

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 10, NO. 42.

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1859.

OLD SERIES, VOLUME 26, NO. 52.

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

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

From the Genesee Farmer.

Cutting Hay for Stock.

Some years ago, a correspondent of the Massachusetts Ploughman, Thomas W. Ward, made some experiments in regard to the economy of cutting hay and corn fodder for horses and cattle. The result was in every way satisfactory. One effect of cutting fodder, brought to light by these experiments, we have never seen alluded to before. The solid excrements of the animals, in proportion to the food eaten, were much heavier from the cut than from the uncut fodder. In other words, they absorbed more liquid. This is an important fact. The great loss in keeping manure in the barnyard is from drainage; and it is quite reasonable that cut fodder would absorb more liquid than uncut. In England it has been recommended, and is to some extent the practice, to cut all the litter as well as the fodder. The manure is shorter, and is sooner ready for the land, and can be spread and plowed under more easily; and undoubtedly absorbs more liquid.

Mr. W. says his experiments "show a saving of about eighteen per cent. in favor of cut hay, and also an increase in weight of excrement of fifteen per cent." "Thus," says Mr. W., "we spend less hay and make more manure, which is the farmer's capital." He says, in conclusion, he will "not attempt to solve the mystery in regard to least hay making most manure." There is no "mystery" about it. It is due, undoubtedly, to the increased capacity of the cut straw to absorb liquid rapidly.

Another advantage in cutting fodder for stock, is that coarser and more unpalatable food can be used. A horse that would eat straw only when compelled by keen hunger, will eat it readily if cut up and mixed with a little corn meal; and the mixture will be quite as nutritious as hay, and less expensive. In some sections, one of the cheapest methods of wintering horses is to cut up oats in the straw, and mix them with a little bran; or, if the horse are at hard work, with a little corn meal.

The hay crop is so short this year, in many sections, that it behooves our farmers to use the most economical methods of feeding their stock; and cutting up the straw, corn stalks, and hay, will be more than usually advantageous.

Top-dressing Grass Lands.

In reply to a correspondent who objects to early autumn application of manure to grass lands, saying he had been most successful when applying it late in the fall or during the winter, the New England Farmer remarks:

"There is always more or less loss in top-dressing with organic manures. What we must do, is, to select that time which we think, upon the whole, is the least objectionable. We have asked the question of at least fifty among the best farmers in New England. 'When is the best time to top-dress grass land?' and we think the reply has been in a majority of cases—'Just as soon after you take your crop off as you can.' If the manure is applied late in autumn, the sweeping winds which prevail at that season, dissipate it with great rapidity, even more rapidly than July winds. Just before snows fall in autumn, or early in April, are also good times to top-dress; but the objection to the former time, is, we cannot tell when the snows are coming, and do not like to risk the manure exposed to the fierce winds, and the objection to the latter time is, that the ground being so soft at that season of the year, might be injured by going over it with teams and wheels."

KEEP STOCK WARM. Farmers do not pay sufficient attention to the warmth of their stock, but suffer them to roam about in the open air, exposed to the inclement weather. The amount of exercise is another most important point to attend to. The more an animal moves about, the quicker it will breathe, and the more starch, gum, sugar, fat, and other respiratory elements it will have in its food; and if an additional quantity of these substances is not given to supply the increased demand, the fat and other parts of the body will become thinner; also, as before observed, every motion of the body produces a corresponding destruction of the muscles which produce that motion. It is, therefore, quite evident that the more the animal moves about the more of the heat-producing and flesh-forming principle it must receive in its food. Hence, we see the propriety of keeping our cattle in sheds and yards, and not suffering those (particularly which we intend to fatten) to rove about, consuming more food, and wasting away more rapidly the various tissues of the body already formed, and making it more expensive and difficult to fatten them.

It was a remark of a distinguished physician, "show me a boy with a horse, dog and gun, and I will show you a boy who never will come to anything." An exchange remarks:

"We can look back through the vistas of fifty years, and we cannot point to the man, living or dead, whose history disproves the remark. We can point to many in ratification of it."

From the Working Farmer.

Arrangement of Cellars.

There are a few general principles connected with the preservation of root crops, the fermentation of wines, and the other uses to which cellars are appropriated, which should be clearly understood. We all desire for these uses, that cellars should be cooler in summer and warmer in winter than the outside or surrounding atmosphere, and various plans have been suggested for bringing about such a result. For light, we require cellars or their walls to protrude above the surface of the ground to admit windows, and therefore such portion of the wall as so protrudes, and as a consequence, the portion below it which sustains it, should be thick enough not to render the atmosphere of the cellar susceptible to change of temperature through these wall windows. These should be double, viz: one on the outside of the wall, and another on the inside. There is no necessity for stuffing these windows with long manure, furnishing unwholesome gases by its decomposition, and shutting out the light. Where there are two windows in the wall at fourteen inches or more apart, the confined space of air between them is the best known non-conductor. These may be opened in the mild part of winter days for ventilation, when the temperature stands above the freezing point, and in summer the ventilation may be still more perfect. The cellar should never be beyond sixty degrees in summer, and never below forty in winter; if well planned it will never reach the highest point even in July and August. In such a cellar potatoes may be kept in winter safely, provided they are properly dried before being there deposited.

Some cellars are built with double walls, and a space of air between, with an occasional brick or stone passing all the way across to tie the walls together; this is an excellent plan, as it secures the atmosphere of the cellar from any rapid change, consequent upon outside alterations of temperature. Many of the ice houses now built above ground have these double walls, and thus when the atmosphere on the inside has fallen by the presence of the ice to the desired point, it remains unchanged and the ice does not melt. Indeed, this has proved to be the best plan for ice houses, and is generally adopted by the larger ice dealers. It is every way superior to underground ice houses. If the ice were on the outside, and the object of the double walls was to prevent its cooling the atmosphere within, it would be equally effective, the object of double walls being to act as a non-conductor, and they do so, because they contain a confined space of air. Filling in with charcoal, tan bark, etc., is only useful, when the walls themselves leak, thus preventing circulation of air; but if light, the double walls, or rather the confined space of air, is a better non-conductor than any filling in which would displace it.

From the Scientific American.

The Foundations of Houses.

The nature and condition of the soil upon which houses are to be built, should receive far more attention than is usually bestowed upon such subjects. A soil which is spongy and damp, or contains much loose organic matter, is generally unhealthy; whereas a dry, porous soil, affords a healthy site for building. Thus a compact sand and gravel soil, like that upon which the greater part of the city of New York is built, is very favorable to health, because it is sufficiently porous to allow surface water to penetrate into it, and carry off organic matter to undergo oxidation without causing malarious vapors. Wherever we find a soil deficient in gravel or sand, or where gravel and sand-beds are underlain with clay, there should be a thorough sub-soil drainage, because the clay retains the water, and a house built in such a spot would otherwise always be damp and unhealthy. When the soil is swampy, which is the case with many portions of various cities that have been filled in with what is called made earth, fever is likely to prevail in houses built in such localities, owing to the decay of organic matter underneath, and its ascension in the form of gas through the soil. When good drainage cannot be effected in such situations, and it is found necessary to build houses on them, they should all have solid floors of concrete, laid from the outside of the foundations and covering the whole area over which the structure is erected. The old Romans were exceedingly sensible persons in all that related to houses, made all their buildings with concrete floors, and over each of these a flooring of tiles was laid. These floors tended to prevent dampness in their houses, consequently they were more comfortable and healthy than they otherwise would have been. Such floors also tended to prevent the cracking of the walls, owing to the solidity and firmness imparted to their foundations. We recommend the general adoption of such floors for all buildings which may be hereafter built on made soil, or in damp situations.

BALMY HORSES. Many years since we saw a horse that resisted every appliance to make him move; even a fire of shavings was kindled under his belly with no effect; he would not stir a step. It was then recommended to the small crowd tightly about his ears, close to his head. This was no sooner done than he moved off as well as any horse. Recently we had an opportunity to try the application again. The horse would stand still, rear and plunge, and throw himself down, but refuse to go ahead. Coaxing, threats and blows, alike proved unavailing. We tied on the strings, and in half a minute he moved off as quietly as his mate. [Honested.]

A farmer having a number of men hoeing in a field, finding one of them sitting on a stone, reproved him for his idleness. The man answered, "I thirst for the spirit."

"You are very apt at quoting scriptures," said the farmer, "and I wish you were as ready to obey his instructions. Recollect the text, Hoe! every one that thirsteth."

He was justly accounted a skillful poet, who destroyed his victims by bouquets of lovely and fragrant flowers. The heart has not been lost; nay, it is practised every day by the world. [Bishop Latimer.]

Men men are subject to right lies.

Word Painting by Hugh Miller.

"But let us trace the history of a single pine tree of the Oolite, as indicated by its petrified remains. This gnarled and twisted trunk once anchored its roots amid the crannies of a precipice of dark gray sandstone, that rose over some nameless stream of the Oolite, in what is now the north of Scotland. The rock, which, notwithstanding its dingy color, was a deposit of the lower old red sandstone, formed a member of the fabrics of that system—beds that were charged then, as now, with numerous fossils, as strange and obsolete in the creation of the Oolite as in the creation which at present exists."

"It was a firm, indestructible stone, covered by a thin, barren soil; and the twisted roots of the pine, rejected and thrown backwards from its more solid planes, had to penetrate into its narrow fissures for a straightened and meager subsistence. The tree grew but slowly; in considerably more than half a century it had attained to a diameter of little more than ten inches above the soil; and its bent and twisted form gave evidence of the life of hardship to which it was exposed. It was, in truth, a picturesque rag of a tree, that for the first few feet twisted itself round like an over-burdened wrestler struggling to escape from under his enemy, and then struck out an abrupt angle, and stretched itself like a bent arm over the stream."

"The seasons passed over it: every opening Spring gave its fringes of tender green to its spiky foliage, and every returning Autumn saw it shed its cones into the stream below. Many a delicate fern sprang up and decayed around its gnarled and fantastic root, single leaved and of simple form, like the *Scolopendria* of our caverns and rock recesses, or fretted into many a slim pinnate leaflet, like the minute maiden hair, or the graceful lady fern. Flying reptiles have perched amid its boughs; the light-winged dragon-fly has darted on wings of gauze through the openings of its lower twigs; the tortoise and the lizard have hybernated during the chilly of Winter among the hollows of its roots; for many years it formed one of the minor features in a wild picturesque scene, on which human eyes never looked; and at length, touched by decay, its upper branches began to wither and bleach white in the winds of heaven; when shaken by a sudden hurricane that came roaring down the ravine, the mass of rock in which it had been anchored at once gave way, and, bearing fast jammed among its roots a fragment of the mass, which we still find there, and from which we read a portion of its story, it was precipitated into the foaming torrent. Dangling on the eddies, or lingering amid the pools, or shooting, arrow-like, down the rapids, it at length found its way to the sea; and after sailing over beds of massive coral—the ponderous *Isostrea* and more delicate *Thamnostrea*—and after disturbing the *Echinolites* and *Belemnites* in their deep-green haunts, it sinks, saturated with water, into a bed of argillaceous mud, to make its appearance, after long ages, in the world of man—a marble mummy of the old Oolite forests—and to be curiously interrogated regarding its character and history."

Good Cider. Put the new cider into clean casks or barrels, and allow it to ferment from one to three weeks, according as the weather is cool or warm. When it has attained to lively fermentation add to each gallon three-fourths of a pound of white sugar, and let the whole ferment again until it possesses nearly the brisk pleasant taste which it is desired should be permanent. Pour out a quart of the cider and mix with it one quarter of an ounce of sulphate of lime for every gallon the cask contains. Stir until it is intimately mixed, and pour the emulsion into the liquid. Agitate the contents of the cask thoroughly for a few moments, then let it rest, that the cider may settle. Fermentation will be arrested at once, and will not be resumed. It may be bottled in the course of a few weeks, or it may be allowed to remain in the cask and used on draft.

HORSES AND COLTS. A correspondent of the Maine Farmer, says he has a five year old horse and a two year old colt, and wishes advice in regard to their keep and feed. The editor makes the following suggestions in reply: "A warm stable that can be easily ventilated; good water easily come at; good, sweet hay in sufficient quantity; a feed of oats or corn and cob meal one per day. These are the requisites of good keeping for horses or colts. Some think that colts that do no work need no provender, but a moderate allowance daily, will 'pay,' as the Yankees say. In regard to cutting feed, if your hay is clean and sweet, with no mixture of coarse grasses, &c., it will be as well to let the horse do his own cutting. If you have rough fodder, or your hay is coarse, with a mixture of all sorts, it will pay to cut it and mix it with your meal and a little water in a mash tub."

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MISCELLANY.

THE PARISIAN MONEY-LENDER.

A Tale.

It would be difficult to one accustomed to see the open unroofed towns of this peaceful country to have a correct idea of Custrin and its warlike environs. Custrin is acknowledged to be one of the strongest fortifications in Europe. Entirely surrounded by water it is approached only by a succession of long, narrow, wooden bridges, which extend nearly round the town, and, after numerous windings, at length land you within the massive gates. Its interest is chiefly derived from its historical recollections. It is the state prison of Prussia, and has held many an unhappy victim. I had an opportunity of inspecting those dismal receptacles, being accompanied in my inspection by a physician of the town, to whom I had a letter of introduction. He pointed out to me the room in which Frederick the Great was incarcerated two years by his father, and the court yard, in which his friend was hanged, whose execution he was forced, by the express orders of his barbaric parent, to witness, until he swooned away in the excess of his agony.

After going through the various chambers of the castle, my friend the physician led me to his own house, situated without the principal gate, and forming one of a straggling row of mansions of transparent whiteness, and surrounded by pleasant shrubberies. He insisted upon my staying to dine with him, which I the more readily agreed to do, since I discovered in him a tinge of the intellectual melancholy which is so frequent in Germany, but which so often breaks out in a brilliant burst of imagination, the more delightful, since it is so unexpected. His tone of voice, his manners, were those of deep feeling and of great sensibility. After we had partaken of dinner, and whilst we were enjoying the evening breeze in an arbor of honeysuckle he said to me:

"I regret my wife is not at home; I should have wished to have introduced you to her. She is a native of France, and our first acquaintance sprang from a strange circumstance. You may think it odd that a young Parisian beauty should have followed me so far, and to so secluded a habitation. It is a thing to wonder at," he continued musing.

Having my curiosity excited by these remarks, I entreated him to relate the event he alluded to, and, after some delay seeming to spring into animation, he thus proceeded:

"In my youth I studied medicine at Paris for some years, and as my finances were low, I led a very secluded life. The only friend I had in that modern Babylon was a personage of whom it would be difficult for you to form an idea; he was a money lender. Can you picture such a character to yourself? He was of a complexion pale and leaden or if I may be allowed to say so, of a sallow gray; his countenance as indefinable as that of a diplomatist; his features seemed as if cut in bronze; his eyes, yellow as the ferret's, had no lashes; his nose was as peaked and his lips contracted."

It was a man who spoke low, in a small voice, and allowed of no excitement. He assisted his emerald eyes with a pair of old green spectacles. His dress was black—his age a mystery. The apartment of this savage being was chilly and disconsolate. In winter, I never saw his grate filled; the fire emitted smoke, but no flame, since it was smothered beneath a load of cinders."

This man moved through life as noiseless and silent as the rind of an ancient horologue. His actions were all regular, and his hour of rising was not more fixed than that at which his fit of coughing came on. After the fashion of Pontenelle, he sought to economize the vital action, and concentrate all feelings and sentiments in self. Sometimes his victims protested and exclaimed against him; but he was unprovoked, and beheld such excitement in calm indifference."

Up till seven o'clock in the evening he was grave, but towards eight, the man of bills was changed into an ordinary being; it was the mystery of the transmutation of metals exemplified in the human heart. It was then he rubbed his hands, and indulged in a species of gaily, extending even to a thin and withering smile; but in his greatest joy, his conversation seldom exceeded the monosyllabic. Such was the neighbor whom chance afforded me in the Rue des Gros. It was a dreary and damp house, which having no court, was supplied with light only from the narrow street. The division of the building into chambers of an equal size, with a single opening leading into a long corridor, where the sun never penetrated showed sufficiently that it had formerly been part of a convent. The appearance was sad and gloomy enough to chill the heart of an aspirant of discounts even before he entered the apartment of the lender himself. There he sat, dark and inexorable. The only being with whom he held intercourse, socially speaking was myself. He came to seek fire from me; he borrowed a book or a newspaper, and in return for these small courtesies in the evening I was the only one whom he permitted to enter his place of abode, and to whom he talked of his own accord. These proofs of his confidence were the result of a five years' neighborhood. Had he relations, friends? I knew not. I had never seen him with a penny. All his money was in the collar of the bank. In the morning, he prepared his own coffee, in an old utensil which never stirred from the corner of his chimney. His dinner was brought him from an eating house. An old woman as-

ceeded at an hour fixed to arrange his apartment. In fine, the name of this individual was Gushock.

One evening I entered the chamber of this man, whose being was gold. I found him sitting in his chair, motionless as a statue, his eyes fixed upon the chimney-place, where he seemed to read the rates of discount. A small smoky lamp the body of which had once been green, cast a glare upon his death-like face. He raised his eyes as I advanced, but said nothing. My chair was placed near him, prepared for me, for I was expected. "Does this being think?" said I to myself. "Does he know if there be a God? Has he feeling, hope? Can he taste happiness? Is he dead to sentiment, to passion? I pitied him. I would a person in illness, though I was perfectly aware he had millions at the bank, and that his imagination grasped the possession of the wealth of worlds."

"Good evening Father Gushock," said I to him. He turned his head towards me, and his shaggy eyebrows were slightly moved. This characteristic motion was equal to the gayest smile of a son of the gay world. I continued:

"You are as gloomy as the day when the failure of the great publisher was announced to you. Have you sustained some losses to-day?" This was the first time I had spoken to him of money matters.

He looked at me, and with a half sneering half chuckling voice, said: "I am amusing myself."

"You amuse yourself then sometimes?"

He shrugged his shoulders regarding me with a look of pity. "Do you believe there are any poets but those who publish verses?" said he.

"Poetry is in that head thought I."

"There is no life more brilliant than mine," continued he; and his eyes grew animated. "Listen to me. By the recital of the events of the morning, you shall understand my pleasures." He arose and bolted the door, drew close a curtain of old tapestry, and returned to his seat.

"This morning," resumed he, "I had only two drabs to receive; for all the others had been given the evening before as cash to my bankers. I had received the first bill from a young man, handsome, and in the first rank of fashion. He came here in a tumbler. The paper signed by one of the most beautiful women in Paris, the wife of a rich landholder, had been obtained, I know not how or wherefore, although it was in all likelihood for a gambling debt, and was for the sum of a thousand francs. The other bill for the same amount, was also to be paid by a female, for it was signed 'Fanny Malvert.' It had been passed to me by a linen-dresser. The countess resides in the Rue du Heider, and Fanny in the Rue Montmartre. If you could know the romantic conjunctures which I formed in going to this morning! What joy I felt in reflecting, that if these two fair dames were not in funds, I should be received with more respect and attention than their own fathers! How many things would not the countess do for a thousand francs! She would assume an air of affection; would address me in that sweet tone which she reserves for her most particular friends; would actually supplicate me; and I!"

Here the old man knit his brows, and continued with a demonic chuckle: "And I—I am the avenger—I bring remorse. But let us quit conjecture. I arrive. The countess has not yet risen," I slipped a *femme de chambre*. "When can she be seen?"

"At twelve." "The countess is ill!"

"No sir, but she did not return before three from a ball."

"My name is Gushock. Tell her my name. I shall be here at twelve."

I proceeded to the Rue Montmartre, to a house of modest appearance. I pushed open an old door, and saw one of those obscure courts where the sun never shines. I found the porter in his lodge.

"Mademoiselle Fanny Malvert, is she at home?"

"She is gone out; but if it is for a bill, the money is here."

"I will return said I; for the moment I heard that the money was ready, I felt inclined to know the fair debtor. I passed the morning on the Boulevard, and as mid-day sounded, I was traversing the saloon which adjoined the chamber of the countess."

"Madam has this moment rung her bell," said the *femme de chambre*; "I do not believe she can be seen yet."

"I will wait and I waited upon an embroidered ottoman. In a few moments the *femme de chambre* approached and said: 'Please to enter sir.'"

"By the polite tone in which she addressed to me these words I was sure her mistress was not prepared. But what a beautiful woman I saw! She had hastily thrown over her shoulder a cashmere shawl. Her black hair escaped in disheveled ringlets from beneath a beautiful cap, perched capriciously or at random on her head. Upon a large bare-shoulder, stretched at the feet of lions chiseled in the mahogany of the bed, lay two shoes of white satin thrown there with all the carelessness which the latitude of a ball produces. Upon a chair lay the rumpled dress, the sleeves of which trailed upon the floor. Stockings, which a Zephyr might have worn, lay at the foot of the couch. Flowers, diamonds, gloves, a bouquet of flowers, a sach, were thrown in confusion around. I felt a vague odor of perfumes. A rich fan half spread out, was on the chimney-place. The drawers of her wardrobe were open. All was luxury and disorder, beauty without harmony, richness and misery. The judge of the countess smiled well with a chamber covered with wrecks of a fête. I viewed these scattered ornaments with scorn; the night before, they had on the person of the countess, drawn homage and admiration. Here was the life of dissipation, of

luxury, of disquiet—the idle efforts to seize phantom pleasures. A slight blush upon her cheeks attested the fineness of the skin of the countess, yet the brown circles beneath her eyes were more distinctly marked than usual. But nature had sufficient energy to prevent these marks of exhaustion trenching much upon her appearance, and her eyes had not yet lost their brilliancy.

"Sir," said she, presenting me a chair, "pray have the goodness to wait a little."

"Until to-morrow at noon, madam," answered I, folding up the bill which I had shown to her; "I have no right to protest before that hour."

But I said within myself: "Pay for thy luxury, pay for the monopoly which thou enjoyest. There are tribunals, judges, and scaffolds for wretches without dread of consequences; but for you who sleep on silk and bread on satin, there is remorse, and the anguish which tears the heart!"

"A protest! What are you thinking of?" exclaimed she. "You surely would not have so little regard for me?"

"If the king owed me money, madam, and did not pay me, I would not delay, no, not an instant."

"At this moment a gentle rap was heard at the door of the chamber. 'I am not here,'" exclaimed the young countess in an imperious tone. "Louise, I wish much to see you," answered the voice. "Not at this moment, my dear," answered she, in a tone less severe, but far from sweet. "You joke, for you are speaking to some one."

So saying, a gentleman who could be none other than the count, the husband of the lady, entered the room. The countess looked at me. I understood her; she was become my slave. "What is your business?" said the count, addressing me. I saw the white tremble. The pure whiteness of her neck grew freckled. I—I laughed without moving a muscle. "Oh, he is one of my tradesmen," said she. The count turned his back, but did not retire, and I drew the bill half out of my pocket. At this inexpressible movement, she came to me, and presented a diamond. "Take it," said she, "and leave us."

"We exchanged the two securities, and I retired. The diamond was worth 12 hundred francs. I observed in the court two sumptuous equipages, valets brushing their liveries, and others cleaning boots."

"There," said I, to myself, "that's what brings these people to me!" But precisely at this moment the great gate was thrown open, and gave entrance to the elegant tumbler of the young man who had passed me the bill of exchange. "Sir," said I, as he descended, "here are two hundred francs, which I beg the favor of your restoring to the countess; and you will also inform her that I shall hold at her disposal, for eight days, the pledge which she placed with me this morning."

He took the two hundred francs, with a smile of irony, as if he would have said, "Ah, ha!—she has paid it!"—so much the better."

I now proceeded to the Rue Montmartre, to the house of Fanny Malvert. I ascended a small rude staircase, and on the fourth floor I was introduced into an apartment where every thing was simple and clean. I did not perceive the least trace of dust upon the unpretending furniture. Fanny was a young Parisian girl, of elegant and fresh appearance, and a bewitching air, with her hair

MISCELLANEOUS.

A gentleman who spoke of having been struck by a lady's beauty, was advised to kiss the rod.

—Dobbs says tailors would make splendid dragons, they charge so.

—A popular writer says that, "of all the trees in our island, the oak bears the palm."

—Doesn't he forget the palm tree?

—There, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten that lady."

—Mother, it was so gray that it slipped my mind."

—Of an unpopular painter it was said his only good traits were his portraits.

—An omnibus horse has about an equal experience of wheel and play.

—Can a Miss be said to play the piano in a masterly manner?

—If General Tom Thumb finds a fitting wife, the public will enjoy the pomological exhibition of new variety of "Dwarf Pear." [New York Evening Post.]

—Why are a country girl's cheeks like French calico? Because they are "warranted to wash and retain their color."

—A man is generally, better pleased," says Dr. Johnson, "when he has a good dinner upon the table, than when his wife talks Greek."

—Oh Jacob," said a master to his apprentice, "it is wonderful to see what a quantity you can eat." "Yes sir," said the boy, "I have been practicing ever since I was a child."

—At a recent trial before a justice, the following queer colloquy occurred: Counsel—

"Did you tell Hooper to go to the devil?" Witness—"Traveller think I did."

Counsel—"Well did he go?" Witness—"I believe not; but if he did, he made a quick trip of it, for I met him the next day."

—A superficial person, having heard a popular declamation, said to Dr. Boleyn—

"O, sir, I have been fed this evening." The Doctor added, "So the calves think, after having sucked each other's ears."

—Hullo, Mr. Page," growled the professor, "I should like to know if all the people of East Hanover go barefoot."

"Part on 'em do, and the rest on 'em mind their own business!" was the rather settling reply.

—Use of a CORN. A clergyman was lately depicting, before a deeply interesting audience, the alarming increase of intemperance, when he astonished his hearers by saying:—"A young woman in my neighborhood died very suddenly last Sabbath, while I was preaching the gospel in a state of beastly intoxication!"

—For once that secrecy is formally imposed upon you, it is implied a hundred times by the concurrent circumstances. All that your friend says to you, as to his trial, is entrusted to you only. Much of what man tells you in the hour of affliction, in sudden anger, or in any outpouring of his heart, should be sacred. In his craving for sympathy, he has spoken to you as to his own soul. [Fruit of Lore.]

—True love is a natural sentiment; and if ever a young man thanks God for having saved what is noble and manly in his soul, it is when he thinks of offering it to the woman he loves. [Mrs. Stowe.]

—Titus Vespasian never dismissed any petitioner with a tear in his eye, or with a heavy heart; and shall we think that the God of compassion will always dismiss the petitioners of heaven with tears in their eyes? Surely no.

—Vanity, is the very antidote to conceit, for while the former makes us all nerve to the opinion of others, the latter is perfectly satisfied with its opinion of itself.

—There are many who affect a want of affection, and flatter themselves that they are above flattery; they are proud of being thought extremely humble, and would go round the world to punish those who think them capable of revenge.

—Good nature is one of the sweetest gifts of Providence. Like the purest sunshine, it gladdens, enlivens and cheers. In the midst of hate, revenge, sorrow and despair, how glorious is the effect!

—Teach your child as lovingly to accept different forms of religion among men as their different languages, wherein there is still but one human mind expressed. Every genius has most power in his own tongue, and every heart in his own religion. [Jean Paul Richter.]

—The clerk of the Cincinnati Probate Court the other day issued a marriage license for the union of an old man of sixty with a buxom damsel of sixteen. The old man, a rickety old chap, said the disparity in their years was more than counterbalanced by what he called the "unusual amount of affection" that existed between them.

—PATIENTS' SIMPLICITY, OR TIME RECORDED BY OXIDUS. Carry modern civilization back three scores years, and it would cut a sorry figure without modern art. The progress of age depends not so much upon natural growth as artificial appliances. Sixty years ago there were no daily papers. Railways and steamboats were then unknown. Friction matches had not even enlightened the world. The sun-dial and hour-glass alone took their notes of time. Darkness it would seem must have brooded over the earth. At such a time as this, says a now aged friend, "I was teaching school in a Massachusetts village. One Monday forenoon I had lost my reckoning, and time wore heavily away. I longed to disengage school, but feared to excite the surprise of the parents by sending the children home too early. In this dilemma, an idea struck me. I would send the dullest boy I had with an empty dinner-basket, to the house of a spinster near by, whose hour-glass had a more methodical reputation than mine, with instructions to bring back the time of day in the empty basket."

Accordingly the boy was despatched on his timely errand. It was not long before he returned, bearing eleven and a half ounces, as the result of his expedition. I was satisfied, set my hour-glass in motion, and in half an hour dismissed the school."

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"I confess myself delighted with your Sewing Machine which has been in my family for many months. It has always been ready for duty, requiring no adjustment, and is equally adapted to every variety of family sewing, from the coarsest to the finest of a stitch. It is a most valuable addition to the household." [Mrs. Elizabeth Strickland, wife of Rev. Dr. Strickland, Editor of N. Y. Christian Advocate.]

"After trying several different good machines, I preferred your account of its simplicity, and the perfect work which it is managed as well as the strength and durability of the same. After long experience, I feel compelled to speak in this manner, and to confidently recommend it for every variety of family sewing." [Mrs. E. B. Spooner, wife of the Editor of Brooklyn Star.]

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