

The Oxford Democrat

TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 11, NO. 13.

PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1860.

OLD SERIES, VOLUME 27, NO. 23.

Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE FLOW."

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

Indian Corn.

In the cultivation of Indian corn in the Northern part of this country, some points demand more attention than is required in more Southern sections. From the shortness of the season of vegetable growth, it is necessary to select varieties which quickly attain maturity, and cultivate them in the mode best calculated to hasten that end.

Experience, that great teacher in all the practical arts, has taught us that corn does not need so compact and calcareous a soil as the wheat plant demands. It delights in a loose, warm, deep soil, abounding in organic matter. The most essential quality of the land is, that it be warm; not chilled by the presence of water near the surface. With this secured, we may add, that the richer the land the better. Corn is a gross feeder. We can easily make land too rich for wheat, but we have never yet seen any too rich for corn. As we have said, avoid strong, heavy clay, and poor or wet soils. Let the soil be as thoroughly pulverized as possible, so that the atmosphere shall have free access, and decomposition and disintegration go on with rapidity.

The best preparation for corn is to break up a rich clover soil, on which has been hauled a good coat of manure, and plow as near as practicable to the time of planting, which, in this latitude, is from the middle to the last of May. By this time vegetation has usually started so much that, under the influence of the warm weather which immediately follows, the soil quickly decomposes, and yields up its nutritive elements to the growing crop. If the manure is fresh it makes but little difference, for a general fermentation takes place before the corn requires its aid. The ground should be plowed with a furrow no deeper than is sufficient to cover the manure. If the under soil, or subsoil, is hard and compact, it would be highly beneficial to loosen it with the subsoil plow.

The particles of the soil should be rendered as fine as possible by good plowing, dragging, rolling, &c., and after the plants are up, the hoe and cultivator cannot be used too much for the benefit of the corn crop.

There are several reasons why we should apply manure generally, most especially in this case, near the surface. Ammonia is produced from animal and vegetable substances only by their decay. Near the surface of the ground, the agents of decomposition—heat, air, and electricity—act with more force; and here manures are more within the reach of plants.

As before remarked, a habit of quick growth is, in this climate, an essential characteristic. So also in judiciously selecting seed from year to year, a difference of from ten to fourteen days can be made in time of maturing. A stalk of medium size, producing a large proportion of grain, is another requisite. There is much difference in varieties in this respect. Some make much stalk and leaf, with comparatively small ear and little grain. The selection of seed should always be made in the fall, and with the utmost care, at the time of husking or before—better before.

Plant early; the earlier the better if the weather is warm and the soil in good order. More corn is injured from late ripening and early frosts, than from any other cause.

FRYE, JR.

Andover, April, 1860.

THRIFT AND HEALTH. By returns made to the Registrar General in France, it appears that persons who are "well to do" live, on an average, eleven years longer than those who are dependent on daily labor. One reason for this is, the health-giving influence of commerce; but, another, that forehandness removes the necessity for hard exposures.

The most important truth is shown by the fact that the average of life of those who belong to the Society of Friends, in England, is some fifteen years greater than of others in the same sphere of life, the Friends being, the world over, models of thrift and quiet composure.

As judicious economy promotes thrift, we propose it as a good medicine—a medicine safe and efficient, applicable to all climates, countries and classes. It is "hard to take," to some, but steady persistence in its practice soon makes it a habit, when it is rather easier to be economical than to be extravagant.

Extravagance, waste, and carelessness not only ruin those who practice them, but have a demoralizing effect on those who may be benefited thereby in a material point of view. Persons seldom thrive whose occupations or modes of obtaining a living depend on chance, are in a great measure fortuitous or uncertain—such as gamblers, stock brokers, robbers, wreckers, hunters, miners, office-holders and speculators in general.

Hence those parents are wisest, who bring up their children to the expectation of making a living or of becoming rich by some occupation which brings with it gains which are moderate, uniform and steady. As a general rule to young men, the first political or salaried office, the first but won, the first successful speculation, is at the same time the first step towards moral degradation, and towards a premature grave.

[Journal of Health.

Dangers of Spring.

We have the high medical authority for saying that a great many more persons die in May than in November. The natural causes are, let—The increased dampness of the atmosphere, proven by the fact that doors which shut easily in winter, do not do so in the summer. 23.—Natures taking away the appetite for meals, for heat-giving food, in order to prepare the body for the increased temperature of summer.

But two errors in practice at this time, interfere with wise nature's arrangements, and induce many painful and dangerous diseases. First, the amount of clothing is diminished too soon. Second, the conveniences of fire in our dwellings are removed too early. All persons, especially children, old people, and those in delicate health, should avoid removing the thickest woollen flannel of mid-winter, until some time in May, and then it should be merely a change to a little thinner material. Furnaces should not be removed, nor fire-places and grates cleaned for summer, until the first of June; for a brisk fire in the grate is sometimes very comfortable in the last week in May; that may be a rare occurrence, but as it sometimes does take place, it is better to be prepared for it than to sit shivering for half a day, with the risk to ourselves and children, of some violent attack of spring disease.

By neglecting these things, four causes are in operation to chill the body and induce colds and fevers. First, The dampness of the atmosphere in May. Second, That striking falling off in appetite for meals and other "heating" food. Third, The premature diminution of clothing. Fourth, The too early removal of the conveniences of fire. And when the very changing condition of the weather of May is taken into account, it is no wonder, that under the influence of so many causes of diminution of the temperature of the body, many fall victims to disease. In November, the healthiest month in the year, we have put on our warmest clothing, kindled our fire, we have found a keen relief for daily, we have the dampness of the atmosphere has been relieved by the condensation of increasing cold.

Whitewashing—A Whitewash.

This is a subject upon which our farmers require "line upon line and precept upon precept." Whitewash is one of the most valuable articles in the world, when properly applied. It prevents not only the decay of wood, but conduces greatly to the healthiness of all buildings, whether of wood or stone. Outbuildings and fences, when not painted, should be repainted once or twice every year with a good coat of whitewash, which should be prepared in the following way—Take a clean, water-tight barrel or other suitable cask, and put into it half a bushel of lime. Slack it by pouring water over it boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly till thoroughly slaked. When the slaking has been effected, dissolve it in water, and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc, and one of common salt. These will cause the wash to harden, and prevent its cracking, which gives an unsightly appearance to the work. If desirable, a beautiful cream color may be communicated to the above wash, by adding three pounds of yellow ochre, or a good pearl or lead color, by the addition of lamp, vine or ivory black. For fawn color, add four pounds of—Turkish or American (the latter is the cheapest.)—one pound Indian red and one pound common lampblack. For common stone color, add four pounds raw umber, and two pounds lampblack.

This wash may be applied with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much superior both in appearance and durability, to common whitewash.

[Germantown Telegraph.

"SINGED BACON." We have recently seen it stated that the Acedian settlers of Aroostook County, burn the bristles from their hogs, instead of scalding, and scraping them off.

A recent number of the Rural New Yorker has the following account of a western man, who has adopted this plan.

"Thomas Nash, an enterprising packer in Chicago, has lately brought out a new feature in the provision trade of this country—singing the hog for slaughter instead of scalding. The editor of the Chicago Tribune says that the prime object of Mr. Nash just now, is filling English orders for this class of provisions. The hogs are carefully selected of the same size, about one hundred and sixty or one hundred and eighty pounds weight each. After the knife, the carcasses, in number twelve at a time, are covered with straw and this is burned upon them. They are then turned and the process of burning is repeated leaving them perfectly blackened. This dark coat scales off before the scraper and the hog is found to be perfectly cleaned of bristles. Each is then dressed, cut in half, head and legs cut off, blade and backbone cut out, the whole neatly trimmed with the knife, and the sides then laid in tiers, skin side downward, the meat surface plentifully strewn with salt—the salting process, and in about two weeks or less, the whole process is completed, and the singed bacon ready for shipment, in boxes, direct to London by steam from Portland, or from New York. Mr. Nash will ship about a thousand hogs this packing season on English orders. The leading reason of the introduction of this modification of our usual pork curing process is that it is an old and favorite mode in some parts of England, and this singed bacon is sent over to compete with the home product of "John Bull." There is a claim that seems well sustained, that the singed less affects the firmness of the fibres of the

pork, than the action of hot water in the tub, and several of our experts in provision matters concede that this advantage compensates for the increased trouble and expense.

Requisites for Making Good Butter.

What are the requisites for making the best butter? There are a few butter-makers who have established such a reputation for making the very finest article, that all they can spare for market is eagerly taken at several cents a pound above the market price. So far as we know, they all adopt the following rules; or if they do not they practice them:

1. A perfectly clean cellar, not only clean from all dirt, but from every bad odor—pure, sweet, and fresh.
2. Perfectly clean, well aired vessels. Not an infinitesimal speck of any foreign or sour substance adheres to any of them.
3. Churning before the cream becomes old.
4. Securing such a temperature that it will require about half an hour for churning—if performed much sooner, a loss of butter must occur, and it is not so good.
5. Work all the buttermilk out, which is rarely done—and work no longer, which is still more rarely, but sometimes done.
6. Use the purest salt and add an ounce to a pound.
7. Pack the butter in the jars or firkins solid—put as much in a small space as possible.

8. Lastly, and first also, provide good sweet pasture, and plenty of perfectly pure water for the cows at all times. If any have practiced all these, and have not succeeded, we should like to hear from them. It is proper to state, however, that there are some who assert that their vessels, &c. are clean, when in fact they are far from it.

CONDITION OF THE PEASANTRY IN FRANCE. M. Cressard, a reliable French author, writes with the documents at hand—

"What we want to reveal, and what very few economists suspect, is the fact that there exists in France, at least in the ancient and large province of Brittany, numerous cantons where a million and more of inhabitants live by labor, without begging and without complaining, on less than five cents a day per capita."

Astonishing as this "revelation" is, its author furnishes apparently irresistible proof of its truthfulness. It would be too long to quote from his interesting article, the detail of this cheap living, of the small element (gizards, livers) chattering and all, scrupulously weighed in, amounts annually to less than twenty-five pounds. This is the average, but as there are some folks who eat meat once or twice, the great majority of its people fall far below the average—indeed quite out of taste of it.

"Most of the country people raise hogs and hens, but less for their own consumption than to sell in town and obtain means of meeting their other wants. Hardly any one but the townspeople and well-to-do families, eat butcher's meat."

Buckwheat, potatoes, milk and curds complete the bill of fare of the majority of the country people. Their houses are as poor as their tables.

"(The house) ordinarily consists of a single room, which often has no other opening than the door and chimney. The floor is generally the earth."

And such is the condition of more than a million of French in Brittany! Truly the Emperor was right in saying that the French agricultural population was much worse off than that of England.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE. From accounts that we have from the West it appears that this plant, which was so generally tried a year or two since in New England, succeeds much better there than here. A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker, writes, at Mount Pleasant, Henry county, Iowa, "You can set down Iowa as one of the sugar-growing States of the Union. There will be thousands of gallons of syrup made in this county this fall. It is selling at about forty cents a gallon. Two hundred gallons per acre is considered, by actual experiment, but a moderate yield. I have seen acres growing which would average fourteen or fifteen feet high."

Another gentleman writing at Edwille, in the same State, says, that within a distance of ten miles he saw sixteen mills, all grinding or crushing the veritable sorghum. The Goshen (Indiana) Times tells of one man who "turns out" the sorghum juice at the rate of 1500 gallons per acre. Dr. T. J. Moore writes to the Peoria (Illinois) Transcript, that one hundred barrels of syrup will be made by the farmers within three miles of his residence.

SOLUBLE PHOSPHATES. A European chemist recommends the following formula for extracting the soluble phosphates from the mineral phosphates of lime:

The mineral in a pulverized state is first treated with hydrochloric acid. This acid will dissolve out all the phosphates and carbonates of lime. The solution is then poured off gently, in a centrifugal separating apparatus, which will clear off the silica. By the addition of ammonia, the phosphates are precipitated in a gelatinous condition. The liquor that is left may be concentrated, if you wish to obtain the ammoniacal salts formed.

—We never respect persons who aim simply to amuse us. There is a vast difference between those we call amusing men, and those we denominate entertaining; we laugh with the former and reflect with the latter.

MISCELLANY.

From Chamber's Journal.

THREE STARTLING SITUATIONS.

My existence I am happy to say, has not been what any conscientious "gentleman connected with the press" would feel himself justified in calling "checked." I did not begin life as the heir to a dukedom, find myself at twenty one to have been illegitimate, and eventually in a position to dictate some popular author, from the sick ward of a union work-house, the interesting raw materials for his novelette, "The Falling Star." Neither did I begin life a lad in the knife-house, and

"Creeping up from high to higher, Become on fortune's crowning slope, The centre of a world's desire, And fit with Altermen to cope."

The prayer of my godfather for me was like Agur's, that I should have neither riches nor poverty; he left me that much abused inheritance—which, to a reasonable man is nevertheless the best in the world, since it enables him to pursue all good objects for their own sake—"a moderate independence;" and I have kept it ever since.

Hence, O reader, it is vain to expect from this comfortable either soaring flights into the Empyrean, (with a large E), or down swoops into the Abysses. I know no more of places than I do of prisons; and yet I have had my three "startling situations," too. Most mortals who have grown to be men and women, have had some experiences always afterwards observable to their mind's eye in the level road of their existence, even if they be but the being pitched out of a merry-go-round at a fair, or the having proposals of marriage tendered to them by a black man; and why not I like the rest?

First then, I have had the privilege of beholding a spiritual manifestation—three distinct, or at all events, separate ghosts at the same time. This happened on my way from Calais to Paris in the winter of 1832. The boat as it always does when I am in it—a proof of my honest assertion that there is nothing about me unlike what belongs to the majority of my fellow creatures—had made an exceedingly bad passage, and I landed upon the shores of France with a vacuum within me, that I had yet no desire to replenish. Had it been otherwise, there was very little time to do it, for the diligence, unlike myself, quite full inside, was upon the point of starting, and I climbed up in a miserable condition beside the conductor. How he screamed, gesticulated and cracked his prodigious whip like a demon-driver, it is not necessary, and would be painful to me to describe. I fell asleep as soon as I could, and forgot him, and when I awoke again, he was asleep too, and the horses were going at their own sweet will and pace, which latter is in France a very moderate one. I felt cold and hungry, but yet so faint as not to seem equal to the effort of waking the driver, and urging him to push on a little faster to the next roadside inn; so faint so drowsy, that no earthly thing, I think short of an up-lift could have roused me up, or awakened my interest. No earthly thing, perhaps, but what was that running along on the hedge—on the top of the hedge—on the left hand; running along by the side of the diligence and yet a little in advance, so as to turn back and look at it and at me? That woke me soon enough, and most thoroughly. What business had Mary Rose, my little ward—who had lately been left a widow with two children, and whom I had bidden goodbye to only a few days before—what business I say had she to be running atop of a roadside hedge between Calais and Paris at midnight, always keeping her head turned round, and her eyes fixed upon me? There was not the least doubt of it being Mary, although I had never seen her with that look of pain and entreaty on her face before. I am thankful to think that she never had to ask anything, either for herself or others, twice from me. She never looked before her, but glided swiftly on along the hedge; and when a gap or gate intervened, seemed to leap it without any spring or unusual exertion. When her eyes were not on mine, they were fixed on the one or the other of the fore wheels of the diligence; and presently, I leaned over to see what was attracting her in the left-hand one. Georgey was there—Georgey Rose, her eldest son, revolved with the wheel, and upon its rim, disappearing and coming up again as though he were bound to it, with his white face upward toward me and her but with shut eyes. His brother Charles was on the other wheel, I knew although of course, I could not see him; and presently upon the great empty front seat, where there was room for four beside the driver, there lay stretched on either side of me those same two boys, in long white dresses which—since they were dead, poor things, as it subsequently turned out—might have been shrouds. I had scarcely time to put my hands out, right and left and through each of these forms, to feel the bare cushions of the seat, when the driver with a burst of *sarcas* woke, and lashed the horses calling them pigs and demons. Then the children and their dear mother vanished from my sight forever. Being of a phlegmatic, or as I prefer to call it, of a philosophic disposition, I simply entered in my note book, writing it there as I sat in the clear moonlight, "Curious illusion produced [December 13, 1832] by hunger and fatigue."

Nevertheless, as I sat at breakfast in Paris on the morning of the nineteenth, I received word by post that Mary Rose and her two children were all dead of typhus fever. "Mary," the letter said, "kept asking for you, William, as though you could have saved her little ones, and even after they were out of the reach of earthly aid. She herself did not survive them more than a few hours. They all died on the fourteenth."

My third remarkable adventure occurred to me in broad daylight, when it is especially creditable to a situation to be "start-

ling," as mine undoubtedly was. I was in Chester, residing with my family, consisting of my wife and a grown-up son and daughter, in temporary lodgings, three stories high, but otherwise very convenient. It was ten o'clock in the morning, but I am ashamed to say, we were still at breakfast, for we were away from home on pleasure, and had fallen into all sorts of idle habits. Our conversation happened to be upon an incivility my wife had met with in town on the preceding day. Some coal-heavers were uncaring coal upon the pavement, and the roadway being very wet, she had asked them to desist for a moment, so that she might pass. They did so, but not without one of them observing, "And how do you think we should get our work done as goes by?" We were expressing our hope that this gentleman's remark was not an exemplification of Chester manners, when the third window of our room—that farthest from the breakfast table—was violently thrown open, and the head and uncovered shoulders of a man thrust themselves inward. My son and I were so overcome with astonishment, and the ladies with terror, that it must have been a full moment before I stooped down to get the poker, and during the whole of which interval he made the most hideous grimaces it is possible to conceive. Independently of these, his natural ugliness was excessive, he being perfectly bald and of a bright scarlet color—such a complexion as I had never before seen on any man. As I ran at him poker in hand, he slammed down the window, and before I could open it, was out of sight. Wonderful as had been his appearance, his disappearance was far more so, and, indeed, inexplicable. The window which had been thrown up was a half-window—that is to say, it was common to our room and the next to it, which also belongs to the same house but was at that time uninhabited and locked up. Having satisfied ourselves that the apparition was not in this apartment, there was, nothing left but the conclusion that he had made his way along a narrow ledge of not more than four inches broad, to some other house to the right of ours, and that with the most excessive quickness. The ledge was at least forty feet perpendicular above a crowded street, with no other resting-place between it and the ground, and in full view of all passers-by, some of whom would have been surely attracted by the spectacle of a naked scurvy man balancing himself upon next to nothing over their heads. The matter indeed seemed inexplicable; but still I felt it to be my duty to persevere in my investigations, since the minds of both my wife and daughter had been greatly shaken by the occurrence, and if I could only find some reasonable explanation, I knew that half that mischief would be done away with. I spared therefore neither pains nor money to this end. The police were set to work; a reward was offered for the discovery of the person who had committed the outrage; and all passengers through the street in question upon that morning between ten and a quarter past ten, were exhorted to come forward and witness to any peculiar appearance visible at that time and place. All however, was in vain, until about a fortnight afterwards. The subject was by that time avoided by us as much as possible while the ladies were present; but one forenoon, while my son and I were speaking of it as the maid was laying the luncheon cloth, he observed:

"Do you know, father, I have been thinking a good deal about the odd appearance of that horrible man's head, and I have come to the conclusion that it was not bald at all, but shaved."

"Good," said I. "I'm pretty sure, my lad you're right; and in that case he must have been an escaped lunatic. This gives us a clue—"

"Please sir," interrupted the maid with a courtesy, "Mr. John Stokes at No. 23, as ad is shaved lately for scarlet fever."

"For scarlet fever," said I; "Eureka, Eureka!" and I clapped my hat on, and rushed off to No. 23 like a lunatic myself. Mr. John Stokes was still grievously ill and not to be seen by anybody but his lawyer, said the servant.

"And am I not his lawyer, my good man? Can't you see?"

So I went up, as I had conjectured would be the case, to the third story, the same in which was our own sitting room in No. 19. Poor Mr. John Stokes was lying in bed—and luckily, fast asleep—with the identical shaved head and scarlet face that had been so impressed upon all our memories.

"He has been delirious for days, poor fellow," said the nurse; "and it would be a pity to wake him for any business matter—would it not?"

I said that it would be a great pity, and that it was not to be thought of; and then asked whether the sick man was ever left alone.

"Never, sir."

"Are you quite sure of that?" said I, severely.

"Well, sir, I may say 'never'; that is, except just for my going down stairs for his breakfast."

"And what time does he breakfast?"

"Well, sir, about ten o'clock."

"Between ten and a quarter past, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," replied the astonished nurse; "just so."

The window nearest to our house was, I found, unbolting. It was clear that Mr. John Stokes—who afterward got well of his fever, and, I hope, recovered his hair—was the apparition that had so spoiled our breakfast a fortnight ago, and set our digestions wrong ever since.

The only mystery remaining was how,

even in delirium, human feet could have gone so swiftly and surely upon that narrow ledge along the fronts of three broad houses, and how they could have remained invisible to any eyes save ours.

A FISH STORY. In the State Board of Agriculture's rooms, in the State House, is a large glass box or vessel, wherein are kept several live specimens of fish, among others a sunfish about six inches in length. The Secretary recently caught a common herculean and placed it in the water with the fish. A contest immediately began between the sunfish and the leech, involving life or death to the worm, which was watched with much interest and curiosity. The sunfish attempted to swallow the leech head foremost, but the latter fastened himself to the under jaw of the fish and obstinately refused to be swallowed. The next thing was for the fish to get the leech out of its mouth, and to this end various ingenious maneuvers were resorted to without effect. At last the fish, raising his mouth above the surface of the water, blew the bloodsucker from his position. Again the fish attempted to swallow the leech, this time tail first; but the wily worm fastened himself outside of his enemy's mouth, and had to be dislodged by a repetition of the blowing dodge. The struggle lasted for more than a week, and at last the fish succeeded in getting the leech down, whereat he manifested his satisfaction by a series of inexplicable currents. But alas! the exultation of the sunny victor was brief, for the next morning found Mr. Sunfish floating side-wise upon the surface of the water—dead. The bloodsucker triumphed, even in death, and left no living foe. [Columbus Statesman.

OUR DOMESTIC RELATIONS. In a recent stump speech, Ten Corwin made a point good enough to draw a smile from a politician of any stripe. Referring to the reputation (by Caleb Cushing and Mayor Wood) of the theory that slavery is a part of the curse entailed upon the descendants of Ham, Mr. Corwin said:

He would suggest to Caleb that, although it was better for a negro to be a slave, it was not better for the white man. He would ask Caleb and the Lord Mayor of New York, "Are you the sons of Japhet?" "Yes." "Was Japhet the brother of Ham?" "Yes." "Then the negro is your cousin." [Laughter long prolonged.] And he would ask Caleb and the Lord Mayor, do you think it is treating your cousin like a gentleman by sending his wife to Alabama and his children to New Orleans? [Laughter.] He would remind them that the army of United States Marshals that pursued the fugitive to the promised land were swallowed up in the Red Sea, and that the Fugitive Slave Bill was repealed. [Tremendous applause.] There were arguments to be found in the Bible for both sides. As the bubbling groan of the doomed persecutors rose up, the song of Miriam—the "Hail Columbia" of that day—was borne away on the wind. He should have been glad if the Lord Mayor and Caleb Cushing could have been at the scene. [Laughter.]

FLOWERS. Of all the minor creations of God, flowers seem to be most completely the effusions of his love of beauty, grace and joy. Of all the minor objects which surround us, they are the least connected with our absolute necessities.

Vegetation might proceed, the earth might be clothed with a sordid green; all the processes of fructification might be perfected without being attended by the glory with which the flower is crowned; but beauty and fragrance are poured over the earth in blossoms of endless varieties, radiant evidence of the boundless benevolence of the Deity. They are made solely to gladden the heart of man, for a light to his eye, for a living inspiration of grace to his spirit, for a perpetual admiration.

The Greeks, whose souls pre-eminently sympathized with the spirit of grace and beauty in everything, were enthusiastic in their love, and lavish in their use of flowers. They scattered them in the porticoes of their temples, they were offered on the altars of some of their deities—they were strewn in their conquerors' path—on all occasions of festivity and rejoicing they were strewn about, or worn in garlands.

The guests at banquets were crowned with them—the bowl was wreathed with them; and whenever they wished to throw beauty, and to express gladness, like sunshine, they cast flowers. [W. Howitt.

EXCLUSIVELY LITERARY. How a young lady endeavored to adapt her style of conversation to the character of her guests, is narrated in an Ohio paper. Tom Corwin and Tom Ewing being on a political tour through the State, stopped at the house of a prominent politician at night, but found no one at home but a young niece, who presided at the supper table. She had never seen great men, and supposed they were all elephants and alligators, and all talked in great language. "Mr. Ewing, will you take condiments in your tea sir?" inquired the young lady. "Yes, sir," replied the politician, "I will take condiments in your tea, sir." "Pepper and salt, but no mustard," was the prompt reply of the fastidious Tom. Of course, nature must out, and the entertainers roared in spite of themselves. Corwin essayed to mend the matter, and was voluble in anecdote, and wit, and compliment. The young lady to this day declares that Tom Corwin is a coarse, vulgar disagreeable man.

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