

for suspicion was obviated, in this vital point, at all events.

The end of all was that the merchant met at the altar, and plighted his troth, "for better, for worse, till death do us part," to a bride enveloped in a thick veil, which veil was no sooner thrown off than it revealed the well-known features of—a fish-woman.

Mammas and daughters may learn a useful lesson from those three stories. Such imposition, involving misery for life, it has been proved is possible, even where there is no love to charm with syren spell, no passion to drown the voice of reason—none of that blissful hallucination which makes all the hours between the "offe" and the wedding, hours of the heart, but not of the head; even a lady of half a hundred years in a mood to credit everything from her hoary-headed lover, deaf to the warnings of all the world besides.

SOMEBODY'S ESCAPE.

In the old town of Limerick are many fine houses, built when it was thought that the town would stretch out by Lord Clare's, instead of going as it did. There is Black Clare street, built of handsome private houses, which were afterwards let and sub-let cheap to lodgers—many of the lower class of tradespeople. It was in one of these houses that a reduced gentlewoman—Miss Sally Carmody—lived, in or about the year 1761. There was a great deal of French money sent over in those times, and some, it was thought, appropriated it to their own purposes. Frank Arthur even, when he was building Arthur's Quay, was accused of having got some. I quite sure this was untrue; but the story was believed, because you see, in those days it was thought such an impudent thing for a Catholic to build a whole quay! Three times, they say, he was on the point of being hanged; but the earl of Limerick saved him. However this might be, Frank Arthur, being considered mighty "uppish" (that was the word) for a Catholic, was suspected; and not himself alone, but all who were known to be connected with him. Arthur's wife was better born than himself, and poor Miss Sally Carmody was a cousin of hers, and well known as such. So she, good old lady, was under suspicion also.

Miss Sally being, as I said, reduced, was obliged to take in needlework to support herself. She was very skillful at her needle, and numbers of fine ladies used to mount the stairs to her lodgings, to intrust her with the work they were particular about. One would think there could be nothing very dangerous in this poor gentlewoman. Still, being related to Arthur's wife, she was watched, and she knew it. Above all, she lived in constant dread of a fellow-lodger who occupied the rooms on the ground floor, immediately below her. This woman, who, followed the trade of clear-starcher, was an acrid, close, uncommunicative little body—very industrious, but very odd in her ways. She was what the neighbors called "a bitter Protestant;" consequently she was employed by all the Protestant ladies of Limerick, and was, moreover, a weekly pensioner of some religious society. By Miss Sally the little clear-starcher was looked upon as a spy, and dreaded and avoided accordingly.

One day a handsome carriage stopped at the door, and a lady of modish appearance having enquired for Miss Sally, alighted, and ascended the stairs to her room. She had some very fine work with her, and concerning this she had a hundred directions to give. Miss Sally remembered afterwards that while she was talking about the work the lady's eyes kept glancing here and there rather curiously. But as this was by no means unusual in her fine lady visitors, it caused her no uneasiness at the time. Her customer at last departed, and Miss Sally resumed her occupation, suspended during the rather tedious directions to which she had to hearken.

The visitor's sharp eyes, however, had not gone a prying in vain. Inside the front room there was, as I have often seen in those old houses, a little room or closet, without any window, only lighted by means of a glass door connecting it with the apartments without. It came out subsequently that the fine lady spy had seen the shadow of a man inside. In less than half an hour the whole street was filled with soldiers, and up to Miss Sally's room they came to secure their prisoner. They knew he had not had time to escape—they also knew that from the closet there was no second outlet; so, when they were in the room without, they were sure he was trapped.

Into the closet they thronged, General Duff at their head. But the room was apparently empty. It was without furniture, save a mattress, a chair, and a table on which were the remains of a meal. In one corner was a little heap of firewood, but not large enough to conceal a man. For a moment the soldiers were taken aback—next moment they were reassured.

There was a bricked-up fire place in the room; and round it they all gathered. At that time there was a tax called hearth money, and people used to build a sort of wall of bricks around a fire-place, that the inspector might see when he came that they made no use of it. Ay, and maybe when he'd turn his back the bricks would be taken down until the time came for the next visit. However, as luck would have it, Miss Sally had really no use for this fire-place; I suppose it was as much as she could do to keep up the fire in the front room. And it so happened that the bricks were well and firmly built, and even plastered over, and they reached to with-

in a couple of feet of the ceiling. There was just room for a man inside, and down there, as the soldiers guessed, the poor fugitive had dropped. He had only a few minutes' notice of their coming, and, catching up a hatchet that was in the corner with the fire-wood, he had just had time to clamber up and gain his temporary place of refuge when they broke in.

With a throbbing heart he listened to their threats, their cries of anger, their oaths. He heard them asking if it would not be best to shoot down upon him and kill him in his liar. But Gen. Duff bawled out, "No, no!—not for a hundred thousand pounds! He must be taken alive! He cannot escape us; pull the brick and he is ours!" They then set to, and worked hotly; and what with the knocking and hammering, and crushing and shouting, there was such an uproar as was never heard before in poor Miss Sally Carmody's lodgings. The bricks being solidly built and plastered, it was not so easy as they had anticipated to tear them away. And when at last they did effect their purpose, their supposed prisoner had again balked them—how was plainly to be seen. While they were uprooting the bricks that screened him from them, he, seeing, or rather feeling, that there was no heartstone under his feet, had conceived the hope that by cutting away the floor he might drop down into the room below and so have another chance of getting off. With the hatchet he had caught up, he fell to work, the noise he made being completely drowned by the uproar without; and, some minutes before their object was effected he landed in the room below.

Instantly the alarm was given by the soldiers nearest the hearth-place. Some of their number remained above, while the rest hurried down to get into the room below. But here was another delay, for the woman who occupied it—a good Protestant, as several of them knew, and therefore not to be suspected of voluntarily harboring a French spy (for such they declared the fugitive to be), was absent and the door was locked. Some, who had hurried round to the back part of the house, found that the window of this room was fast bolted on the inside, and there was no other outlet from it. With a shout they announced their certainty that the Frenchman was still in the house, caught in his own trap! So they called for a crowbar to break open the door and seize him at last. Somehow, none of them ventured to follow him through the hole he had made in the floor and ceiling. They knew he must be armed—they had abundant proof of his energy and desperation; and the bravest man that ever stepped might well be pardoned for not adopting a means of descent sure to be fatal to himself.

But, just as the crowbar was about to be put in requisition, there was a cry of "Stop! stop!" from a female voice in the crowd, and presently a little woman, greatly flurried and excited, came elbowing her way toward them. "Oh, General, honey!" she cried, "sure ye won't break open my little room? I have the key somewhere—only wait one minute!" And the little clear-starcher fumbled desperately in her pockets and in the bosom of her dress, vowing the while, as well as she could speak, that it was "the Lord sent her back from her errand in time to prevent her little place from being smashed!" Still the poor creature was so frightened and so confused that it was not until the General, losing all patience, had again called for the crowbar, that the key at length made its appearance in answer to a despairing dive into the depths of a capacious pocket.

It was snatched from her; the door was flung open, and the men poured in. In a moment every nook and cranny was ransacked, in vain! There was no trace of the fugitive, and they were completely at fault. The window shut and bolted on the inside precluded any idea of escape in that direction; the fire cheerily burning in the large grate as effectually proved that he could not have ascended the chimney; he was nowhere in the room, yet there was plain to all beholders the aperture in the ceiling by which he had got down. And louder than the cries of the angry soldiers were those of the little clear-starcher, whose apartment had been so unceremoniously disfigured. The would-be captors were baffled; they swore that they were baffled by the devil himself!

But the Evil One had had no need, even were he so inclined, to interfere in the matter. The little Protestant clear-starcher had contrived very cleverly to outwit the soldiery. That she was odd in her ways was certain; for while every man, woman, or child, except herself, was in commotion on the arrival of the military, she remained at her wash-tub, rubbing away and listening to the uproar and the blows overhead, as if nothing at all unusual were the matter. There she was, when the ceiling gave way, and the poor hunted Frenchman, pale and covered with dust, stood before her. She never cried out, or even spoke; she just looked at him a second, then pointed to the open window; he sprang out, and hastened off in the direction she indicated. The little woman dusted the window-sill where he had left the prints of his feet, shut the window, bolted it on the inside, threw some fresh fuel on the fire, slipped out, locked the door behind her, and mingled unobserved with the people in the streets.

Whoever the Frenchman was, he was saved. When he jumped through the window, he made off across a garden, on through other gardens, out into a field where some men were digging potatoes. These seeing him running, and his dress all torn, guessed how it was, and one of them gave him his jacket,

another his brogues, another his cubeen, and they rubbed clay over his hands and face, and otherwise aided his disguise. They put a spade into his hand, and set him to dig with them. By and by the soldiers came to make inquiries, and were sent off on a wild goose chase after a gentleman without a hat whom they said they had seen running in an opposite direction. The soldiers never found him, and the fugitive got safe back to France. It was not rightly known what he was; some said one thing, and some another; but from what General Duff cried out when the soldiers wanted to fire down on him, it was believed it must be somebody of great consequence. The poor people said it was the King of France.—[Dickens's All The Year Round.

COMMON SALT—ITS AGRICULTURAL USE AND EFFECT.

There is no doubt but that common salt has been long used as a manure, for as early as 1748 a writer named Brownrigg published a book in which he contended "that the whole kingdom (Great Britain) might be enriched by the application of common salt to the soil," and since his time this use of salt has been more common, and much more so in England than in our own country. With us the use of it has been much retarded for want of a knowledge of its action and effects in order to guide us to a more proper and skillful use of it.

It is certain that in many instances of the application of salt those who apply it are disappointed with the result, which in all cases, I think, may be attributed to a want of knowledge of its effects, and may be accounted for by one or more of the following reasons: Salt furnishes to the soil but two constituents, namely, soda and chlorine, and hence it cannot, like barnyard manure be applied, ad libitum, for, unlike the latter it does not furnish all the saline parts needed by the crop, and hence because the soil already contains sufficient of these two constituents a second application of salt may produce little or no immediate effect and disappointment ensues. Again, some plants are more benefited by the application of salt than others, and hence, by not understanding the wants of the crop, the application may not, as far as that particular crop is concerned, produce any effect, or if it does it may be an unfavorable one.

Failures are many times caused by supposing that inasmuch as one application was good for a crop of corn, another will benefit the succeeding one of oats, but if the first application was a liberal one it will not, because the soil already contains enough of the constituents of salt needed for that crop, but sooner or later the second application will begin to show itself.

One of the main benefits which I have derived from the use of salt as a manure, has been when I have turned under a heavy crop of clover or rye for wheat, I find it has a tendency to stiffen the straw and prevent its falling down as is often the case when green manuring is practiced. I usually sow it broadcast at the rate of one sack (three bushels) to two acres.—The most suitable time which I can find is either just before the last harrowing, or before the drill, if the seed is put in in that manner.—It is very easy for those who have been used to broadcast sowing to arrive at the proper amount. I found from experiment that salt has the effect of increasing the weight of the grain: In one case of two lands, side by side, one of which in addition to a good coat of manure was top-dressed with salt at the rate of one and one-half bushels to the acre, and the other had nothing but the manure; the wheat upon these two lands; and in fact upon the whole, was heavy, particularly so in the straw. On the salted land it stood up well and the straw was bright, while on the remainder of the field it was all more or less lodged and down. The salted land produced wheat weighing three pounds more per bushel than that on the remainder of the field. During the winter the wheat on the land to which the salt was applied was of a deeper green, and from the time the wheat was up until harvest, any novice could select the one land from the remainder of the field.

I have before me accurate accounts of some experiments made with salt, and thinking some of the results might be of interest to some of the many readers of the *Telegraph*, I will give a few of them. In one experiment on grass for hay it was found that the application of six bushels of salt per acre increased the yield exactly one ton of hay per acre, but that one hundred pounds of the fresh cut grass from the salted portion only made fifty-two pounds of hay, while the same amount from the other part of the field made fifty-five; or in other words, a ton of hay for three dollars.

In another case when sown for wheat at the rate of one hundred and sixty pounds per acre, it increased the crop seven bushels per acre, making the additional wheat cost about twelve cents per bushel.

In a third experiment, when applied to oats at the rate of one hundred and twelve pounds per acre, it decreased the crop, (as compared with a plot exactly similar in soil and size) at the rate of six bushels of grain per acre, and the straw at the rate of three hundred pounds per acre, making it harsh and stiff.

All the experiments which have been tried have tended to prove that salt is not favorable to the increase of the oats crop, and if applied to the corn at the rate of more than one or one and one-half bushels, it will decrease the succeeding crop of oats; but they

tend to prove that it may be applied to wheat in any amount from one to twelve bushels, without any danger of a bad result. In England, where salt is more used as a manure, it is not unusual to apply it at the rate of ten or twelve bushels per acre. Inasmuch as it has been found that while it is beneficial to some soils and not to others, it would be well for those commencing the use of it to try it upon a small scale at first, in order to test the matter, and thus perhaps avoid both loss and trouble.

I have heard practical farmers object to the use of salt because it was too expensive, but it is the business of the farmer to expend his capital so that it will produce the largest amount of saleable produce, at the smallest cost, and if twelve cents' worth of salt will produce one bushel of wheat, then I think we need look no farther. That it will, is not an established fact, but in one case, at least, it has done it, and has been a profitable investment for thy friend in the "VALLEY," Great Valley, 3d Mo. 24, 1864.

VARIETIES.

—There is a shop in Paris which supplies a new shirt to any customer who leaves his dirty one and pays ten sous.

—The N. O. *Picayune* says the chief idea of the negroes there is unlimited license to do as they please, to avoid work, and sell liquor to the soldiers.

—Florence, the actor, lately insulted a Russian count at a New York ball, and the count wants to shoot.

—Ballooning in the army has been voted a failure, and all the aerial apparatus belonging to the Government has been sold at auction.

—The *New Era*, the new Fremont paper at Washington, says "The restoration of the old Union (since the fall of Sumter) was never anything but a day dream." It advocates an entire new form of government.

—Gen. Fitz John Porter is agent for some of the New York Colorado gold mining companies.

—The Pope's illness is said to be severe but not dangerous.

—Butter is selling in Circinnati for seventy-five cents per pound.

—Flour is three hundred and fifty dollars per barrel at Savannah.

—The *New Nation* says "the elder Blair was a bosom friend of old Bob Todd, of Kentucky, the father of Mrs. Lincoln," and this accounts for his influence over the President. Only think of the impudence of the Radicals in speaking of the father of Mrs. President Lincoln as "old Bob Todd"! They might say "Robert," at least.

—A great number of precious stones has been purchased by the French Government from that of Portugal. Fifty diamond-cutters are now constantly employed at the imperial factory.

Gen. Grant has participated in twenty-seven battles.

—Fifteen hundred soldiers died in and about New York, last year.

Senator Douglas's widow writes that she is not a department clerk at Washington.

—The women's loyal league have 15,000 petitions circulating asking Congress to abolish slavery.

—While the gold speculators were at their height in New York—at '89—they sang the Star Spangled Banner. It is a pity the bunting couldn't smother them.

—A letter from Washington dated March 11th has the following:—"Yesterday in the Senate, the Chaplain prayed in the following words: 'To the Senate of the United States and our rulers give brains, BRAINS, BRAINS, O, Lord God!'"

A cotemporary estimates that "before 1875 there will be forty States; perhaps more." Perhaps, less.

—"Call that a kind man?" said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance, "a man who is away from his family and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness?" "Yes, unremitting kindness," Jerrold replied.

—The quarrel between Stanton and Grant is said to be: That Stanton has complained to Gen. Grant that in ordering the transfer to the front of various detachments of veteran troops garrisoning certain forts, and the substitution in those forts of new recruits or men from the invalid corps, the General had assumed authority which belonged only to the Secretary of War. Gen. Grant contended that his action in the premises was clearly within his authority as General-in-Chief, and moreover that, having issued the order in question, it could not well be changed. The Secretary appealed to the President, and he, washing his hands of any further responsibility as a military leader, wisely decided that as Gen. Grant had been called by Congress to take the command of all the armies of the Union, it would be best to let him have his own way.

—Mr. Lincoln attended the Washington theatre to see Mr. Forrest in *King Lear*. He was, we learn, much affected. Ingratitude seems to wound him. He said that Mr. Chase reminded him of Regan, and Gen. Fremont of Goneril.