

Admiral Farragut.

"The Life of Admiral Farragut," by his son, contains many interesting letters written by the great commander during his naval operations at southern ports. Extracts from the most characteristic are given below.

Just previous to the great fight he wrote to his wife:

"The defeat of our army at Corinth, which I saw in the rebel papers, will give us a much harder fight. Men are easily depressed or elated by victory; but as going prepared for the defeat I certainly am not. Any man who is prepared for defeat would be half defeated before he commenced. I hope for success; shall do all in my power to secure it, and trust to God for the rest."

After the victory was won he wrote:

"April 25, 1862—MY DEAREST WIFE AND BOY: I am so agitated that I can scarcely write, and shall only tell you that I have pleased Almighty God to preserve my life through a fire such as the world has scarcely known. I shall return properly my thanks, as well as those of the fleet, for His goodness and mercy. He has permitted me to make a name for my dear boy's inheritance, as well as for my comfort and that of my family. We lost about thirty killed and ninety wounded. I lost no officers. I escaped, but the other two servants were wounded. I took the city at midday today. Such vandalism I never witnessed as the destruction of property. All the beautiful steamers and ships were set on fire and consumed. Captain Bell is well. He acted his part nobly. In fact, all the officers did their duty to my admiration; which I will note at a more convenient season. I have only time to thank God and bless you both."

Later he writes:

"Of course all the New Orleans papers abused me, but I am case-hardened to all that. I don't read the paper except to gain information about the war. I have done all I promised and all I was expected to do, so, thanks to God, I hope I have acquitted myself to the satisfaction of my friends as well as my country."

Before the war broke out inquired him exceedingly to think that he should ever have to lift his hand against the South, and in this letter his first return to the city of his childhood is referred to thus:

"It is a strange thought that I am here among my relatives, yet not the less I have dared to say, 'I am happy to be here.' There is a reign of terror in this doomed city; but, although I am abused as one who wished to kill all the women and children, I still see a feeling of respect for me."

In a private letter he gives free expression to his opinion of keeping a-going vessels in a river like the Mississippi. After the passage of the batteries at Vicksburg he writes to his wife:

"I was in my favorite stand, the mizzen-rigging, when all at once the Captain of the gun on the poop-deck wished to fire at a battery which would require him to point his gun near me. I requested me to get down, which I did, to avoid the concussion. I was off a moment doing so, when the whole mizzen-rigging was cut away just above my head! Although the shot would not have struck me, I would have tumbled on deck. But, thank God, I escaped with only a touch on the head, which did not break the skin, and has not given me a thought since. The same shot cut the halcyons that hoisted my flag, which dropped to half-mast without being perceived by us. This circumstance caused the other vessels to think that I was killed."

After his return to New Orleans he wrote to one in his confidence:

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness about any one trying to undermine me. I can see as much as any one, but I don't choose to act upon it until he time comes. I fortify myself as well as I can, and trust to my honesty for my rest. Some will try to injure me, but I defy them."

He kept his eye upon the events of the war elsewhere, but was sceptical about a good many of the stories as they first came to hand. In the same letter he says:

"The repulse of McClellan at Richmond was a great blow to the Federal cause. There is no doubt in my mind that they beat us at lying. They spread reports that they have a hundred thousand men, when they have fifty thousand. It makes me so angry that I have no patience. The officers say they don't believe anything. I certainly believe very little that comes in the shape of reports. They keep everybody stirred up. I mean to be whipped & whip the enemy, and not be scared to death."

In another, a fortnight later, he says: "As to 'intervention,' I don't believe in it, and if it does come, you will find the United States not so easy a nut to crack as they imagine. We have no dread of 'rams or the goats' and if our editors had less the county would be better off. Now they scare everybody to death."

The following lets us into one of the secrets of battle. It was written by Admiral Porter to Farragut:

Do not, for God's sake, let the rebels take you by boarding. They will try it as sure as you are born. They line their vessels with cotton bales, which resist shot perfectly. Let me recommend a cotton wall over your shell, thoroughly saturated with turpentine, squeezed nearly dry. I set fire to the city of Vicksburg in that way."

During his sail past the batteries of Port Hudson his only son was on board with him, but Farragut refused to let the fleet surgeon bring the youth below.

The Admiral, he says, listened patiently, but replied:

No, that will not do. It is true our only child is on board by chance, and he is not in the service; but being here he will act as one of my aids, to assist in conveying my orders during the battle, and we will trust to Providence and the fortune of the guerre."

In a letter written before Mobile he says:

My sister writes me a long letter, begging me not to risk my life. How little people know of the risk of life. Drayton made his clerk stay below because he was a young married man. All my staff—Watson, McKinley and Brownell—were in an exposed position on the poop deck, and escaped unhurt, while poor Hagin-botham was killed. He was a good man and a loss to Drayton."

Daniel Vierge, the celebrated Parisian illustrator, will probably visit this country soon.

His idea of personal precautions in a sea fight may be gained from a small circumstance. When the Hartford was steaming up before the Port Hudson batteries, and every eye was strained for the opening shot, his thoughts reverted to his son, who stood before him.

He had not time, says the biographer, to say much, but in the most affectionate manner gave him some practical hints as to the mode of using a tourniquet and stanching a wound. Taking from his pocket a simple piece of hempen rope about a yard in length, to which was securely fastened at one end a piece of wood, he showed how quickly the rope could be passed around a wounded limb, and twisted tight by means the piece of wood, which acted as a lever.

His belief in will-power, and of the power of his own will in particular, was as notable as it was justifiable.

The following shows that Farragut had no ambition for the Presidential honors threatened him:

I suppose you saw the notice of me as Jack the Giant-Killer, declaring that when I had taken Mobile they would give me a suitable force to take Charleston, and then run me for President of the United States. As if a man who has toiled up the ladder of life for fifty-two years, and had reached the top round in his profession, did not need a little rest. My own opinion is that if I survived those two engagements there is little doubt that a Presidential campaign would finish me. After I have finished my work I hope to spend the remainder of my days in peace and quiet with my family on the banks of the Hudson.

That this was not idle talk was proved by his refusing the nomination of the Democratic party. The battle of Mobile bay is graphically described. At one moment of the fray the Brooklyn, one of the vessels of the fleet, was seen to back by the Admiral on board the flagship Hartford.

"What's the trouble?" was shouted through the trumpet from the flagship to the Brooklyn.

"Torpedoes!" was shouted back in reply.

"Damn the torpedoes!" said Farragut.

"Four bells! Captain Drayton, go ahead. Jonnet, full speed!" and the Hartford passed the Brooklyn, assumed the lead of the line, and led the fleet to victory.

The romantic incident of the Admiral's being lashed to the mast has led to considerable controversy, says his son. The difference of opinion resulted from the fact that Farragut did not remain long in one position. While the fleet was entering the bay "he was in the port main rigging, where he was secured by the signal quartermaster, as before mentioned. But when the ram made her attack he had returned to the deck, and when the Hartford was about to ram the Tennessee he took up his position in the port mizzen rigging, where, as his flag-lieutenant (now commander), J. C. Watson, says: "I secured him by a lashing, passed with my own hands, having first begged him not to stand in such an exposed place." It was no uncommon thing for him to show activity of this kind, and the sensible precaution suggested by his fleet captain, which he adopted, was an afterthought.

A Romance of the Military Service.

An old gentleman, bent with the weight of more than three score and ten years, has recently been noticed as one of the habitués of the office of the Secretary of War. This old gentleman, like many others whose faces and forms are familiar in official circles, is seeking for justice. His case has the savor of romance. Forty-three years ago Lieutenant James Shaumburg, a young and dashing Second Lieutenant of dragoons, was stationed at Fort Des Moines, Iowa, where the flourishing city of that name now stands. His father lay sick unto death in New Orleans, and the young Lieutenant applied for leave of absence to visit his parent.

Leave was refused, and his tendered resignation, with three months' leave of absence, was then accepted. He went to New Orleans and his father died shortly after. Before his three months' leave had expired President Jackson issued an order permitting officers who had resigned with leave of absence yet unexpired, and who chose to do so, to withdraw their resignations on condition that they immediately rejoined their commands. Lieutenant Shaumburg availed himself of this order and rejoined his command, which in the meantime had been ordered to the scene of the Florida war. His name was sent to the Senate for promotion, to be First Lieutenant in the Second Dragoons. In a very short time after this he was greatly surprised to receive a notification from the War Department that his resignation as First Lieutenant was accepted. He wrote back explaining the circumstances, but without avail, and found himself thrust out of the army. He immediately came to Washington, and for these forty-three years has appealed successively to every President and Secretary of War who has been in office for redress. General Jackson, after leaving the Presidency, wrote a strong letter in favor of his reinstatement. President Tyler, just as he was going out of office, issued an order reinstating him, which President Polk revoked. Upon one occasion thirty six Senators signed a petition asking his reinstatement. General Grant took much interest in his case, but thought he ought to go to Congress, and Secretary McCrary has advised him that now, after such a lapse of time, Congress only has power to give him the desired relief. General Ewell, of the Confederate army, and Generals Rucker, Phil. Kearney, P. St. George Cooke and Hunter, of the Union army, were Second Lieutenants in the Second Regiment of Dragoons with Lieutenant Shaumburg.

Never use fast words. It may not always be agreeable. "How do you like my boots, love?" exclaimed a youthful bride. "Oh, they're immense," replied the partner of her joys, and she had the first matrimonial fainting away as the result.

The girl who sings to an admiring company in the front parlor, "You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear," is the same creature who expects her mother to make the fire, get the milk, and bring her breakfast up to her room.

A young lady of Moultrie county sends in a communication on some presumably interesting topic, with the request to "Please print it if not too full." It is hardly necessary to say that we hurl back the base insinuation with scorn—the communication. — [Chicago Tribune.]

A Bridgeport young lady says she dreamed the other night that she was engaged to be married to Rowell, the champion pedestrian. The question arises as to whether it was a six-days match, and whether both contestants were to go as they pleased.

A miner lighted a fuse at the bottom of a Leadville shaft, got into a bucket, and shouted to the man at the top to hoist. The rope broke when he had been raised fifty feet, and let him fall. The blast exploded and he was torn to pieces in the air.

"Is this the place," she asked, as she wandered down on the barren sands, "where a young lady—a beautiful young lady—fell in the water last season and was rescued by a gallant young man whom she afterward married?" He looked at her carefully, estimated her at a square 47, with false teeth, and said, "Yes, ma'am, but I don't know to swim."

A L SORTS.

The best trade mark—\$.

The red rose is the fashionable flower. Courtship is not to be run by a rule of three.

"Down in front"—An incipient mustache.

Pleasant quarters—Twenty-five cent pieces.

Queen Victoria's income is over \$2,000,000 a year.

When is a boat like a heap of show? When it's a drift.

Old settlers—The egg-shells thrown out of the coffee-pot.

Prince Bismarck wears 470 crosses or decorations of all kinds.

The present Charles Dickens has the social qualities of his famous father.

One trouble sometimes makes us forget a thousand miseries.

General Hooker was one of the handsomest officers that ever sat on a horse.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: Here lies a girl as one forgotten, who lost her shape with the rise of cotton.

Joaquin Miller has had his hair cut. This is glorious news. No man with short hair can write poetry.

Secretary John Sherman wears a kind of a snap-you up and catch-you-quick curve on the right hand side of his upper lip.

Prentice Mulford, writing of Queen Victoria's court ladies, says that their faces are scraggy, sallow and bloodless.

Rufus Choate once said of Aaron Burr, "he spared not a man in his malice, woman in his lust, or God in his impiety."

The Empress of Austria has a large riding school attached to her castle. She loves to watch the training of vicious horses.

In Westphalia apples and potatoes are separately boiled, afterward drained and then mashed together, with butter and salt.

A party of burglars could find nothing else to steal in an office in Rochester, and they carried off a red-hot stove, fire and all.

Secretary Sherman is quoted as saying that W. H. Vanderbilt and Mr. J. W. Mackey are the two richest men in the country.

Mrs. D. E. Smith, of Ligonier, Va., known as the largest woman in the South, died last week. Her weight was 610 pounds.

Gen. Grant admires Bonaparte's genius, but hates his character; and says that the battle of Waterloo was faultlessly planned.

Mrs. Amy Harris, of Syracuse, the widow of an English officer, has become heiress of \$1,000,000 by the death of her former guardian in Quebec.

Don Cameron is building a \$250,000 house at Washington. And the Widow Oliver is madder than ever that she isn't the young man's stepmother.

Mrs. George Francis Train was found dead in her bed at her mother's house in New York one morning last week, the cause being paralysis of the heart. She leaves a daughter.

Senator David Davis has written to the Sergeant-at-arms of the Senate at Washington requesting that a larger chair than the one he tried to occupy in the chamber last session be made for him.

William Thompson, of Douglas county has had five wives, and has just married the sixth. It is, however, due to the unfortunate man to state that he has been totally blind for many years.

No, George Augustus—"trousseau" is not the French for trousers. It is the French for more than you could learn the names of in a month. Get married and you will know more about it.

An Auburn girl while in conversation with a young lady visitor the other day, eagerly inquired of the other if she had a bow. "No—that is—well—there are several young gentlemen—" "Oh, no; I mean a bow to shoot with." "O!-o-H!"

Scene in a restaurant. Two ladies seated at a table. First lady to the waiter: "Bring me an ice cream, please." Second lady: "I'll have an ice too." Waiter brings ice cream and stewed oysters.

Who is the author of the riddle on cod? It wants polish, but it is clever enough to make one surprised that it is not more generally known. The riddle, it will be observed, is given double.

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The Two Outsides.

The clerical-looking gentleman and the bearded borderer were the only passengers on the Carson stage, seven hours out, en route to Bodie. They occupied the upper seat behind the driver, and the tenor of their conversation indicated that there was a slight misunderstanding between them—a misunderstanding that neither of them seemed capable of gathering up the threads of—a skein that was momentarily becoming more and more tangled as some new phase of the subject under discussion was broached.

"When I was there," the clerical gentleman was remarking, "the vineyard was in a deplorable state."

"The vineyard?" interrupted his bearded companion.

"Yes; the Lord's vineyard, I mean; the weeds were—"

"Hold on a minute, stranger," exclaimed the other, hitching in his seat, and turning so as to face his companion—"hold yer hosses. I ain't much on this parable palaver, an' I come mighty near giving ye the lie on that vineyard bizzness, cause, ye see, there ain't no sech 'ithin five mile o' the camp. Maybe there's a few down to Salt Lake, but nobody was ever fool enough o' speculating in vineyards round my neighborhood. But it's all right now; I've cottoned to the right o' the case, an' I'm drawin' my sights on to Lord's vineyards."

"As I was saying," resumed the other "outside," "I found the field of labor in a deplorable condition. The weeds had long since choked the wheat, and tares were flourishing with a luxuriance that might well sadden the heart of the husbandman. Human sacrifices were frequent in the interior, and barbarous executions for the most trivial offenses were of weekly occurrence along the coast. I attended one of those executions, and if I am not too tedious in my narration I will relate the circumstances in connection with the horrible affair. Are you agreeable?"

"Go ahead, o' man, I'm listenin'." I like to hear a man tell a good one while he's at it, and the bearded passenger hitched back to his former position and asked the driver for "a chaw o' that nigger heel."

"Well, it appears that the unfortunate man was condemned to death for poisoning on the King's preserves. They had adjudged him guilty, and sentenced him to be beheaded, and a more pitiable wretch it has never been my misfortune to contemplate as he passed out of the prison into the open court where he was to be executed. He was made to kneel and bend his neck, after which the executioner dipped his hand in a tub of water, and drawing his middle and fore finger through the sand upon which the doomed man was kneeling, applied them to the naked neck of the shivering wretch, leaving a broad and distinct mark at which to strike. He then raised his great double-edged sword, and with one blow the head fell from the trunk, while the great stream of blood crimsoned the sand."

The clerical gentleman paused in astonishment. His fellow-passenger was staring at him with a strange expression upon his sun-browned features, which the narrator at first imagined was the result of intense interest, but which he gradually observed was produced by a disgusting disbelief in the statements which he had just been making. He cut himself short for the purpose of allowing his hearer an opportunity of relieving his overcharged mind, knowing full well that if he did not the bearded man would explode, and render the situation decidedly unpleasant, to say the least.

The man of the border made a great effort to control himself, and in a tone plainly indicating that he forced a calmness he was far from feeling, simply to "elch" the man who sat beside him, and prove to the grinning driver that no man could with impunity "put up a josh on him."

"That's the frozen truth, is it, stranger?" he asked.

"Every word I have uttered is the truth. I witnessed the sickening spectacle in the broad glare of a tropical sun, and I did not lose a single movement in the barbarous tragedy," answered the other "outside."

"What's your line?" abruptly asked the man with a beard.

"My profession?"

"The same."

"I am an evangelist—a missionary."

"Oh, you're a preacher, eh?"

"A minister of the gospel—yes."

"What shop?"

"Shop?"

"Yes; which track are ye travelin'—how's yer baggage checked?"

"I don't believe I understand you."

"No? Well, what church are you swearin' by?"

"I am a Baptist."

"Good enough; Baptist goes. You say you was on the missionary racket w'en you saw all this?"

"I was engaged in the task of attempting to convert the heathen from blindness, and teaching him the path he should follow to obtain everlasting glory."

"Heathen is good, too, but wait a minute, an' I'll tackle a remark. What I want to know, was you givin' those heathens, ez you call 'em, the true bizzness on the ten commandments?"

"I was inculcating the divine law which Moses received amid the thunders of Sinai."

"Kerrect; an' maybe ye give 'em the bizzness about liftin' a man w'en he calls ye a liar?"

"I did not counsel violence under any pretext whatever; on the other hand, I taught them that fighting was sinful."

"Kerrect again, stranger; yer workin' round to my side o' the shanty, an' I guess I'll fetch ye into camp party soon. Ye told me lyin' wasn't a square game?"

"I told them that a liar could not hope to be saved."

"Tol' 'em a liar couldn't hope to be saved? You saw thet duck git down on his marrer bones?"

"I saw the criminal kneel down—yes."

"Ye saw the other ith a two-edged sword made mud, an' plaster the back o' thet doomed wretch's neck?"

"I did."

"Ye saw the sword-sharp chop his head off?"

"Yes."

"Say, stranger, look here. I reckon I've got you tighter'n a Mexican cinch. I'm thinkin' you've tangled yourself up in yer own liarist. What year was you out

thar, anyhow?"

"I went out in 1874; but, my friend, I can't see what you are endeavoring to accomplish by this question and cross-question."

"I'll show ye afore I git through 'ith ye. I'm agoin' to prove to this yer driver o' this yer stage that you can't show down the hand yer claimin' ye hold. I'm goin' to show that yer givin' me a game."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"No? Well, s'pose I give ye dead away on the sword racket, fust? S'pose I was to say that ther ain't nothin' bigger'n a sixteen-inch bowie in the hull camp? S'pose I was to come down to cases, an' said ye lied about that mud bizzness? S'pose I was to bring proof that no man in the camp ever had his cabesa cut off below the ears? S'pose I was to bring a hundred men to back me in the statement that hangin' was all the go, w'en it was a vigilante racket, an' thet nobody ever died out thar 'ceptin' from hot lead an' col' steel? S'pose I was to do all this, what kind of a game would ye gi' me then? I tell ye, stranger, I've been thar, an' I'm posted, I am. I'm the best-posted man this side o' Denver, an' ye can't play it very low down on me, much?"

"Do you doubt my word, sir?"

"No, I don't doubt yer word; but if ye'd put a little more solid stuff into what yer sayin' I'd be more likely to take stock in yer yarns."

"My friend, I fear you are attempting to beguile me. I fear that you are imposing upon a stranger in a strange land. I am not accustomed to your peculiar manners and customs; and you should not take advantage of me in this abrupt and unceremonious way."

"I thought ye 'lowed ye'd been thar."

"Where?"

"In Shyann."

"Cheyenne! Not at all. I never saw the place. I thought you understood from the first that I was a missionary to Siam."

"What! Siam? Well, I swear, I take it all back, stranger; I throw up my hand. Shake, stranger, an' we'll call it squar. Shyann—Siam. They do sound alike, don't they?"

London Provincialism.

A keen observer once remarked that no man who always lived in London could ever write a really good novel—"he would not see enough of life."

The epigram, paradoxical as it seems, has as much truth in it as most other paradoxes. People who live in London are necessarily thrown in contact with such a perpetually moving mass of human beings that they have no time to know anything of each individually. If a man really wishes to study life and character, he must migrate to some quiet country town, where he can meet the same persons seven days in every week, and learn a little more about them than can be derived from mere casual observation of outward habits and peculiarities. Indeed, the tendency to provincialism is stronger and more enacting in London than in any other part of Great Britain.

It has more plausibility in its favor, and therefore it succeeds in entrapping even those wide-minded persons who would elsewhere manage to rise superior to prejudice. In proportion to the real magnitude of the place and its interests, the tendency to identify it with the universe grows stronger and stronger. The provincialism thus inevitably thrust upon his soul the average middle-class Londoner naturally succumbs. His whole life has been spent in the great overgrown city, and he has been taught from his childhood upward to despise the country and country people as inferior places and persons, beyond the pale of legitimate civilization. He has never been subjected to those healthy counteracting influences which prevent the landed classes and the cultivated section of society from falling into the same pitfall. Wealthy proprietors spend half the year in London, and learn that London is capable of teaching them—superiority to merely local English feeling, and a healthy intercourse with the English world in politics, literature, science and art. But they spend the other half of the year in the country or abroad, learning the complimentary lesson which the sedentary Londoner never learns—that England consists of hill and dale and cornfield and pasture, as well as of streets and clubs and warehouses; that life is not entirely confined to cities, and far less to one city, however important, and that nature still exists side by side with man, even in our industrial England itself. More valuable even than the widening influence of that glimpse of continental life which our wealthier classes secure as a rule, once in every year or so, the provincialism of London gets broken down by the Boulevards, the Champs Elysees, the Theater Francais, though we can hardly flatter ourselves that the provincialism of Paris or Vienna will receive a similar blow from the Strand, the Park, the Royal Academy or Drury lane pantomime.—London Review.

BISHOP COLENSO ON THE ZULU WAR.—Bishop Colenso, who has been throughout a steadfast opponent of the Zulu war, as impolitic and uncalled for, protests the deposition and deportation of the African King Cetewayo. He styles the description given of Cetewayo by Sir Bartle Frere a "malignant representation," and points to the loyalty of the Zulu chiefs and people to their King as inconsistent with the theory that they have been living under an intolerable, cruel and barbarous rule. To the remark that these Zulus betrayed their hiding place he replies that when five prisoners were flogged to extort the secret, they would not divulge it, and it was only when they were deceived by hearing the sound of cannon, and told that two of their associates had been blown to pieces from the mouth of it, that one of the prisoners told where Cetewayo was hidden. The Bishop reproaches the conduct of Cetewayo's consort when carrying him a prisoner to Fort Dunford, in refusing him meat when he asked for it, but plying him with rum. The division of Zululand into separate parcels, under petty chiefs, the Bishop regards as likely to lead to anarchy; and as to the appointment of John Dunn (white man) to a chieftaincy, he says "it is utterly condemned by all right-thinking people of Natal." He suggests that Cetewayo, after some months' imprisonment, be restored to his sovereignty, with powers duly limited, under a British resident, who should be an English gentleman of character and ability.

Area of the American Will Pasture.

The following statement from official sources is calculated to give our readers an idea of the magnitude of pasture land area in the southern and western portions of our States and Territories. An imaginative man may have a presage of a magnificent future for our stock interests by reading it:

The area of the States south of the line of Pennsylvania and the Ohio river is about 2,000,000 acres, of which the southern States contain, or 211,000,000 acres, or more than one-fourth of the total area of the United States.

About one-third of the entire area may be cultivated, and the remainder, after deducting lakes and rivers, roads, and town sites, and a very small area of sand and rock washes, is productive of plant growths in great variety. The forest lands of this broad belt are estimated to aggregate 270,000,000 acres, or 47 per cent of the whole area. A large proportion of these forests are pine, notably those of the belt of 100 to 200 miles from the coast, open to sun and air, comparatively free from undergrowth interfering with natural grasses which abound in variety and quantity according to the degree of fertility of the soil. The southern country is four times as large as France; it is ten times as large as Great Britain; it includes soils varying from the granitic to the latest alluvial; it is favored with a variety in climate, resulting from a range of fifteen degrees of latitude and 6000 feet of elevation. Making liberal deductions for cultivated lands, water, town sites and wastes, the uncultivated lands will reach an aggregate of not less than 393,000,000 acres, nearly 60 per cent of the area; and of this, after throwing out of consideration forests of deciduous trees yielding no pasturage worthy of note, the area of wild pasturage—a portion in the west of prairie, a part on the mountains of glades, the fine lands and old fields, some very good, and much comparatively poor—amounts to 233,000,000 acres, or forty-five per cent of the whole southern area. This is equal to the area of France and Prussia together, with a better climate and more fertile soil, producing grasses that are unused sufficient to produce more than all the wools Americans now wear. It is a great mistake to show that this section is not suited to grass growing. The most exacting labor and greatest expense in all the processes of cotton culture are incident to the destruction of grasses. Again, from Mexico to the British possessions, from the Missouri river to the Pacific ocean, there is an area of 1,021,000,000 acres—not including Alaska—which have been for years the home of countless numbers of the buffalo, of the antelope, and on the higher elevations of mountain sheep and goats. At so high a latitude as the plains of Laramie, 7000 feet, the pasturage is a wonder of freshness and abundance. Like an inland sea of emerald, the range stretches from horizon to horizon, relieved only by straggling patches of motley color of bovine herds, or white specks of scarcely distinguishable flocks. The mountain districts of Wyoming constitute one of the finest grazing districts in the world. Nutritious grasses are kept fresh by the water of a multitude of mountain streams, and the rainfall is great. Even in the northern latitudes large flocks of sheep and cattle often pass the winter with no other feed than the meek grass of