

Miscellaneous.

FIERCENESS OF ENGLISH LAWS ABOUT SIXTY YEARS AGO.—Fifty or sixty years ago the relations in England between rich and poor appear to have been as unchristian in their character, and as miserable in their results, as they have ever been in any country before or since. The social thermometer about that time seems to have reached its lowest point, and for about twenty or thirty years it remained pretty stationary. Of the deplorably bitter spirit that prevailed between class and class, and especially the harshness with which the people were treated by their rulers, the sanguinary character of the laws for the repression of crime furnishes a melancholy illustration. Sir Samuel Romilly had begun his honorable labors for thinning the list of 160 offenses, to which by law the punishment of death was affixed. But the task of dethroning Draco was like one of the labors of Hercules. The fierceness of the outcry against him was only equalled by the absurdity of the arguments. Lord Chancellor Eldon was quite sure that small tradesmen would be ruined, if stealing an article from a shop, of the value of five shillings ceased to be punishable with death. Lord Redesdale was in equal alarm at the proposal that men should no longer be put to death for blackening their faces to prevent being recognized when stealing game by night. Did not he and his neighbors pay \$200 a year for six policemen to check deer-stealing on the borders of the forest? And was it not plain that if men who came with blackened faces to steal were no longer hanged, "the practice among these depredators would be universally resorted to?" So thought the Lord Chancellor, too, and the most of the peers; and so the blessed connection between a blackened face and the gallows remained intact in 1820. At an earlier period Sir Samuel Romilly maintained that the only way by which any one could come to know the bitter spirit which the French Revolution had engendered in England, was to attempt some legislative reform, then find not only what a stupid dread of innovation, but what a savage spirit it has infused into the minds of many of his countrymen. It is but a few nights ago," he added, "that while I was standing at the bar of the House of Commons, a young man, the brother of a peer, came up to me, and breathing in my face the nauseous fumes of his undigested debauch, stammered out: 'I am against your bill; I am for hanging all.' I was confounded; and endeavoring to find some excuse for him, I observed that I supposed he meant that the certainty of punishment affording the only prospect of repressing crimes, the laws, whatever they were, ought to be executed. 'No, no,' he cried, 'it is not that; there is no good done by mercy; they only get worse. I would hang them all up at once!'"

FRENCH SCREWED BOOT MACHINE.—The first machine for making the celebrated French screwed boots, ever seen in California, is now in operation at the store of Koenig Brothers, No. 608 Washington street, having arrived from Paris by the last steamer. The French screwed boots have been sold here by this firm for twelve years but never before manufactured in California. The machine is a great curiosity, and equals any invention ever patented in Connecticut. The screws are made from brass wire, which is cut with the thread and screwed into the leather at the same time by simply turning a crank, and are cut, of any length, by a simple "turn of the wrist." The sole and heel of a boot can be completely fastened so as never to give out, by this process, in less than three minutes, and with the aid of this machine, it is claimed that boots can be made to order as cheaply as ready-made boots can be imported. — [Scientific and Mining Press.]

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—A correspondent says that there are many places of interest on and near where Hooker fought his "battle in the clouds." Among these is "Rock City," with regular streets, the immense boulders upon either hand appearing like huge buildings. In this collection are Camel Rock, much resembling the animal of that name; the Rocking Stone, which, although as large as a church, may be moved by a few men; the Elephant Rock, a mighty boulder flung from afar in some brickbat war of the Titans. Then there are the Bottomless Lake, a beautiful sheet of limpid water, deeper, it is said, than plummet ever sounded, and the gushing Leonora Spring an unfailing and secluded miniature lake. There are also many cascades and water-

falls, the most romantic and beautiful of which is Lulah Falls, one hundred and eighty feet high.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANTS.—The Northern Post of St. Petersburg announces that the arrangements between the landlords and peasantry on the great estates—that is, those inhabited by more than twenty males—are entirely terminated. The conditions made refer to 109,758 estates peopled by 9,776,017 male inhabitants. Of that number 4,781,997 peasants maintain provisionally their former obligations towards their masters, while 4,994,020 are entirely freed. Of the latter number 2,628,783 peasants have become proprietors of their lands—437,163 by their own means, and 2,192,620 with the aid of the government. The sums advanced by the State amount to 211,145,167 roubles (4f. each) of which 128,151,571 were for lands rented, and 82,993,496 for lands held for labor done. Besides the above there are 130,000 peasants in the west who have purchased their homes with or without the aid of the government.

THE LAST BATTLE OF THE WAR.—The last battle of the war was fought on Friday, the 12th of May, on the shores of the Rio Grande, not far from Palo Alto. The fighting was principally in sight of the Mexican shore, and it is said a passing steamboat had a "hand in it." It was, therefore, the veritable Armageddon of the war, which all have sought and desired so long. It was fought near the old battle-field of Palo Alto, some two thousand miles from Bull Run (the intervening country having been all fought over), and was participated in by most of the tribes and nations of the earth, Federals, Confederates, Corps d'Afrique, Mexicans, and Franco-Tuetic-Mexicans from Martinique, Syria, the Tyrol and Austria, and France proper.

AN EGG WITH A RICH YOLK.—An Easter egg for the Spanish Infantra was recently made in Paris; it cost 20,000f, and was made of white enamel. On the inside the text of St. Matthew, describing the Resurrection, was enameled, and a cock, when the egg was opened, would sing twelve different airs from favorite operas.

HINTS TO HUSBANDS.—Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you may never think of them again.

Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault.

Do not reproach your wife with a personal defect, for if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal.

Do not treat your wife with inattention in company. It touches her pride, and she will not respect you more, or love any the better for it.

Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person. The sense of disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault.

Do not entertain your wife with praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women.

Do not, too often, invite your friends out to ride, and leave your wife at home. She might suspect that you esteem others more companionable than herself.

If you have a pleasant home and cheerful wife pass your evenings under your own roof.

Do not be stern and silent in your own house and remarkable for your sociability elsewhere.

Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself, and devote a portion, at least, of your leisure hours to such society and amusements as she may join. By so doing you will secure her smiles and increase her affection.

Do not, by being too exact in pecuniary matters, make your wife feel her dependence on your bounty. It tends to lessen her dignity of character, and does not increase her esteem for you. If she is a sensible woman, she should be acquainted with your business and know your income, that she may regulate her household expenses accordingly. Be it remembered that pecuniary affairs cause more difficulties in families than almost any other one cause. — [Boston Times.]

MEMORY IN DROWNING.—Some years ago A held a bond against B for several hundred dollars, having some time to run. When the bond became due, A made a diligent search for it among his papers, but it was not to be found. Knowing to a certainty that the bond had not been paid or otherwise legally disposed of, A concluded frankly to inform his neighbor B of its loss, and rely upon his sense of justice for its

payment. But to his surprise, when informed of its loss, B denied giving any such bond, and strongly intimated a fraudulent design on his part, asserting that no such a transaction had taken place between them.

Being unable to prove his claim, A was compelled to submit to the loss of the debt, and also to the charge of dishonorable intentions in urging the demand. Years passed away, and the affair almost ceased to be thought of, when, one day, as A was bathing in Charles river, he was seized with the cramp and came near drowning. After sinking and rising several times he was seized by a friend and drawn to the shore and carried home apparently lifeless. But by application of the usual remedies he was restored, and as soon as he gained sufficient strength, he went to the book case, took out a book, and from between the leaves took out the identical bond which had been so long missing.

He then stated that while drowning, and sinking, as he supposed, to rise no more, there suddenly stood before him, as if it were a picture, every act of his life from childhood to the moment when he sank beneath the waters, and among other acts, was that of his placing that bond in a book and laying it away in the book case. A, armed with the long lost document, found in this marvelous manner, called upon B, of whom he received the debt with interest.

THE ARMY WORM AT OROVILLE, CAL.—The Butte Record, July 8, says:

For several weeks past the army worms have made the most destructive raids upon the Oroville gardens. Everything has been done to prevent their destructive work, but as yet unsuccessful. The cabbages, corn and potatoes are already eaten up, and should they continue ten days longer there will not be vegetables of any kind left in those gardens.

The editor of the Chicago Journal, late Secretary of Legation in London, states that Secretary Seward has all along presented bills for damages committed on our commerce by vessels built, armed and equipped in British ports, to the English Government. When Earl Russell sent to our Minister a pert letter, stating that his Government could not recognize these claims, and to send him no more, Mr. Seward instructed Mr. Adams to forward to the Foreign Office every claim that came into his hands, and if the English Government refused to receive them, to file them in the Legation until the time came when they would consider and adjust them.

The French Empress has bestowed on Rosa Bonheur, the animal painter, the Cross of the Legion of Honor—the sole instance of that honor being conferred on a woman in the civil order. When this lady passes a French soldier, he is in duty bound to raise his hand and give her the military salute due to the distinguished badge she wears.

[From the Golden Era.]

PROFESSOR C. CLEARQUILL.

LECTURES ON FAMILIAR TEXTS.

I wish I was Rich.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—The words which I have chosen for the underpinning to my discourse, this evening, are written upon the brains of a large portion of Earth's struggling children; and with every blister formed upon the palm of the laborer, and as every rent-day dawns upon the poor, there is breathed with weary sighs: *I wish I was Rich.*

I will now proceed to touch off the Roman candle of thought, my friends, and if there is no premature fizzling, I trust that a few brilliant ideas may strike the brick wall of your understandings, and perhaps make a breach, so that a ray or two of light may gain entrance and illumine your darkened souls.

The mind of man, my dear servants of Time, is as discontented as a Muscovy duck perambulating a tin roof on a hot summer's day, and is as full of petty grumblings, vain regrets, and pricking needles of envy, as a turkey's gizzard is with gravel stones.

The most of you sprawled before me this evening, are well-to-do in life. You have now got your paths of worldly gain pretty evenly graded, and with but few brick-bats of trouble to stumble over. Narrow it may be, but wide enough for yourselves and respective families of ten or fifteen to travel upon without crowding. And yet, my old

waves of restlessness, you are continually gazing off upon a broad highway over which some one more successful than yourselves is toiling, and your poor souls snort and plunge and buck with envy in your weak clay shells, worse than a wild mule with a paper of pins under his tail. With wrinkled determination upon your brows, you grab the shovel of toil, and delve and dig to emulate your neighbor, and gratify a needless love of gain, although you need a wider path in life no more than a ghost would have use for an overcoat.

Night and day you toil, and the one idea of more riches is fast filling up your souls and leaving as little room for Charity within your hearts as there is for niggers between the white sheets of social equality. Gradually your path grows wider; the dear old trees which formed a waving arch of peace over your heads in the modest past, are cut away; the limpid brook of contentment is turned from its course, and the simple flowers of modest delight and quiet homely love have reluctantly withered and died, as the glaring sunlight of wealth dawns upon you.

Still you press on, my friends, working with greater and more earnest determination as your old pates loose their last white threads, and men gaze upon you with envious hearts, while your own are filled with care, as they witness your swagger on the broad highway of fortune.

But a time comes when you can work no longer. The brink of a yawning gulf is reached, which no art can span. Death glides silently behind you, the scenes of all your worldly labors and triumphs are hidden from your view forever, and with one kick from the anatomical foot of the world's creditor, you are impelled, like a big bull frog, into the greedy chasm before you; and the broad thoroughfare which you have labored so hard to complete, is used as a race course by heirs who care no more for your memory than your wives would for their limpid streams of life without waterfalls, my friends.

Thus ends the hard labor for wealth, earned too often at the expense of the sweet enjoyments of life and the purity of the soul.

You cannot carry your gold and greenbacks across the Styx with you, for Charon takes no baggage on his mud scow. You can only gloat over riches for a short time on this side of Jordan. And while in the very midst of the yellow gifts of Mammon, my friends, the thread of your lives is liable at any moment to be cut off, quicker than you could sever the leg of a chicken with a fifteen pound cleaver.

There is more beauty to your seedy pantomimist in the simple wild flower growing by the margin of an unnamed rivulet, than in the gaudy bouquet culled from the most valued hot-house. And, my doubtful friends, there are more hoecakes of happiness around the fire of love, in a simple cottage, than are contained within the huge ovens of worldly grandeur. Therefore be contented with your lot, even though it be not more than a fifty-vara.

It matters not whether you are rich or poor so long as you are happy; and happiness can be obtained with much less than mankind generally imagine. Do not let covetousness get possession of you; for if you do, the few virtues which you may possess will be frightened away, and your souls will stand a good show of becoming as nauseous to good old St. Peter who tends the gates of Glory, as Gridley's pork to an epicure.

It is not all of life to be rich, my friends, nor all of death to be talked of as one who has left behind him a million. The man is rich who has a loving wife, eight or ten obedient children with clean faces, owing his fellow-men nothing but good will, free from the gout, and making a simple living.

Wring the neck of the croaking Raven of envy, should he come fluttering around you as you gaze upon the broad possessions of the rich; and console yourselves with the reflection that the poor devil in the street, gazing with dilated optics into the beautiful garden of the millionaire, often receives from the view more pleasure than the careworn owner thereof.

Now, my friends, as Mr. Vice passes the hat, let me urge upon your minds that a two-bit piece given to a worthy object of charity brings more true pleasure to both donor and donee, than if it had been hoarded up in an old stocking.

Mr. Schlopps will now belch forth the words of the closing hymn, commencing:

Knee-deep in care men toil for gain
In the world's great ditch,
Forever singing this refrain,
I wish I was Rich.