

The Oxford Democrat.

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

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OLD SERIES VOL. 22, NO. 27

Agricultural.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture.—AGRICULTURE.

Special Notice.

Agricultural exchanges and communications for this department, should be directed to "Oxford Democrat," South Paris, Me.

June—Work to be Done.

Finish up planting—such as late potatoes, beans, squashes, turnips, carrots, &c. Prepare ground and plant a piece of corn for green fodder. Do not attempt to raise it without manure of some kind. Plow up a piece of sward land, harrow it down well, fow it out as usual, three feet and a half between the rows, and then scrape up all the odds and ends of manure you can find, about your yard's manure sheds, sink spouts, privies, &c., and fill the furrow about half full, mixing the produce of the sink spout, privy, and hen roost, with the scrapings of the chip yard, and covering it well with earth. Scatter corn thickly on this and cover it as usual, and an abundant crop of fodder will be the result, to sustain the stock when feed comes short, and prolong the flow of milk from the cows, as well as sustain its quality.

After planting is all done, begin to make preparation for next year's crops. Begin to cart manure into the yards and bog pens, and if a lot of wood-hay straw, or other straw, or any kind of litter in hand, commence laying it up in a compost heap—a layer of this waste and then a layer of manure. Let it be well wet down with water, and in a short time it will begin to heat. When this takes place, add more water to keep it from burning. If manure is on hand, prepared with the salt and lime mixture, it will be all the better. If manure is to be had, get soil from the side of the road, leaves from the woods, or any vegetable matter or soil, that is somewhat nutritious.

This is the month to prune apple trees, if we would have the wounds heal readily, and the wood remain bright and sound. Use a fine saw, and cut the limbs as close to the part from which they grow as possible, and as smoothly as may be. If the saw does not cut it smooth enough, smooth it with a sharp knife. Avoid, as much as possible, cutting off large limbs. Trees seldom recover from the effect of the removal of such limbs. It is usually the means of laying the foundation of a consumption which sooner or later terminates in death.

This is the month when woods put forth their best endeavors to be masters, and overrun and choke everything that is planted and sown. Show them no mercy. Hoe thoroughly among all cultivated crops, and cut up all weeds in their earliest stages of growth. Do not be content with destroying them among growing crops, but hunt them out in their hiding places, among fences and buildings, pull them up before they seed and give them to the hogs. It will save a deal of labor elsewhere, and the owner will thank you for them hoards.

THE WOOD-GROWER AND STONE-BROTHER. We have received the 5th No. Vol. 7, of this valuable paper. It is published in Rochester, New York, by D. D. T. Moore. It is a very valuable monthly, and ought to be read by every one engaged in rearing stock. It is an invaluable aid to such a person. We shall be most happy to forward the names of any persons who may desire to take it. Will Brother Moore send us the back numbers of the present Volume, and thus make up our file? Subscription price, \$1 per year.

THE SPANISH. Although we have had an abundance of eastern wind and cool of late, the season is more forward than last year, but not so dry. At the time of writing, May 29, the prospect is that we shall have warmer weather. The light showers of last night and this morning are highly favorable for grass, while they do not hinder planting.

TEXAS JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE. Austin, Texas. Root & Osburn. E. Root and J. M. Park, Editors. Filled with good articles, but most of them too long.

WHITEWASH. Poor whitewash is a serious injury to a wall or ceiling, and when once on it is difficult to get it off or properly cover it and produce a clear white appearance. This is the season for cleaning up, and we will give the recipe for a first rate wash. Quick lime, slacked by boiling water, stirring it until so slacked. Then dissolve in water white vitriol (sulphate of zinc), which you get at the druggists, at the rate of two pounds of zinc to a half barrel of whitewash, making it the consistency of rich milk. This sulphate of zinc will cause the wash to harden, and to prevent the lime from rubbing off, a pound of fine salt should be thrown into it.

THE AIR FERTILIZER. The pressure of air upon land is 15 pounds to the square inch. If the earth is solid, air cannot penetrate. If loose, it can, and with it goes moisture and ammonia to the roots of plants. This is proof sufficient to show how valuable to the cultivator is a friable surface.

IN Scotland, it is now settled that the manure made on the farm is not sufficient to maintain its fertility, and that success depends upon introducing artificial fertilizers.

From the New England Farmer.

Pruning.

MR. EDITOR.—I have lately noticed some of my neighbors, with jackknives, hand saw and hatchet in hand, attacking their fruit trees as though they were enemies whom it was their purpose to wound and mutilate and disable by all means in their power. After the battle has been fought I have seen the ground covered with branches, and in some cases, with heads and trunks lying scattered in all directions around the scathed and bleeding trees, that remain like wounded and maimed soldiers, after a hard fought conflict. And the trophies of the victory thus obtained are carried off by whole cart-loads, in the shape of sound, healthy sprouts and branches, covered with leaf and fruit, and consigned to the wood-pile.

It seems to me, sir, that these good neighbors of mine are trying an experiment to see how much injury they can inflict upon their trees, without destroying their lives. When the haphazard stretch a heretic upon the rack, they place a surgeon by his side, with his fingers upon the pulse, to decide when the torture has been carried to the limits of human endurance. But not so with tree-trimmers. They seem to think that there is no limit to the endurance of vegetable life. This subject has often been referred to in your paper, and the evil consequences of such a course have been frequently pointed out. But the fact that this practice still continues, shows that enough has not yet been said. Time upon time, and present upon present, seems to be the only way in which truth can be fixed in the public mind.

If those who pursue this course will watch their trees carefully, and observe the effects of their treatment for two or three years, I think they will be satisfied, that it is not only useless, but highly injurious. When trees are trimmed in March, April and May, as soon as the warm weather comes on, and the sap presses into and distends the sap vessels, it bursts out of the recently wounded vessels, and runs down and blackens and separates the bark, and causes it to crack and peels from the underlying albumen, and thus effectively prevents the healing of the wound. Gouging and death of a portion of the wood necessarily follow. Where several such wounds are made in a tree, its whole constitution will soon become impaired. It ceases to grow, and in a few years droops and dies.

Trees that are trimmed the least, will generally be found to be the most vigorous, and to develop the best formed and most beautiful heads. Now and then, a limb that is pruning over is an unaccountable direction in a direction which will injure the symmetry of the head, should be taken away. A limb that is shooting out more vigorously than the rest may be shortened, and when two limbs are chafing each other, one may be removed. Shoots that grow from the trunk, will generally die or cease to grow, when nature has no further service for them to perform. The idea of cutting out the whole central portion of an apple tree, to let in the sun, is wholly erroneous. The tree is thus deprived of a large portion of its lungs, as well as of many of its best bearing branches. In our climate the fruit, so far from requiring the direct rays of the scorching sun in mid-summer, requires to be protected from its rays by the foliage which nature has provided. The directions given in English books for the cultivation of fruit are adapted to the moist and cloudy atmosphere of England. The attempt to apply them to the cultivation of fruit in our climate, has led to the adoption of many erroneous practices.

The best time for general pruning is a mooted question among intelligent men. But my own belief is that the proper time, in this climate at least, is in June and July, when the leaves have attained their full size, and are in full health and vigor, and are elaborating an abundance of sap. In this state, a fresh wound will commence healing at once. New bark is rapidly formed to cover the wound. It is the descending sap from which the new bark as well as all the other tissues of the tree is formed. When this sap, properly elaborated in the leaves, is not furnished to the formative vessels, no new growth of any kind is effected. Hence it is only when the leaves are in a condition to perform their proper office, that the new growth necessary to effect the healing of a wound can be accomplished.

Conard.

The Farm.

DEEP PLOUGHING AND MANURING.—The following from the American Agriculturist, is particularly worthy of attention. Deep plowing and thorough manuring are paramount to every other consideration in farming. Without a rich soil, crops will be meagre in growth, and unremunerative, and without deep culture, the drouth, which has become almost an annual visitant, is much more pernicious in its effects.

As I now look over a portion of the Mohawk flats, and on the sides of the contiguous hills, I can see the vegetation is making rapid progress. The luxuriant grass and towering pines that grow there, are indebted to the earth for their sustenance. Deprive them of mold, how soon they die; but enrich the earth, and how astonishingly fast they grow. As the earth supports all plants, how exceedingly judicious we should be in the management of our land. There is nothing which presents a subject of such vast importance to the human race as this. It can be classed with those that are the most difficult that can be discussed. As plants are perpetually confined to the same portion of earth, by being destitute of the faculty of locomotion, they are compelled to seek for their proper aliment indispensable to their growth, in that ground in which they chance to be located. Consequently

how requisite it is for the ground to be loose so that the roots can freely extend, for the purpose of supporting the plant by extracting the nourishing juices of the soil. This condition of the land is indispensable to profitable farming. Deep plowing is advantageous to that land where the top soil is too compact or clayey—immediately subjacent there is a layer of sand or other light soil; for, allowing the plow to run deep, the soils are in a measure mixed together, thus rendering one loose and the other more compact. It is also useful to the soil which possesses a uniform character to a considerable depth, to turn up a portion of it which has been made fertile by the nutritious substances, that have been carried down by rain and melted snow.

Farmers are generally laboring under one great hallucination by being destitute of the knowledge of the nature of their land. To obtain this knowledge we must resort to experiments or chemical analysis. I prefer the former; still I value the latter, for it tends to suggest proper experiments. Arable lands are generally composed of lime, alumina, silica; magnesia, oxide of iron, and saline substances. According to the various proportion of these ingredients arise the diversity of soils. When these ingredients are rightly proportioned, the relative degree of fertility depends on the quantity of vegetable and animal substances that are mixed with them. As a general thing, there is an insufficiency of these two manures in our land. Consequently the effect of barnyard manure is exceedingly propitious, nevertheless many of our farmers are so consummately negligent, or inadvertent, as to allow it to be thrown from their stables in places exposed to the drenching rain of spring, and it receives frequently all the summer showers previous to its being applied to the land, thus losing nearly one-half of its intrinsic value, much to the detriment of the husbandman. It is universally admitted that continued cropping impoverishes the soil, particularly when it is not abundantly manured, for each crop diminishes the quantity of vegetable and animal matter, and, if long continued, completely exhausts it.

Planting and hoeing Potatoes.

The following directions upon the cultivation of the potato, are very judicious. The oldest system of planting potatoes, corn, &c., is decidedly injudicious on ordinary soils. The potato is worthy of more attention than has been given to it. The Irish are not the only persons that love sound and wholesome potatoes. As much as we can, but now so rare. The suggestions below were clipped from the Country Gentleman.

In the culture of potatoes, after the land is thoroughly plowed, and harrowed smooth, I plant with the spade. This train a line, if convenient, north and south, a man puts in his spade eight deep, say seven inches. The first earth he scatters, he then steps back, and at about twenty inches he puts in his spade to the same depth. The soil thus raised covers the first planting, the third covers the second, etc. A boy to drop the cut potatoes, two rows to a hole, will attend very well to three lines. Thus you will perceive they are sure to be at equal depth, at equal width, about three feet, and in perfect line. The field planted, a light harrow is passed over it, and again in the course of eight or ten days, disturbing the first growth of weeds and keeping the surface mellow. After the plants are up, run a cultivator through once in ten days, until they are in blossom, when, after that, they should not be disturbed. With such culture I have had great success, and the cost has not exceeded \$5 per acre, exclusive of seed, and yielding from 100 to 150 bushels of fine sized, sound pink-eyed potatoes, most of which were marketed last year at eight to ten shillings per bushel.

I would here mention a palpable error, so common with us in the cultivation of head crops, especially corn and potatoes. I mean the careful hilling-up. This practice, like many others, is an important one. English gardening has been adopted in this country with marked injury. The humidity of the atmosphere, and the almost constant rains, render it necessary to get rid of the superabundant moisture, by hilling-up plants and raising and erasing garden beds. While here, during the growing season we are subject to drouth, and required all the moisture we can husband for the sustenance of the plant. Hence, we require flat culture and flat or sunken garden beds, with a deep and permeable soil that shall catch and oblige to pass through it every summer shower.

BOXES AS MANURE. No one who contemplates the composition of the bones, can doubt its value as a stimulant when applied to plants. In England, where the value of all manures is calculated on the basis of the most accurate experiments, bone manure still maintains its ground. These experiments have been numerous, varied, and, in their details, precise to a degree that would seem to be wholly impracticable in this country. Of bones, two thirds consist of "earthy matters"; the remaining third of oily and glutinous substances, which are supposed to be of little direct benefit to the soil or crop. In several cases, the presence of the earthy constituents of bones has been detected in the soil ten years after the bone manure was applied; showing that so far as these portions are concerned, it possesses great durability, and is expended for producing permanent as well as speedy effects. We are gratified to perceive that an increased interest is being manifested by our farmers in relation to the important subject of manures, and that the old prejudices which have so long operated against the cause of improvement, are relaxing their hold, and rapidly yielding to inductions of philosophic truth. [Gospel Banner.]

THE BLUE BIRD.—CARE FOR BLACK KNOT. MESSRS. EDITORS.—The blue bird returned to us this year on the 23d of March, eleven days later than the date of their return last year. The robins were first seen on the 13th day of March, making their return some seventeen days later than last year. Now, as the season was quite as forward and mild as that of last spring, I wonder if the little travellers did not make a mistake in their almanac, or if, like man, they have not degenerated from their ancestors of patriarchal times, who knew "their appointed time." By the way, Mr. Editor, did you ever see or hear of a white "hair bird"? You probably know the little fellow, a species of sparrow, sometimes called chipping bird, who loves to come round the house and make himself at home. Well, not long since, we saw one in a flock, perfectly white, its little feathers coat pure as snow.

Another fact I have been treasuring some time to send to you, though, if I mistake not, the remedy named has been proposed before, but in this it has stood the test of trial. A friend of ours was at work in his garden one day, about two years since, and about to cut down a plum tree which was half covered with these black knots, so common to our plum trees, and so troublesome to the fruit grower. He had some spirits of turpentine near, and he suddenly bethought himself to make an experiment with this tree before destroying it. He cut the knots with a sharp knife down to the wood, and made a thorough application of the turpentine. Months passed, the tree lived, did well, and the black knot was destroyed. Since then he has been very successful with this remedy, and so have others who have followed his example. Yours truly, A. E. PORTER.

CULTIVATION OF MILLET. Eds. Rural.—In your paper of April 7th I have read an article, under the head of "Cultivation of Millet," which, without an explanation, might lead some of your readers to embark in the cultivation of a crop in which they may be disappointed. These are the three species of *Pennisetum* cultivated as millet, besides two or three species of the *Sorghum* under the same common name.

Two of these species, *Pennisetum Germanicum* and *Pennisetum Indicum*, have round heads, much resembling what the farmers know as pigeon grass. I have cultivated these two varieties in New York, but did not find them profitable. The common or German millet grows with a stalk four or five feet high, as large as a wheat stalk and coarser as feed for stock. The *Pennisetum Indicum* grows about three feet high, with a broad leaf at each joint, the stalk terminating in a panicle, somewhat like a loose panicle of Poland oats. There are two varieties of this species, one having brown and the other yellow heads. This species is found to be more profitable for cultivation than the two first named. From the small size of the stalk and the great proportion of leaves, cattle and horses seem more fond of this species than the best timothy hay.

An acquaintance of mine, summer before last, raised one acre, from which he harvested and threshed thirty bushels of seed, and the straw he considered equal to three tons of timothy hay. I conversed with a farmer the past week, who raised it the last summer, who said "his crop was considerably injured by the drouth, yet he considered it the most profitable crop he raised upon his farm, as both his cattle and horses were more fond of it than they were of his best hay." From the above, you perceive that the profit of the cultivation of this crop depends upon the species cultivated. [Rural New Yorker.]

THE WHEAT CROP. The Messenger, published at Hannibal, Mo., learns from farmers that the prospects for a good wheat crop throughout northern Missouri are more promising than they have been for some years past. In Illinois the prospects for an abundant wheat crop are also good. We learn from the Alton Courier, the editor of which paper has recently made a trip across the central portion of Illinois, that "how short the crops might have been last year, it has not deterred the farmers of the State from sowing every portion of favorable time during the fall for sowing their wheat, and the result shows that there are at least twenty per cent. more acres now in wheat than in any previous year. The winter has been exceedingly favorable, and if we should be blessed with our ordinary spring, Illinois will have an amount of wealth in that single crop which would be difficult to estimate."

THE VALUE OF WATER TO THE FARMER. Prof. Mapes made an instructive speech upon water and its constituents, and its presence in almost all known substances. Even a dry sheet of paper, if freed entirely from water, would crumble to dust. Water is composed of hydrogen and oxygen, and that is found in all minerals, dry and solid as they may appear. Water, combined with carbon, gives the diamond as a result. Water is the great lubricator of all nature. It is water that makes the plant wave to the breeze, or the vegetable palatable to the taste of man or beast. Without water no soil can be cultivated—with an excess it is unproductive. Water has the power to dissolve and render the hardest substances fit food for vegetation. Look, too, at the power of water. By its expansive force it tears asunder the strongest rocks. Hot or cold, it expands each way from a resting point at 40 deg. of Fahrenheit.

Tom Hood said that when he was a young man, he couldn't wink at a girl, but that she took it for an offer of marriage. The consequence was, that a good many of the girls got hood-winked.

POETRY.

For the Democrat.

To My Mother.

ACCOMPANYING A BROTHER-KNIGHT.

I could not bid the mountain fly,
That part me from thy side;
Nor, on some fairy, wingless wing,
A phantom spirit glide
But that you might behold the face
By absence rendered dear,
I best a welcome to my will
And looked the shadow here.

It has reflected true to life,
The face on which it fell,
And if the passing thought it bound
Most closely 'till it fell—
The stranger eye may gaze in vain
That would its beauty seek—
But unto those I know how quick,
How eloquent 'till it fell.

I know what thoughts will come to thee,
As thou art ever true,
The will remembered lineaments,
Of this familiar face—
Thine earnest eye more anxious bends
As gathering years have passed,
And lo! thou with this faithful guide,
Far down thy dreary track.

It seems some vision—all these years,
Whose shadows have been caught,
And yet most deeply dost thou feel,
The changes they have brought—
And as each vision passes back,
Tears the memory back.

Thine light and shades that deeply dwell,
With clustered thoughts are thine,
There is an eye that's followed thee,
Through many a smiling year,
Whose glance has deepened as it met,
Thine own children's tears—
Thine eye contrasts the happy smile
That lighted once the brow
With the saddest shadowy beam,
That rests upon it now.

The smile that wreathed a sunny brow
Upon thy bridal morn,
The smile that in a mother's eye,
When clasp thy father's hand,
Upon thy cheek shone then,
As to the eye that traces them,
A silent language speak.

The mountain that doth dwell on,
No longer intervenes—
A mother's smile—no mother's smile,
As I've felt and seen—
And as thou eye has rested on
This messenger from me,
I've read each thought it spoke,
For I've been there with thee.

REMY.

MISCELLANY.

AND THEN!

The oracle of the beautiful, sequestered little hamlet of Amherstead was an old gentleman of unobtrusive and orderly habits, whose peculiar taciturnity had obtained for him the familiar cognomen of Two Words.

Mr. Canute, alias Two Words, dwelt on the outskirts of the village, tended by an ancient housekeeper, almost as chary of speech as his worthy master. It was surmised that Mr. Canute had some better days; but, tho' his manners were straightened, his heart was large, and his countenance expressed great benevolence. Notwithstanding the brief mode of speech which characterized him on all occasions, the advice of Mr. Canute was eagerly sought on every subject wherein it was pronounced advice could be profitable; and the simple rustic of Amherstead perhaps valued it the more, because, though delivered without a particle of pomposity, the terseness and decision of the words expended left an indelible impression, which long remained after it faded to memory.

Mr. Canute lived on terms of intimacy with the family at the old Hall—an intimacy cemented by early associations, for Mr. Harwell and Mr. Canute had been school-fellows, and when a painful and lingering illness attacked the spouse his ancient friend and crony felt deep anxiety as to the ultimate fate of Mr. Harwell's only child, the good and lovely Clara Harwell. The disease was an incurable one; though the suffering might be protracted, there was no hope of ultimate recovery, and an air of gloom reigned over the village of Amherstead, where once the sweet spring and summer tide brought only sport and glee. Amherstead was noted for a profusion of rich red roses, exhaled delicious fragrance; and for the song of innumerable nightingales, whose harmonious concert resounded amid the umbrageous groves sheltering the hamlet on every side, and extending beyond the old Hall of Amherstead. But now, although the roses bloomed and the birds sang, serious faces looked from the cottage doors; and while the younger villagers forgot their usual pastimes, the elders conversed apart in whispers, always directing their glances towards the Hall, as if the sufferer, within those thick walls, could be disturbed by their conversation.

This sympathy was called forth, not only by the circumstance of Mr. Harwell being their ancestral landlord, the last of an impoverished race, but from his always having lived among them as a friend and neighbor, respected as a superior, and beloved as an equal. Their knowledge also of the squire's decayed fortunes, and that, on his death, the fine old place must become the property of a stranger, whose rumor did not report favorably of, greatly enhanced the concern of these hereditary cultivators of the soil, and many bright eyes grew dim thinking of poor Clara, who would so soon be fatherless, and almost penniless.

The estate of Amherstead was strictly entailed in the male line, and the next heir was of distant kin to the Harwells. A combination of misfortune, and no doubt of imprudence in years long gone, had reduced the present proprietor to the verge of ruin, from which he was to find refuge only in the grave.

The Harwell family had lived for centu-

ries in Amherstead. They seemed so much to belong to their poor neighbors, who always sympathized most fully in all the joys and sorrows of the "Hall folk" that now, when there was a certain prospect of losing them forever, as it seemed, the parting became more than a common one between landlord and tenant, between rich and poor—it was the parting of endeared friends.

They watched and waited for Mr. Canute passing to and fro, as he did every day, and more than once a day; and on his two words they hung, as if life or death was involved in that short bulletin.

"How is the squire to-day?" said one.
"No better," replied Mr. Canute mildly, without stopping.

"And how's Miss Clara?" inquired another, with deep pity in his looks.

"Very patient," responded the old man, still moving slowly on with the aid of his stout staff.

"Patient!" responded several voices, when he was out of hearing. "Yes, yes, patient enough; and Master Canute means a deal when he says patient. Bless her young, sweet face! there's patience in it, if there ever was in mortal's."

Mr. Canute's patience was sorely taxed by questioning at all hours; he was waylaid first by one, then by another, on his way from his own cottage to the Hall; but, with unfailing good nature and promptitude, he invariably satisfied the affectionate soliloquies of his humble neighbors—in his own quaint way, certainly—never wasting words, yet perfectly understood.

The summer tide was fast waning into autumn, and the squire of Amherstead faded more gradually than autumn leaves, when, late one evening, a wayfarer stopped at Mr. Canute's cottage, which was on the road side, and requested permission to rest, asking a draught of water from the well before the porch.

"Most welcome," said Two Words, scanning the stranger, and pleased with his appearance, for youth and an agreeable countenance are sure passport; perhaps, too, Mr. Canute discerned gentle breeding in his guest, despite travel-soiled habiliments and a dash of habitual recklessness in his air. At any rate, the welcome was heartily given and as heartily responded to; and when Mr. Canute left his dwelling, in order to pay his usual evening visit at the Hall, he merely said addressing his young visitor, "Spoon back!" and turning to Martha, the careful housekeeper, added, "Get supper; while on, stepping over the threshold, second tho'ts urged him to return and say to the young man—'Spoon back!'"

"No, that I won't," replied he, frankly, "for I like my quarters too well. I'll wait till you come back, governor; and I hope you won't be long, for my mouth waters for the supper you spoke of."

Mr. Canute smiled, and walked away more briskly than usual; and after sitting for some time beside the sick man's bed, and bidding "good night," and "Spoon back!" and turning to Martha, the careful housekeeper, added, "Get supper; while on, stepping over the threshold, second tho'ts urged him to return and say to the young man—'Spoon back!'"

"Fine scenery," on which the host added, "An artist?" When the youth, laughing outright, said, "An indifferent one, indeed." After a pause, and suffering his mirth to subside, he continued, "Are you always so economical in words, sir? Don't you sometimes find it difficult to carry on conversation in this strain?"

"You don't," replied Mr. Canute, smiling, and imperceptibly good-natured.

"Not I," cried the youth, "and I want to ask you half a hundred questions. What answer me?"

"I'll try," replied Mr. Canute.

"I've not long to stay, for I'm on a walking tour with a friend; but I diverged to Amherstead as I was anxious to see it. I've had a curiosity to see it for a long while; but my friend is waiting for me at the market-town, eight miles off. I think, and I shall strike across the country when the moon is up, if you will give me a rest till then."

"Most welcome," said Mr. Canute, courteously.

"Ah, ha!" ejaculated Mr. Canute.

"But come, tell me, for time presses," said the young man, suddenly becoming grave; "tell me all about Amherstead, the squire—how long he's likely to last. For, in fact, the friend I mentioned, who is with me during this walking tour, is vastly interested in all that concerns the place and property."

"The heir?" whispered Mr. Canute, mysteriously.

"Well, well, suppose we say he is; he is not altogether a bad fellow, though he is considered a bit reckless and wild. But he has heard of Clara Harwell's beauty and goodness from his cousin, Lady Ponslow, (she's Clara's cousin too, you know), and he is really quite sorry to think that such a lovely creature should be turned out of the old Hall to make room for him. He wants to know what will become of her when old Harwell dies, for all the world knows he's ruined. It's a pretty place, this old Amherstead; a paradise, I should say. I know what I'd do, if I was ever lucky enough to call it mine." The youth rubbed his hands gleefully. "I should be a happy dog then!"

"And then," said Mr. Canute, smiling.

"Why then, I'd pull down the rickety old house up there, and build a palace fit for a

prince; I'd keep nothing but the old wine; I'd have lots of prime fellows to stay with me; and I should sport the finest horses and dogs in the country." The speaker paused out of breath.

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, quietly.

"Why, then, I'd hunt, and shoot, and ride and drink, and smoke, and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life to the full—feasting from year's end to year's end—the feast of reason and the flow of soul, you know, in old Amherstead!"

"And then?"

"Why, then, I suppose that in time I should grow old, like other people, and come to care for all those things so much as I did when strength and youth were mine."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, more slowly.

"Why, then—and the stranger hesitated—then, I suppose, like other people, in the course of nature, I should have to leave all the pleasures of this life, and like other people—die."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, fixing his eyes, glittering like diamonds, on the young man's face, which flushed up, as he exclaimed, with some irritation—

"Oh, hang your and then! But the moon is well up, I see, so I'm off. Good night, and thank you." And, without further parley, he started off his walk over the hills; and Mr. Canute silently watched his guest's retreating figure, till, in the deep shadows of the surrounding groves, he was lost to view. In the moonlight, in the darkness, in the valley and on the hill side those words haunted the wayfarer, and he kept repeating to himself, "And then?"

Thoughts took possession of his mind that never before had gained an entrance there, or at least they arranged themselves in a sequence which gave them quite a new significance. His past life presented itself to him, for the first time, as a coherent chain of events, exemplifying cause and effect; and if his plans for the future did not at that moment receive any determinate change, he still kept repeating anxiously and inquiringly, as he wandered on in the moonlight, the two strangely suggestive words, "And then?"

It proved a long and toilsome night's journey for that staid traveler; for he had left Mr. Canute's cottage so hastily, that he had omitted to ask for certain landmarks on the hills leading to the place whither he was bound. In consequence, the stars faded in the sky, and the way now broke through the eastern mists over the weary man, from the summit of a high hill which he had tornously ascended, beheld afar off, down the valley, the shining river, the bridge and the church tower of the town, where his friend, in some anxiety, awaited his reappearance.

During all his after-life, that young man never forgot the solitary night walk when he lost his way beneath a beautiful spangled summer sky; the stars seemed to form the letters, "And then?" The soft night breeze seemed to whisper in his ears, "And then?"

It is true he had not quite the intelligence he sought respecting the inmates of the Amherstead Hall; but he had laid bare his own folly for the inspection of Mr. Canute, and in return he had listened to a reproof, so tiresome lecture volunteered from proxy age to ardent youth, but simply two words had penetrated his heart, and set him thinking seriously. Mystic little words "And then?"

For nearly three years after Mr. Harwell's decease, the old Hall, contrary to the general anticipation, remained unoccupied save by domestic left in charge. Miss Clara had found shelter with her relatives, Lady Ponslow, though her memory was still fresh and warmly cherished among the noble friends in her beautiful native village. Mr. Canute, if possible more silent than ever, still remained the village oracle; perhaps more cherished than of yore, inasmuch as he was the only person remaining of the beloved Harwells—of the old familiar faces now seen no more. He would listen and they would talk of days gone by; he felt the loss even more than others, for he mourned a companion and friend in Mr. Harwell, and Clara had been to the good Two Words as adopted daughter. At length it was rumored that Mr. Selby, the new proprietor, was soon expected to take possession of his property in due form; moreover, that he was on the point of marriage, and that his young bride would accompany him. His reports quickly; and it had been circulated in former times that Mr. Selby was wild and extravagant, careless of others, selfish and profligate. Indeed Mr. Canute had not expected such reports; so it was generally opined that they were too true, and had a legal foundation. With heavy hearts, the inhabitants Amherstead commenced their rural preparations for the reception of the squire and his bride; green arches were erected, and wreaths of flowers were hung on the spreading branches beneath which the traveler's road lay. It was the seasons of roses and nightingales, when Amherstead was in its glory; and never had the rich roses bloomed so profusely, and never had the chorus of the groves been more full and enchanting than on the summer evening when the old and young of the hamlet, arrayed in their holiday attire, waited to greet the new comers.

Mr. Canute stood at his cottage door; the bridge just beyond, over which the route conducted to the Hall through avenue of greenery, was festooned with roses, and a band of maidens in white linen the picturesque approach. The sun was setting, when a carriage drove quickly up, slackening its pace as it crossed the bridge, and stopping at Mr. Canute's humble gate. Two words, to himself bareheaded, stepped forward on seeing a lady alight, who, in another moment, threw herself into his arms, exclaiming: "Our first greeting must be from you, dear, dear Mr. Canute! I need not introduce

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LEGION OF HONOR. Napoleon used to say:—"Of all orders that have ever been created, there is not one which has been of such advantage to its founder as the Legion of Honor. It is my handwork, and my masterpiece. No one, either now or in future days, can dispute my right to the glory of founding it. I am indebted to it for half my victories." Napoleon stated what was perfectly true. The hope of obtaining the cross has been the parent of incredible acts of valor, many of which are still unknown to the world. Here is one, amongst others which a *chef d'oeuvre* would in take particular delight in relating. "In the course of the night which preceded the battle of Austerlitz, one of my brigadiers, named the comrade that he would gain the cross of honor on the following day. In fact, in a brilliant charge against a superior force, he penetrated the enemy's squadrons, killed five men with his own hand, and carried off a standard. He was covered with blood, especially on his face, the only visible part of which was his eyes. As he was returning to his regiment the Emperor met him and said, 'You have done enough for once my friend. Go and get your wounds dressed.' The brigadier, wiping his face with the flag he had captured, replied to the Emperor, 'I am not wounded at all, sir. It is not my blood you see, but that of your enemies.' Napoleon, delighted with his answer, said, 'I make you marshal des loges (quarter-master), and I confer upon you the Cross of Honor.' The most singular circumstance in this affair is, that at the moment when the brigadier was thus recompensed, the comrade with whom he had bet his watch, arrived, wounded by a pistol shot, and had been brought to him by a general officer, whom he brought as prisoner, and whom he presented to the Emperor. 'Another Cross of Honor,' said Napoleon, laughing. 'If things go on in this way I shall either have to suppress the order or decorate the whole army.' [Life of Napoleon.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE. A wedding took place in Bristol, England, a few weeks since, under somewhat romantic circumstances, realizing the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." It appears that a sister of Mrs. N., who resides at Montpellier, some two or three years since married a merchant, and emigrated to California soon afterwards, with a view of bettering themselves, taking with her the likeness of her unmarried sister. The picture happened to be hung in a very conspicuous part of their house in California, and attracted the attention of a rich resident of that district, who happened to pay a visit at the house. He was enraptured with the image of the fair unknown and exclaimed, "By Jove, I'll marry that girl if she is to be found in the world." He was told where she resided, and he posted for her a note enclosing a present of fifty pounds sterling, and a few days since a knock was heard at the door, and on the young lady going to open it, a good-looking, broad-shouldered gentleman rushed into the house and gave her a chaste salute, exclaiming, "that he had come from the other end of the world to find her," at the same time pulling out the likeness which first led him to seek his attraction. Of course they were married, and are to "live long and be happy," as usual.

PRENTICE'S LAST. Two or three papers in the interior of Kentucky are occasionally attacking us, and a friendly correspondent asks why we do not castigate them. The truth is, they are altogether too small. A woman once handed her crying baby to her husband, requesting him to make it hush. It continued to cry until she got out of patience, and then she called out to her husband, "I wish you would spank that baby." "Yes," said he, he fumbled about for some time, and at length she angrily exclaimed—"Aint you going to spank the baby?" "I would," he replied but indeed, *well, I can't find any place big enough to spank.*

A NEW STYLE OF BART. The police, a few days since, visited a certain house in this city under the expectation of finding some liquor "intended for sale." Everything, however, appeared quiet and home-like. The "spirits," if about, were invisible, and made no manifestations of their presence. The good lady of the house sat at the side of the cradle, cradling a jolly baby to her helpless little one, who was sound asleep, and well covered up so that the light shouldn't hurt it. "Dear little blue eyes." One of the officers, however, being the head of a family, and fond of babies, thought he would just peep under the coverlet, and get a glimpse of its innocent countenance. He did so, and behold! the infant, by some demoniac influence, was suddenly changed into a cradle full of demijohns containing spirituous liquors! They thereupon seized the baby in its new shape, and intend to knock its brains out, when Judge Carter shall order. [Portland Argus.

CAPTIVE OF THE CAPE COD WILD HORSE. About two years since, as our readers will doubtless recollect, a cargo of sixty wild horses from Sable Island, were landed at Provincetown. At that time one of them got loose from his owner, and has since then been running loose over the sands of the Cape. All efforts to secure him have been fruitless until about two weeks since, when as we learn from our Provincetown correspondent, he was secured by a stratagem, and is now in safe keeping. It required 20 men to take him. He is said to have lost none of his elegance of build or carriage during his travels. [Boston Journal.

THERE IS MANY A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP. We understand letters have been received from the Pension Department indicating that many patriotic citizens of Portland and vicinity, who rallied to the defense of their country in the war of 1812, will fall receiving the benefit contemplated by the late Bounty Land Act, from the inability to establish proof of but thirteen days service, being one day than is requisite.

THE WHOLEY CROP. The N. Y. Tribune collects extracts from Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Pennsylvania papers, which show that the prospects of the wheat crop, on the whole, were never more promising at this season of the year. In some places it is a little dry, but not so bad yet as to injure the prospect of a fair yield. More seed was sown than usual.

PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL. By our senate report it will be seen that the bill "to protect the rights and liberties of the people of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," was passed by a vote of 22 yeas to 3 nays. The bill now goes to the Governor for approval. [Atlas.

The inhabitants of Ruell having been authorized to erect a monument to Josephine, the divorced Empress of Napoleon Bonaparte, Louis Napoleon has signified his intention of erecting such a monument at his own expense, and so take the matter out of their hands.

The perfume of flowers may be gathered according to the Scientific American, in a very simple manner, and without apparatus. Gather the flowers with as little stock as possible, and place them in a jar, three parts full of olive or almond oil. After being in the oil 24 hours, put them into a coarse cloth, and squeeze the oil from them. This process, with fresh flowers, is to be repeated according to the strength of the perfume desired. The oil being thus thoroughly perfumed with the volatile principle of the flowers, is to be mixed with an equal quantity of pure rose-spirit, and shaken every day for a fortnight, when it may be poured off, ready for use. As the season for sweet scented blossoms is just approaching, this method may be practically tested, and without any great trouble or expense. It would add additional interest to the cultivation of flowers. [Dollar Times.

SEEDS AND STATISTICS. Congress begins to bestow special care upon the Agricultural interests of the country. In the general appropriation bill we find an item of forty thousand seven hundred dollars to reimburse the Patent Office for the amount heretofore paid out for seeds and the collection of agricultural statistics. It will be remembered that the clerk in charge of the Agricultural Bureau made a visit last year to Europe to replenish the stock of seeds for distribution. Seeds, we understand, have been distributed with great liberality to every part of the country. [National Intelligencer.

Literary Detritus. People become ill by drinking healthful. He who drinks the health of everybody drinks away his own.

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TO THE AFFLICTED! DR. PETTITT'S CANKER BALM, FOR THE CURE OF CANKER IN EVERY FORM. The most aggravated cases of NURSING SORE MOUTH, are cured by the Canker Balm, with ease and certainty, it being equally useful in all cases of sore throat, and those which have been pronounced incurable by the best physicians.

Applied to inflamed or swollen gums, particularly in the case of children whose teething it gives immediate relief.

Canker in the mouth, throat, stomach, or lungs, it requires but a few drops to entirely remove it. Also for canker and sore throat, Canker Balm, or Sore Throat, is an invaluable remedy.

As a remedy for hemorrhage, it gives instantaneous relief.

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THE REASON WHY DOWN'S ELIXIR SO OFTEN CURES, AFTER OTHER MEANS HAVE FAILED. It is its prominently expectorant; it first effects to loosen the cough, and enable you to raise sputa, and thereby cure.

It acts powerfully upon the Respiratory organs, raising the skin to become moist and healthy, and discharging a vast amount of the impurities of the system, by the pores of the skin. It is the most powerful of all the dry, non-opiate, non-narcotic, and non-drowsy agents, a portion of the disease.

It has a slight Cathartic tendency, regulating the bowels, and removing constipation (the reverse effect being produced by nearly all pulmonary medicines).

It is a great Blood Purifier, thus, as an expectorant, and through the various functions of the skin, the bowels, and the blood, it quickly restores the system, removes disease, impurities to healthy action, and restores vigor and tone to the whole system.

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A Word to the Afflicted! A vast amount of suffering is occasioned by a diseased state of the organs of the head, and of the muc