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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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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.—AGRICOLA.

The Garden.

The village garden conducted by the man of business or of a profession, the mechanic or the office holder, will be found this month to demand attention and to yield to the owner many advantages and delights, worth more, often, than money profits. A little garden afforded him many pleasures. It caused him to rise early and exercise in the open air. He took an interest in every hill of corn and bean, in his little rows of peas, his tomatoes and cabbage plants, and found every day something to do and a multitude of little plans suggesting themselves to his mind and thus filling him with a new interest outside of his ordinary business thoughts, and on the whole quite refreshing. This is a view of gardening not sufficiently considered and acted upon. We know of a garden not over fifty feet square on which there is performed on an average through the season at least two hours work each day, and its cultivator is satisfied that it pays each day for the attention and labor bestowed, and that he could not afford to get along without his garden. His flowers bloom from the eighth of April to the snow fall in autumn, and he gathers the early dandelion on the departure of the snow, and follows with the horse-radish, the asparagus, the cabbage sprouts, the rhubarb, the artichokes, his best greens, he gets by the first of June, and then the lettuce, the green peas, beans, new potatoes, cucumbers, beans, corn and squashes. In his small fruits as the gooseberry, strawberries, currants, raspberries, and then his plums and apples, the garden is a great source of pleasure, and the family that has it is not poorly furnished for the enjoyment of life.

[Kennebec Journal.]

THE LATE FROST. By our exchanges we are enabled to reach the boundaries of the district of country touched by the sharp frost of Saturday night last. Beyond the parallel of Utica on the East, and Lexington, Ky., on the South, the damage seems to be slight. As far as heard from Westward, the crops are more or less injured; but we have few or no reports from the North, above Madison, Wis., by which we can judge of the destruction in that direction. Probably, however, as all vegetation above this latitude is but little advanced, the damage is small. The most productive part of the Continent is that upon which the blight has fallen—with what consequences cannot now be told.

In Ohio, Western Pennsylvania and New York, the effects of the frost are much more serious than in Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa, else reports are exaggerated. We do not apprehend, however, that in any locality the damage to the wheat and corn is irreparable. Wherever on low ground a piece of wheat was just in bloom, it has been badly used up; and throughout the whole extent of country from which we have any intelligence, the growing corn has suffered more or less—nowhere severely enough, as we now believe, to make replanting necessary. But for all this, the loss is immense—so great that it can be computed by tens of millions.

[Chicago Press, June 10.]

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON COWS. A late Star Paper in the Independent, is evidently written by Mr. Beecher from his new farm. He dates "from the country," and says: "And now, do you ask, wondering reader, what all this precludes? Just this: that we are a three-cow gentleman farmer; and we know what is the real taste of milk. We have once more, before we die, seen cream? Twenty-six pans of milk were skimmed this morning; and now, if you were riding past, you should see twenty-six inverted pans on the fence, in the sun, shining like silver, and sweetening themselves all day, in the air and sunshine, for the night's milk! Even the pigs are better here than citizens do in New York. For, although we take off the cream, we never think of giving them anything weaker than skim-milk—four pigs that are now longer than broad, but which are rapidly growing to the shape of a marble." Mr. Beecher says a cow is the saint of the barn-yard. She eats, ruminates, digests, and, in short, lives for the sake of others. She could be fat if she was only selfish, but nothing can well be more devoid of all beauty than a genuine milker. She economizes beauty that she may be profuse in milk. She is the very ideal and pattern of a saint, who is as poor as if living a life of maceration, who gives her whole strength to lactate benevolence, who is patient, gentle, guileless, contented.

[Rural New Yorker.]

OILING HARNESS—LEATHER, &c. Oils, when applied to dry leather, invariably injure it, and if to leather containing too much water, the oil cannot enter. Wet the harness over night, cover it with a blanket, and in the morning it will be damp and supple, then apply neat-foot oil in small quantity, and with so much elbow-grease as will insure its disseminating itself throughout the leather. A soft, pliant harness is easy to handle, and lasts longer than a neglected one. Never use vegetable oils on leather, and among the animal oils, neat-foot is the best. [Working Farmer.]

Discoveries of 1858 and 1859.

The world has been pretty well discovered. Portions only of Africa, Australia, India-China, the Indian Archipelago, and the Polar Regions remain for the enterprise of governments, learned societies, and men who are brave as well as curious.

Mile. Ida Pfeiffer, after traveling through Palestine, Northern Europe, and twice around the world, in a fifth journey, attempted Madagascar. Queen Ravavola received her kindly, then became suspicious, and many ordered her to leave the island immediately. She was taken with other Europeans, it is supposed intentionally, to a low, swampy coast, where foreigners never escape the fever. She took the fever, was made worse by her homeward voyage, and died on the 7th of October last, at the age of 61, in one of the suburbs of Vienna.

On the 27th of February last, the Sardinian traveller, Brun Rollet, died at Khartoum on the boundary between Nubia and Abyssinia. He had penetrated all the country bordering on the upper Nile, and discovered Lake No, in lat. 12 deg., and the Bahr Keiak, or Misselad, which belongs to the western basin of the Nile. In 1855, he published in Paris, *La Nil Blanc et Noirs*.

The Englishman, Coulthard, died a terrible death by thirst, in the inner desert of Australia. A traveller, Babidge, found his body in a thicket, and a tin cup near by, on which he had scratched a few lines with a nail, which made known the frightful sufferings that preceded his death. Coulthard set out with two other Englishmen, Scott and Brooks, who probably have perished.

Adolph Schlagentweit has been murdered by a troop of rebels against the Chinese authorities, in a village of Tibet, not far from Yarkand.

The death of Dr. Edward Vogel, who had travelled over Lake Tsad, Bornu, Baguirmi, and the country Wadai, west of Darfur, is almost a certainty. The rumor that he was murdered by the command of the Sultan of Wadai may have arisen from the probable fact that he was kept as a prisoner, a cause for either may be found in his imprudence for climbing to the peak of one of their sacred mountains.

The wife of Sir John Franklin is not yet resigned to bear the sorrowful name of widow. Last year, she sent the yacht Fox, in command of Capt. McClintock, to search for her husband. By the latest accounts, the Fox, taking the Beechey island route, meant to sail into Fish river, passing to the east of King William's Land.

For some months past, a new Arctic expedition has been in preparation in the United States. The worthlessness of the North-west Passage, discovered by Capt. McClure, five or six years ago, cools no Arctic ardor; the Open Polar Sea is now the great Arctic problem.

The Geographical Society of St. Petersburg have sent a number of naturalists to Siberia, and a learned Finn, Dr. Nordenskiöld, of Helsingfors, has pursued his observations as far as Spitzbergen. He there discovered anthracite coal, and such a multitude of seals and walrus as promises rich returns to fishermen for coal to come. He also ascended the Suecettan Mountains.

On the American continent, an officer of the English Navy, Capt. Palliser, has been so fortunate as to find a passage through the Rocky Mountains, in British America. It may be of great political value in binding together the British Atlantic and Pacific possessions.

In South America, the Frenchman, Dr. Plassard, who is settled in Ciudad Bolivar, has undertaken an excursion into the interior of Venezuelan Guiana, and found gold to the south of lower Orinoco, toward the Yaurari.

At Rio Janeiro, Messrs. Capaneira, Lago, and Goncalves Diaz are preparing for a second expedition into the interior of Brazil, which is almost entirely unknown, and in the possession of wild Indian tribes. They will have a military escort.

Dr. Schumacher, the Austrian naturalist, is on his return from his voyage to Cape Sydney and New Zealand. So also have Dr. Tschudi and Dr. Friese returned from the expeditions into the interior of South America.

The Austrian corvette, Carolina, on a visit to the harbors of South America, and the frigate Novara, on a voyage round the world, at the Philippines, when last heard from, seem to have been quite forgotten by the Austrian journals, now full of war.

In the Southern Atlantic, the English, Captain, Cubins, believes that he had, within the year, found a new group of islands, on the track of Austrian bound vessels.

But the great magnetic current to which most discoverers instinctively turn, is still the interior of Africa. Those vast countries which are represented in blank on our maps, have been attacked from all sides—east, west, north and south.

Hungarian insurrection, became a citizen of Brazil, has hit upon a rather singular, but very prudent way, to penetrate into the mysteries of inner Africa, with the greatest possible safety and advantage. He has just married the daughter of the black king of Bihe, in upper Guinea. He has become commander-in-chief of the armies of his father-in-law, and uses his authority, and his soldiers, to become acquainted with the countries lying in his neighborhood.

Jules Braueres, commander of the corvette Oise, is now exploring the wholly unknown country through which the Gaboon river runs.

The Swedish discoverer, Anderson, has travelled Orampo, on the west coast of Africa, south of Benguela, in the direction of the Cueneze river.

On the east and south coast of Africa, two English officers, Capt. Burton and Lieut. Speake, found and measured, last summer, the great lake Uyiyl, between 3 deg. 30 m., and 3 deg. 40 m., south latitude, not to be confounded with lakes Nyassa and Ukerewe, so much talked of in late years. Until this discovery, there was ground for belief in a great central sea in Africa, stretching from 12 deg. south latitude, to the equator; but this discovery is conclusive that the great bodies of water which have hitherto been discovered at widely distant points, are separate lakes. The French missionary, Leo des Avenches, is travelling through the country which lies to the eastward of this great sea. The German traveller, Albert Roemer, has gone in the same direction, having left Zanzibar with the hope of penetrating far into the interior.

Pedro de Gamito, Governor of the Portuguese forts, Tete and Sena, on the Zambeze, is making preparations for new explorations in Central Africa, of which he has already given such interesting descriptions in his book, "Muxia Zambeze."

Massaga, the Sardinian missionary, is now exploring the interior of Abyssinia; so also is Bayssere.

The upper Nile is the object of untiring exploration. It would be strange if, before the end of this century, its whole course were not as well known, as in now that of the Thames, the Seine or the Rhine. While Egyptologists and archaeologists, like Mariette, Deveria, Percheron, de Selby, Brugsch, Eckhold, and others, are searching out the mysteries of Ancient Egypt, far up into Nubia, scientific men have undertaken, singly, or in small numbers, to follow the Nile upward, in spite of all the difficulties which, for three thousand years, have baffled the bravest explorers. Messrs. Frith and Windham are this month starting to go up the White Nile, in an iron boat thirty-six feet, drawing but one foot of water. They will be accompanied or followed by Messrs. Thomassy, Miani, and others.

Mr. McCarthy, the son of the geographer, has it in contemplation to travel on a new track, to Timbuctoo, from Algiers, where he has lived these eight years. According to his plan, he will pass through Laghouat and Goleah; then make a circuit to the east, to get out of the way of a tribe of Arabs, who have been beggled by a new prophet; and then continue his journey to Ghadames, Ghat and Lake Chad.

Other travellers, also, such as Capt. Magan, Baran Kratt and Yussuf ben Gallali, are bent on discovery, starting from Algiers or other northern points. Asia, too, is being explored by many travellers; but as yet we have but few details of their discoveries. Kriel has been sent, by the Vienna Academy, into Asiatic Turkey. Roy is exploring some hitherto neglected portions of Syria and Palestine. The brothers Schlagentweit are still continuing their researches in Central Asia. A Russian scientific expedition is engaged in the exploration of Chorusan, while a detachment of the French troops, in Indo China, is executing a scientific corps through that country. Many other savans have received missions from the Ministry of Public Instruction, or from the Paris Museum. Besides this, the Catholic and Protestant missionaries are coming more and more to consider it a part of their duty to send home precise and comprehensive ethnographic and geographic intelligence of the countries through which they travel.

ENDURANCE OF THE HORSE. Some cruel experiments have lately been made at Paris to test the endurance of horses. It appears a horse will live on water alone five and twenty days; seventeen days without eating or drinking; only five days if fed but unwatered; ten days if fed and insufficiently watered. A horse kept without water for three days, drank 104 pounds in three minutes. It was found, too, that a horse taken immediately from "feed" and put in the active exercise of the "squadron school," completely digested its "feed" in three hours; in the same time in the "conscript" school "its food was two-thirds digested; and if kept perfectly quiet in the stable, its digestion was scarcely commenced in three hours.

MILKING. Let no conversation be had among the milkers in the cow-yard. The cows will not understand it, and the milkers are put to their trumps to hear each other. Milk quick after the cow begins to bring down her udder, for she will not let you have her whole store unless you take it immediately when she offers it.

[Country Gentleman.]

The erroneous idea that a very small foot is handsome, has crippled or distorted many. Good taste requires that the foot have a reasonable proportion to the rest of the body.

MISCELLANY.

[From The New York Tribune.]

Mrs Stowe's New Novel.

It has always seemed to us that the anti-slavery element in the two former novels of Mrs. Stowe, in the way of a full appreciation of her remarkable genius, at least in her own country. It was so easy to account for the unexampled popularity of "Uncle Tom," by attributing it to cheap sympathy with sentimental philanthropy! As people began to recover from the first enchantment, they began also to resent it, and began to complain that a dose of that insane garrison root which takes the reason prisoner, had been palmed upon them without their knowing it, and that their ordinary water gruel of fiction, thinned with sentiment and thickened with moral, had been hounded with the bewildering hashbush of Abolition. We had the advantage of reading that extraordinary book in Europe, long after the whirl of excitement produced by its publication, had subsided, in the seclusion of distance, and with a judgement undisturbed by those political sympathies which it is impossible, perhaps unwise, to avoid at home. We felt then, and believe now, that the secret of Mrs. Stowe's power lay in that same genius by which the great success in creative literature have always been achieved—the genius that instinctively goes right to the organic elements of human nature, whether under a white skin or a black, and which disregards as trivial the conventional and factitious notions, which make so large a part both of our thinking and feeling. Works of imagination written with an aim at immediate impression are commonly ephemeral, like Mrs. Martineau's Tales and Elliott's Corn-law verses; but the creative faculty of Mrs. Stowe, like that of Cervantes in "Don Quixote" and of Fielding in "Joseph Andrews," overpowered the narrow speciality of her design, and expanded a local and temporary theme with the cosmopolitan of genius.

It is a proverb that "there is a great deal of human nature in men," but it is equally and sadly true that there is amazingly little of it in books. Fielding is the only English novelist who deals with life in its broadest sense. Thackeray, his disciple and conqueror, and Dickens, the conqueror of Smollett, do not so much treat of life as of the strata of society—the one of a study nature from the club-room window, the other from the reporter's box in the Police Court. It may be that the general obliteration of distinctions of rank in this country which is generally considered a detriment to the novelist, will in the end turn to his advantage by compelling him to depend for his effects on the contrasts and collisions of his lower traits superinduced by particular social arrangements or hereditary associations. Shakespeare drew his ideal, and Fielding natural men and women; Thackeray draws either gentlemen or snobs, and Dickens either unnatural men or the oddities natural only in the lowest grades of a highly artificial system of society. The first two knew human nature; of the two latter, one knows what is called the World, and the other the Streets of London. Is it possible that the very social democracy which here rolls the novelist of so much romance, so much costume, so much antithesis of caste, so much in short that is purely external, will give him a set-off in making it easier for him to get at that element of universal humanity which neither of the two extremes of an aristocratic system, nor the salient and picturesque points of contrast between the two, can alone lay open to him.

We hope to see this problem solved by Mrs. Stowe. That kind of romantic interest which Scott evolved from the relations of lord and vassal, of chief and clansman, from the social more than the moral contrast of Roundhead and Cavalier, of far descended pauper and nouveau riche; which Cooper found in the clash of savagery with civilization, and the shaggy virtue bred on the border land between the two, Indian by habit, white by tradition, Mrs. Stowe seems in her former novels to have to have sought in a form of society alien to her sympathies and too remote for exact study or for the acquirement of local truth, which is the slow result of unconscious observation. There can be no stronger proof of the greatness of her genius, of her possessing that connective faculty which belongs to the higher order of imagination, than the avidity with which "Uncle Tom" was read at the South. It settled the point that this book was true to human nature, even if not minutely so to plantation life.

If capable of so great a triumph where success must so largely depend on the sympathetic insight of her more creative power, have we not a right to expect something far more in keeping with the requirements of Art, now that her wonderful eye is to be the mirror of familiar scenes, and of society in which she was bred, of which she has seen so many varieties—and that, too, in the country where it is most native and original? It is a great satisfaction to us that in the "Minister's Wooing" she has chosen her theme and laid her scene amid New England habits and traditions. There is no other writer who is capable of perpetuating for us, in a work of Art, a style of thought and manners which railways and newspapers will soon render as palaeozoic as the mastodon or the saurians. Thus far the story has fully justified our hopes. The leading characters are all fresh and individual creations—Mrs. Katy Souther, the notable Yankee housewife, Mary in whom Cupid is to try conclusions with Calvin; James Marvyn, the adventurous boy of the

coast, in whose heart the wild religion of nature swells till the straight swathings of Puritanism are burst; Dr. Hopkins, the conscientious minister, come upon a time when the social prestige of the clergyman is waning, and whose independence will test the voluntary system of ministerial support; Silvanus Brown, the man of theologic dialects, in whom the utmost perfection of creed is shown to be not inconsistent with the most contradictory imperfection of life—and all these are characters new to literature. And the scene is laid just far enough away in point of time to give proper tone and perspective.

We think we find in the story the promise of an interest unbacked as it will be intense. There is room for the play of all the passions and interests that make up the great tragedy-comedy of life, while all the scenery and accessories will be those which familiarity has made dear to us. We are a little afraid of Colonel Burr, to be sure, it is so hard to make a historical personage fulfil the conditions demanded by the novel of every day life. He is almost sure to fall below our traditional conception of him, or to rise above the natural and easy level of character necessary to keeping, into the vague or the melodramatic. Moreover, we do not want a novel of society from Mrs. Stowe; she is quite too good to be wasted in that way, and her tread is much more firm on the turf of the "door-yard" or the pasture, and the sand floor of the farmhouse, than on the velvet of the salon. We have no notion how she is to develop her plot, but we think we foresee chances for her best power in the struggle which seems foreshadowed between Mary's conscientious admiration of the Doctor and her half-conscious passion for James, before she discovers that one of those conflicting feelings means simply moral liking and approval, and the other that she is a woman and that she loves. And is not the value of dramatic theology as a rule of life to be thoroughly tested for Doctor by his slaveholding parishioners? Is he not to show the bitter difference between intellectual acceptance of a creed and that true partaking of the sacrament of love and faith and sorrow that makes Christ the very life-blood of our being and doing? And has not James Marvyn also his lesson to be taught? We foresee him drawn gradually back by Mary, from his recoil against Puritan formalism, to a perception of how every creed is plant and plastic to a beautiful nature, of how much charm there may be in an hereditary faith, even if it have become almost conventional.

In the materials of characters already present in the story there is scope for Mrs. Stowe's humor, pathos, clear moral sense and quick eye for the scenery of life. We do not believe that there is any one who, by birth, breeding and natural capacity, has had the opportunity to know New England as well as she, or who has the peculiar genius so to profit by the knowledge. Already there have been scenes in the "Minister's Wooing," that, in their lowness of tone and quiet truth, contrast as charmingly with the timid vagueness of the modern school of novel writers as the "Vicar of Wakefield" itself, and we are greatly mistaken if it does not prove to be the most characteristic of Mrs. Stowe's works, and that on which her fame will chiefly rest with posterity.

A Plea for Health and Horticulture. BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Every one knows to what extent women are afflicted with nervous disorders, neuralgic affections as they are more softly termed. It is equally well known that formerly when women were partook from childhood, of out-door labors, were confined less to heated rooms and exciting studies, they had comparatively few disorders of this nature. With the progress of society, fevers increase first, because luxurious living vitiates the blood; dyspepsia follows next, because the stomach instead of being a laboratory, is turned into a mere warehouse, into which everything is packed from the foundation to the roof, by gustatory stavedores. Last of all come neuralgic complaints, springing from the muscular enfeeblement and the nervous excitability of the system.

Late hours at night, and later morning hours, early application to books, a steady training for accomplishments, viz. embroidery, lace-work, painting rice paper, casting wax flowers so ingeniously that no mortal can tell what is meant, ladies looking like huge globes, dahlias resembling a battered cabbage; these, together with practicing on the piano, or if something extra is meant, a little tum, tum, tuming, on the harp, and a little ting-tong on the guitar; reading "ladies' books," crying over novels, writing in albums, and original correspondence with my ever-adored Matilda Sophrosyne, are the materials, too often, of a fashionable education. While all this refinement is being put on, girls are taught from eight years old, that the chief end of woman is to get a beau, and convert him into a husband. Therefore, every action must be on purpose, must have a discreet object in view. Girls must not walk fast, that is not lady-like; nor run that would be shockingly vulgar; nor scamper over fields, merry and free as the birds, laughing till the cheeks are red, and romping till the blood marches merrily through every vein; for, says prudent mamma, "my dear, do you think Mr. Saw-daisy would marry a girl whom he saw acting so unfashionably?" Thus, in every part of education those things are pursued, whose tendency is to excite the brain and nervous system, and for the most part those things that are not "refined," which would develop the muscular system, give a natural fullness to the form, and health and vigor to every organ of it.

The evil does not end upon the victim of fashionable education. Her feebleness, and morbid taste, and preternatural excitability are transmitted to her children, and their children. If it were not for the rural habits and health of the vast proportion of our population, trained to healthy labor on the soil, the degeneracy of the race in the cities would soon make civilization a curse to the health of mankind.

Now we have not one word to say against "accomplishments" when they are real, and are not purchased at the expense of a girl's constitution. She may dance like Miriam, paint like Raphael, make wax fruit till the birds come and peck at the cunning imitation; she may play Orpheus harping after Eurydice (or what will be for the purpose, like a Eurydice after an Orpheus), she may sing and write poetry to the moon, and to every star in the heavens, and every flower on the earth, to aephyrs, to memory, to friendship, and to whatever is imaginable in the spheres, or on the world—if she will in the midst of these ineffable things remember the most important fact that health is a blessing; that God made health to depend upon exercises and temperate living in all respects; and that the great object of our existence, in respect to ourselves, is a virtuous and pious character, and in respect to others, the raising and training of a family after such a sort that neither we, nor men, nor God shall be ashamed of them.

Now we are not quite so enthusiastic as to suppose that floriculture has in it a balm for all these mentioned ills. We are very modest in our expectations, believing, only, that it may become a very important auxiliary in maintaining health of body and purity of mind.

When once a mind has been touched with zeal in floriculture it seldom forgets its love. If our children were early made little enthusiasts for the garden, when they were old they would not depart from it. A woman's perception of the beauty of form, of colors, of arrangement, is naturally quicker and truer than man's. Why should they admire these only in painting, in dress, and in furniture? Can human art equal what God has made, in variety, hue, grace, symmetry, order and delicacy? A beautiful engraving is often admired by those who never look at a natural landscape; ladies become connoisseurs of "artificialities," who live in proximity to real flowers without a spark of enthusiasm for them. We are persuaded, that if parents, instead of regarding a disposition to train flowers as a useless trouble, a waste of time, a pernicious romance, would inspire the love of it, nurture and direct, it would save their daughters from false taste, and all love of meretricious ornament. The most enthusiastic lovers of nature catch something of the simplicity and truthfulness of nature.

Now a constant temptation to female vanity—(if it may be supposed for the sake of argument, to exist), is a display of person, of dress, of equipage. In old times, without entirely hating their beauty, our mothers used to be proud of their spinning, their weaving, their curiously-wrought apparel for bed and board. A pride in what we have done is not, if in due measure, wrong or unwise; and we really think that rivalry among the young in rearing the choicest plants, the most resplendent flowers, would be altogether a wise exchange for a rivalry of lace, and ribbons, and silks. And, even if poor human nature must be forced to allow the privilege of criticising each other something severe, it would be much more amiable to pull roses to pieces, than to pull caps; all the shafts which are now cast at the luckless beauty, might now harmlessly be cast upon the glowing shield of her dahlias or upon the cup of her tulips.

A love of flowers would beguile early rising, industry, habits of close observation and of reading. It would incline the mind to notice natural phenomena, and to reason upon them. It would occupy the mind with pure thoughts, and inspire a sweet and gentle enthusiasm; maintain simplicity of taste, and in connection with personal instruction, unfold in the heart an enlarged, untrammelled, ardent piety.

AVOIDING THE RESPONSIBILITY. Brother Noel was "sore troubled" at the scandal Brother Crump brought upon himself by drinking too much, and especially regretted the injury it brought to society at Sharon. So one morning he stepped over to Brother Crump's, and found the old man in a doze in the little porch.

"Went you take a dram?" asked Brother Crump, as soon as he was made aware of the presence of his neighbor. "Why, yes, I'm not agin a dram when a body wants it."

Brother Crump got his bottle and the friends took a dram apiece. "Don't you think, Brother Noel," said Crump, "that spirits is a blessing?" "Yes," replied Noel, "spirits is a blessing; that some of us abuses." "Well now, Brother Noel, who do you think abuses the blessing?" "Well, it is hard to say—but people talk—don't you think that you drink a little too much, Brother Crump?" "It is hard to say," returned Crump. "Sometimes I've thought I was drinkin' too much, and then agin I'd think maybe not. What is I? A weak scurvin' of the dust! So I went to the Lord to say whether I was agin too far in spirits. I put the whole responsibility on him; I prayed at I was drinkin', too much, for him to take away my appetite for spirits. I've prayed that prayer three times, and he hain't done it. So I'm clear of the responsibility, anyway."

To succeed you must keep moving; to grow rich, you must keep saving.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

But confound the make-believe women we have turned loose in our streets! Where do they come from? Not out of our Boston parlors I trust. Why there isn't a boast or a bird that would drag its tail through the dirt in the way these creatures do their dresses. Because a queen or a duchess wears long robes on great occasions, a maid-of-all-work or a factory girl thinks she must make herself a nuisance by trailing through the street, picking up and carrying about with her—pah! that's what I call getting vulgarly into your bones and marrow. Making believe be what you are not is the essence of vulgarity. Show over dirt is one attribute of vulgar people. If any man can walk behind one of these women and see what she takes up as she goes and not feel squeamish, he has got a tough stomach. I wouldn't let one of 'em into my room without serving 'em as David served Saul at the cave in the wilderness—cut off his skirts, Sir! cut off his skirts!

Don't tell me that a true lady ever sacrifices the duty of keeping all about her sweet and clean to the wish of making a vulgar show. I won't believe it of a lady. There are some things that no fashion has a right to touch, and cleanliness is one of those things. If a woman wishes to show that her husband or her father has got money which she wants and means to spend, but doesn't know how, let her buy a yard or two of silk and walk to it her dress when she goes out to pick it, but let her unpin it before she goes into the house; there will be some poor women that will think it worth disinfecting. It is an insult to a respectable laundress to carry such things into a house for her to deal with.

All excitements run to love in women of a certain, let us not say age, but youth. An electrical current passing through a coil of wire makes a magnet of a bar of iron lying within it, but not touching it. So a woman is turned into a lone magnet by a tingling current of life running round her. I should like to see one of them balanced on a pivot properly adjusted, and watch if she did not turn so as to point north and south—she would if the love currents are like those of the earth, our mother.

FALLING IN LOVE WITH A PICTURE ON A BANK NOTE. An ardent young man in this city, who fell in love some time since with the portrait of a woman on a bank bill, wrote to the cashier of the bank to know whether it was a fanciful picture or "the representation of a breathing woman." If the latter, he was resolved to have her or die in the attempt. The cashier replied to him after a few days' delay, which he hoped had "not tended unduly to aggravate the fierceness of his disorder," thus:

"I am unable to give you the abundant consolation of a letter of introduction to the original of the portrait, if it had an original, which I am not disposed to question. My knowledge of her is quite scanty and unsatisfactory. The story told by our engraver is, that she was a teacher in the school-house in New York, at the time of that cruel disaster a few years ago, when, upon a false alarm of fire, the children rushed down the stairway, which gave way, causing the death of a large number of the 'innocents.' Our heroine is said to have saved all her pupils by the presence of mind that shined in her face, and to have then leaped from a third story window. Whether in so doing she broke both her legs, irreparably damaged her lovely nose, and forever dimmed one lustre of eye, I am not told. My own belief is that she came out unscathed and unharmed, and at once proceeded to Brady's, who photographed her, and thus gave her unparalleled lineaments to immortality on a bank note. I am further inclined to the notion that shortly thereafter she married the 'man of her choice' (she never would do anything else), and is now the happy mother of four small children and one at the breast." Of course, you'll take no stock in this theory of mine, and if you are bent on further investigation, I can only refer you to our engravers, who can possibly put you on the right track. Go in and win, and be sure in such a happy consummation to ask me to be there. If it calls me to Kamtschatka, I shall surely obey; indeed, were I not sufficiently blessed in the woman line, you would have received no reply at all to your inquiries"—&c.

[Springfield Republican.]

Mr. George Dawson certifies in The Albany Evening Journal, that Mr. G. H. Edwards "has not his equal in America for cooking brook trout. It is a study to see him engaged in the work of preparation and consumption. First, the pork frying process. Every drop of fat must be extracted by a slow and careful process. Then the trout, if small, to the number of twenty, are placed (heads and points alternately) into the huge frying-pan. Their upper surface is then profusely sprinkled with salt, and the cooking begins. He selects a cozy resting place for his pan, at a proper distance above a gathering of live coals, and (frequently removing them lest they should cook too fast or be scorched,) when they are beautifully browned upon the one side, he thrusts his knife beneath them and flips them over as a housewife does a pan cake—all at once. And then the picture which these turned fish present! A rich, juicy brown—crisp and delicious! And when cooked, what a luscious udder—with a flavor that reduces meat to the low grade of small beer, and makes turtle soup as insipid as barley broth.

He whose soul does not sing, need not try to do it with his throat.

