## The Man and Gentleman.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

### A VELDUET OF STUART, THE PAINTER.

Once Stuart was dining with Governeur Morris, after that gentleman's return from Portugal. There was a large party of handsome women and fashionable men, who occupied high positions in Church or State, and carried their honors bravely. The conversation was chiefly about wines, and especially port wine and vintages; their best maintaining, as well he might, that in this country we never saw any real port wine; and, among other pleasant things, he averred that more port wine, or what passed for port wine, was drank in London than was ever made in Portugal; that even there the genuine article was never to be had for love or money, except under peculiar circumstances,—even the "old port" of the London docks being, at best, but a decoction of logwood and elder-berries or grape-cuttings; and that, in fact, the real Simon Pure was so utterly unlike what passes for port wine here and elsewhere, that our best judges would call it insipid, having neither body nor soul. Nevertheless, he had managed while in Portugal to make an arrangement whereby he could obtain a quarter-pipe now and then for himself or a friend as a special favor, the government itself being afraid to allow the exportation of unadulterated wines, lest they should injure the sale of the rest.

"And now," said he, "to show you all how you have been abused in this matter, I must beg of you to try a glass of what I call port wine,—old port. Here George," (to a waiter behind his chair), "bring us up,—let me see,"—and here he glanced up and down the long table, as if counting noses,—"bring us up three bottles, not more,—I cannot afford more, till my stock is replenished,—of the vintage I have been telling you of,—and give us clean glasses."

The waiter soon appeared with just three bottles, fat and chunky, and covered with dust and cobwebs. The clean glasses were rather undersized, it must be acknowledged; but they were filled, and held up to the light, and looked through, and then there was a deal of talk about the aroma,—the bouquet,—and what they called the body, as if it were condensed sunshine, flashing through a live grapery. Stuart was just raising the glass to his lips, when he caught a whiff of the aroma, and set it down, without tasting it, and without being observed. The talk went on. The ladies began to chirp and chatter like sparrows on the house-tops,—I give Stuart's language, not my own,—and the sparkle of their eyes, and the uncommon freshness of their lips, by the time they had managed the second glass, only served to strengthen his convictions.

At last, after collecting the suffrages, which were not only unanimous but enthusiastic, the host turned to Stuart, and, seeing a full glass before him, asked what he had to say for himself, and whether he had ever met with such old port in his life before. "Never!" said Stuart; and then the host nodded and smiled, and looked about with a triumphant air, as much as to say, What did I tell you? "Never!" but still there was something in the look or tone of his guest which puzzled Mr. Morris, and seemed to call for explanation. "Come, come, Stuart!" said he, "none of your tricks upon travellers. We want your honest opinion, for we all know you are the best judge of wines to be found on this side of the water; and therefore I ask you once more, in all seriousness, if you ever drank such old port in all your life, either at home or abroad, upon your honor, now?"

"*Never*," said Stuart,—"never!" And then there was a dead silence, and the host himself began to look uneasy, not knowing how to understand what he believed to be one of Stuart's jokes; and then Stuart added in his own peculiar way: "You must excuse me, my friend, and you ladies and gentlemen; but I assure you that what you have all been taking for old port wine is not wine at all."

"Not wine at all," exclaimed Morris, almost jumping out of his chair,—"why, what the—plague—is it then?"

"I should call it,—excuse me,"—taking a sniff, as he passed it back and forth before his nose,—"I should call it *cherry bounce!*"

For a moment the host appeared thunderstruck, well nigh speechless with amazement; but then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, his countenance underwent a change, and calling the waiter, he said, "George, you scoundrel!" in a sort of stage whisper, that could be heard all over the room,—"George, tell me where you found these bottles." The poor fellow trembled and shook; but after a few words of explanation, Morris threw himself back in his chair, and laughed and laughed until it seemed as if he would never stop; and it turned out that this port wine, so carefully selected by him in Oporto, and sent home years before," as he thought, was indeed nothing but cherry bounce, which had been put up and set aside for family use on special occasions long before he went abroad, till it was entirely forgotten.

LIME.—There are said to be carried off from the soil nine pounds of lime in twenty-five bushels of wheat, nine pounds in fifty bushels of oats, and fifteen pounds in thirty bushels of barley. There are thirty-five pounds of lime in two tuns of rye grass, one hundred and twenty-six pounds in two tons of clover, one hundred and forty pounds in twenty-five tuns of turnips and two hundred and seventy pounds in nine tuns of potatoes. Some soils conta in an abundance of lime for a thousand years, other soils require an occasional application of lime as a fertilizer.

THE buckwheat cake and sausage season is fairly inaugurated. The former constitutes a capital breakfast, providing the dose is not too often repeated. A persistent diet of buckwheat brings about cutaneous eruptions and a style of itching only relieved by exhausting counter irritation. Up in Berks county, where the cereal constitutes the diet of a family from November to March, every child in the family has a tree somewhere near the house against which to scrub his back.

GOOD HAMS.—After hams have been smoked, take them down and thoroughly rub the flesh part with molasses, then immediately apply ground or powdered pepper, by sprinkling on as much as will stick to the molasses, when they must be hung up again to dry. Hams treated in this manner keep perfectly sweet for two or three years. This must be done before the fly deposits the egg, for after that is done nothing will stop their ravages.

THE LATEST REBEL REPORT FROM ARKANSAS.—LITTLE ROCK, Dec. 23.—Refugees from the counties afflicted with the militia continue to flock to this city. They confirm the reports of the outrages. The report that Gen. Grant has sent officers to investigate the outrages is received with rejoicing.

"SHALL we take a bus up Broadway? said a young New Yorker, who was showing his country cousin about town. "Oh dear, no," said the alarmed girl, "I wouldn't do that in the street."

BEAUTIFUL was the reply of a venerable man to the question whether he was still in the land of the living—"No, but I am almost there."

GEORGE PEABODY has given $600,000 additional to the poor of London—making his total gift $1,750,000!

THE new English Parliament is chiefly composed of middle-aged politicians.


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The public are cautioned against parties who use the name of HOWE in connection with their machines, on account of the popularity of the genuine Howe.—Remember that there are

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IMBEDDED ON THE MACHINE.

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Only Agents for Adams county.

Aug. 7, 1868.—tf

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