

# 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, VOLUME 28, NO. 28.

## Farmers' Department.

"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.

**CRIBBING HORSES.** A. S. Hall, of Malden, Mass., suggests in the New England Farmer, that the cause of cribbing in horses is a desire to get a taste of the earth, which they were accustomed to in their pastures. He says he has entirely cured bad cases, by giving them a chance to gnaw as much earth and grass-roots as they wanted, and giving them a chance to roll.

His suggestions seem authoritative, yet we have seen horses affected thus while running in pastures. The remedy adopted generally is to buckle a strap closely about the neck, near the head. This seems to ease so much as to allow of comfortable feeding. The suggestions of Mr. H. may be of value to Stable Keepers. He recommends keeping a barrel of earth in the stable where horses can eat when they choose.

**HOLDFASTS.** David Berry, writes the Country Gentleman that he had a fine cow, that had a holdfast in her jaw. Wishing to save her if possible, he applied a liniment composed as follows:

Half an ounce Spirits Hartshorn.  
One Gill Spirits Turpentine.  
Half a pint Sweet Oil.  
Two ounces Gum Camphor.  
One pint of Alcohol.

Dissolve the Camphor in the Alcohol, and then mix all the ingredients together. He commenced applying the mixture once a day, and rubbing briskly with the hand. In about ten days it became loose from the jaw, and in two weeks more it became soft, and he opened it, and it discharged freely for a number of days. He kept up the use of the liniment daily, and in a short time it healed up sound, and is now as well as the other jaw.

**GREEN CORN.** The Indians of the Rocky Mountains have a simple method of preserving their green corn, for winter use. A mountaineer, writing from the top of the Rocky Mountains, in New Mexico, to the Country Gentleman, thus describes it:

"When the green corn is fit for use, a pit is dug, from two to three feet in diameter at the top, and gradually enlarging, is at bottom, say 5 feet down, from 6 to 8 feet in diameter. A large fire is then built near by, on which stones are heated, and when red hot, the stones and live coals are shovelled into the bottom of the pit, and sprinkled over with fine loose earth. The corn is then thrown in with the husks on, just as it is pulled from the stalk, until the pit is nearly full.

"Then comes a thin layer of loose dirt, then hot stones, (enough to close the pit,) and the whole covered with earth, to rest in the heat. When the whole cooled off, (which takes several days,) the pit is opened and the corn is found to be most delightfully cooked. When cool, the husks are stripped off and the corn dried in the sun—when thoroughly dried, the corn is shelled off easily, and is then packed away in bags for use. This, although the mode adopted by savages, cures green corn better than any method I have seen practiced by civilized man.

**GOOSEBERRIES.** It is not uncommon to see rank, noble looking gooseberry bushes laden with abundance of fruit, but to find that portion on the under side, and in the thickest of the bushes, much injured, if not entirely spoiled by mildew. To prevent this, the Working Farmer advises the following method of cultivation, which will recommend itself to the good sense of the farmer and gardener:

"Grow them as trees instead of bushes; thin out the branches so that no two are nearer than five inches, and let the trimming and shortening in be continued with a view to the full admission of air and sun; keep them well cultivated and fully manured with a heavy mulch of salt hay or straw covering the ground. If they still mildew, get new kinds. We have fully succeeded in preventing mildew by the above treatment.

**INCREASE OF ANATOMICAL KNOWLEDGE.**—Dr. Todd, the eminent editor of the "Cyclopaedia of Anatomy and Physiology," recently published in London, thus speaks of the rapid strides made in anatomical and physiological knowledge within the past twenty-five years:—

"Perhaps there never was greater activity of research in any branch of science during a given period, than that under which the sciences of anatomy and physiology advanced during the last quarter of a century. Minute anatomy, which thirty years ago was crude and undigested, now takes a very high rank among the various branches of natural knowledge. During these years every tissue has been scrutinized; many obscure points have been cleared up; much that was wholly unknown has been brought to light. The additions to our knowledge of anatomy, although there is yet ample room for fresh discoveries, have given a totally new phase to physiology. From being little more than a series of vague and ill-founded hypotheses, scarcely deserving that name, it has become a well arranged science, embracing a vast amount of clearly defined facts, which at once form a solid basis for a superstructure of sound theory, and throw much light on the various processes of animal and vegetable life.

## Farming in Maine.

Every careful observer of farming in Maine must be satisfied that the staple crop for profit is grass and hay. The increase of the grass and hay crop must be the ultimate object of successful farming in the State, to which all the labors of the farm should tend. We fear that this truth is not sufficiently acted upon; and yet all who have looked into the subject know that good rich pastures and an abundance of nutritious hay produce good stock, and good stock commands the cash. Many efforts have been made by the friends of agriculture, by the offer of premiums and other modes to stimulate special departments in farming, while very little, if any, attention has been bestowed upon the encouragement of the grass and hay crop, which, in fact and in truth is the chief reliance for profit in farming.

It seems a simple thing to raise grass, and so it is, for nature everywhere, is in the effort to cover the naked earth with the beautiful green mantle of grass, but in order to the profitable pursuit of farming in Maine it is necessary that the grass fields should yield abundantly, and no field should be so long mowed, that does not produce two tons of good hay to the acre. This quantity should be deemed, in fair seasons, as the lowest average yield which can be submitted to without an immediate effort to apply the needed improvement. Two tons of hay to an acre in average seasons is as small a crop as a farmer can afford to gather, since it involves a prodigious labor.

It is not always necessary to plow and reseed the land in order to increase the hay crop. Many farmers increase their crop of hay by top dressings of compost muck, lime and salt, muscle mud, plaster and ashes, the waste of cotton and woolen mills, &c. Top dressing is particularly advantageous on all clayey loam, on which, in all parts of the State, the heaviest crops of hay are raised. A similar method has also been successfully applied to pastures, with a success which enables them to carry double the amount of stock.

"Milk farming is pleasing and in fact in some sense a necessity; and special localities have their special claims, but taking the State together, the grass and hay crop, the pastures and the mowing fields must be relied upon for the staple out of which to secure substantial profit to those engaged in the great art of farming. This fact suggests two modes of farming with a view to profit; and probably no farmer would seriously make an objection to any man suggesting a matter of profit; one mode is that of so improving fields and pastures as to secure the largest crops—the yield of great quantities of hay from the house—applying capital and labor in a concentrated form so that three and four tons of prime hay may be raised upon an acre and a large stock kept upon a small domain. The other mode is this, applicable, perhaps to some portions of Maine, and practiced to some extent with good results. The occupation of a large domain for stock raising, cheap buildings adapted to the business, and commerce by selling say thirty acres of trees and burning them upon the land and put into grass. Now this as long as it can be done at a profit, and then turn in the cattle to feed, and keep them there until they are driven out by the growth of bushes and thus go on cutting and burning, mowing and feeding until the domain first cut shall be sufficiently grown to be cut again. This embraces about a thirty years rotation.—These are the two representative modes of profitable farming, and they are both based upon the essential idea that the staple crop for Maine is grass. Either of these modes is to be preferred to the mixture of trying both.

The free use of muck in compost and in various ways, by the farmers of Maine, is doing very much to improve the production of grass; and we trust that many efforts will be made to give to the grass and hay crop that prominence which its great importance demands.

## Shoeing of the Horse.

The observation, "we often transpose the order of our labors," reminds me of a mode adopted in the shoeing of the horse, which I once witnessed, and which is, I believe, of importance sufficient to deserve notice in the pages of your valuable and very interesting work. It occurred at the town of Croydon, near London, which is known as the center of the Stag-hunt, so well attended by the whole country around, and especially by the high-bred bloods of London; and where may be seen a field of the best horses in the whole world—many of them worth their five or seven thousand dollars.

As I once passed through this town, one of my horses' shoes became loose, and I went to the shop of a smith, named Love-lace, to get it fastened; the shoe was nearly new, and had become loose in consequence of the nails having drawn out of the hoof, although they had been clinched in the manner universally practiced. The smith remarked that all the other shoes were loose, and would soon drop off, when I requested him to take them off and replace them, and then did I perceive the different mode, which he adopted for fixing them, which I will here detail. As far as he drove the nails, he merely bent the points down to the hoof, without, as is customary, twisting them with the pinners; these he then drove home, clinching them against a heavy pair of pincers, which were not made very sharp; and after this had been very carefully done, he twisted off each nail as close as possible to the hoof; the pincers

being dull, the nail would hold, so as to get a perfect twist round before it separated. These twists were then beaten close into the hoof, and filed smooth, but not deep, or with the view to rasp off the twist of the nail. "Oh, ho!" said I, "I have learnt a lesson in horse-shoeing." "Yes," said he, "and a valuable one; if I were ever to lose a single shoe in a long day's hunt, I should have to shut up my shop; my business is to shoe horses belonging to the hunt, and the loss of a shoe would be the probable ruin of a horse worth, perhaps, a thousand pounds; but I am never fearful of such an accident." "Simply, because you drive home and clinch the nails before you twist them off," said I. "Yes," replied he, "by which I secure a rivet, as well as a clinch." The thing was as clear as the light of day, and I have several times endeavored to make our shoeing-smiths understand it, but they cannot see the advantage it would be to themselves, and guess therefore it would never do in these parts; but if my brother farmers cannot see how it works with half an eye, and have not the resolution to get it put into practice, they ought to see the shoes drop from the feet of their horses daily, as I was once accustomed to do. Now, let any one take up an old horse-shoe at any of the smith's shops on the road, and examine the clinch of the nails, which have been drawn out of the hoof, and he will soon perceive how the thing operates. In short, if the nails are driven home before twisting off, and the rivet formed by the twist, he not afterwards removed by the rasp, I should be glad to be told how the shoe is to come off at all, unless by first cutting out the twist. [London Field.]

## Oxen in Summer.

A tanner near us says he had several hides brought to him the first week in May, taken from working oxen which died in consequence of the extreme warm weather. They could not stand the heat under moderate exercise, it was said; if we knew all the circumstances of feed and care, perhaps we could give the reason why.—The proper treatment of working oxen is not as well understood as formerly—less use being made of them by the majority of farmers. We have thought it might be of service to some of your readers, to give the method of management in hot weather, pursued by a Western New York farmer, as it seems to us a course particularly judicious. His oxen are always kept in good condition, and in summer have a good clover pasture. He is careful to start them up at half past four in the morning, that they may go to feeding and fill themselves for their forenoon's work, by the time his chores are done, breakfast eaten, &c. At noon they are not allowed to drink until after feeding some, for the reason that if allowed to drink directly after unyoking, they will fill themselves so full as not to have any appetite for grass. They have two hours to feed in, and then go again to the plow, and are generally turned out about sundown or a little before. Under this treatment, they do not need to stop to rest from the time they commence work until noon or night, and will keep in good order, scarcely seeming to feel the heat at all.

An old New England farmer learned him that salt was injurious to working oxen; accordingly he never gives it while they are in daily use for work. It causes them to drink heartily, after which they will lie down until the water passes out of the stomach, eating little or nothing by the time they wish to go to work again. Not only that, but drinking so much water and eating so little grass, will be likely to give them the scours, which will certainly weaken and render them less effective.—Oxen managed according to this method, will do a great deal of work, and keep in good order, and will bring them into better repute in comparison with horses, for doing the work of the farm. M.

Moore's Co., N. Y.

**SHOEMAKER'S CUTTINGS.** Some fifteen years ago I found in our village a pile of shoemaker's cuttings, which had been accumulating for some twenty years from a considerable manufactory. Having seen in the Genesee Farmer, that a small portion had been used and produced an extraordinary effect upon a poor piece of land, I got permission to remove about fifteen cords, as they were considered a nuisance. I found all that the Genesee Farmer's correspondent said, to be true. I put it on as we usually put on barn-yard manure; but found that I should have extended it over at least double that quantity of ground, for the first crops of wheat and oats grew much too strong—much of it lodged. The third year corn was planted. A dry season coming, I had no corn of any consequence only where the leather cuttings were put. It had the effect of keeping the ground so wet, that it was ploughed too wet. Much of the leather is seen yet in plowing.

The shavings from the tannery, of leather before tanning, I have tried since, but they do not produce the effect that the shoemaker's cuttings do. [Cor. Country Gentleman.]

Mr. John Walker, chemist, of Stockton, Scotland, the original inventor of Lucifer matches, died in that town recently at the age of 78. According to the local papers, the discovery was made by him, while experimenting with various chemical substances and for a considerable time he realized a handsome income from the sale of his matches in boxes at 1s. 6d. each.

[Exchange.]

## MISCELLANY.

### From Porter's Spirit of the Times.

#### TRAINING FOR EXHIBITION.

Subsequently to visiting Niblo's theatre the other night we met a friend, on the way home, to whom in the course of conversation, we confided the important secret of a weakness that we had for "Sports of the Arena," coupled with a confession of our having just come from enjoying the same.

"We only wish though," we remarked by way of finishing a sentence, "that they would do away with the performing animals."

"Oh! do you wish that said he, in a way that made us feel vaguely guilty of having done something wrong.

"Why yes," we resumed, rather hesitatingly; "we never felt quite easy on the subject of the orchestra when unrelieved quadrupeds like elephants and rhinoceroses, are allowed to run loose about the ring within a few feet of the musicians' heads. There's no knowing what dangerous sentiment of hostility might suddenly be provoked in the minds of such beasts against the proceedings of the concert, or what might be their opinion regarding a particularly brilliant solo on the ophicleide."

"Have you no other objection?" asked our inquisitorial acquaintance, with the same unpleasant manner as before.

"Well yes," we replied "there's the danger to the exhibitors you know. Some months ago, if you remember, a certain well known Circus proprietor and self-styled Tamer of the Brute Creation, was tossed and severely injured by the Intelligent Mastodon on whose head he was endeavoring to stand in a state of triumphant tableaux."

"I only wish it had killed him!" exclaimed our friend with an excitement that he never exhibits unless under the influence of strong emotion.

"Good Heavens!" killed whom,—which—what?

"Why the human brute, I mean," said he, "of course."

"What?" we rejoined in a burst of indignation, "do you mean—your sanguinary ruffian that you wish the ruin—that is 'Intelligent Mastodon'—had killed Mr.—"

We should say, his talented and popular trainer?"

"I do by Heaven!" replied our friend; "and, what's more, if I had it in my power, I'd throw every Lion King into the cage with his beasts, unarm'd, just at the time when the monarchs of the forest and jungle were pretty nearly hungry enough to eat each other, and not by any means in the humor to hesitate long about experimenting on the qualities of the human body as an article of food, even though it might be the body of their familiar torturer and tyrant! As it is I'd give fifty dollars any time to see a talking or dancing horse kick its tail over its head; and I'd walk as many miles to have the pleasure of watching a savage elephant trample in the dust the wretch who assumes himself by driving a three inch spike into the poor animal's flesh, or by cutting him in the open mouth with a heavy riding whip."

"But you are mistaken we began to urge. "Do you not know that all these poor animals, as you call them are trained upon a system of tender kindness and mild coercion only to be equalled in a first class Russian school, conducted on the moral science principle? Don't you know that the talking horse is induced to ascend and descend a flight of steep stairs at the word of command, entirely by means of pieces of carrot or apple; and that when he is being put through his rehearsals his master invariably looks up every whip in the place to avoid being betrayed by sudden irritation into anything like harshness towards the docile creature? Don't you know that the elephants and rhinoceroses and camels and lions are captured when very young, and are gradually led by being nursed in their keepers' lap, softly scratched behind the ears by their keepers' fingers, rewarded for good behavior with choice fruits and an extra allowance of food, and punished only with a switch that our own children would laugh at as an instrument of torture—to their keepers with an absorbing affection that enables them to interpret and anxiously desire to execute the slightest wish their keepers may entertain?"

We are sorry to say that at this point of the discussion, our friend suddenly exploded into a paroxysm of powerful—not to say slightly blasphemous—denunciation of all things equestrian, acrobatic, or in anything connected with the circus business, declaring that every traveling show was no better than a circulating Pandemonium, and that the daring horsemen, menagerie people, gymnastic professor, clowns, humorists and all other persons, who were engaged there-in, were so many incarnate devils.

"I traveled with a circus once for over six months," he went on to say as he relapsed into his usual cool and decorous behavior; "I was infernally hard up, when I happened to have thrown in my way, a chance for an engagement to do part of the agency business of a large concern just starting for the West and North on the Summer Campaign. I had considerable power of imagination, and enough literary ability to write puffs and advertisements; and so I accepted the situation. We hadn't been three weeks out, before I wished I had tried to get a place as light porter in a dry good store or something of the kind—anything I should have preferred to association with the people I thrown amongst. The life was a hard one, in the first place, though that I didn't mind. But the horrible cruelties I saw daily practiced on animals and children used to rouse me to such pitches of

horror and indignation, that if it was only by painful efforts of self-control that I restrained myself from dashing out the brains of certain parties—whose names you are well acquainted with through the medium of gorgeous posters—with an iron tent pin or anything else that came to hand. There was Buggins the execrable jester, comic equestrian, and subduer of the wild denizens of the forest. Do you know how Buggins tamed his rhinoceros. Hitting the wretched beast over the head with iron bars till they bent was one of the mildest forms of persuasion adopted by Buggins. Running iron goads, three inches long, into the soft flesh behind the ear, was regarded by Buggins as little more than an impressive mode of tickling this intelligent monster. But Buggins's great feat in the torturing business was a dexterous way he had of flinging his whip into his own victim's eye. That he regarded as a masterpiece of ingenious punishment, and he used to practice it even at evening performances, in presence of the public."

"But it must have destroyed the sight we exclaimed.

"Of course it did," rejoined our friend; "but it made the rhinoceros blind and that was all Buggins or too pious folks who went to a theatre, but think there is no harm in the circus, care about."

"But 'we ventured to say, 'all were not such miscreants as Buggins."

"Buggins was a paragon of kindness and mercy compared to Bill Jones one of the proprietors," was our friend's reply. "I recollect one morning Jones was trying to teach a gray mare—such a pretty creature—to keep in the circle. She had never seen sawdust before; was a little skittish—untractable. Over and over again did Jones lash her with a heavy whip until you could see little streaks of blood showing up through the glossy hair of her coat. Frightened to death at such treatment she jumped round just as she started her leg again, and fell out of the ring. Jones rushed up to her like an infuriated demon, beat her over the head with the butt end of his whip and afterwards with an iron bar as thick as your two thumbs, till she got down on her knees, and whinnied for mercy, the blood all the while bursting from her ears, eyes and nostrils."

"Good God!" we cried, "did nobody try to stop the wretch?"

"Stop him! Why his father-in-law stood by, applauding him; hounding him on with 'Give it to her, Bill! give it to her!'"

"His father-in-law?"

"Well, not his father in law then; but since that time Bill married the daughter. Ah! you should have seen that poor child trained. I have been told, by those that traveled with the family, that she was naturally timid. She is considered to-day one of the best horse-women in the world. Her courage was flagged into her. She was whipped up to the balancing point—lashed through every position of classic gracefulness she now assumes with so much apparent ease. She was a pretty little girl and occasionally there would be remonstrances against her father's cruelty. All the worse for her, poor child for then her mother would snatch up the whip, and cut her to pieces out of sheer spite at being interfered with. I often wonder whether Bill Jones keeps up the system of discipline resorted to by her father and mother, from her cradle upward. She must have become so accustomed to it, one would think she would feel quite uncomfortable under any other sort of treatment."

"And do you mean to say," we asked, "that all the children are taught to be robbers and equestrians in such a revolting way?"

"No," our friend replied; "oh no! Some like it—have good nerves, naturally—emulate each other—and would become excellent performers, almost without tuition. But they were exceptions. Take Signor Smith for instance, and his 'wonderful sons.' Did you ever see them do a double trapeze, or go through a series of gymnastic performances, 'a la Risley. If you knew how their poor little bodies ached and smarted with the flagging they had in the morning, at the rehearsal, you wouldn't enjoy their extraordinary feats of agility and youthful strength so much as you do. Bill Jones was awfully hard on his pupils. He wouldn't even let them practice on a mattress. They had to do it in the ring; sometimes in country places where we couldn't get sawdust enough to put a layer of three inches of it on the hard ground. And Heaven help those luckless boys, when Bill took it into his head to come and watch them try their lessons in physical development. I need only tell you that he was muscular, singularly skillful in the management of a whip, and that his pupils were costumed in the thinnest of drawers and shirts."

"But perhaps," we suggested, "there were exceptions with which you met."

"No," said our friend we changed portions of our company, over and over again, during the Summer; we were engaging and disengaging people all the while, but I never saw much difference amongst them."

"And the talking horse?"

"Has ears on him now to testify to the brutality of his training."

"And the intelligent Mastodon?"

"Whose size compared to that of the horse is not equal to the greater portion of torture that he has endured."

"And the Little Angeline, the Fairy Child?"

"Why the last time you saw her she was riding a balky horse. Every time he changed his gait it was as much as she could do to keep her balance. Her father was riding master, and as he saw the daughter's

face produced an expression of pain on her face he—"

"Took her away of course," said we.

"He growled to her between his teeth 'Smile!' (with an oath) 'smile, or I'll cut your (another oath) legs off!' Ay, and the next time she involuntarily looked scared again he did cut her too. The audience didn't notice it but a member of the company did, and I heard him relate the story as a good joke."

"Horrible," cried we. "But the educated ponies, that we see go through tricks with such seeming good-humor."

"Do you recollect," rejoined our friend "how enraged you told me you felt one night, at the Broadway Theatre, when you saw one of the clowns there make a pony kneel down, by fairly hammering its shins from under it?"

We did recollect.

"And the audience applauded, eh?"

We nodded.

"And they laughed like mad when the elephant shrieked?"

"Certainly."

"Do you think," said our friend "they would have laughed so heartily, had they seen the keeper goad him in a raw wound under the ear, to make him produce that comical sound?"

We were horribly disgusted with the recollections we had heard and witnessed our friend to postpone the subject.

"I will," he assented; "but first tell me did you stop to-night to see Van Amburgh's Menagerie?"

"No," I answered, "I always did object to that sort of the circus business since I read the wandering Jew, and how Morok used to tame his lions and tigers and his famous black panther, with red and white hot irons. Surely such barbarity as that, must have had its being only in the diseased imagination of a Eugene Sue."

"Ah you think that, eh? Well let me tell you that beasts of such kind can be tamed with red hot iron—and with nothing else!"

"But you don't mean—'we were about to exclaim."

"You asked me to change the subject said he, 'and I will. I feel hungry. Let us have some supper."

From Peterson's Magazine for May.

## Advertising for a Wife.

The question is often asked, "Are the numerous matrimonial advertisements which appear frequently in the city papers ever answered?" Having in my possession the written experience of a mischievous young girl who did reply I furnish an answer to the above question. After reading this narrative, all single men will agree with me in the opinion, that we bachelor had better never resort to this method of getting a wife, lest some cruel girl should serve us in the same way.

A few months since there appeared in the Daily Tribune this advertisement:

"A gentleman of handsome fortune wishes to form an alliance with a lady of gentle personal appearance, about twenty-five years of age. A good disposition indispensable; property of no sort of consideration. Address Johnson, Union Square post-office N. Y."

I read this, and resolving to have some sport out of it, addressed a note to Johnson saying that though I was not quite twenty-five, I was so near it that I would enter the list as a claimant for the prize. After describing my personal appearance as genteel if not stylish, I closed saying that my hair was good and if poverty was any inducement there would be no trouble on that account. I added, address Marie, No. 140, New York post-office.

The next day the following note was received in reply:

DEAR MARIE. I was delighted with your charming note. Your description of yourself is most satisfactory; I have no doubt but that we were made for one another, and this is the way Providence sees fit to bring us together. I leave it with you to appoint the place of meeting.

Yours ever, JOHNSON.

This was my reply:

DEAR JOHNSON—I am as happy as yourself, and as anxious for a meeting. I therefore propose the Dusseldorf Gallery as the spot where we shall first see each other. You will recognize me by my dress of deep mourning, with veil partly drawn from my face. I will be gazing at some work of art hidden in my hand a pocket-handkerchief bordered with black.

Your loving MARIE.

I received this reply:

BELOVED MARIE—The Dusseldorf Gallery is just the place for kindred souls to recognize one another. I appoint two o'clock of Saturday afternoon, for this happy event. You will know Johnson, and your future husband, when a person forty years of age, with a blue coat, brass buttons, and buff vest, height six feet, seats himself by your side.

On the following Saturday, I dressed myself in colors, and was at the Dusseldorf Gallery at precisely two o'clock, to witness any scenes which might occur; to see if the person in blue and buff appeared, or if, like his correspondent Marie, he was only a myth.

Strange as it may seem, a gentlemanly-looking person answering the description in every particular, soon walked in. After looking about earnestly at all the company there assembled, he seemed convinced that his lady had not arrived, as there was no one there dressed in mourning; so he walked from one painting to another trying to beguile the time. Whenever the door opened, or closed, his restless eye turned hoping to meet the expected fair one. Still she came not. The poor man finally took a catalogue and after looking through it walked up before a painting of the Madonna gazed awhile, and then resumed his chair and his reading. After being occupied in

this way five minutes, he drew out his watch, looked at the opening door, and then again at the time piece. This was decidedly tantalizing. "Why did not Marie keep her appointment, she had promised to be punctual!"

I had enjoyed this sport exceedingly, but now I began to be almost sorry for the poor man. Then it occurred to me that there was no need of wasting sympathy on one who would thus manage to 'get a wife, or amuse himself with a silly woman without an idea of marrying. Just at this moment while looking at him with one eye and a "Winter Scene" by some old Dutch artist with the other, I noticed him gazing earnestly towards the entrance. I turned my face in that direction and discovered that three ladies had entered, and one of them in deep mourning.

They began to look about, and finally stopped before a painting of the Last Judgment. The lady in black had a face really angelic, and her every movement was easy and graceful, although she was very tall.

Johnson was evidently enchanted, for he did not take his eyes off her face. How much must he have congratulated himself on having found such a jewel! She and her friends now took seats. Imagine my surprise, when, leaving her veil partly drawn from her face, I saw in her hand a pocket-handkerchief bordered with black. My correspondent saw this too, rose, walked up to the ladies, and seated himself next the fair one. The lady gave him a chilling glance and turned her face. Attributing this to timidity he offered her his catalogue, which she politely declined, but blushed so deeply that he did not seem at all discomfited. In an instant the three ladies rose and went to another part of the room. I then changed my position, and soon the gentleman was stirring also. It was not long before he was at the side of the one in black offering her the use of a magnifying glass. The lady, evidently much annoyed, walked to another painting. Her admirer followed apparently annoyed at the difficulty he was having in getting acquainted with the supposed Marie; who, he doubtless thought was coquetting with him. At last the lady grew alarmed; she was as pale as death. Her companions were also disturbed, and after a whispered consultation, they moved towards the door. The countenance of my hero darkened. What did this mean?

Evidently he was not to be cheated out of his prize; so he followed, and stepping up to the supposed Marie, offered his arm. This was too much to be endured, and the three hurrying away, reached the door, and were out of sight. The gentleman followed and I was left to my own reflection.

The excitement had been intense, and I was determined to see the end of it, so I immediately left the gallery, walking with great rapidity until I reached the street, where I caught sight of Johnson trying to stop a stage, which these ladies had evidently just entered.

How he succeeded I cannot say, for at that instant so many objects came between us that he was lost in the crowd, and I sought in vain for the stage with its fair occupants.

This was the termination of my exciting adventure and the last of my answering matrimonial advertisements.

A new sloop, or temporal emperor, has lately been crowned at Japan, in place of that emperor whose suicide followed the conclusion of Lord Elgin's treaty. The new emperor is only fifteen years old.

The funeral of Humboldt took place at Berlin on the 10th of May. We quote a despatch: "All that represents science, art, and intelligence, in Berlin, joins in the procession. Three Chamberlains in gold costume, bearing the orders of the illustrious deceased, precede the funeral car, which is drawn by six horses from the royal stables. Upon the car is a simple, unadorned coffin of oak, adorned with flowers and laurel. On either side of the car are students bearing green palm branches. A line of carriages of immense length closes the procession. The Prince regent and all the princess and princesses are gathered in the Cathedral, awaiting the arrival of the great philosopher's mortal remains. A mournful aspect overspread the whole town."

ASCENT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON. M. F. White of Lancaster, N. H. with others, ascended Mount Washington, May 4th and 5th. The first night was passed at the Lodge. The account says: Next morning we arose well rested, prepared and ate our breakfast, took a few views, and left for the Tip Top, leaving our snow shoes behind as the crust was strong enough to bear, the top only being softened a few inches. At twelve we reached the Tip Top. Here was a novel sight truly for the 5th of May, the snow two or three feet deep, and every appearance like the depth of winter, excepting the temperature, which I should judge to be about 50 deg. The snow lay up against the houses to the roofs, so much so that no part of the front door to the Tip Top House could be seen. The atmosphere was very smoky, and distant views were not visible otherwise we could have looked down from this wintry spot into the green fields below.

Many a true heart, that would have come back like a dove to the ark, after first transgression has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace, the savage taunt, of an un-forgiving soul.

A vacant mind invites dangerous inmates as a deserted mansion tempts wandering outcasts to take up their abode in its desolate apartments.











