

GIVE ME THE HAND.

Give me the hand that is kind, warm and ready;
Give me the clasp that is calm, true and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me!
Give me the grasp that I may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman;
Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman.
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has harmed not another;
Give me the hand that has never forsaken me;
Give me the grasp that I may adore it.
Lovely the palm of the fair blue-veined maiden;
Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen.
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the hand that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze, and unshackled by pity;
Let friendship give me the grasp that becomes her,

Close as the twine of the vine of the summer.
Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has wronged not another;
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

GOODMAN BARNABY.

AN ACTOR'S DISCOMFITURE.

One very sultry evening in the dog-days Garrick performed the part of "Lear." In the first four acts he received the accustomed tribute of applause; at the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection.

At this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present, his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion. It was not tragic, it was evidently an endeavor to suppress a laugh.

In a few seconds the old attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner, and the beautiful Cordelia, who was lying extended on a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from her sofa, and with the majesty of England, the gallant Albany, and tough old Kent, ran laughing off the stage.

The audience could not account for this strange termination of a tragedy in any other way than by supposing that the *dramatis personæ* were seized with a sudden frenzy; but their risibility had a different source.

A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated in the centre of the front bench of the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who, being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master at home, naturally supposed that he might here enjoy the same privilege. The butcher sat very far back; and the dog, finding a fair opening, got on the seat, and, fixing his fore-paws on the railing of the orchestra, peered at the performers with as upright a head and as grave an air as the most sagacious critic of the day.

Our corpulent slaughterman was made of melting stuff, and not being accustomed to the heat of a play-house found himself oppressed by a large and well-powdered Sunday periwig, which for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head he pulled off and placed on the head of the mastiff.

The dog, being in so conspicuous a situation, caught the eye of Mr. Garrick and the other performers. A mastiff in a church-warden's wig was too much; it would have provoked laughter in Lear himself, at the moment of his deepest distress. No wonder then that it had such an effect on his representative.

A Potato Story.

And here let me tell a potato story, which is, I think, to the purpose, wherever it is told. In the county of Mayo, a gentleman by the name of Crofton is a landed proprietor, in whose neighborhood great distress prevailed among the peasantry during the Spring and Summer, when the potatoes of the last year were consumed, and before those of the present season were up. Mr. Crofton, by liberal donations on his own part, and by a subscription which was set on foot among his friends in England, as well as in Ireland, was enabled to collect a sum of money sufficient to purchase meal for the people, which was given to them, or sold at very low prices, until the pressure of want was withdrawn, and the blessed potato came in. Some time in October, a small night's frost made Mr. Crofton think that it was time to take and pit his own potatoes, and he told his steward to get laborers accordingly. Next day, on going to the potato grounds, he found the whole field swarming with people; the whole crop was out of the ground, and again under it, pitted and covered, and the people gone, in a few hours. It

was as if the fairies we read of in the Irish legends, as coming to the aid of good people, and helping them in their labors, had taken a liking to this good landlord, and taken in his harvest for him. Mr. Crofton, who knew who his helpers had been, sent the steward to pay them their day's wages, and to thank them, at the same time, for having come to help him at a time when their labor was so useful to him. One and all refused a penny; and their spokesman said, "They wished they could do more for the likes of him or his family." I have heard of many conspiracies in this country; is not this one as worthy to be told as any of them?—*The Irish Sketch Book.*

Step to Weigh.

One morning an enraged countryman came into Mr. N.'s store with very angry looks. He left a team in the street, and had a good stick in his hand. "Mr. N.," said the angry countryman, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and when I got home they were more than half of them walnuts; and that's the young villain I bought them of," pointing to John.

"John," said Mr. N., "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready reply.

"You lie, you little villain," still more enraged at his assurance.

"Now look here," said John. "If you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs you would have found that I put in the walnuts gratis."

"Oh, you gave them to me, did you?"

"Yes, sir. I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing at the same time.

"Well, now, if that ain't a young scamp," said the countryman, his features relaxing into a grin as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and bad blood would be saved if people would stop to weigh before they blame others.

"Think twice before you speak once." is an excellent motto.

Was Tecumseh Skinned.

In November, 1852, the present writer met at Greensborough, Miss., an old gentleman named Elkin, a participant in the battle of the Thames, from whom he heard some accounts of that action which he had never met in print. As for the story of Col. Johnson killing Tecumseh, Mr. Elkin said it was commonly reported and not questioned at the time; he himself was in another part of the engagement, being under Lieut. Col. James Johnson, who broke the British line on the right while his brother engaged the Indians on the left. Mr. Elkin informed us that the day after the battle the troops were marched out by companies to gratify their curiosity by visiting the scene; that precaution being adopted to guard against possible danger from lurking Indians. His company was the first that reached the ground where Tecumseh fell, and they found his body, from the back of which "razor straps" (that was his expression) had been cut. The company composed chiefly of relatives of the men who had been slaughtered at the River Raisin, in that massacre to which Tecumseh had put a stop at the risk of his own life, manifested great indignation at this barbarous treatment of the body of a magnanimous foe, their passion finding vent in their tears and curses, and threats of vengeance against the authors of the indignity. Whether from shame or fear no exhibition was ever made of the disgraceful trophies, nor had he ever heard of their existence during the almost forty years which had since elapsed.

From our recollection of the manner and circumstances of the narration, we are satisfied that this is a much more correct version than that which represents the body to have been skinned. The incident of "the Indian prisoners" is absurd, as everybody will understand who knows what Indian fighting was in those days, and that is probably not the only fiction which has been interwoven in the story as it has passed from mouth to mouth. We think Mr. Elkin said that on the morning after he saw the body it had disappeared.—*Mobile Register.*

The New York *Evening Post* tells us that "old sailors are never so much at sea as when they are ashore." Upon which the Louisville *Courier-Journal* remarks that in this they are somewhat like henpecked husbands, who are never so much at home as when they are abroad.

Steam Ploughing.

It is a rather singular fact that all attempts at steam culture in this country have so far proven to be failures. In this respect, progressive though we are as a nation in other matters, we have been left behind by many European countries. Yet in the cultivation of large tracts of land, steam ploughing is undoubtedly more efficient, as well as more economical than the present system. Our English cousins fully appreciate this. There are in England several different establishments employing over twelve hundred men each in the manufacture of steam ploughs. The plan found to work the best in Great Britain is to have organized companies, who hire out their steam machines and do the work by contract, and it is said that more than five hundred steam ploughs are thus held for hire. The success of the experiment is proved by its workings on a tract of five hundred acres near London. So poor was this land deemed that it would not bring a rent of three dollars per acre, but after being plowed by steam it brought a clear profit of \$18,000 on grain crops. Scotland also finds no difficulty in making steam ploughing "pay." In Germany the same mechanical force meets with general approval, while further in the East the Pacha of Egypt employs four hundred of these ploughs.

Two difficulties seem to have attended all efforts to make steam ploughing a success in this country—the nature of the machines themselves and the lack of any organization to put them in operation. As to the first difficulty, the machines have been too cumbersome and too expensive. The plan of stationary engines drawing the ploughs by means of cables, had a fair trial, but for many reasons abandoned as impracticable on a large scale, and too complicated for small farms. Then an engine drawing a dozen ploughs was exhibited, but met with no favor, as the cost of one such machine was very great and disproportionate to the results attained. Of course steam ploughing is most needed on the prairies of our Western States, where the soil is level and fertile, and there is where the second difficulty occurs, in the necessity for some regularly organized company to introduce the engines. Take a new colony for instance. If its members combine, one of these engines can easily be purchased, and will do more work in a single day than all the men together. Thus the laborers would have time to perfect the other details incident to the establishment and permanent location of a settlement. Some such system will doubtless soon take the place of the independent work of each laborer.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

TREE PLANTING.

While our neighbors in the States are having their attention called to the fact that their forests are being gradually effaced from the country, and are taking steps to ward off this threatened evil, our people are doing very little towards redeeming our endless plains from their unproductive state. Man, in his haste to have the present satisfactory, is apt to make no provision for the future.

Trees, and trees in large numbers, are indispensable in the economy of nature, but they have been felled everywhere with greater or less disregard of consequences, and many serious results are already perceptible. The foundation for the material prosperity of most every community lies in the success of the crops of cereal products; their success is again dependent upon the weather, rain, wind and sunshine, and these depend, far more than is realized, upon the presence of trees and their action upon the atmosphere.

Many of our rivers have year after year been diminishing in size, and the annual rainfalls show a decrease from former records, and the perception of many careful observers notices a greater suddenness and severity and more irregularity about the meteoric changes, than was formerly the case, even in modern memory. And it is natural enough that an incomplete machine should work irregularly. Our section of the country is entirely treeless. We do not complain of scarcity of rain, and of severe weather and sudden changes, as we seem to take for granted, that as there is no remedy for them, they must therefore be endured. But are we not likely to obtain the same results by tree planting here, where a tree never grew, as the people in the States, who are urged to raise other trees in place of those that are cut down or destroyed?

The mischief being perceived, and common sense having pointed out the remedy, simple enough and certain to be successful, is it not our duty to go to work at once, and surround at least our homesteads with trees?

Several of our neighboring States have taken the matter into consideration, to determine how best to set on foot a systematic and comprehensive mode of planting trees. In Nebraska the method has been decided upon. The State board of agriculture has set apart the 10th day of April, to be called "Arbor Day," to be devoted by the habitants of the State to the planting of trees.

They also introduce the stimulus of bounties, and offer a reward of one hundred dollars to the agricultural society of that county, in which the greater number of trees shall be planted that day, and a farm library worth thirty-five dollars to the person who properly plants the greatest number himself. This seems to be an excellent way to repair damages done in the past, and to improve the nature of places that hitherto have never been sufficiently wooded.

If we could have a similar plan introduced in our territory, and if our people would be sufficiently in earnest in the matter, what an effect the recurrence of the "Arbor Day" would have upon the appearance of the different settlements of our beloved Territory.—*Chippewas Leader.*

SHOCKING TREATMENT OF A WOMAN. The neighboring beautiful city of Topeka is now agitated over a sensation of some magnitude, the particulars of which reached this city last evening.

A woman named Mrs. Neilswander, the wife of a farmer residing about one mile north of Topeka, was, upon the evidence and accusation of a girl working at the house, charged with seducing from the paths of virtue and rectitude a milk-vender named Jacob Large, and several other married men residing in the immediate neighborhood. The wives of four of these rash husbands met together on last Thursday morning, and after providing themselves with tar, turpentine, feathers, rope and Cayenne pepper, started for the residence of the seductive Mrs. Neilswander. Arriving at the farm house and finding the woman alone, her husband and the rest of the family being absent on business, the four viragoes, led on by Mrs. Large and Mrs. Deno, seized upon the helpless woman, tied her hand and foot, stripped her clothing, and then tarred her ears, mouth and nose. After which her body from tip to toe, was plastered over with the horrid tar. Not satisfied, the fiends rubbed pepper into her nose and eyes, and left the suffering woman to her fate. The poor woman was afterward released from her bonds by her little four-year old son.

It is some satisfaction to record the fact that Mrs. Large and Mrs. Deno have been arrested and put in limbo to await trial. The preliminary examination took place yesterday. Proof positive of the outrage perpetrated has been brought against each of the females, who have deservedly earned a most unenviable notoriety, such as respectable Kansas ladies would care to acquire.—*Kansas City Times, April 14.*

The four ladies cannot be excused for such an unwomanly outrage, but should receive the full penalty of the law. If they were burning to tar and feather and peep somebody, their four "rakish husbands" were the most proper subjects for such treatment, and nobody would have said nay.

At Barton, Lincolnshire, England dinner was given the other day to twenty old men who worked on the parish roads, and a local journal supplied a report of the proceeding. When the health of "the ladies of Barton" was proposed, the old fellows exhibited a shocking lack of gallantry by taking no notice of the toast. The vice chairman, when requested to respond to it, said, "He should do no of the sort, as he wasn't over and above fond on 'em."

The perils of logic—Jackey sits following on the door step. To him comes kindly disposed old gentleman "Odds bobs! my little man, what's him?" says K. D. O. G.

"Boo-hoo," says Jackey, all the more "Father said some time he'd buy me a pony—and its some time now, ain't it and he won't go and get it!"

That philosopher is the most effective who can point his moral with a laugh; humor is nearly allied to philosophy. Charles Lamb said a laugh was worth one hundred groans in any market.

After a protracted trial of cancer in the cancer wards of the Middlesex Hospital, in London, the medical authorities of that institution have arrived at the conclusion that the drug has effect whatever on cancer.