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Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

S. B. & E. B. CHASE, PROPRIETORS

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Part's Corner.

The Quaker Land.

I love the old mountains,
I love the bright hills,
The sparkling fountains
That gush from the hills,
Where oft in my childhood,
I sported in glee,
And forest and wildwood,
Young happy and free.
I thought not of sadness,
I dreamed not of grief,
But visions of gladness
In smiling relief,
Hung over my pillow,
Each morning each thought,
For troubles will billow
No lesson had taught.
A Spirit enchanted
With scenery grand,
Where Nature had planted
A fair Quaker land.
Dear Quaker is Prairie land
Laden with flowers,
Fertile her meadows grand
Sunny her bowers.
Majestic the mountains,
That tower in pride,
Where the bright fountains
Rush forth to the tides,
Where giant oaks quiver,
In the storm crashing,
And swift rolling river
O'er its banks dashing.
But nobler the mountains
Where stately elms stand,
And brighter the fountains
Of our Quaker land.
I cherish the sages
That sleep in her tomb,
Whose glory for ages
The world shall illumine;
The columns of granite
Bespeak their fame,
The zephyrs that fan it,
Their virtues proclaim,
Italia sweet maidens,
Christians proud fair,
With praises o'er-laden
Can Quaker compare?
With Quaker land beauties
As gladsome as dawn,
That taste to their duties
At gushing of dawn;
Their laugh gay and airy
Fits over the sea;
Their forms lithe and fair
As wood-nymphs can be,
O'er the maidens
With ringlets of gold,
That glitters in Scotia
The land of the bold,
And when I grow weary
Of this mortal coil,
And death dark and dreary
Shall free me from toil
Departed my spirit,
To meet with its God,
O, may I inherit
A grave health its God,
Where cool zephyrs lightly
Shall waft sweet perfume
And gay sun-beams brightly
Shall play o'er my tomb.

ECLAMPTER.

The following are lines composed on the death of Mrs. Betsy J. Dimock wife of Eld. Dr. Dimock, by a young lady.

Thus art gone to thy rest and we would not
Recall thee,
To suffer on earth again sorrow and pain;
For we know that our loss though we deeply
Deplore thee,
In thy spirit unexpressed gain.

Thus art gone to thy rest and thy warfare is
Ended,
Thy conflicts with suffering and sin now are o'er,
From storm cloud and wave safely anchored
In heaven
Thy bark shall be tossed with earth's tempest
No more.

Oh! long was thy journey full toilsome and
weary
And oft thy meek spirit was bowed by the
blast
But thy path through the valley led upward to
glory,
And the crown that is fadeless was thine at
the last.

From art gone from his side who must ever
Be near thee?
How deeply thine none but the stricken may
know,
For each is the lot of the raft here and lonely
As onward through life's dreary desert they go
Thou art gone to that world where the sun-
light never fades,
Where flowers never wither and moons never
wane,
Where hope's a lot on earth by chill frost ear-
ly blighted,
Small bloom in perennial brightness again.

Thus art gone and thy children oh deeply
They mourn thee,
But would not recall thee from heaven above
For they know that thy dwelling is now with
the angels,
In the light of his presence whose kingdom is
forever.

EP No man has a right to do as he pleases
except when he pleases to do right.
EP Always pay your debts to gentlemen,
and respect to ladies.

The Main Law.

FROM THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Both our readers who favor, and those who oppose, the Maine Law, may find perhaps something in the following, sketch that will profit them a little.—Ed. Post.]

"That or anything—any law—tyranny—despotism—anything to keep men from ruining themselves, and making beggars of their wives and outcasts of their children!"

So spoke a young man amid a group who were earnestly discussing the 'Maine Law,' or rather anti-liquor measures are termed, from the state where they were first enacted. His excited manner flashing eyes showed that he felt all that he said. He was indeed a sufferer—a sufferer from a father's habits of intoxication. He keenly felt the disgrace to which he was inevitably, but still unjustly subject. He had nearly or quite lost his affection for his erring parent—for both his parents, indeed. For while the errors of one grieved, the complaints of the other wearied him. As had scarce patience to endure his younger brothers and sisters.

Misrule and no rule made blemish of the Drunkard's Home. As he declaimed, he felt a gentle touch upon his shoulder, and looking up, perceived that it was an old friend—one of the people called Quakers—who wished to draw his attention. As the old gentleman was a friend in a double sense—personally as well as by sectarian designation, Andrew Wallace left the company in which he was standing, and walked away with the Quaker.

"Is this quite right, Andrew, in making thyself quite so free on a sore subject? Did thee never think that perhaps it might draw too much attention to thy poor father's weakness?"

"Weakness—the old man is—"

"Honor thy father and thy mother, Andrew, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

"Honor, how can I honor such a person, friend Hoopes?"

"Rebuke not an elder, but entreat him as a father. Now, John Wallace is not only an elder as touching thee, but he is thy father literally. Has thee entreated him?"

"A thousand times, friend Hoopes, a thousand times! And is not my mother's life a whole life of entreaty! We have begged and implored him—reasoned and argued with him—threatened, pleaded and promised. But it does no good. He will not keep sober a week at a time—he never considers the comfort of his family, and but for me they would want the necessities—not to say the comforts of life. So I go with all my might for a law which shall prevent vices from growing rich upon our own wretchedness. I am for the Maine Law, and nothing short of it!"

"And I, too, am a friend of the Maine Law. And if everybody would support and maintain it, there would be none of the sorrow in the world which flows from man's inhumanity to man. But while we are waiting for the law-givers, can't thee do something thyself for thy father?"

"I have done—all."

"Not all, Andrew. Will thee let me show thee? Where is thy father to-night?"

"In some drinking house."

"In which drinking house, Andrew? Come, thee should know something of thy father's haunts and habits, for it might be of benefit to him. Does thee smoke tobacco, Andrew?"

"What has that to do with it, friend Hoopes?"

"Never thee mind, Andrew, but answer what I ask thee. Does thee smoke tobacco?"

"Well I do, then."

"Don't thee be short and surly Andrew. I know thy father does, for those who drink always smoke. 'Don't answer me, I don't say that those who smoke always drink, tho' oftentimes the lesser fault does produce the greater. But I am going to give thee some segars."

Andrew was puzzled as to what his eccentric friend could be aiming at. Friend Hoopes took him into a large store, and while Andrew stood wondering what all could mean that he saw, the Quaker bought a small but very complete and somewhat heavy assortment of groceries. He borrowed of the shopkeeper a basket to pack them in.

"Shall I send thee?" asked the grocer.

"No; this young man will call for them, presently. Has thee good segars?"

The grocer pointed to his stock, and Friend Hoopes selected a handful, at random, we suspect for he was no judge of the article.

"Come, Andrew," he said, and they walked forth, the young man still in very much of a mystification. "Now, Andrew, here are thy segars. Light one. Here, boy, said the Quaker, bickering up a little pocket edition of manhood, in whose mouth a segar stuck, like the handle of a mallet. "Does not smoking make thee sick my lad?"

"Well, it don't old Hoop."

"Come, now, my son, I see the weed does not improve thy manners. Does thee know when thee began to smoke tobacco?"

The boy drew back, inclined to harbor some slight suspicion that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and protested that he was not going to be made game of.

"Well, well, my lad, give my friend here of thy fire, for he smokes, too?"

Andrew was half disposed to refuse, for he could not imagine what trap Friend Hoopes was preparing for him. But the Quaker insisted,

and staid the loud laugh of the boy's companion, the segar was lighted, and the Quaker and his friend went their way.

"Thee knows, Andrew, where thy father is?"

"I could find him, I suppose."

"Well—I am now going home, for Rebecca will wonder what has become of me, this evening. And she will wonder more at my furnishing, for I do believe the smoke from thy segar, and the young smoker's, has permeated through the texture of my habiliments, even to my linen. Never mind, Andrew! I can abide even tobacco smoke, in a good cause. Go thee to thy father, and say to him, 'Father, will thee take a weed for that is what the flash people call it, as I perceive in the papers. Thy father will take it, without a doubt. Then thee will be on terms, and thee will say, 'Father help me home with a basket?' Thy father will go with thee. Take the groceries home, and if thy father and mother suppose thee has bought them, never heed their mistake. To-morrow return the empty basket, and let me see thee, Andrew, in a day or two, and we will talk more of the Maine Law."

Andrew would have questioned or debated the point, but the old friend was gone. His pride rebelled at the gift of groceries, but as he suspected his shrewd friend had a purpose under it, he decided to carry out the suggestion of the Quaker. All happened as Friend Hoopes had predicted. John Wallace was surprised to see his son enter the bar-room, where he sat—his nightly custom. He was angry, for he expected unkind words, and a scene. But when Andrew offered him a segar, he took it without hesitation, judging from this commencement, that his son did not intend to shame him before his boon companions.

"I have a basket to take home, father, will you help me?"

The father rose without a word, and as they passed-out, Andrew, who began to discern something of the spirit and purpose of the thing, made a casual remark or two, which the father pleasantly answered. And as they took the basket home, the father ventured an assertion which was not quite the truth, nor all a lie, to wit:—that he thought they 'wanted some things' at home, and was going to get them to-morrow.

When they reached home, Mrs. Wallace was surprised and pleased, but was too wise to say anything to betray the unexpectedness of the provision made for the family. She busied herself in packing away the contents of the basket, and father and son smoked their segars in comfort, while the little Wallaces climbed round them, and admired the spiral wreaths of vapor as they ascended. Now, Mrs. Wallace did not like smoke—but she said nothing. A sober husband and a kind son could atone for a much greater inconvenience than even this. The news of the day—the relative strength of Scott and Pierce, the Fishery question, the French Dictatorship, and all other current topics, came under review, and both son and wife wondered how much general information and shrewd observation John Wallace had hitherto reserved for the benefit of beer-saloons and tip-rooms. All retired quietly and cheerfully at an early hour; and Mrs. Wallace enjoyed the first undisturbed and quiet sleep, for many a month.

In the morning John Wallace awoke, as usual with a parched throat and a furrowed tongue. He was surprised to find his wife up before him. He dressed himself with the trembling hands of the habitual drinker, who has not yet taken his morning-potation to stay his nerves, and he stole down the stairs, intending to slip out for his draught, and return before he was missed. But as he descended, savory smells saluted his nose, and he heard a hissing fry in the kitchen. The door stood open, and his watchful wife stopped him, and said, "Come John, she said, 'don't go out before breakfast. If it is really rainy, and will lose by waiting.'"

He could not persist in his purpose; but sat down at once to a hearty breakfast, nicely served, a cup or two of well made coffee, wisely given down comfortable substantial, and contented with the cheerful conversation of his wife and son, staid his nerves, and strengthened his hands. He wondered that he had so well succeeded without a morning dram. No one said a word, direct or indirect, upon liquor, or the liquor law, and father, and son took their hats and walked as far as their ways lay together, to their daily labor. When they separated, Andrew was full of thought and hope; and not a little wonder at the wisdom of his Quaker adviser. He saw the drift and intention of all that he had recommended, and needed no hint to carry out the plan which Friend Hoopes had suggested.

It was a long forenoon. Andrew was in the habit of taking 'a bite' as it is termed, in the long interval between a mechanic's early breakfast and his dinner. As he went for it this day, he remembered his father. And it is well that he did. The demon drunkenness, impatient of the disappointment of the morning, was making furious clamor against John Wallace's partial abstinence. The poor man's hands shook, and he could, with difficulty, place them upon his tools. His head was confused, and his mind wandered. He was faint and unsatisfied, and had begun to parley with resolution, when Andrew called him at the window.

"Come, father, with me a second?"

"Here's where I got a mouthful these long forenoons," said he as they entered a temperance eating house.

John looked round in vain for bottles and

glasses, while Andrew ordered coffee for two. This with some slight food, not enough to spoil their dinners, staided: John Wallace's nerves again, and he returned to his labor, cheerful though not excited—and not quite so strong perhaps for the moment, as he would have been, had he taken his usual unhealthily stimulus. Thus the day passed. The dinner was eaten with a pleasant relish, the evening was spent at home.

Andrew in a few days sought his honest Quaker friend again.

"Well, Andrew," said Friend Hoopes, "what does thee think of the Maine Law, now?"

"Oh, I have been so busy that I have not thought of it at all."

"Indeed thee has, my lad," said the Quaker, after he had listened to Andrew's narrative of his proceedings. "Thee has been thinking of the Maine Law all the time. But what does thee particularly wish to say to-day?"

"Father is getting very uneasy. He says he must go down to-night to that old haunt of his."

"Well, Andrew, thee must go with him."

"He don't want me. He says he will be home early—and not drink."

"He will drink, Andrew, if he goes without thee. But I should have no hopes at all of him, if he did not feel an obligation to go to the place."

Andrew made no reply, but looked his surprise.

"Can't thee guess, Andrew? Thy father would be glad to forget the place forever—but he owes a small sum there, without any doubt."

"And what shall I do, then?"

"Give him the money to pay it, if he has it not himself—and go with him, when he does it."

"What pay the Pickpocket who has impoverished us so long! He can't recover the demand."

"And thee can't recover thy father, unless thee helps him to maintain his integrity, Andrew. A debt is a debt, and it preys on his conscience. Let him be quits with Satan, and the hold of the tempter will be loosed. Just think how thy father must feel, when he knows that spirit-venom, and his impes, and familiars, are every day saying that thy father only keeps out of the way to cheat him out of his reckoning!"

"There is force in what you say."

"There is truth, Andrew. Now take my advice. Has thee money?"

"Not much."

"Take this, and pay me at thy leisure. Now don't make a noise, and a splutter, and parade. Thee cannot afford to be a violent reformer, just yet; and when thee can afford it, thee will have learned that gentleness is stronger than violence; and sunshine more powerful than tempest. Has thee any of those segars left?"

Andrew smiled.

"I thought so. Well so much the better. Thee can go down with thy father to-night, and call for segars. Then thee can read a handbill, or anything, to turn thy back while thy father quietly pays his score. The landlord will press him to drink, but he won't do it—and he must not, Andrew not even a glass of port. And then he never need enter the place again."

Once more Andrew followed the wise old friend's advice, and the event proved him as shrewd and polite as he was kind. The debt was settled. The drink was refused. The tavern-keeper was quietly rebuked in the act, and could not but admire the honor and integrity of his former customer. Nor could he refrain from hoping that his reform might be permanent. We may mention in parenthesis that this little affair, drove one rum-seller out of the business. He felt ashamed to pursue a trade which ruined his patrons—and moved by the successful efforts of a son to recover his father, has renounced the evil traffic. But to return to our story.

In a few weeks more, Andrew called on the Quaker to refund the money loaned, and also the price of the basket of groceries.

"And how is thy father now, Andrew?"

"He continues perfectly sober, thanks to your wise advice."

"And what does thee think of the Maine Law, now?"

"I have not thought of it!"

"Oh, but thee is mistaken—as I said before. The Maine Law—the main pillar of Christianity as regards man and man, is written not in the statutes of the State of Maine, but in the New Covenant or Testament—and I felt a concern to teach it to thee, Andrew, when I heard thee talking so loud and to so little purpose, that evening thee knows. It is written in the book of Matthew; and was spoken by the great Law giver of the New Testament: 'Therefore all things whatsoever that ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the Law.' Now this my Maine Law, and thee sees I will not petition the Legislature anything about it. And thee has been acting under it, Andrew. Just perceive, and thy father will soon fall into the spirit of it, as well as thy mother. And if thy father chance to stumble, as he may don't forget the Maine Law, but keep it always in practice.' Farewell, Andrew and return to me whenever thee is in a strait. But stop one moment. If thee will, thee can quit smoking, and so can thy father. It leads to 'no good, and I have tolerated it only for the expediency so far. But it is against the Maine Law. How would thee like thy mother and sisters to smoke, Andrew?"

Women in the Country.

FROM MR. FREUCH'S ADDRESS.

Look for a moment, at the condition of a majority of the wives of respectable farmers, ay, and of men of all other classes in your own country. What are the duties, which, by general consent, devolve upon them?

What do you, sir, and you, expect of the lady who presides over your household? Did you ever consider for a moment, how many and various and constant are her cares and trials?

You are, perhaps, an amateur farmer; you have, like a true and thriving Yankee, built a large and elegant house—not so much because you need it, as because your neighbors live in fine houses. And, besides, you are a growing man in the world, and have been Representative to the Legislature, and are liable to go to Congress, or be President of the United States. There is no knowing what may not befall you, and it is well to keep up appearances in the world, and be ready for any honors that may be thrust upon you.

You have a large family of children, and they are all to be educated, and of course have no time to work. Your boys must be fitted for college, and your girls must be taught music, and French, and drawing, besides the common branches of learning. Your wife is expected to see that your elegant house and furniture are kept in order—that the children are kept neat and orderly at all times. You have a fancy for Devon and Ayrshire and Short-horn cows, and perhaps exhibit them at the Annual Fair, and your wife must take interest enough in your affairs to look well to the dairy.

You have a great propensity to clear up swamps, and build stone walls, and improve your farm, and your kitchen is filled with hired men, and nobody but your wife knows what to get for breakfast, dinner or supper for them or the family.

Then you are a generous, hospitable sort of fellow, and often invite your friends from other towns, whom you happen to meet, home to dine, and your wife is obliged to do the thing up handsomely, for the credit of the establishment; and, although the three youngest children have just had the whooping cough, and she has kept her awake half the nights for the last month, the amiable lady is expected to appear at the table, dressed like the wife of a gentleman, as bland as a moonbeam, and play the agreeable to your guests, with the same matronly grace, as if she had passed the whole morning over her books and music.

You expect to see your breakfast upon the table punctually at the hour, and the children washed and neatly dressed in their places, at the table. You expect to see the table handsomely laid, and the food properly cooked and served up. You expect the good lady to be ready and at leisure; at all times, morning and evening, to receive calls of friendship or ceremony; and especially those of your own friends.

You expect to find your wardrobe always in perfect order, with no button or loop or string missing. If a child is ill, there is nobody but the mother to watch over it by night or by day, and the depressing, never-ceasing solicitude, and exhausting offices due from a mother to her infant, can be delegated to no other.

In short, sir, you expect your wife to be at the same time cook and chambermaid, lady and serving girl, nurse and seamstress, and governess, laundress and drymaid.

At length you see, with a sad heart, that her eye is losing its lustre—that her form is becoming daily more frail—that the elasticity of her spirits is gone, and at last the thought, the sickening, crushing thought is forced upon you, that she, whose youthful image, radiant with health and happiness, has never passed from your heart—she, who alone has remained to you true and constant, through sickness and health, in trials and prosperity—she, the mother of your children, who has long been about you and your pleasant household, like a good angel, doing all kind offices for you and your loved ones—she, who is more to you than all the world beside—may die.

And now, perhaps, an effort is made to relieve her and changes are effected in the household arrangements—and housekeepers and servants are procured; the daughters are called on to aid in the domestic affairs, and the grand schemes of improvement are suspended, and no company is invited. But it is all in vain. The hectic flush is on her cheek, and sorrow and fearful forebodings sadden every heart.

For a time, almost like a pure spirit from the realms of bliss, she glides about from room to room, still watchful for the comfort of others, and forgetful of self.

But, I will not attempt to fill up the picture, and trace the sure decay of strength and beauty, and rest by slow consumption. At length "there is rest in Heaven."

Have I exaggerated the trials of a New England wife? I wish it were true that no one of us could call to mind an original, from which my picture might have been drawn! I wish it were true no one of us were conscious of past thoughtfulness, or unreasonable exactions, by which an undue portion of life's burdens have been cast upon the sex least able to bear them.

WASHING DAY.

Washing day is a day in the calendar to be remembered—a day when woman reigns supreme—rains in more senses than one—a day which furnishes an excuse for cold coffee and a picked up dinner—a day when every woman claims as part of her prerogative, to wear her hair in papers and scold, and even "Kick the wee stools o'er the mickle," if she feels in the

humor,—a day when the good man of the house is brought fully to appreciate his own littleness, to feel that he is but a grasshopper in the sight of any woman, armed with a mop or water-pail.

And this noted and justly-celebrated day comprises one-seventh of a man's life, and he who has reached his grand climacteric, has lived through nine whole years of washing-days—a consideration as terrific to the young householder, as it is consolatory to those in old age, who believe that the trials of this world are to be deducted from the discipline of the next.

From the importance of this subject, involving as it does, one-seventh of all our earthly happiness, one would suppose that philosophers and statesmen, laying aside their other schemes for the amelioration of man's condition, would have devoted themselves exclusively to the abolition or mitigation of washing days.

"But the world has gone on," as Dickens has remarked, "and revolved round the sun, and turned on its own axis, and had lunar influences, and various games of that sort," and washing days have come and gone, and the human race has rather increased than lessened in numbers, and men have gotten down upon the idea, that the trials of that dreadful day, like the existence of sin on earth, are to be reckoned among the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, to be patiently endured, with such courage as we can put on for the occasion.

To be sure, like old father Adam, in the garden, men are prone to charge this evil, like all others, upon the woman, and I propose, by way of illustrating my subject, to bring the question directly before the appointed tribunal, whether the worst trials of washing day, like most others of domestic life, are not fairly chargeable upon the want of proper attention and foresight on the part of the man.

And I charge upon our prisoner, in the first place, that he, and the large class whom he represents, have not made suitable arrangements for the convenient supply of the two essential of housekeeping—wood and water.

Your wood-house, sir, is not near enough to your kitchen. Your wife is obliged to go out of doors in Summer and Winter, to reach it—perhaps to go down a slight of steps, and bring her wood up. Often she finds no dry fuel of suitable kind cut and split for use, and you would be ashamed to have it known, how many times she has taken the axe in her own hands to make up for your negligence.

And then the water—she has all seen it again and again, and you cannot deny it. Instead of having a cistern of soft water, with a pump in your wash-room, or an aqueduct leading into your house, you have, year after year, depended on a well of hard water, free rods off, with a well-post that leans hard to the East, and a sweep loaded with old cart boxes, at one end, and a crooked pole and leaky bucket at the other, and the girl whom you took young and blooming from her home, and vowed to love and cherish, goes there, day after day, and year after year, and draws water for her household.

And again, what sort of a scorch-boiler does she use? Is it nicely set in brick-work, in a convenient place for use, or does she hang a big kettle on a crane, half the length of the house from her wash-bench, or is she, for want of a better, compelled to use a half-sized tin boiler on the cook stove in dog-days?

And where is her clothes-line? Have you provided, in some sunny spot, sheltered from the winds, one of the rotary frames lately introduced, on which the whole wash may be hung by a woman, in a few moments, without moving her basket, or have you some convenient out-building, where the line may be kept always stretched, without being slackened by the weather?

No such thing, sir. In the first place, the line is not half long enough, for you never have returned the piece you borrowed to tie up your broken wagon shaft, and you never paid any attention to the oft-repeated, "quiet suggestion, that things were not exactly convenient for drying the clothes, and so the females of your household, after working in a hot room over hot water, half the day, must find a place to dry their clothes as best they can. And we all know how it is done, for we see it every Munday of our lives.

The line is first tied to the old well post. It is then carried to a post in the garden fence, next, a long stretch is made to the old sweet apple tree, and a turn taken round one of its principal limbs—then round the latch of the wood-house door, and lastly back to the well post, forming an irregular parallelogram, with the longest sides supported by the long-handled pitchfork and the rake, borrowed from the barn for the occasion!

And now, what says the accused to our charges? It will avail nothing to set up poverty in his defence, for as has been truly said, "no man is so poor as to be obliged to have my pig-tough at the front door," and we may add, no man is too poor to split his own firewood, and bring the water to wash with.

And so he may as well plead guilty, and save our jury the trouble of a verdict, and henceforth, we will charge a fair proportion of the trials of washing day upon the neglect to provide the best possible conveniences for performing what is at best a disagreeable office in housekeeping.

I have ventured upon this mode of illustrating what I deem, after all, a subject of serious interest, the busy and care-worn life of New England matrons.

These burdens which bear so heavily upon

the wives of our farmers as to constitute a great objection to the choice of agriculture as a business, with any conspirator man, result, as we have seen, in part from the want of servants, or reliable help. This difficulty arises legitimately from the principles of equality, inherent in the Constitution of our Government, and which we should not seek to change.

But this is by no means the whole secret of the trouble. Much of it results from causes which lie within our own control, to some of which allusion has already been made, and others may readily be named.

Bashful Men.
BY MRS. DENNISON.

We never yet saw a genuinely bashful man who was not the soul of honor. Though such may blush and stammer, and shrug their shoulders awkwardly, unable to throw forth, with ease, the thoughts that they would express, yet commend them to us for friends.

There are fine touches in their characters, that time will mellow and bring out; perceptions as delicate as the faintest that is to the unfolding rose; and their thoughts are none the less refined and beautiful that they do not flow with the impetuosity of the shallow streamlet.

We are astonished that such men are not appreciated; that ladies with really good hearts and cultivated intellects, will reward the gallant Sir Mustachio Brainless with smiles and attentions, because he can fold a shawl gracefully, and bandy compliments with Parisian elegance, while they will not condescend to look upon the worthiest man who feels for them a reverence so great that every mate glance is worship.

The man who is bashful in the presence of ladies, is their defender when the loose tongue of the slanderer would defame them; it is not he who boasts of conquest or dares to talk glibly of failings that exist alone in his imagination; his cheek will flush with repentance, his eye flash with anger, to hear the name of women coupled with a coarse oath and yet he who would die to defend them, is least honored by the majority of our sex.

Who ever heard of a bashful libertine! The anomaly was never seen. Ease and elegance are his requisites; upon his lips at flattery, ready to play court alike to blue eyes and black—he is never nonplussed, he never blushes. For a glance, he is in raptures; for a word he would profess to lay down his life, yet it is he who fills our vile city dens with creeks of female purity; it is he who prepares the holy pams of mother; desolates the shrine where domestic happiness is throned; shines the heart that trusts in him; pollutes the very air he breathes, and all under the mask of a polished gentleman.

Ladies, a word in your ear: have you loved, and would you possess a worthy husband? Choose him whose delicacy of deportment, whose sense of your worth, leads him to stand aloof, while others crowd around you. If he blushes, stammers even at your approach, consider them so many signs of exalted opinion of yourself. If he is retiring and modest, let not a thousand fortunes weigh him down in the balance, for depend upon it, with him your life will be happier with poverty, than with many another surrounded by the splendor of palaces.—Olive Branch.

ANECDOTE OF EMERSON.—His fellow villagers relate, with wide eyes, that he has a huge manuscript book, in which he incessantly records the ends of thoughts, bits of observation and experience, and facts of all kinds—a kind of intellectual and scientific rag-bag, into which all shreds and remnants of conversation and reminiscences of wayside reveries are incessantly thrust. This work goes on, they aver, day and night, and when he travels, the rag-bag travels too, and grows more plethoric with each mile of the journey. And a story which will one day be a tradition, is perpetuated in the village, that one night, before his wife had become completely accustomed to his habits, she awoke suddenly, and hearing him groping about the room, inquired anxiously—
"My dear, are you unwell?"
"No, my love, only an idea."—Homes of the Poets.

DOBH AT LAST.—PERHAPS.—A correspondent of the Cleveland Herald claims to be the solver of the great problem of "squaring the circle," which has cracked so many brains during three or four thousand years, and has been a stumbling block to the greatest mathematicians of the world. The happy genius's name is Theodore Faber, and he closes his note to the Herald, dated Nov. 5th, 1852, with the following announcement and challenge:—"The diameter is contained in the circumference, exactly 3 and 784-5537 times. Mathematicians are respectfully invited to prove the contrary." Here's a chance for the "smart cyprians."

FILLING TEETH OVER EXPOSED NERVES.—Dr. S. P. Hullihen, of Whaling, Va., has discovered a method whereby the cavities of teeth over-exposed nerves may be successfully plugged up. It is this.—The diseased part of the tooth are removed to make it appear that the nerve is exposed. The fang is then perforated through the gum, into the nerve cavity. The opening should be of about the size of a small knitting needle; its object is to open the blood vessels of the nerve, which will at once be known by the flow of arterial blood. The cavity of the tooth may then be filled without the least fear of pain or ill consequences. This plan has been successfully practiced in a great number of cases. Hence, to a tooth having an exposed nerve, could not be filled and prevent pain and toothache.