

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

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FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—At a drum tap nine million soldiers could take arms in Europe.
—The establishment of a daily church newspaper is advocated in London.
—A Chinese bank note 3,284 years old is in the museum at St. Petersburg.
—A boy at Gera, Germany, died of blood-poisoning in consequence of playing with a cat which had just killed a rat.
—Dr. Hecker has discovered a tree in Central Africa called the karite, which grows in dense forests and yields a supply of gutta-percha.
—The monument reared to the memory of El Mahdi in the Soudan is a tower of birch, whitewashed and bearing the inscription: "The Ambassador of God."
—A recent careful calculation shows that England owns nearly three times as large an extent of colonies as all the rest of Europe together. Her colonies are eighty-five times as big as the mother country.
—The proportions of the different colors in eyes among the people of Italy is thus estimated by Prof. Mantegazza: Black eyes, twenty-two per cent.; chestnut, sixty-four; blue, eleven; and gray eyes, three per cent.
—The Vienna *Allgemeine Zeitung* some time ago offered a number of prizes for the best feuilleton article sent in (with a motto) up to a certain date. No fewer than 473 manuscripts were received, and the first prize was assigned to a woman—Frau Francisca von Kapff-Essenthal. The jury consisted of well-known men of letters.
—At Windsor Castle the rooms which were occupied by the late John Brown, the Queen's faithful old servant, have been rigorously closed since his death, and the Queen has placed a large brass tablet in the bed-room, which bears an inscription relating how John Brown died in this room, eulogizing his virtues and deploring his loss.
—At a recent sale of autographs in Berlin the following prices were paid: For a Bismarck letter, \$30; an Amberg letter, \$75; a Vergil, \$112; Robespierre, \$55; Kosciuszko, \$19; a Beethoven cadenza to the first movement of Mozart's D minor concerto, \$56; a manuscript of musical sketches, \$29; a Cherubini letter, \$38, and a Haydn, \$31.
—According to some recently published statistics there have been fought in France since 1870 no less than 847 duels, besides many between officers and private soldiers, which are scarcely ever mentioned in the papers. Out of these 847 duels only nine resulted in one of the parties being disabled. In ninety-eight per cent. of the cases the combatants left the field unscathed.

LAKE GENEVA.

The Most Beautiful of Switzerland's Innumerable Mountain Lakes.

The extreme depth of the lake is upwards of a thousand feet, and the highest of the mountains which guard its repose are several thousands of feet high. Its deep blue color separates it from all other lakes of Switzerland, whose waters are mostly green; and this, its individuality of color, is a phenomenon which has never been definitely explained. In other respects, too, it has a character of its own, and is a mystery. It is subject to sudden and unaccountable fluctuations of level, amounting sometimes to several feet; tidal waves, as it were, which flow indifferently from end to end or from side to side. The melting snow of the Alps swell it to its utmost volume in the summer; but the coldest winters never freeze it entirely over. Where dwells the invisible spirit of this lake, and what is that spirit, presiding so silently but imperiously over its character and life? Trout swim its depths. Wild swans skim over its surface. Ducks, sea swallows and the white-winged gull sport in the air above it. The chestnut tree, the magnolia, the trumpet-creeper, the cedar, the fig and the pomegranate join with the vine in the decoration of its shores. The hand of man has added castle and chateau, chalet and villa, until the whole northern shore and parts of the southern have become a circle of habitation, nestled in beds of living green, contrasting in a fine harmony with the lake between.—*Geneva Cor. Congregationalist.*

—Paper is about to monopolize another branch of industry, which is no less a one than the making of gentlemen's headgear. By a new process of manipulation, hats more serviceable and finer than anything now on the market are made of wood pulp. They are impervious to water and not wanting in flexibility. It is believed that felt hats will have to take a back seat as soon as these new hats can be placed in the market in sufficient numbers to supply the demand.—*Troy Times.*

THE WOODLAND GRAVE.

No sacred monumental urn,
Nor vaulted funeral praise,
Here lures the passer-by to turn
With mute and reverential gaze.
No epythos throws quaint shadows here
Upon some sculptured marble tomb,
Which rests some one to memory dear,
Amidst the churchyard's solemn gloom.

But in some unfrequented glade,
Where fragrant flowers bloom and die,
And where, beneath the wood's deep shade,
In wild profusion ferns do lie.

Where bluebells, with the golden furze,
The wild rose and the daffodil,
With ivy, moss, and countless burrs,
Lie scattered o'er the verdant hill;
Beside some cool sequestered stream,
Shaded from the stormy weather,
Where the sun's last lingering gleam
Fades upon the mountain heather—

There, where the grass is soft and green,
With meadow-sweet and cowslip, too,
And fairest snowdrops may be seen
Weeping in the morning dew;
And where the skylark's evening song
Comes floating on the perfumed breeze,
And woodland music, all day long,
Singers in the murmuring trees—

Just there, beneath that laurel's shade,
Where moss and ivy deck the ground,
The truest, kindest friend is laid—
My noble, faithful, trusty friend.
—A. M. Curdick, in *Chamber's Journal.*

THE POOR HUNCHBACK.

A Pitiful Story of French Peasant Life.

The "Poor Hunchback" was what they called her, although she had a family name and three or four Christian names besides, selected some fifty years before from the almanac, or given at the time of her christening.

She had received all the sacraments except one—that of marriage; for the simple reason that during her youth she had not been able to find a husband to her liking. Still, it is true, she was quite hard to please in this respect, although one who is deformed can not generally afford to be so fastidious.

She was not born a hunchback. Her misfortune was the result of an accident which occurred when she was scarcely ten years old. One day when she was about to get a whipping she tried to escape by going under the bed. Her grandmother had tried to pull her out by the arm, and her shoulder, striking against a sharp angle of the heavy chest, was fractured.

They took her to the village bone-setter—a woman—who, after having felt the hurt place, pulled the joint until it cracked, ordered a six-to-the-pound candle to be melted over a glass of water, gave the parent a package of dry herbs to make a *lisane* with, and for all her trouble asked only a remuneration of forty cents and two pounds of butter.

From that time the little girl found that it hurt her a great deal when she stooped to pluck up weeds, or when she bent down over her washing. As she grew older it was noticed that one of her shoulders grew round, and remained much lower than the other one. At last this condition became so marked that folks declared her hunchbacked. And she was so, in fact.

The first time they told her she got angry and began to cry. She would not believe it, and tried to see herself in a broken looking glass nailed to the wall near a window. She asked, under promise of secrecy, all the young girls of her age whom she did not believe to be malicious or likely to break a promise, to tell her if what had been said about her having a hump was true. Finally she found herself compelled to believe in the fact of her deformity. But even then she tried to train herself never to think about it; and she disliked to have it spoken of.

Quite young as she was, she said to herself that her life was ruined; that she was already just like any of those very old women that nobody would ever think of loving; and with this general crumbling down of all her future plans, and the vanishing of all her hungry hope for happiness, she ceased to consider life except as what it really is—a painful duty one must accomplish in order to reach a better condition.

It seemed to her unjust that one's whole life should be spoiled like that—all at once—without some hope of commencing another and a happier existence; and this idea, combined with the little of what she could vaguely understand of the sermons preached at the town church, on high mass days, brought her to believe that if she would but courageously endure this life she would come back again—"straight and handsome" in another life.

She became very pious. She zealously began trying to wear out her life by hard work—like certain needy folk, who believe that in abridging each week's task by extra labor, they hasten the coming of their day of rest. To the hunchback it seemed that the day of her death would be a fair Sunday indeed.

And every time that she met the parish priest, or another *monsigneur pretre*, she talked with them in the most artless fashion about the new life in which she would not be hunchbacked any more.

She remained a long time in the employ of a farmer as servant.

Toward her twenty-fifth year she found herself alone in the world—all her family having died. There remained to her, by way of inheritance, only a dwelling place hollowed out in the rock, with a brick oven in which to bake bread and a strip of vineyard just enough for one person to cultivate.

She left her situation in order to live in her *chambre*, where her sole possession in the way of furniture consisted of the bed against which her

shoulder had been dislocated, an old clothes-press, a kneading trough, a *countois* clock in its wooden case, and a chair as low as *prie-dieu*.

By day she used to visit the village folk. They often gave her sewing to do. Sometimes they employed her for a little while to do odd jobs about the house or to iron. For such work she received her board and ten cents a day.

In the morning, before dawn, ere going to her "day's work," she went to look after her little field and trim her vines; then at the first stroke of the Angelus, she started off in her great black cloak, looking more distorted than at other times with her rapid walk.

In the evening she returned to her dwelling by dark paths, lighting her way with a lantern, and went to sleep thinking that another day had passed which would never again see her deformity.

Her ideal was "to get straight again." Afterward she had another idea—to become independent, or as she called it, "to become her own master." For she suffered sometimes quite as much from her servitude as from her hump. Although she did quite as much, and often even more work than others, certain people always acted towards her as if they thought they were doing a charity by employing an infirm person at all.

In houses where children were, she used to pet the little ones. She had been particularly good to those of the first master into whose service she had entered.

Sometimes she visited his house in order to make dresses for the girls, or blouses for the boys.

She always hired herself out at the vintage season.

And for a great many years she lived thus—serving, sewing, digging, washing, carrying baskets of earth for the vineyards, or pushing a wheelbarrow. She killed time in this way—killed the weeks, the months, the years; with the peculiar vigor of a little nervous somebody possessed by one strong purpose.

Her particular wish was to die suddenly in the midst of her work—to have the pleasant surprise of hearing the good God saying: "That is enough—come to me!" She had a great fear of becoming old, infirm, incapable of working, and of inspiring pity by her infirmity and her misery. She had always carried her hump without asking anybody's compassion; and she dreaded to excite pity.

But it came to pass not as she had wished. One day while rolling a very heavy load, she felt a sharp pain in her breast. Next day she was very ill, trembling with fever, and unable to eat. She went to the doctor and told him she had strained herself somehow and forced her stomach out of place. The old doctor auscultated her, and made a queer motion with his lips. She had nothing displaced internally; but she was worn out, exhausted, by forty years of ceaseless labor—by nervous strains, by a joyless life whose movements had never been regulated by the least impulse of happiness. She was like a bow of which the cord had been worn through—or a clock that had stopped at the beginning of another hour, because its works had been worn away by incessant and monotonous revolution.

She tried to set herself to work again; but her will could exert no force upon the ruined mechanism of her being.

She had to take to her bed and remain in it—always the same bed. And there—in the silence of her little room, with her eyes staring at the same curtains of green serge which had been moved long ago by the last breath of her parents—she asked herself if she was going to remain long in that state. She felt pretty sure that she could never get well; but it made her suffer so much to linger in that fashion at the very gate of the other world! She imagined that gate to be like the gate of a church or the doors of a tabernacle—with little gold angels and beams of sacramental light and colored rays as if stained glass windows with the sun shining through them. She was knocking at the gate, she thought—even as Jesus knocked at the gates of the temple of Jerusalem. It opened to her in her dreams, and beyond it was the Other Life, where she found herself "straight again, and her own master," in the midst of a luminous immensity, where the clouds were stirred with waving of white wings, and all was sweetness and peace.

But she was soon roused rudely from these dreams. The female neighbor, who had been taking care of her, began to complain of her avarice. The truth was that all the hunchback's savings had been spent.

She decided to send for her first master, whose children she had been so kind to. He had become very old, very avaricious—almost cruel. He simply advised her to enter the almshouse, stating that he himself would try to get her admitted—which effort, he thought, would not cost him very dear. Terrified at the mere idea of leaving her home she refused. She wanted to die in the bed of her parents, not in a charity bed.

She almost hated the old man for having so much as proposed the thing; and she turned her face to the wall, resolved never to ask for anything more.

As for him, he went his way—telling everybody in the neighborhood that the old woman was putting on airs—refusing to go to the parsonage where plenty of people richer than she had to go, and would have to go yet!

Other masters, however, who had not been applied to at all, provided generously for all her wants.

Really, however, the hunchback wanted nothing. She could not eat any more. She kept declaring that her stomach was "out of place." In order not to annoy her, the doctor was obliged to agree with her. The parish priest came to see her several days in suc-

cession. She talked to him about the other world. It seemed to her that she had already become less deformed. She felt as if transfigured. And she always kept asking:

"I will come back again, won't I?"
"Yes, my child," replied the old man.
"Straight and my own master."
"Straight and your own master."
She smiled with pleasure, tried to sit up, and died.

My parish priest wrote me all about it yesterday. I felt very sorry; for I knew the hunchback, when I was little. I do not know whether she will ever come back again.—"Straight and her own master"—but I believe that no happier soul than hers ever left a deformed body to soar to the stars through the blue nights of my native village.—*Charles Richards, in La Figaro.*

PAPER TOWNS.

Two Cities Which, Like Hundreds of Others, Were Never Built.

In coming from Washington City to Richmond the traveler passes the sites of two proposed cities whose projectors were once sanguine that they would grow and attain a National importance in population and trade, but which stubbornly refused to thrive in spite of all that was done to push them forward, and whose existence as cities is confined to paper alone.

The first of them is Jackson City, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, just opposite to Washington. The idea of building this city as a rival of the National capital was conceived by some of "Old Hickory's" admirers during his Presidential term, and such faith did they have in the name that they did not think failure was possible if they called it Jackson City. Accordingly, they bought of Mr. George Mason, for \$100,000, a large part of which was paid in bonds of the company, a tract of land that was laid off in lots, streets and avenues on a magnificent scale. Then, to give *clat* to the scheme, they determined upon the laying of the corner-stone of the new city. Accordingly, on the day appointed, a large crowd assembled on the spot, among which was President Jackson and members of his Cabinet and many other distinguished persons, and after an oration had been delivered by George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of George Washington, the corner-stone of Jackson City was laid with imposing ceremonies. But, strange to say, that was about all that ever was laid, notwithstanding the magnificent send-off with which it had been inaugurated. The traveler who passes the site to-day and sees only one or two dilapidated frame houses to mark the spot would never imagine that it had been the scene of such a gathering as once assembled there, or that such high hopes and sanguine expectations were once indulged in concerning its future.

The other dead city is Quantico, on the Potomac, some twenty miles north of Fredericksburg. Soon after the close of the late war, when the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac railroad was extended to that point, this city was laid out on an extensive scale, and such confidence did its projectors have in its future that they went to work and built a large and handsome four-story hotel, at a cost of many thousands of dollars. They also obtained a charter conferring upon the company extensive powers, such as to build railroads, do a banking business, engage in manufacturing projects, etc., but, contrary to their sanguine expectations, the enterprise never thrived and the city was never built. The hotel is now unoccupied, save by a tenant to take care of the property, and some months ago one end of the building fell out, and has been closed up with wooden boards. Instead of a bustling, busy city, Quantico is a quiet country railroad station, and is not likely ever to be anything else. The failure of the two cities to "materialize," in spite of all the "coddling" they received from their projectors and founders, if such a term is appropriate to the subject, goes to show that something else is necessary in order to build a city than the selection of the site, the laying off of lots and streets, and even the building of the first houses. There are hundreds of paper cities scattered all over the United States whose history is similar to that of Jackson City and Quantico.—*Richmond (Va.) Whig.*

—A LITTLE FOUR-YEAR-OLD described the lightning of the previous night as "the wind blowing the sun back again."

—When some politicians are weighed they are found wanting—every office in which there is a vacancy.—*Merchants' Traveler.*

—England's puzzle and Pat's chafade: "You rouse my first by asking rent for my second, and my whole is my country"—Ireland.—*Chicago Ledger.*

—Wife—"I have been returning calls this afternoon and have had a delightful time." Husband—"The ladies usually gossip, I suppose?" Wife—"No; I found them all out."—*N. Y. Times.*

—"Do you ever sweep under the bed?" inquired the head of the family of her young domestic while examining the spare room. "O, yes, often. It's so much easier than a dust-pan, you know," replied the servant.—*Chicago Journal.*

—When one speaks of the "good old times," he generally refers to the times before he was born. It can not be that he would have us understand that his coming upon the stage had anything to do with banishing the "good old times!"

ROMAN MUSEUMS.

Some of the Most Noteworthy Galleries of the Eternal City.

The museums of Rome contain principally antiquities, comprising tombs, pavements, frescoes, architectural fragments and statuary. That of the Lateran has relics of the early history of Christianity, in the form of mosaics, inscriptions and sarcophagi. There is also here a gallery of paintings not containing much that is noteworthy. The museum of the capital is filled with ancient marbles of every description, and in the new department has paintings by all the great masters of Italy, with representative pictures of all the schools of the north of Europe. The private galleries are often disappointing. Scattered through them are pictures of the Dutch school, Claudes, Van Dycks, landscapes of Gaspard Poussin, canvases by Nicholas Poussin, and something of all the Italian schools, but rarely the best specimens of the respective masters.

The Colonna palace has some fine old tapestries, a Van Dyck or two, a Palma the elder, and some landscapes by Gaspard Poussin which may have once been handsome and which the catalogue endeavors to make you believe still are so. The Barberini has canvases, some of them good by comparison, of Titian, Paul Veronese, Andrea del Sarto, Ribera, and the famous portrait of Beatrice Cenci, said to be by Guido, known all over the world by engravings and lithographs. It is hung where it can scarcely be seen, and if the visitor finds an artist copying in the gallery he always is spoken of disparagingly. It has some trace of Guido's coloring and a bare suggestion of his manner. But it is really weak and watery, and the probability is that it was neither painted by Guido nor that it is a true portrait of the unhappy Beatrice.

The Farnese palace, now occupied by the French Ambassador, is noted for the frescoes of Michael Angelo which adorn its principal halls. The Borghese gallery has much of the various Italian schools that is interesting, and the largest if not the best collection of pictures of the Dutch school in Rome. The Corsini palace is one of the most interesting. It contains like the rest, a great number of mediocre pictures, with not a few master-pieces. Among the artists represented are Guercino, Poussin, Berghem, Caracci, Carlo Dolci, Guido, Titian, Raphael, Albano, Salvator Rosa, Murillo, Fra Angelico, Ribera and Yelasquez. There are found here an unusual proportion of "Ecco Homos," Madonna and portraits. An Ecce Homo by Carlo Dolci will attract attention for its wonderful combination of agony, tenderness, power and pathetic beauty, in which respects it excels even those of Guido. The portraits of this artist seen in Rome and in Florence show the same remarkable ability to idealize within the limits of truth and nature. At the Vatican and the Museum of the Capital are the largest and finest collection of ancient busts, statues and bas-reliefs in Rome, though they are seen every where in perplexing confusion.—*Rome Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

A RAW SPOT.

How a Detroit Peddler Succeeded in Effecting a Sale of His Wares.

He knocked on the front door, but as there was no response he passed around to the rear and found the woman of the house wiping off a bedstead in the woodshed. The man sniffed the air in a suspicious manner, and the woman flushed scarlet.

"Corrosive-sublimite is a capital thing," he blandly observed, "but there is great danger in using it. I have known instances—"

"What do you want, sir?" she demanded as she came forward.

"Madam, I am selling a preparation to—"

"Don't want it!"

"A preparation which I warrant to knock—"

"I told you I didn't want it!"

"Please do not misunderstand me, madam. My preparation is to remove corns."

"Oh! it is! I thought it was to—"

"While corrosive sublimite is good for corns, madam, it doesn't begin with my preparation. Full directions accompany each box—price twenty-five cents."

"Well, I'll take a box. I am sorry if I hurt your feelings, but I thought you meant the—the bedstead."

"Never! although, madam, if you ever discover that the bedstead is troubled with corns or bunions use this salve freely. I warrant it to remove 'em."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The church at Bryan Station, Ky., celebrated its centennial anniversary recently. It was founded in April, 1776, by the father of its present pastor, the Rev. Thomas B. Dudley, and during the one hundred years of its existence has had but the two pastors, father and son. The present pastor is the stepfather of Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, and is ninety-four years old.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Some of the best corn lands in Indiana are the bottoms of ponds which have been drained, but in certain of these the working of the soil on warm days causes an intolerable itching, followed by burning pain in the skin for some days. The cause of this is found to be the minute spicules of sponges which once grew in the pond and remain in enormous abundance in the dust.—*Chicago Sun.*

A SHREWD DARKY.

The Way by Which He Defrauded an Impatient Legal Light.

Mose Peterson is an old negro with a waddling hip and a pair of lips, which, if thick lips, as Dumas said, denote frankness, place Mose among the frankest of men. Mose came to the city several days ago and, seeking a lawyer who had been recommended to him as one of the ablest of the guild, said:

"Doan charge nuthin much fur talkin' ter er man does yer?"

"Yes."
"Wh'y, I see allus heard dat talkin' is cheap."
"It is not here."
"Talkin' ain't cheap heah?"
"That's what I said."
"Dat's what I lowed. Wouldn't gin me er bout five minits o' yer mighty precious time would yer?"
"Yes, for five dollars."
"Charge er dollar er minit, eh?"
"Just about."
"Come down ter seventy-fi' cents."
"I won't do it, and more than that, I want you to state your business or get out of here."
"Wants me ter state my bus'ness ur git outen heah."
"That's exactly what I said."
"Zackly whut yer said."
The lawyer is naturally an impatient man, and under other conditions would have ejected old Mose, but as he had made up his mind to become a candidate for office, he choked down his rising resentment and suffered the old negro to remain determined, however, to compel him to come to the point.

"I am extremely busy, Mr.—"
"Peterson, Hon. Mr. Peterson," Mose suggested.

"Well, Hon. Mr. Peterson, I am extremely busy, and I hope you will at once come to the point."
"Whut yer gwine charge me fur er little advice, jes er little, bout dis much," measuring on his finger.

"I told you five dollars."
"Jes fur dis little bit?"
"Yes."
"Dat's too much. Say four dollars."
"Well, four, then."
"Now we'se gettin down close ter de worm rail. Four dollars jes fur dis little advice," again measuring. "Got no pity on er po' man, is yer?"
"Yes."
"Doan peer like it. Say, didn't I hear er white pussen say dat yerself wuz er canedate for office?"
"I don't know whether you did or not."
"But yer is, ain't yer?"
"Well, we'll presume that I am."
"Ah, hah; Oh, yer ken hit it putty nigh every time when yer say dat er white man is er canedate. Ter tell yer de truf, I has had my eye on yer fur some time."
"You are an old liar, and you know it."
"Cose of I see er ole liar I knows it. Would know it ef I wuz er young liar."
"Now here, get down to business or get out. I ve got no time to fool away with you."
"How much yer gwine charge me?"
"Oh, confound it, I won't charge you anything if you'll get through as quickly as possible."
"Talkin' now, sho's yer bo'n yer is. Wall, I'll come right down ter de pint. Kain't er man, when he sorter gets in er pinch, make ober what he owns ter his wife?"
"Yes."
"An' will de law pettek him in it?"
"Assuredly. Have you some property that you want to make over?"
"Better presume ergo er man come ter me an' axen me whut I would charge him fur ter let my boy do er certain amount o' work in his cotton fiel' tole him ten dollars; told him furdormo' dat I needed money migh'tly an' dat ef he would gin me de money I would sen' de boy ober early in de fo' part o' de week. He 'greed ter it, drawed up de papers an' gin me de money. Ez I tells yer I wuz needn' money powerful so I spent de ten dollars. Bout dis time I skivered dat I needed de boy at home, when de time come, I didn't sen' him."
"Yes, and what do you propose doing now? Make over your cattle?"
"No, sah, I wants to make dat boy ober to my wife so de man kain't git him. Oh, yer needn't to laugh, fur dat's whut I wants ter do."
"You are foolish. You can't do any thing like that. The boy is already in the sight of the law, as much hers as he is yours."
"No, he ain't."
"Why so?"
"Ca'se his muder was my first wife. Now, I wants to make him ober ter her so he'll be her son. Den she ken hol' him when de man comes arter him."
"Go on away, you're foolish."
"Wall, tell me whut yer'd do."
"I don't know."
"Doan b'lebe I'll gin de ten dollars back."
"Very well, keep the money."
"Mus' I?"
"Yes, so far as I am concerned."
"Thankee, sah."
"Why do you thank me?"
"Ca'se its yer own obessness whut made de contract. Tole yer I'd had my eye on yer," he exclaimed as he clapped his hat on his head. "Good day ter yer. Er, haw, haw."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

—Dr. C. C. Abbott, the naturalist, recently found upon his farm in Trenton, N. J., a box tortoise, upon the under shell of which was cut his grandfather's name, J. Abbott, with the date 1821. The appearance of the tortoise denoted great age, and there is no reason to doubt the fact that the name was really engraved upon it sixty years ago.