

Correspondence.

[From Our Foreign Correspondent.]
FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS
TO THE ALPS.

THROUGH THE STATES.

Omaha was some years ago rather an insignificant, "one-horse" affair; but it is now, to speak in the language of some newspapers, "a great institution," which is destined to be not only one of the most important but most beautiful cities on the Missouri. To see the "carryings on" of this young city of the west, however, you cannot help but look, by way of comparison, at yonder young scamp with a cigar between his lips, who by his swaggering gait shows all the characteristics of "young America." "There is something foul in the state of Denmark!" With this ominous hint at the mysteries of the London Court of his time, Shakespear simply proved how little he could have comprehended the condition of things in modern America, or else he would never have uttered such a platitude, when every one can see "something foul" on every street corner, in every hotel and store, and on so very many of the fairer portion of mankind; when it sounds in the sermons of the priests of the day, and stares at you from the newspapers; when it reigns in the halls of legislatures, and is hovering in the atmosphere of executive mansions; when it has penetrated to almost every fireside, and poisons, already, the youth in the schools and valleys of the land.

Not to bring the accusation of being a pessimist upon me, I cheerfully embrace the opportunity to eulogize, which presents itself so plentifully in the beautiful farms and villages covering that which was a few years ago the wild prairies of Iowa. The picture of peace, enterprise and comfort is spread out right and left before you, and lovely villages show us the places where the poor, enterprising and industrious of the overpopulated countries further east and of Europe, have found new homes, where nobody but themselves have a right to enjoy the fruits of their labors. There they are hovering by thousands and thousands in the big cities, where poverty serves them for breakfast, filth for dinner, and misery sits down with them to supper; where vice is their constant companion; where the light of hope dies in the broken heart and the image of God is degenerated below the animal; and here are regions waiting to become the happy home for millions of people. Whole nations might flock in here, and their dwelling-places still be far between.

Chicago, the "Garden City," the "Queen of the Lakes," presents like her sister cities Toledo, Cleveland and Buffalo, all the bustle "go-aheadism," enterprise and sharp contrasts between modern improvements and the unpolished manners of the backwoodsmen. It was on the glorious Fourth when we went through some of the wooden-paved streets of that city, which in some of its interior parts is fast assuming the aspect of a rich commercial metropolis of old standing. How the thing looks below the surface, however, I cannot say; but to believe their own papers of that day, which I read in the cars, the moral state of their society is far below par.

The ancient Romans called every one a barbarian who was not a citizen of Rome; the French understand how to apply, with an accent of slight contempt the adjective "provincial," to everyone and everything not pertaining to Paris; but every one that is not from New York is simply "green." It is perfectly refreshing to behold the assurance of a New Yorker, and the patronizing air with which he offers you his protection on landing, to show you "the best hotel," or the affectionate invitations of a Chatham Street Jew to buy some of his cheap clothes, or to see the wisdom and understanding of the newspapers and other characters, which are countless here in their variety, inasmuch as every genuine New Yorker considers himself a "character." There are a great many curious things in the Empire city, but I fancy the most curious of all are those which you cannot see,—things below the surface, transactions behind the scenes, in short New York by and without candle-light. The fashion is here the climax of human accomplishments, self-interest the motive power of the machine of society, and money the god of worship. What wonder the true gospel of Christ is spurned with disdain! To find a distinction between New York and Chicago, one would have to know first, which was worse, Sodom or Gomorrah.

But the stone has commenced to roll

down from the mountains, and America, the land of hope and promise, will yet, having been freed from unbelief and corruption, rise high over the nations under the benign rule of the Latter-day Kingdom.

KARL G. MAESER.

Near Zurich, Sept. 28, 1867.

—"Gutter snipes" is the name given in some parts of the east, to impertinent young men who stand on side walks and insult passing females. Suggestive, but scarcely strong enough.

Post Master Kelly has visited the London Post Office and says it only excels our own in the letter-carrier system. We have only 171 carriers while in London there are 2200.

—The London Times looks forward to the annexation of Mexico to the United States. It considers that the Mexican Republic is fast traveling to this point.

—Judge Niles, of Nevada, has given a decision, in which he rules that Chinese are incompetent to give evidence, in that State, against either white or colored persons.

—The Birmingham Trade's Council have determined to make an effort to send to the British House of Commons a workingman, as one of the representative M.P.'s. of the people.

—Vast peat beds are said to exist in Nevada. On the Humboldt River, above the Sink, or Lake, there are vast tracts of land which are declared to be nothing but beds of peat.

Conundrum for married men.—Why is a wife like a newspaper? Because every man should have one without borrowing his neighbor's.

One hundred years ago there were in all, four newspapers in the United States, with a combined circulation of less than two thousand.

A workman in a factory in France died recently from the effects of verdigris which adhered to his hands from a cloth used in wiping machinery and was taken into the system with snuff.

An editor says his attention was first drawn to matrimony by the skillful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom, whereat a brother editor says the manner in which his wife handles a broom is not so very pleasant.

The Turkish Government has again refused to accept the advice of the Great Powers of Europe, and is said to be making grand preparations for war.

A FAT COW of Durham grade was recently slaughtered in London, which weighed, when killed, 1,950 pounds, and yielded 340 pounds of rough tallow.

A MAN in Warren, Massachusetts, suffered terrible abdominal disturbance, and became emaciated from an apprehension that in his sleep he had swallowed a partial set of teeth. He convalesced when the teeth were found in an old coat.

The following notice is posted in two places in Hartford, Ohio: "I here depose and say, that I, Judge Lyman, of Lawful age, did hear Martin Wilcox tell his Boys to Stone my Rooster off his Grounds, and they Stoned the Noble Bird like Stephen of Old Times, Even unto Death; and he lies in my Compost heap. Somebody must pay the damage."

During the war a lady was distributing tracts to the occupants of the ward of a hospital and was excessively shocked to hear one poor fellow laugh at her. She stopped to reprove the wretched patient. "Why ma'm" said he, "you have given me a tract on the sin of dancing, when I have got both legs shot off."

—The high price of provisions in England is causing considerable agitation among the working classes of that country. More riots are looked for in several of the large and populous towns. At Worcester inflammatory scrolls, relating to the high price of bread, have been pasted on the walls; and in various places the authorities have deemed it necessary to make preparations to quell disturbance in the event of riots.

CHOICE OF WORDS.—When you doubt between two words choose the plainest; the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew the fine words as you would rouge; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks. Act as you might be disposed to do on your estate; employ such words as have the largest families, keeping clear of the foundlings and of those which nobody can tell whence they come, unless he happens to be a scholar.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO?

We have men of very long bodies and very short legs, and men of very long legs and very short bodies. One of the latter class, who while sitting down, looks like a small man, but who towers like a giant when he gets upon his feet, once edited a country paper near Cincinnati.

One day a man who had no acquaintance with the editor, and who had become greatly exasperated at a certain article in the journal reflecting upon himself, rushed into the editor's sanctum in a terrible rage, vengeance in his eye and the paper in his hand—espousing a quiet looking little man sitting by the table writing, he asked:

"Be you the editor of this paper?"

"I am, sir," was the reply.

"Did you write that infamous article on me?" pointing to the editorial in question.

"I did write the article you are pointing at, sir," returned the editor, quietly.

"Then, sir," exclaimed the enraged man pulling off his coat, "do you know what you can do?"

Raising himself slowly upon his feet until he towered at least a foot and a half above his would-be adversary, and bringing his fist down on the table savagely, he said: "Well, sir, what can I do?"

The man eyed him from head to foot for a moment in utter amazement, and then slipping on his coat again, exclaimed:

"What can you do? Well, stranger, I jes' think you can give me the gold-nerdest mauling that a man ever got." And he hurriedly shot out of the office.

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, who has just made his pedestrian tour from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, gives the following reasons for undertaking the task:

"In the summer of 1860 I became somewhat involved in debt by intrusting money to other parties. Eventually I lost all I had, and some thousands of dollars which kind friends had loaned me. When I informed them of my situation, and that I was totally unable to make them any payment for an indefinite time, instead of upbraiding me for the loss of their money (though they were not in circumstances to afford such loss), they kindly told me to give myself no uneasiness on their account. For months I toiled to try and gain even a small amount to pay on account, but could barely gain a living for my family. I am naturally ambitious, and happening to meet Mr. Goodwin, at a time when I was very low spirited, he asked me if I could walk yet; subsequently the wager for the proposed walk was made. I need only say that should I win I receive an amount sufficient to pay my indebtedness, and to reinstate myself in business. Some people condemn me for this undertaking, and look upon it the same as they would a prize fight. They think because my Maker has endowed me with, perhaps, greater walking abilities than my fellow men, and because I walk for a wager, no matter to what laudable purpose my winnings will be applied, if I am successful, that I must be classed with prize fighters."

He is twenty-eight years of age, and weighs about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. During his walk, he eat sparingly of eggs, chicken, beefsteak and stale bread; drank cold tea; and slept on husks. He was to walk 1,226 miles for \$10,000; but he actually walked over 1,300 miles in twenty-six days.

The Chicago Republican says that "the practicable demand of the age is for a woman who can cook a beefsteak." That is putting the matter plainly and briefly. Women who propose to become the heads of the household should know, first of all and above all, how to do, or to supervise properly and efficiently all manner of household duties. In the humbler walks of life much of this practical knowledge is necessarily acquired. In others it is almost wholly ignored. Many women know neither how to cook the beefsteak nor how it ought to be cooked. Such have just as much fitness to manage home affairs in this country as a man who can't read has to edit a newspaper. A woman cannot know too much. There is no danger of that. But she must know the duties of a housekeeper thoroughly, or she may calculate upon an unhappy home all her life, or at least until, through a bitter and mortifying experience, she learns what she should have known before she wore a wedding ring.—Burlington Hawkever.

"Jinks" says, Indians are for peace—a "piece" of flesh with the hair on it.

WHAT MAKES A LADY.—When Beau Brummel was asked what made the gentleman, his quick reply was, "Starch, my lord!" This may be true; but it takes a great deal more to make a lady; and though it may to some seem singular, I am ready to maintain that no conceivable quantity of muslin, silk or satin, edging, frilling, hooping, flouncing or furbeloeing, nor purse, nor dress-maker, constitute a real lady. Was not Mrs. Abbott Lawrence just as much a lady when attired in twelve-cent calico, in Boston, as when arrayed in full court dress at St. James, London.

"Mrs. Washington was said to be a grand lady," says a celebrated English visitor. (Mrs. Thorp) "We dressed ourselves in our best bibs and bands; so we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks, and were introduced to her ladyship; and don't you think we found her knitting and with her check apron on? She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were without a stitch of work and sitting in state; but Gen. Washington's lady, with her own hands was knitting stockings for her husband." Does not that sweet republican simplicity command your admiration.

SYSTEMATICALLY SOLD.—Two gentlemen from New York, one of whom had been in California nearly a year, and the other just arrived, were accidentally overheard in the following conversation at the Sutter House, Sacramento. The new-comer was lamenting his condition, and especially that of his two beautiful daughters who were just budding into womanhood,—when he asked the other if he had a family.

"Yes, sir, I have a wife and six children in New York, and I never saw one of them."

After this the couple sat a few moments in silence, and then the interrogator again commenced.

"Were you ever blind, sir?"

"No, sir."

Another lapse of time.

"Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children living in New York and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, sir—I so stated it."

Another and a long pause of silence. Then the interrogator inquired:

"How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?"

"Why," was the response, "one of them was born after I left."

A NOVEL DRESS REFORM SOCIETY.—The Vienna papers say that a new secret society has been established in that city for the purpose of suppressing the long trains now worn by the Vienna ladies, which, according to the circular issued by the society, "are not only an obstruction to street traffic, but also, by raising enormous clouds of dust, cause considerable danger to the lungs and eyes." The statutes of the society define its objects to be the abolition of crinolines, and the introduction of short dresses, and its members bind themselves, "the instant they perceive a lady with a long train in the street, immediately to tread on the same with such force as to produce a considerable rent in the dress." It is also provided that this should be done as if by accident, and that a thousand apologies should be offered to the lady for the awkwardness alleged to be the cause of the damage. If, notwithstanding this, compensation is claimed and awarded by a court of justice, all expenses are to be paid out of the funds of the society.

If all farmers and fruit-growers could figure out the cost and profit of a crop as the Wallingford community does, there would be less uncertain farming than there is now. The community figures up its strawberry business for the past season as follows: Cost of cultivation, \$1,739 50; expense of harvesting and marketing, \$1,875 96; total cost, \$3,615 46; total receipts from the crop, \$5,915 22; profit, \$2,299 76. In 1865 the cost of raising berries was 5-4-5 cents per quart; in 1866, 11 cents; in 1867, 5½ cents. The cost of picking and marketing in 1865 was 5½ cents per quart; in 1866, 8 cents; in 1867, 6-8-10 cents. The average price of berries in 1865 was 21 cents per quart, making the profit per quart 10 cents; in 1866 the average price was 37½ cents, making the profit 18½ cents; in 1867 the average price was 20 cents, allowing a profit of about 8 cents. This year's crop was 29,825 quarts, or 932 bushels, an average of 100 bushels an acre on the ground cultivated.

It is said the present proprietors of the Atlantic Monthly have made \$200,000 out of the magazine since they took charge of it.