

# RENSSELAER UNION.

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RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

## A SONG OF THE EARLY AUTUMN.

When in late summer the streams run yellow,  
Burst the bridges and spread into bays;  
When berries are black and peaches are mel-  
low.

And hills are hidden by rainy haze;

When the golden-rod is golden still,  
But the heart of the sunflower is browner  
and sadder;

When the corn is in stacks on the slope of the  
hill,

And over the path slides the striped adder;

When butterflies flutter from clover to thicket,  
Or wave their wings on the drooping leaf;

When the breezes come shrill with the call of  
the cricket—

Grasshopper's rasp, and rustle of shear;

When high in the field the fern leaves wrin-  
kle,

And brown is the grass where the mowers  
have mown;

When low in the meadow the cow-bells tinkle;

And brooklets crinkle o'er stock and stone;

When heavy and hollow the robin's whistle,

And thick lies the shade in the heat of  
noon;

When the air is white with the down of the  
thistle,

And the sky is red with the harvest moon:

Oh! then be chary, young Robert and Mary;

Let no time slip—not a moment wait!

If the fiddle would play it must stop its  
tuning,

And they who would marry must be done  
with their mooning;

Mind well the cattle, let the churn go rattle,  
And pile the wood by the barn-yard gate!

—*Scriber for October.*

## FIVE AND A HALF-PATCHED.

I am a bachelor, an old bachelor; at least that's what my nieces—pretty, saucy, clever, lovable girls—call me; and no doubt they're right, though I can't go so far as to agree with them when they declare a man owing to five-and-forty years and a dozen white hairs "decidedly venerable" and "fearfully gray."

However, an old bachelor I am dubbed, and I must confess, if to acquire that distinction one is obliged to enjoy life to the utmost, as I do, and be made much of by lovely women and charming maidens, as I am, I have no serious objection to the title.

In the first place, my home is a home in every sense of the word, although with out a mother, or even a mother-in-law.

I occupy, and have occupied for the past year, a suite of remarkably pleasant rooms, the front windows looking on a city park and the back on a garden made delightful by two fine old peach-trees, a heavy grape-vine, and a sweet-smelling wistaria. The latter has climbed to my windows, and, twining in and out of the slats of the shutters, effectually prevents my closing them, but gives me in recompence great fragrant bunches of purple flowers.

These cheerful rooms are part and parcel of Mrs. Midget's boarding-house. No, I am wrong. Mrs. Midget—Mrs. Midget was lost at sea five years ago—does not keep a boarding-house, but takes a few select boarders, of whom she is pleased to intimate she considers me the select.

Wonderfully comfortable the "few select" find it in Mrs. Midget's shady, old-fashioned, neatly-kept, three-story brick house.

"Everything like wax," my eldest sister says when she comes to visit me, which is about once in four weeks—a day or two after my magazines have arrived.

"And the ladyland," I invariably reply, "isn't she awful cunning?"—so demure in her ways and speech for such a wee thing, and so pretty, with her bright blue eyes and yellow hair!"

But Maria, I can't divine why, pretends not to hear me, or else repeats, with scornful emphasis: "Awful cunning!"

The fact is, I'm so much among my kinswomen that I often find myself, when I wish to be particularly emphatic, borrowing their queer adjectives and peculiar forms of expression.

"Indeed, uncle," said Charley to me the other day—named for me, Charlotte (Charles, as near as they could get at it)—"you're beginning to talk like a girl—and at your time of life, too?" And I didn't feel at all insulted; for if all girls talk as well as my nieces I consider Charley's remark rather a compliment than otherwise.

Mrs. Midget knows how to furnish a table, too; all sorts of little delicacies and unexpected tidbits, stews and hashes above reproach, bread and pies, marvels of culinary skill, and tea and coffee—well, really coffee and tea.

As for Mrs. Midget herself, she's such a tot of a woman that I feel like laughing outright every time I look at her, perched on a pile of music-books placed on a chair—the chair itself taller than any of the "few selects"—at the head of the dining-table. Indeed, only the other day, when she asked, in a solemn manner, fixing her blue eyes on my face, and lifting a large soup-ladle in her mite of a hand, if I would have some soup, I did burst out laughing, she looked so very like a little girl playing dinner with her mother's dinner-set.

The miniature woman laid down the ladle and gazed at me in surprise.

"Mrs. Midget, I beg your pardon," said I; "I suddenly thought of a man I saw at the circus."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Midget, and returned to the soup.

I'm a romantic old fellow—there, you see how naturally I fall in my nieces' way—love poetry, music, flowers (Mrs. Midget always has a posy ready for me in summer-time, which she pins into my button-hole with her own fair hands); and I assure you it's not at all unpleasant to have her standing on the tips of her toes to reach it, with her small round head just touching my chin), and the fair sex.

Yes, old bachelor as I am, I love, and always have loved, the fair sex; and I really think it is because I love them so well I still remain unmarried. I never could make up my mind that one of all those I admired was prettier, brighter and sweeter than the others, and as I wanted the sweetest, prettiest, and brightest I have been in a dilemma all my life. But I've always meant to, and my intention is stronger than ever since the day I picked up the little patched glove in Broadway in front of Stewarts.

I feel convinced that the owner of that glove is the wife for me. I wear it next my heart. Silly? Not a bit of it. No sensible man could help wearing a glove like that near his heart.

Five and a half, a pretty mouse-color, every finger well filled out, scarcely a crease in them—she must be plump; a faint smell of rose (as a general thing, with the exception of honest Cologne, I detect perfumes, but if I can't endure any

it is rose, calling to mind, as it does, bees, butterflies, flowers, and all that sort of thing), and the cunningest patch in the world.

Now I've never seen a patch in a glove before, so it struck me as something odd, and I examined it critically. The manner in which that patch was sewed in told me the wearer of the glove was neat and methodical; the fine silken stitches used in sewing that patch in, that she was dainty; the fact that the color of the patch exactly matched that of the glove, that she was constant, true to one shade.

Then I imagined her personal appear-ance: Soft brown eyes, chestnut hair, slight but plump figure, feet to correspond with her hands—decidedly graceful and, altogether, very attractive.

"I'll wager she sings, plays and dances well," I said to myself, in conclusion; "is not rich, or she would not patch her glove; and poor, or she would not wear 'kids.'

I must find her!

All very well to say, but how to find her? A "personal," if it met her soft brown eyes, would frighten so modest a little creature, and she would be likely to hide herself instead of allowing herself to be found.

Shall I show my treasure to my nieces and ask if they can give me any clew to the original possessor?

Pshaw! the teasing things would make end of fun of me.

By Jove! where have my wits been? I'll see what Mrs. Midget says about it. She's by far the most sensible woman of my acquaintance, and very sympathetic, and is at this moment sitting alone in the dining-room in a low rocking-chair, with a giant work-basket by her side and a heap of stockings in her lap.

"There, my dear Mrs. Midget, is the glove. You will see at once that it is all my fancy painted it," and I placed it in the landlady's little hand.

Over went the big work-basket on the floor as Mrs. Midget, throwing herself back in a paroxysm of laughter, came near going over too, her absurdly-small feet kicking wildly in the air for a moment, until I had restored the rocking-chair to its equilibrium.

"Shall I pick up the things, Mrs. Midget?" said I, as soon as she ceased laughing, rather put out, to tell the truth, by her strange conduct, so unlike the sympathy I had expected.

"Yes—no—if you please—I don't care," stammered Mrs. Midget, in a voice very different from her everyday one, and with the loveliest rose-color in her cheeks. As I thought I detected the fragrance of rose apparently emanating from a pool of thread I held in my hand, and remembered the glove.

"Did you drop the glove, Mrs. Midget?" asked I, seriously.

"No," replied she, opening a wee hand and showing it, crumpled into a little heap. "Take it, and oh! please; say no more about it. It's too—too—too ridiculous!" and off she went again.

"Mrs. Midget," said I, "what are you laughing at?"

"I suddenly thought of a man I saw at the circus," said she, with a saucy look I had never seen before in her blue eyes.

"I'm convinced you know the owner of the glove," said I. "It's an old maid whom nature has sought to compensate for lack of other charms by giving her a perfect hand, or a grandmother who still wears five and a half, though her complexion has fled and hair departed. You know—I'm sure of it; and, though you completely shatter my beautiful dream, you must tell me." And in my excitement—I quite unintentionally—put my arm around her slender waist.

"Well, if I must, I must," said Mrs. Midget. "Prepare for a fearful blow. The glove is mine!"

Mrs. Midget has ceased to be a widow, and I am no longer a bachelor.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

## MECHANICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

—Mention is made in the *Naturalist* of two cases of albinism recently observed in fishes. One was a haddock, taken off Barbat, May 7. The fish was thirty-one inches long, and, instead of the usual tint of brownish-gray, its general hue was a pinkish-white with a pearly luster.

The other specimen was a common eel taken at Noa, Conn., in December, 1874. The colors of this were a dull, pale yellow above, and nearly pure white beneath. Instances of albinism are not uncommon among European eels, but they are seldom met with on our coasts. The museum of the Peabody Academy of Sciences contains a sample of both the above-mentioned albinos.

A film of sulphate of lead is found to afford an excellent protection for the metal against the action of water. In some experiments made in this direction lead pipes were coated internally with sulphide, according to the well-known Schwarz method, by the action of a solution of sulphide of sodium, and were subjected, at the same time, with others not so treated, to the action of rain, snow, distilled and ordinary Paris city water. After the first day lead was detected in all cases in the water from the ordinary pipes, except several days. On the other hand, in no case did the water from the pipes treated with sulphide afford a trace of lead within three months, and with access of air.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—There are 259 specimens of ferns native to New Caledonia, an island in the South Pacific Ocean having an area of 200 miles in length by thirty miles in breadth. Of these ferns eighty-six are peculiar to New Caledonia, and the remainder are common to it and other islands in the Austral seas. From a study of the distribution of these ferns M. Eugène Fournier arrives at the conclusion that New Caledonia, New Holland and New Zealand were at one time united by means of Norfolk Island and other submerged islands. This hypothesis explains the presence in countries differing in climate of species belonging to homogeneous groups that could not have been transported by currents or by other extraneous agents.

The pressure of the atmosphere at the level of the sea has given rise to a great many experiments tending to scientific results, not a few of which have elucidated important truths, while others have been merely curious in their developments.

It is a singular and not very well-known fact that, as the boiling point of water is lowered in proportion to the increase of elevation, people living high up in the world are compelled to do without boiled meats and vegetables, and to have their food roasted or baked, since the water cannot be heated sufficiently to cook food. Darwin tells of an amusing instance of the result of the diminished pressure of the Andes. His companions tried for some hours to boil potatoes, and though the water bubbled vigorously the potatoes refused to be cooked, and the result was attributed to the bewitched pot.

—An ingenious as well as simple in-

strument for testing mineral oils, constructed so as to enable one to compare at once the expansion of any oil to be tested with that of a standard safe oil, both being subjected to the same degree of heat, is coming into general use, and must prove valuable safeguard against explosion. This apparatus consists of a case holding two bottles furnished with glass tubes of equal bore. In one of these bottles is placed the oil which serves as the standard of comparison, and in the other, to the same height in the tube, is placed the oil to be tested. The bottles are mounted upon a wooden support, suitably graduated. In practice it is inserted in a vessel of water of temperature of 110 degrees, and the conclusion respecting the safety or danger of the article is drawn from the cautionary words upon the support behind the tubes.

## A Speech by President Grant.

At the recent meeting at Des Moines, Iowa, of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, loud calls were made for President Grant. After a few humorous remarks in reference to the calls for himself and Gen. Sherman, in which he said it had been customary at the reunions of this army to call upon him just because he always made the shortest speech, the President said he had concluded to disappoint them this time, and he had, therefore, jotted down what he wished to say, when he read as follows:

"COMRADES—It always affords me much gratification to meet my comrades in arms of ten and fourteen years ago, to tell over again the trials and hardships of those days—hardships imposed for the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions. We believed then, and we believe now, that we have a Government worth fighting for and, if need be, dying for. How many of our comrades paid the latter price for our preserved Union! Let their heroism and sacrifice be ever green in our memory; let not the results of their sacrifice be destroyed. The Union and the free institutions for which they fell should be held more dear for their sacrifices. We will not deny to any of those who fought against us any privilege under the Government which we claim for ourselves. On the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places and to perpetuate our institutions against all enemies as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage; but we are not prepared to apologize for the part we took in the war. It is to be hoped that the like trials will never again befall our country. In their settlement no class of people can more heartily join than the soldiers who submitted to the dangers, trials and hardships of the camp and the battle-field, on which side he may have fought. No class of people are more interested in guarding against a recurrence of those days. Let us, then, begin by guarding against every enemy to the prosperity of free republican institutions.

"I do not bring into this assemblage politics, certainly not partisan politics, but it is a fair subject for the soldiers in their deliberations to consider what may be necessary to secure the prize for which they battled. In a Republic like ours, where the citizen is the sovereign and the official servant, where no power is exercised except by the will of the people, it is important that the sovereign people should foster education and promote that intelligence which is to preserve us as a free nation. If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence on the one side and superstition, ambition and brimstone on the other.

"Now, the centennial year of our national existence, I believe is a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundations of the structure commenced by our patriotic forefathers 100 years ago at Lexington. Let us all labor to add all needful guarantees for the greater security of free thought, free speech, a free press, pure morals, unfeigned religious sentiments, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion; to encourage free schools and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school; resolve that neither the State nor the nation, nor both combined, shall support institutions of learning other than those sufficient to afford to every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common-school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan, or atheistical. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church, and the private school supported entirely by private contributions, and keep the church and the State forever separate. With these safeguards I believe the battles which created the Army of the Tennessee will not have been fought in vain."

## RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Rev. Edward Cridge, of Victoria, British Columbia, accepts the office of Missionary Bishop in the Reformed Episcopal Church, to which he was elected at the General Council of Chicago.

The average contributions per member for foreign missions in the Presbyterian Church were, in 1870, about eighty-seven cents. In 1875 they appear to be seventy-eight cents, a falling off of nine cents per head.

—There are 116 churches in St. Louis, owned by fourteen religious sects, with a total valuation of \$2,939,770. Of this amount only \$274,640 are taxable, the rest being represented by property in actual use for religious worship.

—Gail Hamilton comes out in the *Independent* dealing with "corporal punishment in schools," and advocating it, but only on the condition that the teacher by whom it is administered be a man picked from 10,000—one who has "sympathy and sense, and never gives way to passion."

—The *Interior*, of Chicago, after quoting an account of a New England city where a careful canvass showed that four-fifths of the families attend church, adds that its own examination shows that half the people of an Illinois town of 10,000 inhabitants are regular church attendants. It thinks the cry that the masses are not reached by the Gospel is overdone.

—The various annual conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church meeting this fall elect delegates to the General Conference of next May. Several of these bodies have passed resolutions asking for lay delegations in the annual conferences, as well as in the General Conference, and in favor of making the office of Presiding Elder elective. The elders are now appointed by the Bishops. It is worthy of note, as showing the conservative attitude of laymen, that the Michigan Lay Electoral Conference, at its recent session, rejected resolutions favoring lay delegations in the annual conferences.

—An ingenious as well as simple in-

## Our Young Folks.

### ROBBIE'S LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY.

BY MRS. HELEN ANGELL GOODWIN.

HILTON, July 10.

DEAR COUSIN SUSIE:

We got here last night, but mamma had a sick headache and could not write till this afternoon. Grandpa met us at the depot, with Kate. Kate is the old horse and Topsy is the colt that Uncle Ben drives most times. Grandpa says Topsy's too quick for his old bones.

It was most dark when we got here, and the hens had gone to bed. They sleep squatting down on a pole, with their heads under their wings. I should think they'd be tired off.