

The Weekly Michigan Argus.

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The Michigan Argus.

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ELI H. B. POND, Editor and Publisher.

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Cards.—We have a Ruggles Rotary Card Press, and a large variety of the latest styles of Card type which enables us to print cards of all kinds in the best and most durable style, and cheaper than any other house in the city. Business cards for men of all professions and professions, Ball, Wedding and Visiting Cards, printed on the finest paper. Call and see samples.

BOOK BINDING.—Connected with the Office is a Book Binding department, where all kinds of Books, Reports, Ledgers, Journals, and all Blank Books made in order, and of the best stock. Pamphlets and periodicals bound in the most durable manner, at the lowest price. Entrance to Bickley through the Argus building.

Business Directory.

- J. C. WATTS & BRO.**
DEALERS in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Silver
Ware No. 22, New Block, Ann Arbor.
- C. BLISS.**
DEALER in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Silver
Ware No. 22, New Block, Ann Arbor.
- C. H. MILLEN.**
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c. &c.
Main Street, Ann Arbor.
- PHILIP BACH.**
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes,
&c., Main St., Ann Arbor.
- O. COLLIER.**
MANUFACTURER and Dealer in Boots and Shoes, one
and a half north of the Post Office.
- N. B. COLE.**
DEALER in Boots & Shoes, Rubbers, &c. Franklin
Block, Main Street, Ann Arbor.
- RISDON & HENDERSON.**
DEALERS in Hardware, Stoves, house furnishing
goods, Tin Ware, &c., &c., New Block, Main St.
- GEO PRAY, M. D.**
PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Residence and office on
Detroit Street, near the depot.
- SPAFFORD & DODDLEY.**
MANUFACTURERS of all kinds of Cooper Work,
City Cooper Shop. Custom work done on short
notice. Coffin and North Streets, and cor. North
and High Streets, Ann Arbor.
- A. J. SUTHERLAND.**
AGENT for the New York Life Insurance Company,
& the Phoenix Fire Insurance Company. Also has on hand a stock
of all approved sewing machines. 8511
- GEORGE FISCHER.**
MEAT MARKET—Huron Street—General Dealer in
Fresh and Salt Meats, Beef, Mutton, Pork, Hams,
Poultry, Lard, Tallow, &c., &c.
- HIRAM J. BEAKES**
ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in
Chancery. Office in City Hall Block, over Webster's
Book Store.
- WM. LEWITT, M. D.**
PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office at his residence,
North side of Huron street, and second house west
of Division Street.
- M. GUTERMAN & CO.**
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers and Manufacturers
of Ready-Made Clothing, Importers of Cloths, Cas-
simeres, Hosiery, &c., No. 5, Phoenix Block, Main St.
- WM. WAGNER.**
DEALER in Ready Made Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres,
and Vestings, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Carpet Bags, &c.,
Phoenix Block, Main Street.
- SLAWSON & SON.**
PROCESORS, Provision and Commission Merchants, and
Dealers in Water Lime, Lard, Plaster, and Plaster
of Paris, one door east of Scott's Hotel.
- J. M. SCOTT.**
RETIRED and Photographer Artist, in the rooms
over Campion's Clothing Store, Phoenix Block. Per-
fect satisfaction guaranteed.
- C. B. PORTER.**
QUEREN DENTIST. Office Corner of Main and Huron
Streets, over Bach & Pierson's Store. All calls
promptly attended to. April 25
- C. B. THOMPSON.**
DEALER in Dry Goods and Groceries, Boots and Shoes,
&c. Produce bought and sold at the old stand
Campion & Milles, Corner Main and Washington Sts.
- MACK & SCHMID.**
DEALERS in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries,
Canned Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Crockery,
&c., Corner of Main & Liberty Sts.
- O. A. KELLEY.**
PHOTOGRAPHER—Corner Fourth & Huron streets,
Ann Arbor. Shows frames and Photograph Albums
constantly on hand, and at lower rates than can be
found elsewhere. 1591
- ANDREW BELL.**
DEALER in Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Produce,
&c., &c., corner Main and Washington Streets,
Ann Arbor. The highest market prices paid for country
produce. 866
- I. O. O. F.**
WASHINGTON Lodge, No. 9, of the Independent Order
of Odd Fellows, meets at their Lodge Room,
Friday Evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock.
R. B. ROSS, Secy
- KINGSLEY & MORGAN.**
ATTORNEYS, Counsellors, Solicitors, and Notaries
at Law. Public, have Books and Plats showing titles of all
lands in the County, and attend to conveying and
collecting demands, and to paying taxes and school in-
terest in any part of the state. Office east of the park.
- D. DEFOREST.**
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in Lumber, Lath,
Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Water Pipes, Grand
Saw Plaster, Plaster Paris, and Nails of all sizes. A
complete assortment of the above, and all other
building materials constantly on hand at the
lowest possible rates in Detroit. A few rods from the
Railroad Depot. Also operating extensively in the
Cement Ranges.
- GRANGER & FINLEY,**
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT
LAW,
Collecting and Land Agents
- OFFICE OVER DONNELLY'S STORE, HURON STREET,
B. F. GRANGER, } Ann Arbor, Mich.
H. B. FINLEY, } Jan. 28, 1864. 9411

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY G. D. STEART.

Thou canst not clasp the beautiful
And call it all thine own;
The beautiful is given for all,
And not for one alone.
It is God's love made visible
In earth, and sea, and sky,
A blessing wide as time and space,
For every human eye.

The foam that crests the ocean-wave
And sparkles to the light,
The star that gems the brow of morn
And glorifies the night,—
The brook, the flower, the leaf, the bird,
Whatever glads the sight—
Is God's own living gift to all,
The beautiful and bright.

And blessed 'tis, and beautiful,
That this one gift at least,
Defies the cruel tyrant's power,
And ban of wicked priest;
For spite of chains, the slave can see
God's love is with him here,
In beauty's light, in beauty's joy
And beauty's blessed cheer.

And God be praised! forevermore,
For this his blessed boon:
The beautiful—which all may share,
And none can take too soon.
The beautiful, which purifies
And leads us up to him,
Who is its source, its life and light,
From flower to seraphim.

WAITING FOR THE SPRING.

As breezes stir the morning,
A silence reigns in air,
Steel blue the heavens above me,
Moveless the trees and bare;
Yet unto me the stillness
This burden seems to bring—
"Patience! the earth is waiting,
Waiting for the Spring."

Strong ash, and sturdy chestnut,
Rough oak, and poplar high,
Stretch out their sapless branches
Against the wintry sky.
Even the guilty aspen
Hath ceased its quivering,
As though she too were waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

I strain mine ears to listen,
If haply where I stand,
But one stray note of music
May sound in all the land.
"Why art thou mute, O blackbird?
O thou, why dost not sing?"
Ah! surely they are waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

O heart! thy days are darkness;
O heart, thy nights are drear;
But soon shall streams of sunshine
Proclaim the turning year.
Soon shall the trees be leafy,
Soon every bird shall sing;
Like them be silent, waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

—Once a Week.

From the N. Y. World, April 11.

The "Expulsion" of Mr. Long.

Saturday, so far as we can recollect was the first day since the beginning of the session when Congress has felt sufficient interest in the business before it to debate that business with some show of vehemence. Had the dignity of the question corresponded to the warmth of the discussion, the country would hail Saturday's proceedings in the House as a sign that Congress is at last awakening from the dawdling, do-nothing apathy in which it has wasted an already long session. But unheeded, the heated debate of Saturday concerned itself with nothing more important than the personal opinions of a member of no mark or figure.

In comparison with the grave duties which Congress has been so long neglecting, of what consequence is it that Mr. Long, of Ohio, does or does not think? Three days ago, not one citizen of a thousand, if asked who Mr. Long is, could have told. The rays of Congressional indignation concentrated upon him as a focus, have served to illumine and render visible an obscure member, who otherwise would not have commanded public attention to anything he could say. "But Mr. Long declared himself in favor of stopping the war, and recognizing the independence of the South." Well, suppose he did? It is the most unpopular opinion he or any other man could have uttered. Is Mr. Long a man of such transcendent ability that he can stem the tide of odium which such a sentiment would encounter if put forth by a man of influence? Was there danger that if a great communion was not raised Mr. Long would convert the country to his principles.

"But there was danger that the unrebuked utterance of such sentiments would encourage the rebels." The rebels, then, are greater simpletons than we ever took them to be. They have reason to take courage when such frivolous and theatrical expenditures of indignation as consumed the whole of Saturday, and are to be renewed to-day, postpone legislation indispensable to save the country from financial ruin. When all efficient measures for sustaining the war are exhibited put off to find time for such exhibitions, the rebels have as much reason to be pleased as the friends of the Union have to mourn.

What can the country hope from the petty inquisitorial minds that spend the public time in idle attempts to strain at such a gnat as this Mr. Long while they are swallowing the camel of national bankruptcy?

The scene in the House, on Saturday, was a hypocritical electioneering trick; a device of squabbling politicians incapable of rising to the dignity of statesmanship. Its purpose was, not to disabuse the South of the idea that Mr. Long's sentiments would be of any avail toward their independence (for not even Colfax can believe the South to be such a pack of fools), but to convey to the North the false impression that all the Democratic members share Mr. Long's opinions. Knowing how fully the Democratic party is committed to freedom of discussion, these tricksters framed a resolution for which they knew Democrats could not vote,

Debts and Extravagance.

The rebels watch the rise in the price of gold at the North with as much apparent interest as the progress of our armies. Every successive depreciation of the United States paper they look upon as increasing the chances of southern independence. And they are right. Not long ago a rebel wrote home to Richmond from New York, describing the astonishing public and private prodigality prevailing there, and exulting in it as an indication that the North must soon exhaust its means and become bankrupt, in which case he felt sure we should "let the South alone," as he did not believe we care enough about preserving the Union to suffer for it any length of time. It is lawful to be instructed by the enemy, and although the rebels have shown little skill in the management of their own finances, it is quite possible they may comprehend the drift of things among us better than we do.

It is evident that the inflation of the currency has made us reckless in our expenditures, and that great perils are involved in this recklessness. How lavishly the general government pours out its money. Appropriations of hundreds of thousands of dollars are so little account in these days that Congress does not trouble itself to ask questions about them, but pushes them through at sight, and indeed the millions are not thought worthy of much deliberation. What's the difference? With a debt already touching thousands of millions, of what account are a few millions more or less? Is not the money "raised" very easily by a vote of Congress, and paper and ink are not so scarce but we may manufacture all the money we want; pass them along, and keep the greenback printers busy. And the national debt is but one large item of the burden we are rolling up, to be paid, or repudiated by prosperity. The States add millions to their debts with the greatest freedom, and counties, cities, and towns follow the easy example. These mountains of debt, Pelson upon Ossa, rest upon a single base—the backs of the people. The interest must come out of their hard earnings, and the principal must be paid from the same source. There is but one alternative—general repudiation, and that in involves disgrace and ruin to rich and poor alike, and national disintegration and imbecility, from which a century would not recover us.

Not only does this recklessness of expenditure prevail in all our governments; the people have caught the infection, and those who have money make haste to spend. Never was so much squandered in luxury before, and the old fashioned virtue of economy is practised only upon details. There is no need to go into particulars in illustration of this fact. Every man with his eyes open sees it.

We cannot go on in this way. The loyal people are willing to do and suffer all that men can to save the Union, but they know there is a terrible possibility that national bankruptcy may fall upon us, and all our labor and sacrifice be lost. Do our rulers see this? Do they understand what fearful rapidity the avails of our present and future industry are being swept away? If they do then they know that this recklessness of expenditure must be checked, or all is lost. The great necessity at the moment is economy—in the expenditures of this general government, of State and local governments, and of citizens. Men who are growing rich out of the war, or by other means, have no right to send that wealth abroad to purchase luxuries. They should invest it in productive enterprises, from which labor may make new wealth, and so aid in lightening the general burden. Useless expenditure and miserly hoarding are alike hostile to the general welfare at such a time as this. Every dollar should be made to reproduce itself in material values of some sort, and in the quickest possible time. In no other way can we meet the vast and daily increasing draft upon the resources of the country.

Congress lavishes one day of its brief week upon buncombe speeches; if it would devote as much time to the honest consideration of ways and means for averting general financial ruin, the country would have more hope. This matter will soon press upon us in a shape to forbid further evasion. It will naturally become prominent in our national politics, and if there were a party, new or old, that could guarantee to the country an honest and economical administration, that party would prevail beyond a peradventure. The people would trust to its soundness on all other points, only assure them on this. But they want a dead certainty; they have too often been cheated by the demagogue cry of economy; they want to be sure of an honest and prudent administration of affairs, and by next November other questions will be in such positions that they will care for little besides. Let the out and the in weigh this, and see which can bid highest.—*Springfield Republican.*

The House Cleaning Mania.

"I would rather live in the dirt up to my knees," said Mr. Warren, as he came home one day in the dead of winter, and found everything "topsy-turvy" with house-cleaning. "It would be preferable to such a fuss every other week the year around."

"Well, if I had such a refined taste, I would not speak of it," said his wife, putting on quite an injured air. "It is all the thanks we ever get for trying to keep things decent. You know I never clean house oftener than once in three months."

"I only know the carpets are always up," said Mr. Warren, persistently. "I suppose it saves but one might better have none at all as far as I can see."

"Are you so wise as to suppose that things can all be taken up and put down the same day? You know I have a very large house to go over."

"I only wish it covered an acre of ground. Then it could be cleaned by quarter sections, and the family might migrate to those parts not deluged, while the rest was being soiled."

Mrs. Warren was accustomed to have her efforts for cleanliness looked upon with an unappreciative eye. So she did not condescend to waste more words in endeavoring to impress such stupid minds with a sense of its advantages.

Vices are said to be "only virtues carried to an excess," and certainly Mrs. Warren's neatness had become a positive vice. The family had never any assurance that they were "settled down," for the next day that traveled across the ceiling might turn them all out of their comfortable quarters. The children had no particular rooms for themselves, but all ways slept in some one that happened not to be "under water."

The boys, alas, learned very early to like the street better than a home so cheerless, where they were constantly cautioned and reprimanded about making dirt, or disarranging something. They did not possess the respect for their mother which they might, had they been accustomed to see her neatly attired, with a smile and a cheerful word for them when they entered their home. Tasteful orderly dress tells powerfully on the forming minds of children. The impressions they receive now with regard to their mother will go down to the grave with them.

Mrs. Warren's house keeping mania left her little time or opportunity for attending especially to her own personal appearance, and not infrequently she made tea for her family in the soiled morning dress she had not taken time to change. Such a course, persisted in, will do a great deal towards alienating the affections of the most devoted husband, and such habits grow with added years. It is strange that one so neat in regard to her carpets and windows should be so untidy with respect to herself; but it is quite common where the "vice" of neatness exists.

The "virtue" of cleanliness consists in such a neat orderly arrangement of the house as shall promote the comfort and good health of the family. When these are systematically sacrificed the virtue ceases. I know good house keepers who manage so cleverly to clean houses in the spring and fall, that no one is discommoded by it, so quietly is it all carried on. All the rooms are not put into confusion at once, but only one is taken at a time. So the members of the family who are not engaged in the work, may have a safe asylum from the storm, and not be compelled to wish, as Mrs. Warren's children sometimes did, that their "lived in a comfortable log cabin with bare floors."

"I presume, then," said unappreciative Dick, "that mother would pull up the boards to scrub the other side."

At home where neatness, comfort and a sunny atmosphere prevails is indeed a blessed spot, to which the mind turns back with loving remembrance as it plod life's dusty highway. Oh, leave your children this legacy, if you have no treasures of gold to give them. It will prove a richer blessing all through life's journey. "There is no capital to begeth life with," says a practical writer, "that can equal a sunny childhood."

A Sound of Revelry.

The Fremont organ, the *New Nation*, is indignant over the jollifications at the White House and on the Rappahannock. Over the latter it says:

"We do not hear of the rebels giving balls in their camps. Ye men who have forgotten your country and your duty for pleasure and ambition, do ye not fear to dance upon the graves where those dead patriots, your old comrades, lie buried? Do ye not fear that the sound of your dancing feet and the joyous strains of your festive music may disturb their last slumber, and their outraged shadows may rise up in the midst of your impious revelry to reproach you with unseemly gaudy before a country clothed in mourning?"

"But what strange sound is this that vibrates in the air, and sends a shudder through your hearts? It is the echo of your revelry? No; the wind comes from the direction of Richmond. It is only the plaintive voice of our wretched children, murmuring in their prisons, and dying with hunger! But what of that! Strike up again; on with the dance! Whirl again into the voluptuous vortex of beauty and flowers, with your arms braided about the young girls who have come from Washington to share your revelry! On with the jest and merry laugh, and may the plaintive voices of those who are suffering for their country, and for liberty not disturb your cruel joys; may the echo not change the sufferer's complaints into curses."

MEAN IN BUSINESS.

There is no greater mistake that a business man can make than to be mean in his business. Always taking the half cent for dollars he has made and is making—Such a policy is very much like the farmer who sows three pecks of seed when he ought to have sown five, and as a recompense for the meanness of his soil, only get ten where he ought to have got fifteen bushels of grain.—Everybody has heard of the proverb of "penny wise and pound foolish."—A liberal expenditure in the way of business is always sure to be a capital investment.

The Northwestern Sanitary Fair.

We have received a pamphlet volume of 184 pages, descriptive of the great Sanitary Fair held at Chicago in October and November last, with lists of donations, etc. The Treasurer's report puts the net receipts of the Fair at \$78,682.89.

We copy from the pamphlet the following notice of Michigan's contributions to the Exhibition:

When the Ladies' Convention met in Chicago, in the early part of September, to make preparations for the approaching Fair, Michigan, through her delegates, pledged herself to furnish all the fruit that was needed on that occasion, and all the evergreens to decorate the halls, ready made into wreaths, crosses, mottoes, &c. This pledge she amply fulfilled, and this, with the unequalled Exhibition of Tableaux given by the Detroit ladies, will render her connection with the Fair always memorable. Adrian, Ann Arbor, Kalamazoo, Jackson, Ypsilanti, Grand Haven, Pontiac, Marquette, Grand Rapids, and Detroit, were handsomely represented. From Adrian, among quantities of other things, came a box of relics, collected by Rev. Gen. Duffield, at Gettysburg, within a week after the great battle, and a piece of cloth made from bark by natives of Africa.

From Jackson, a large box of most beautiful fancy work, and from the State Prison there located, a variety of articles, manufactured by the convicts expressly for the Fair—knives, hoes, hammers, hand mirrors, boxes, brushes, &c. One poor fellow, a convict for life, sent a tree, two and a half feet high, carved from one piece of wood, and painted to imitate nature, which was sold the first day for thirty dollars. The interest manifested by the prisoners in the Soldiers' Fair, and their earnest desire to contribute to it, shows that they are not wholly dead to deeds of generosity and nobleness.

The donations from Kalamazoo were remarkably attractive. Those sent from the "Lunatic Asylum" in that city were so pretty and saleable, that they were sold almost as fast as they were unpacked. They were received at three o'clock, P. M., and were all sold at five P. M.

Chiefly through the influence of Mrs. H. H. Greenough, of New York, who passed the summer at Marquette, a very deep interest was awakened in the Fair in that isolated region of country, and the contributions from Lake Superior, Sault St. Mary, and the copper and iron districts, were among the most profuse, the rarest and most valuable. Mrs. Greenough accompanied the donations, on her return route to New York. They were brought by the steamer Planet, which had a most stormy passage, and almost suffered shipwreck. The delay occasioned by the adverse weather retarded their arrival until the very last day of the Fair; but notification of their shipment had been sent some time before, and expectation was on tiptoe concerning them. Many of the gifts were sanctified by heart histories, and expressed the sympathy of patriotic souls, in most touching forms. The fancy work was speedily sold—so were many of the most attractive curiosities, and most showy minerals—the remainder were forwarded to Mrs. Greenough, for the New York Fair.

From Grand Rapids there were vases, paper weights, cups, &c., made from the beautiful gypsum of that locality, with a profusion of fancy articles in every style and variety; from Grand Haven, with a rich collection of very saleable goods, came handsome donations of money, T. W. Ferry, Esq., alone contributing \$500.

Detroit not only gave in great abundance to the Fair, loaned pictures for the Art Gallery, and gave a grand and indescribably beautiful Exhibition of Tableaux for its benefit, but many of her prominent ladies came to Chicago, and lent diligent hands and cheerful hearts to advance its interests. Mrs. J. S. Palmer and Mrs. Elisha Eldred labored throughout in the Fair, and were exceedingly valuable auxiliaries, while Miss Valeria Campbell and Miss S. Bley aided, not only by their presence in Chicago, but by their influence at home and in the State. To many other ladies of Michigan, whom we cannot mention, similar praise must be awarded; they worked for the Fair, and in it, and they have a large share in the honor of its success.

What We are Worth.

The entire value of land and other property in the United States is estimated at \$2,000,000,000. We have contracted a debt of \$2,000,000,000, within the period of three years. Mr. Chase has asked of the present Congress appropriations to the amount of \$800,000,000, and other expenditures will swell that sum to \$1,000,000,000, hence at the end of the present fiscal year, one half of the property in the United States of every description will have been expended by the Government at Washington. The debt of England is a little over \$4,000,000,000, the value of property of every description is \$30,000,000,000; in other words, the debt of the United States, at the end of 1864, will have risen to one-half of the value of the country while the debt of England is only about one-eighth of the real wealth of the country.—*Pittsburg Post.*

At the New York Sanitary Fair

Monday, the opening night, three notorious pickpockets were arrested and led through all the different halls, for the inspection of the guests.

Only one Church has been erected in Springfield, Mass., in 16 years.

From Cor. of the Boston Journal.

It is worth a visit to New York to see the lower part of the city on a Sabbath morning, and contrast it with the bustle and confusion of all the week. The South Ferry, that great receptacle for omnibuses and cars, where one's life is in danger in crossing the street, is as quiet as a cathedral. Broadway is nicely swept on Saturday night, and is silent as the wilderness. Old Trinity in the lower part of the city, and the aristocratic Grace in the upper, both in sight, seem to stand as sentinels over the holy time. The revelers and sons and daughters of pleasure sleep late on Sunday morning, and the portions of the city occupied by them are silent as the tomb. Passing up the west side of the city by the docks and steamboat wharves, one is impressed with the sanitary blessing of the Sabbath, and the hold it has indirectly on all classes. The laboring men, loitering about or smoking their pipes, have on clean shirts and are shaved. Little children, from the lowest dens and darkest alleys in the city, come on to the sidewalk with an attempt at cleanliness, and some little ribbon or ornament on their persons. The newsboys offer their papers in subdued tones, and the boot-blacks ask in a quiet voice, "black your boots?" and exhibit their own shoes polished out of respect of the day. All along the docks the utmost quiet prevails, while the piers and wharves are swept clean, and the silence of a pestilence pervades these marts of trade. The sailors quietly do their work in a holiday rig, and every craft has its bunting flying.

All along the wharves are stationed Bethel churches for all nations, and floating chapels, where divine service is held. These are mostly attended by the "Old Country men," as they call themselves—the natives of Holland, or the Lutherans. The drum shops make a compromise with the day by sanding their floors, putting their employes in clean linen, and shutting up one-half of the shutter.

The churches are generally well attended in the morning. Even the downtown churches have a good congregation. Trinity church is always crowded at the morning services. Seats in the aisles are all filled. The aristocratic church men can well afford the ride from uptown home to this cathedral. Their dashing teams and splendid outfits appear to great advantage on a beautiful Sabbath morning. The full choral service is also attractive.

No church in New York holds so large, fashionable and wealthy a congregation as old Trinity in the morning; the rest of the day it might as well be shut. [This is hardly correct, as a general thing.—*Exp.*] Indeed, the same may be said of nearly all the fashionable churches in the city. Dr. Spring's, Dr. Adam's, the Collegiate, all present a striking contrast in the crowd of the morning and the leanness of the afternoon. We have here about a dozen sensation preachers, who can grasp the crowd and get an evening audience. But for "Gospel preaching," as it is called, one sermon a day is as much as our people care inwardly to digest.

The sermon and the dinner of the morning being over, the lovers of pleasure appear in their strength. The quiet of the morning gives place to revelry—Funerals that require a military procession and bands of music are kept for Sunday afternoons. Central Park is crowded, and fashionable people who do not care to ride in the country, drive here in style. It is the harvest of livery men. Everything that can go on four legs is engaged in advance. From ten dollars to fifty dollars is the price of a team for an afternoon's drive. Those who do not own teams and cannot afford to hire them, take the public conveyances. The same cars and boats that bear the worshippers to their churches in the morning, carry the sons of pleasure to their scenes of recreation. Theatres of the lower order, concert saloons, gardens, lager beer enclosures, all are crowded.—As the day wanes the police is doubled, and some parts of New York are more dangerous to visit on Sunday night than any other night in the week. At twelve at night all is again still. With the early hours of Monday, Mammon awakens as a giant refreshed with wine, seizes the reins, and drives with unslackened speed till the dawn of the Sabbath compels him to a temporary repose.

Care of Dairy Cows.

A writer comments as follows on one point of this subject: Dairy cows should receive their food at regular intervals; their milk should be drawn at stated hours, and by quiet gentle milkers, and they should be treated at all times with the greatest kindness. In short, every means in the power of dairy farmers should be used to insure their tranquility. Harsh treatment also exerts a very injurious action on the milk, rendering it less buttery and more liable to acidity. Respiration is a species of combustion. At every breath we inhale oxygen of the atmosphere, which unites with and consumes the fatty matter of the food. When cows are worried or driven too rapidly, they breathe more frequently, inhale more oxygen, and more of the buttery portion of their food is consumed, leaving less to be converted into milk.

It is well known to all experienced dairymen that their cows yield more on pleasant days, or when they have the run of warm, well sheltered pasture, than on cold, bleak pastures.

At the New York Sanitary Fair

Monday, the opening night, three notorious pickpockets were arrested and led through all the different halls, for the inspection of the guests.

Only one Church has been erected in Springfield, Mass., in 16 years.

