," and exuding a glutinous substance which covers it with a filthy sheathing of the mud and weeds it lives among. As it lies in wait in the sand, the vertical gash which serves for a mouth is ready to lay hold of its victims as they swim over it, and its dorsal fin consists of a range of hollow spines which yield a venomous poison on pressure. So fatal is this poison that Mr. Pike killed a kitten by puncturing the foot with one of the spikes. The tazarre is a salt-water pike, which comes at the wader like a bull-dog and with the same indomitable ferocity. Mr. Pike twice wounded one severely with his harpoon, and yet the infuriated animal rushed at him a third time. But to an ardent collector like Mr. Pike the attractions of the quest among the coral reefs are so great, that dangers like these never deterred him from it. One fact which he mentions is eloquent as to the variety and abundance of animal life in these seas. There is a certain reef which catches the numerous bottles thrown over from the ships in Port Louis harbor, and the bottles become so many aquaria, being filled with all manner of creatures, living for the most part on an excellent understanding.

Naples and Pompeii—How they Appear to a Clergyman.

Our breakfast was made at the crater, the eggs which we had brought being cooked by the guide in the hot ashes beneath our feet; and before the morning was half over we had returned to Naples. Surrounded by tropical fruits and olive-skinned people, we found the air of this charming spot delightfully tempered by the breezes of the Mediterranean. We visited the tomb of Virgil, on the heights eastward of the city, amidst ripening vineyards and groves of figs, and near the famous grotto of Pessillipo, built by Nero. The tomb is sadly neglected, a most wretched place; while the sarcophagus of some Crusader hermit of the Middle Ages may be readily found, wrought in costly marble and surrounded by jeweled trappings and priestly guardianship, the grave of the Latin poet, whose beautiful verse is known wherever culture is felt, and whose measures have given inspira- tion to poetry and discipline to youthful mind, is marked by a shed, a dirty headstone, a surrounding of weeds, and a shirtless gardener who asks you a lira—20 cents—for the trouble of opening the crazy gate to admit you. I thought of the cottage where Burns was born, kept as a common ale-house, and then of the tomb of Borromeo, at Milan, costing 4,000,000 francs; I thought of the eighty-thousand Americans, and I do not know how many Englishmen, visiting Europe in a season, and spending not less than \$50,000,000; and I wondered who, after all, are the world's real worthies.

Pompeii is only about one-third exhumed from its ashes, and the work goes slowly forward. Desolated by the volcanic storm that buried it nearly two thousand years ago, it reveals alike the evidences of its elegance, its taste, its voluptuousness. A veritable Sodom, Pompeii was as truly destroyed by the vengeance of heaven. Interesting are the old streets, the old temples, and the aqueducts. The stream of living water, fresh and cool, still courses through the stone-wrought arteries, and the weary visitor may slake his thirst at the same fountain, where in the centuries gone, the Pompeian citizens found refreshment.—*Correspondence of the New Methodist.*

Man's Dependence.

Man relies more than he is aware for comfort and happiness on woman's tract and management. He is so accustomed to these that he is unconscious of their worth. They are so delicately concealed, and yet so ceaselessly exercised, that he enjoys the light and atmosphere. He seldom thinks how it would be with him were they withdrawn. He fails to appreciate what is so freely given. He may be reminded of them now and then; he may complain of intrusion or interference; but the frown is smoothed away by a gentle hand, the murmuring lips are stopped with a caress, and the management goes on.—*The Galaxy for November.*

Among recent arrivals at Fulton, Arkansas, was M. W. Dickson, a ranchman, of Brown county, Texas, where he has five thousand head of cattle. A few weeks ago he was attacked by Camanches and Kiowas, who shot at him. Thirteen bullets took effect in his body—one in his right shoulder, six in the breast and abdomen, four in the left arm, one in the right side of the neck, and one in the back of the head. He was rescued before the Indians had time to scalp him, and had to stay at home two weeks on account of his wounds.

During the rebellion, in 1863, General Burnside impressed in Kentucky about eight thousand slaves to work on military roads, &c. A portion of the owners—all it is supposed who were loyal to the United States—were compensated at the time of impressment, and now the remainder, or a large number of them, are pressing their claims upon the government. It is estimated that they amount in the aggregate to something over two million dollars.

Some idea of the California wine and grape trade may be formed from the fact that this year there will be produced there twelve million gallons of wine, two million pounds of grapes for table use, and two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of raisins; besides the brandy of which we have no statistics. Forty thousand acres are in vineyard, and the area is constantly increasing.

The N. O. Times perpetrates the following:

Mary had a little lamb,
With which she used to tussle;
She snatched the wool all off its back,
And stuffed it in her bustle.

The lamb soon saw he had been fleeced,
And in a passion drew;
But Mary got up on her ear,
And stuffed the lamb in, too.

The Best of all Riches is Love.

Oh, why should we cherish, my brothers
The sorrows of spirits unknown,
Or care of the troubles of others
When we have enough of our own?
Ah, this is the creed of the stoic,
Let him to oblivion descend,
With all that sees nothing heroic
In bearing the cross of a friend.

Then let us forget the old folly
Of worshipping wealth till we prove
That greed ever made a man jolly
The best of all riches is love.

A widow in poverty sinking,
An orphan in charity's need,
Is not so well rescued by thinking
Of what can be won by the deed.
The impulse that bids us to action,
If promptly obeyed, will be sure
To bring us the best satisfaction,
No matter how self may demur.

Then let us forget, etc.

Spring meads in their army raiment
Bloom nothing the sweeter for praise;
Bright stars are not shining for pay-
ment,
Although they are smiling always,
But he that does good for the pleasure
Of breaking humanity's ban,
Is adding more wealth to his treasure
Than gold ever gave to a man.

Then let us forget, etc.

A fig for singers or writers
Whose hobbies are ridden for gold;
When shepherds are worshipping mitres,
It is not so well for the fold:
The prattle of childhood is sweeter
Than truth from a hypocrite's lip;
And man never grows truly greater,
For all he can gather and grip.

Then let us forget the old folly,
And strive with our might for its fall,
Sure, greed never made a man jolly,
And love is the best, after all.

Root Crops.

Mangel Wurtzel and Sugar Beets should be harvested at once and put away in cellars, pits or trenches. Ruta Bagas and flat Turnips may remain out longer. The former are not much hurt by even hard frosts. Potatoes ought to be gotten out as soon as possible.

Fire-wood and Fencing.

Provide supplies of the former at least before the roads become too bad for hauling. Now is a good time to cut your posts and rails.

A Russian Love Tragedy.

There are social tragedies that often transcend in depth of pathos the imagination of fiction. Yet skillfully wrought up by the novelist, with all the causes that led up to them, all the minutest agonies that surround them, all the despairing accessories that add gloom to the act, they fascinate many of us; while in real life they happen, are told boldly in a few words, and forgotten. Here is one from a Russian paper. A young girl and young man, living near Moscow, were betrothed. The girl was of great beauty, the lover was the son of rich parents, and on her birthday obtained leave to celebrate it with fetes to be given at her father's house. The first evening at dinner the young man drank deeply, and became intoxicated, when his conduct was so violent that the guests all retired, and he was with difficulty conveyed to his father's house. The next day, however, he presented himself at the ball which he had arranged, and danced with his betrothed. When the dance was ended the young lady requested the band to play a favorite air, and retired alone to the balcony, whence immediately afterwards was heard the sound of firearms, and the unhappy girl was found to have shot herself through the heart with a revolver she had concealed. A letter found upon her assigned the discovery of her intended husband's brutal nature as the motive for her fatal act.

\$400 REWARD.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
State of North Carolina,
Raleigh, Oct. 8, 1873.

Proclamation by the Governor.

WHEREAS, Official information has been received at this Department that R. A. Owens, alias Jenkins, late of the county of Gaston, stands charged with the murder of John W. Cheek, of said county; and that the said Owens has fled the State, or so concealed himself that the ordinary process of law cannot be served upon him;

FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS

for the arrest and delivery of the said R. A. Owens alias Jenkins, to the sheriff of Gaston county, in the town of Dallas, and I do enjoin all officers of the law and all good citizens of the State to aid in bringing said criminal to justice. Done at our city of Raleigh, on the 8th day of October, 1873, the ninety-eighth year of American Independence.

TOD R. CALDWELL,
By the Governor:
J. B. NEATHERY, Private Secretary.

DESCRIPTION:

Owens is about 25 years old, six feet high, weight about 165 pounds, fair complexion, dark hair, blue eyes, a long nose and was clean shaven when he left. When he smiles a wrinkle runs across his cheek towards his ear. 18-4w

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