

# The Union and Eastern Journal.

"ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO EVERY FORM OF OPPRESSION OVER THE MIND OR BODY OF MAN."—JEFFERSON.

LOUIS O. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Agricultural.

### KITCHEN GARDEN.

#### Early Peas.

Select a good piece of ground, and make it rich and mellow with plenty of manure and by deep digging. This should be done as soon as the frost is out, and the ground is in working condition. When the ground is ready, stretch a line across and draw with a hoe a drill two inches deep, and if the drill be fifty feet long, it will take about one pint of peas. For a family of eight or ten persons, sow three rows each of the following varieties: *Prince Albert*, *Champion of England*, and *Knights' Dwarf Marrowfat*. If sown at the same time, they will come in succession from the middle of June to the last of July. Sow the first five rows five feet apart; this will leave room for four good early trenches between the rows. The other rows can be three feet apart, between which can be planted lettuce or late cabbage. When the peas have come up three inches, draw earth up to them on each side with a hoe; when they have grown three inches more, earth up again, and stick them, by placing fan-shaped bushes thinly along each side of the rows. When the peas have come into flower and the pods begin to swell, pinch out the top of the vine—the peas will be the better for it.

Asparagus beds should be lightly forked up, and raked smooth—being careful not to prick the crowns with the fork.

**FORCING PRE-PLANT.** If some old barrels can be set over the rhubarb plants, and hauled round with manure, they will be forwarded week or so, and the stalks will be very tender.

**BEANS.** In the first week of May sow some *Early Six-Weeks* beans; they will be ready for cooking by the middle of June. Sow again, at intervals of two or three weeks up to the middle of August, if wanted so long. This will give a regular succession. When up three inches, draw earth up to them, on each side; when they begin to show their first flowers, earth up again.

The first week in May is also the right time to sow for the general crops. Let the ground be well manured and deeply spaded, and the lumps all broken up fine with the spade as the ground is being dug.

**ONIONS.** Sow *Red Portugal* onions, in drills a foot apart. When up six inches, thin them to four inches apart in the row. Those that are pulled out, if planted in rather poor ground in rows just wide enough apart to admit the hoe, will come in well for pickling. Plant in moist weather, or give a good soaking of water when planted.

**SEEDS ON HOLLOW CROWN Parsnip.** *Early Shorthorn* carrot, *Early Bassano* beet for early use, and the *Long Blood* beet for winter use, salsify or vegetable oyster, and round-headed spinach, can be sown thinly in drills—the former eighteen inches apart, the two last twelve inches, and the seed buried half an inch deep. When all are sown, and the seed covered, if the soil is light, they should be trodden in gently, by walking upon the rows, setting the floor flat down on the drill. When this is done, let the ground be neatly raked, and if laid out in beds, let the edges be evenly cut, with the spade to preserve a neat appearance. When two or three inches high, the parsnip and salsify should be thinned to five inches, and the *Long Blood* beet to nine inches apart from plant to plant. The early *Shorthorn* carrot, *Bassano* beet, and spinach, can be thinned as they are wanted for use. Keep all clear of weeds, and the earth frequently stirred with the hoe.

**SWEET CORN.** Sow sweet corn on hills in good ground. Draw the earth up into little hills a foot square at top and three inches high; these hills should be three feet apart, each way. Plant five or six seeds on each hill, one inch deep. When about a foot high, draw earth up to the stems and leave but three plants in a hill. Sow in this way about twenty or thirty hills, according to the quantity wanted, at intervals of two weeks, up to first of August.

**LIMA BEANS.** A good way to grow Lima beans, is to dig holes two feet square and one foot deep, so that from centre to centre will be about three feet. Mix two or three shovels-full of good manure with the soil which came out of each hole, and fill it in again. This will raise each into hills four or five inches high; drive a pole ten or twelve feet long into the centre of each hill, and plant six or eight beans around it, one inch deep. If three grow, it will be enough; if they miss, plant again.

**RIDGE CUCUMBERS.** For pickling, can be managed as recommended for Lima beans—only they should be protected from insects, by placing a little box, about eighteen inches square and six deep, over them, and covered with muslin or gauze, and the poles are not wanted. If more than three seeds grow, pull the others out; and when they have grown so as to fill them, the boxes can be taken away. The hills should be five feet apart each way.

Summer crook-neck squash can be managed in the same way as cucumbers; only the boxes will be required a little deeper.

Boston Marrow winter squash the same, only planted six feet apart each way.

**MELONS.** Choose a dry and sunny situation. Dig holes two feet square, one foot deep, and four feet apart from centre to centre; fill them with a compost of good turf sods and rotten manure, in the proportion of two parts of the former to one of the latter. Fill the holes to four inches above the level ground, and place a small box on the hill, and cover with glass, either with a sash made to fit or with large sheets of glass. When ready, plant eight or ten seeds of *Early Christina* muskmelon in the centre of each hill, and half an inch deep. When up so as to see which will be the best plants, pull all out but three, leaving the best. Should they miss, sow again. Water, with lukewarm water, when they look dry. Give air on warm sunny days, and shut up close at night, just before the sun goes off the box. Search frequently for bugs, and catch and kill all that you can find.—*Rural Intelligence.*

### The Cranberry as an ornamental Plant.

No plant of its size can equal the Cranberry in beauty. Its leaves of rich, dark green in summer, changed to a reddish brown in winter, remain on the plant throughout the year. The thread-like stalks stand erect and mat close like moss. They would form a border somewhat resembling box and would require only an occasional trimming off of the runners to keep them in form for years. From the last of June to the 10th of July they are in blossom being thickly interspersed with the most beautiful transparent pale pink flowers. The flowers are succeeded as if by magic with the berries at first green but soon changing to a bright crimson scarlet covering the plant in a profusion unequalled by any other fruit, having produced three bushfuls of berries to the square rod. The berries will remain on the vines through the year.

I may be enthusiastic, but have never seen any plant that would so soon attract attention as the cranberry plant. When in blossom, its bell-shaped flowers, suspended by a hair-like stem, almost seem the work of some fairy; and then the berries, two, three and on some varieties five attached by the same hair-like stem to the parent stalk, it is itself the fifth part the size of a straw, excites one's sympathy lest the fruit break the parent stalk, and we at once see the wisdom of their clustering so close together, thereby being enabled to bear their crimson load of berries.

If the nature of the cranberry was fully understood, it would be found in every "Country Gentleman's" yard as well as in field culture. They draw their sustenance from water, a small quantity of which is absolutely necessary to sustain the plants in bearing condition. The air always contains sufficient moisture, and pure sand will attract and retain sufficient moisture in the proper form for the cranberry plant in any location.—*U. S. D.—Country Gentleman.*

### Popular Information.

**INVISIBLE CEMENT.** Dissolve isinglass in spirits of wine, by boiling. It will unite broken glass so as to render the crack imperceptible.

**FIRST-RATE PASTE.** Dissolve an ounce of alum in a quart of warm water; when cold add as much flour as will make it the consistency of cream. Then stir in as much powdered resin as will stand on a shilling, and two or three cloves. Boil it to a consistency, stirring all the time. It will keep for a year, and when dry may be softened by water.

**VALUABLE FACTS.** Powdered chalk added to common glue, strengthens it. Boil 1 lb. of glue with 2 quarts of skimmed milk, and it will resist the action of water.

New wood work requires about 1 lb. of paint to the square yard, for three coats.

Copper and gold will conduct electricity six times better than iron or tin, and twelve times better than lead. Zinc will conduct nearly twice as well as iron; silver more than four times better.

Wood is 7 to 20 times stronger lengthwise than transversely.

Malted sugar produces about one-eighth of its bulk of water.

At a depth of 46 feet, the temperature of the earth is uniform throughout the year.

Chest iron expands 1,165,000 of its length, by 1 degree of heat, and wrought iron 1,145,000. It requires 45 tons per square inch to crush cast iron.

Hay.—11 to 12 cubic yards of clover hay weigh a ton; 10 cubic yards of meadow hay and 8 or 9 from old, settled stacks.

CEMENT.—2 parts ashes, 3 parts clay, and 1 part sand, mixed with oil, will resist the weather quite to marble.

It requires a 13 cubic foot of air for the combustion of a pound of coal or pine wood.

One pound of good seasoned wood will raise 27 lbs. of water from the freezing to the boiling point, if no heat is wasted.

The farmer who burns 25 cords of green wood in a winter loses heat in evaporating the sap, enough to boil more than 15,000 gallons of water.

A hemp rope one inch in diameter, will support a weight or force of 5,000 pounds, but in practice should not be subjected to more than one half this strain.

A rod of good iron is about ten times as strong as the best hemp rope of the same size.

A manilla rope is about half as strong as the best hemp.

To find the area of a circle, multiply the diameter by the decimal 7854.

To find the contents of a sphere, multiply the cube of the diameter by .625.

To measure corn in the crib, multiply the length, breadth and height together, in feet, multiply this product by 4, strike off the right figure, and the result will be shelled bushels.

## Miscellaneous.

### REMINISCENCES No. 2.

For the Union & Journal.

Mr. Editor:—Having in a former communication taken a backward look, touching some few incidents which transpired in the vicinity of Buxton, in days of yore, I thought a brief sketch of some additional occurrences might be interesting to the generation now living in the same locality.

Many years ago, I was told by my aged grandfather, (who by the way was one of the first settlers of the town,) that in the early settlement of Naragansett No. 1, (now Buxton,) beasts of prey, such as bears and wolves, were numerous, and often destructive to their flocks and herds, in that, and the surrounding plantations. Hence the pioneers in going from one opening or settlement to another, either on business or pleasure, often had to cross dense forests, where they not only suffered many hardships from the imperfect state and roughness of the roads, but were often exposed to dangers from the wolf and other wild denizens of the woods. But the early settlers of Naragansett No. 1, were men of nerve, fearless and undaunted, otherwise they never would have pitched their tents in this almost unbroken forest. Often with miles intervening between them and their nearest neighbor. It certainly required no small degree of fortitude for a lone man to pass four or five miles through a dense forest at night, unarmed, with a pack of blood-thirsty wolves hanging on his trail, ready to devour him at every turn. That this was literally true, the following incident will show. But, before I proceed to describe this incident, it will be expedient for me to digress for a moment, in order to show the state of the roads at that period. The inland roads from one settlement to another, were very circuitous and rough, being originally made by woodmen for the purpose of logging. Their bridges across the streams were of rude construction, being covered with round logs, as plank were not to be had, and over the low lands, or through the mire swamps, the first settlers made a sort of corduroy roads—called corduroys; the remains of which are still to be seen, and even felt, (if you should happen to ride over them in carriage,) at the present day. In after times these corduroy roads were improved by spreading over them layers of brush, straw, and gravel, but every spring they made their appearance above ground, as if merely to show what improvements have been going on during their seventy-five years absence. But now for the incident.

In Oct. 1764, as Mr. John Cole, senior, who then lived at a place called Beech Plane, was returning, one Saturday evening, from Pepperellborough, now Saco, to Naragansett No. 1, (Buxton) he had the misfortune to encounter a pack of ferocious and blood-thirsty wolves. The road at this time, from Deep Brook, a well known watering place on the Buxton road, to Bryant's Opening, some four or five miles above, was one entire wilderness. In this primeval forest, he first met the wolves; and though Cole was naturally a strong and fearless man, yet when he heard their well known howl in the deep solitude of the woods, he was inclined to ascend some tree for safety. But recollecting his promise to his family that he should return that evening and their deep anxiety on his account, should he disappoint them, he cut a *Schidack* and prepared to defend himself at all hazards. The wolves at first kept at a respectful distance; but having gathered courage by the increase of their numbers, they at length approached within a few feet of him, so that he could almost reach them with his war club. Then again, they would retreat some distance into the thickets, as if to consult upon their mode of attack. At one time during the assault, they made a simultaneous rush upon him, growling and snarling their teeth, with a seeming determination not to lose their prey. Often was he compelled to get his back against a tree, and thus stand on the defensive. But, having by this time become acquainted with their mode of warfare, and inured to the fight, Cole found means to keep these cowardly villains at bay, until he reached Bryant's Hill, when they set up a tremendous howl, which seemed to make the welkin ring, then left him to pursue his way homeward without further molestation. They often, as he said, during that night's interview, became much to familiar, and took liberties with him which were neither pleasing to him nor becoming in them, and there fore, as he did not wish to form a more intimate acquaintance with them, he was much gratified when they had him farewell, and took up their line of march in another direction.

Before the first settlers made roads upon their hamlets, the deer, the wolf, and the brown bear, were numerous in all the plantations of Yorkshire. But when the forest began to disappear before the woodman's ax, and cultivated fields to take the place of the primeval forest, then the deer and bear respectively retired to the interior wilderness; and it is said, the wolf, after holding a convention, and giving one universal howl, as a farewell salute to man, his hereditary enemy, followed in the trail of his predecessors.

The following heroic deed, was related to me more than fifty years ago, by an intimate friend of the parties concerned.

As Mr. William Andrews and Benjamin Bradbury (who first settled in the East Corner of Buxton,) were one day travelling in the woods, they discovered a large bear, bounding along among the fallen trees; and though they were without any weapons, save a jackknife, did not hesitate to give chase to him; who on perceiving he was pursued by an enemy, attempted to ascend a large hemlock tree, but Andrews, who was an athlete and muscular man, came up with him just as he began to ascend the tree, and caught him by the hind legs, and without so much as saying, "by your leave"

he brought him to the ground. Bradbury instantly sprang upon his head, and by their united efforts succeeded, after a hard struggle, in capturing this much dreaded beast of former days.

Bain, however, many years ago, becoming disaffected with the march of civilization and modern refinements, with much more modesty than the present race of office holders resigned his post, as president of the woods, and retired to private life in the more distant forest.

The credulity and superstition of olden times may be illustrated by the following incident, told me, when a boy, some fifty years ago, by an old man named Tibbets, who then lived in the North corner of Saco, called "Nonesuch." Tibbets said: on a dark and misty night, as he was returning from Scarborough Currier, a place at that time, where Baecanadian fairs were held, he met his direct way home, led him by a "Lone House," situated some distance from the travelled road. In this sequestered spot, lived an old woman by the name of "H—" a reputed witch. From Tibbets' belief in witchcraft, and the rumors he heard respecting this secluded woman, no doubt, his mind was predisposed to meet something by the way, supernatural. He had, therefore, just past her habitation, when he felt a blow on his right foot, and turning round to see what it was, he beheld, a few feet from him, a mysterious object, in the form of a white cat. He instantly raised his cane, and gave it a blow upon the head, when, to his amazement and terror, it uttered an unearthly screech, and instantaneously changed into the veritable Mrs. H—. The next day Mr. Tibbets called at the "Lone House," in order to make discoveries in relation to the events of the previous night, when, to his surprise, found the "lone woman" with a bandage around her head, covering a wound, as she said, she received from a fall, the night before. The foregoing sketch is only one among thousands of instances, that might be named of the credulity and superstition of olden times. But now, among the better-informed, a belief in witchcraft and familiar spirits, is almost universally discarded. W. M. B. Kennebec Port.

### Labor Stands on Golden Feet.

"Listen, my lad," quoth I, adly Thaddeus, "this is the spring. Look for shoes and leather, roses-leave and others for ointment; majaron, spurge, and thyme, where ever thou mayst and canst. These we will sell to the apothecaries. In summer, gather baskets full of strawberries, hillyberries and raspberries, carry them to the houses; they will yield money. In winter, let us gather and dry locks of wool for the saddlers and tapestry-makers, and with for the basket and mat manufacturers. From the table of the beautiful God a thousand crumbs are falling for us; these we will pick up. They will give thee cheese to thy bread, and piece of meat to thy potatoes. Only get to work! I will give thee a little barrow, and a belt for thy shoulders."

This was his first essay in business on his own account, and he worked hard and thrived well. His separation from his father taught him how to stand on his own legs—an important piece of knowledge in a world that is as full of leave takings as of meetings; and when they did come together, and the boy counted out his kretzers, and the father patted him approvingly on the cheek, that boy would have changed places with no prince that ever sat on a throne.—Jonas was at length apprenticed to a grinders or worker in metals, and the old linker in due time died, leaving his son the parting advice, to "work, save and pray," and a box containing a thousand guilders.

Jonas' apprenticeship passed on pretty much according to universal rule; that is, he did the drudgery of the house as well as learned the trade, and received kicks and cuffs from the journeyman. But in five years his servitude was out, and he was a journeyman himself. He was now, for the first time, obliged to travel for improvement; he spent five or six years in going to and fro upon the earth, and then came back to Althenheim an accomplished grinder. To become a master, it was necessary to prepare his "master piece," as a specimen of what he could do, and the task allotted to him was to engrave on copper, without rule or compass, the prince's family crest, and then to gild the work richly. This accomplished, he was received into the guild of masters with much pomp, strange economies, and old fashioned feasting—all at the charge of the poor beginner. Without reckoning the heavy expenses of his mastership, or of clothing, linen, and furniture, in the hired lodgings and work shops, no small sum was requisite for the purchase of different kinds of tools—a lathe, an anvil, crucibles, dies, graving implements, steel pens, hammers, chisels, tongs, scissors, &c., and also for the purchase of brass and pinelack work, copper, silver, lead, quick-silver, varnish, brimstone, borax, and other things indispensable for labor. He had also taken, without premium, an apprentice, the child of very poor people, to help him. He would have been very glad to put the rest of his money out to interest again, but he had to provide the means of subsistence for at least one year in advance, for he had to begin with neither wares nor customers.

Jonas now appears in the character of a lover, and his wooing is one of the most beautiful pictures in the book. His choice has fallen upon a servant girl whom he had known in boyhood.

One morning Master Jonas sent his apprentice with a message: "Miss Fenchel was to come to him directly; he had found a good place for her." Martha hastened thither gladly.

"Hast thou found a place for me, dear Jonas?" asked she, giving him her hand gracefully. "Thank God! I began to fear becoming troublesome to our kind friends. Come, tell me where?"

He looked anxiously into her joyous blue eyes; then, in confusion, down to the ground; then again upwards to the roof of the room, and around the four sides, as though he was seeking something lost.

"Come, tell me, then," repeated she, "why art thou silent?"

He collected himself, and began, hesitating: "It is—but Martha—thou must not be angry with me."

In surprise, she smiled. "Angry with thee, Jonas! If I would be, and should be, could I be?"

"Listen, Martha: I will show thee—I must tell thee—I know a man anxious to have thy heart and hand—who—even who—"

"O Jonas, reproach me rather, but do not make mockery of me, a poor maiden!" exclaimed she, shocked or hurt, while her face lost all its color, and she turned from him.

"Martha, look at me. He is assuredly no bad man. I will bring him to thee; I will give him to thee myself."

"No, Jonas, no! From thee, least of all, can I receive a lover."

"From me, least of all!" asked he, with visible emotion. "From me, least of all!—And if I don't know—if I would give thee myself—look at me, Martha! Tell me!"

Here silence ensued. She stood before him with downcast eyes and glowing cheeks, and played with her apron-string. Then, as if still doubting, she looked up again, her eyes swimming with tears, and said, with trembling lips: "What must I say, then?"

Jonas took courage, and whispered, half aloud: "Dost thou love me with all thy heart?"

Half-aloud, Martha whispered back, "thy heart knows it."

"Canst thy heart be satisfied with dry bread and salt?"

"Rather salt from thee than tears from me!"

"Martha, I will work for thee; wilt thou save me?"

"I will be springing in everything, except my own pains!"

"Well, then, darling, here is my hand! Take it. Wilt thou be mine?"

"Was I not thine eight years ago and more? Even as a child. Yet no! It ought not to be, Jonas!"

Alarmed, he looked in her face and asked, "Not so, and why?"

"Think well over it, Jonas! Do thyself no injustice. Any other burgher's daughter in the town would be glad to give thee her hand and heart, and a good dowry beside. Thou mightest live much better."

"Say nothing about that," cried Jonas, stretching out both his hands imploringly.

"But still! I shall feel that I am but beginning to live, if thou wilt promise to live with me."

"Live, then!" said she, in blushing embarrassment, and gave him her hand.

He took her hand, and at the same time clasped his bride to his bosom, that heaved with unworldly emotion. She wept on his breast in silent joy.

We would fain, if we had room, add to this the marriage sermon, preached by the bridegroom, and well preached, too; for Jonas had knowledge, although, as he said himself, he never found half so much in books as in living everywhere about the road.

Martha was just the wife for the honest, sensible hand-worker; and, as it frequently happens with such characters, his affairs prospered from the date of his marriage.—He took a large house in a better situation for trade; and, having presented the usual "master-piece"—which nobody would buy—to the Prince, he was rewarded by the dignity of Master-grinder to the Court.

But still uprightly and hardily the court grinders lived with his wife, just as before; active in the workshop and warehouse, at markets and at fairs. Year after year fled, though, before the last guilden could be paid off of the debt on the house, days of joy and of sorrow succeeded each other in turn.—They were all received with gratitude to God—these as well as those.

We now come hastily to the third generation: for Jonas had a son called Veit, who was at first apprenticed to his father, and then sent to travel as a journeyman. The patriarch had no education at all; Jonas had snatched at his education as opportunities permitted; but Veit went regularly through the brief and practical curriculum fitted for a tradesman's son. He was, consequently, better informed and more refined than either his father or grandfather; and spent so much time in gaining a thorough insight into the branches connected with his own business that honest Jonas was quite surprised.

"Where did the boy get all these notions?" said he. "He did not get them from me, I'm sure!"

Veit had a bad opinion of the travelling custom, and for these reasons:—"How should these men, most of them badly brought up, attain to any greater perfection in their business if they have left home and school without any preparation for it? No one can understand, if his understanding has been developed. From one public can they go to another, from one workshop to another: everywhere they find the old common track—the mechanical, mindless life of labor, just as in the very first place to which they were sent to learn their trade. At most, they acquire dexterity by practice. Now and then they learn a trick from a master, or get a receipt, which has been cautiously kept secret; when possessed of this they think something of themselves.—Even the character of these ramblers is not seldom destroyed by intercourse with their fellows. They learn drinking and rioting, gambling and licentiousness, caballing and debating. Many are ruined before they return to their native place. Believe me, dearest father, the time of travel is to very few a true school for life: one in which, through frequent change of good and evil days, the head acquires experience, the thoughts strength and clearness, the heart

courage and reliance on God. Very few, even of those who bring a scientific education with them, can gain much of value for their calling in life; extend their views, transfer and apply to their own line of business the inventions and discoveries that have been made in other departments of art and industry."

Jonas understood little of the refinement of his son, but he opened his eyes when Veit obtained a lucrative appointment in a large metallic manufactory, first in London and then in Paris. In a letter informing his parents of this good fortune, were enclosed the whole of his savings from his salary.

Master Jonas shook his head at this passage, and cried out, deeply moved, yet as though vexed, while a tear of motherly tenderness stole down Martha's cheek: "No! no! by no means! What is the fool thinking of? He'll want the money himself—a simpleton. Let him wait till he comes to the master-piece. What places he most in the story, is his contentment and his humility. He is not ashamed of his old silver watch yet. It is not everybody that could act so. There must be strong legs to support such extraordinary good luck. These be the bursch has!"

After years of absence, the young man at last walked suddenly into the paternal home, on his father's birthday, and makes them all scream and weep with joy.

"Mark ye, bursch!" exclaimed Jonas, who regarded him with fatherly delight, "thou art a son to me almost too learned, too refined, and too elegant for Veit Jordan. What turner has cut so neat a piece of furniture out of so coarse a piece of timber?"

His stay, however, was short. M. and Mme. Billarone (his employer at Paris) had been both, almost afraid, to let him go. The feeble state of health of the former began to be so serious that he durst not engage in the bulk of his affairs. In the space of a year both felt so complete confidence in Veit's knowledge of business, and in his honor, that they had taken him as a partner in trade, and in the foundry.—Henceforth, M. Billarone contributed his capital only; Veit his knowledge, care and industry.

The reform of the guilds, and the establishment of a technological school for the young hand-workers—both through the instrumentality of Jonas—we have no room to touch; for we must say a parting word on the reunion of the family by Veit's return permanently from abroad. Notwithstanding the prosperity of the now old couple, everything, nay, everything, was as he had left it years ago—as he had known it from childhood—only Christians not.

There stood yet the two well secured old deal tables, wrinkled, though from the protruding fibres of the wood; there were the straw bottomed stools still: and at the window, Mother Martha's arm-chair, before which, as a child, he had repeated his lessons; there still hung the same little glass above the windows; and the wall clock above the stove sent forth its tick-tac as fastly as ever. Father Jonas in his enlarged workshop, with more journeyman and apprentices, smelted and hammered, filed and turned still, from morning to night, as before.

The noble household now about yet as busy as a bee! she had managed the house-keeping without a servant since Christiane had been grown up. And yet Veit came back with the same cheerful disposition that he had ever shown. In the simply furnished rooms which Martha had fitted up for him in the upper story of the house, he forgot the splendid halls, the boudoirs and anti-chambers of London, Paris and Billarone estate; the Gubelin tapestry, the gold-framed pictures, the conveniences of elegant furniture, and artificial delicacies of the table on silver plate.

Assisted by the patronage of the prince, he established a great foundry in his native town, of ball and cannon, bronze and brass; and on his marriage with the afore-said Christiane, the sovereign made a handsome present, in a handsome manner, as a small token of the gratitude to a family that had been so useful to the country.

In addition to the hand-workers' school, there now arose, under the auspices of this family, a training-school for teachers, a labor-school for females, and other establishments. This town was embellished; the land in the neighborhood rose in value; uncleanness and barbarism in food, clothing and houses disappeared. "Only old men and women, grown rusty in the habits and ignorance of many years, complain that the times are worse; at the sight of a higher civilization, they complain of the luxury and the pride of the world now-days;—as superstition dies out, they complain of 'human inhumanity, and the downfall of religion.' 'The day of judgment,' say they, is at hand."

But Master Jonas, when seventy years had silvered his hair, stood almost equal to a strong man of thirty, happy, indeed, by the side of pious Martha, in a circle of his children and children's children, honored by his fellow citizens, and honored by his prince. He often told the story of his boyhood, how he used to go about hawking with Father Thaddeus, the tinker; and his face glowed with inward satisfaction, when he compared the former period with present changes, in the production of which he could never have imagined he was to have so considerable a share. Then he used to exclaim:—

"Have I not always said it? Clear understanding only in the head, love to one's neighbor in the heart, frugality in the stomach, and industry in the fingers—then—Handwerk stands on Golden Feet."

Rev. I. W. Higginson, of Worcester, has published an affidavit, attested by his oath, recounting various extraordinary physical phenomena which he saw produced by Mr. Willis, the theological student who has been suspended by the Faculty of the Divinity School at Cambridge.

"We had a glorious roar when we heard Kendall tell the following—and it reads as well as it tells:—"

### 'A Clean Back Out.'

In a flourishing village not more than three hundred miles from Mobile, Ala., live two individuals whom we shall call Jim and Joe. The latter is a quiet, good-natured, inoffensive sort of a chap—one of those who will stand 'running upon' as long, if not longer, than the most of men, but who is a perfect 'Bengal tiger' when his passions are once aroused.

On the other hand, Jim is a blustering, bullying braggadocio—one of that particular class of men whose voice is always loudest in a brawl, but whose feet have a wonderful knack of carrying them out of the way of hard knocks. For a great length of time the latter had made a butt of Joe—half time and again, by dint of much blustering and swaggering, completely cured him. An opportunity finally occurred, however, of showing the two men up in their proper colors.

In the course of a warm dispute, Jim let out some offensive remark which produced a more than ordinarily caustic rejoinder from Joe. The former tried the 'bluffer' system at once; but Joe, as he himself remarked, had 'stood enough' and would 'put up' with no more insults from his bullying neighbor.

"Perhaps you want to fight," said Jim, buttoning his coat, and looking pistol and bowie knives at the calm but determined face of his opponent.

"Fight I will, rejoined Joe. 'You have been in the habit of crowing over me for a year past, and I intend putting a stop to it at once.'"

Jim could not for a moment believe that his neighbor had the least disposition to carry up his threats, and accordingly went at him louder than before. "Well," said he, "I've been trying to get a fight out of you for the last six months, and, slapping his hands together and commencing squaring off, he concluded with, 'at least there is a small chance of making something out of you.'"

"Walk with me out of the corporation limits, where we can avoid the law, and you shall be gratified. I'm not in the habit of bragging, Jim, but it's my candid opinion that in about ten minutes you'll be as flylicked your own mother won't know you. Come along."

There was an air of determination about Joe that rather staggered his adversary, but he still thought he could frighten him out of a fight, and with that intention started off down the street that led out of the village.

"Who!" said Jim, "I feel so much like fighting I can't hardly hold myself." "Glad to hear," coolly rejoined Joe.

"Joe, let's go in here and take a drink," said Jim, as they were





