The Montrose Democrat.

"WE ARE ALL EQUAL BEFORE GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION."—James Buchanan.

A. J. Gerritson, Publisher. | Montrose, Susquehanna County, Penn'a, Thursday Morning, September 2, 1858. | Volume 15, Number 35.

At the Well.

She stood beside the ancient well,
Like some enchanted water sprite;
The rosy sunset round her fell,
Flushing her form with glowing light.

No rustic was she, though she dipped
Her bucket in the fountain deep,
Laughing to see how silvery dripped
The water from the bending sweep.

If ever angel troubled pool—
As the old legends love to say—
An angel stirred the waters cool
Within that well at close of day.

The sunset's gold was not more bright
Than the rich tresses of her hair,
Just where they rounded to the light,
While melting on her shoulders fair.

Eyes laughing, and yet full of pride,
And fuller still of love and hope;
And cheeks as delicately dyed
As flowers which in the moonlight ope.

The lips half parted, and yet mute,
The dazzling arm—the slender form,
Light perched upon one slender foot—
All bathed in rosy radiance warm!

As if to greet her own bright eyes,
She bent above the mossy curb;
I longed, yet feared by some surprise,
The beauteous vision to disturb.

"Wilt give a thirsty traveler drink?"
She gave it, with a blush divine;
Which blinded me that I did think
'Twas Hebe standing on the brink
Of Helicon, and dipping wine
In goblets that like gold did shine.

SYSTEM AND NO SYSTEM:
OR, THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

'How very neat your house is, Mrs. Fields!' exclaimed a lively young girl, as she threw aside her bonnet, and seated herself near the table where the lady addressed was sewing. 'Now *we* haven't but just finished breakfast, and *our* house is all in an uproar; while here, *you are* with everything put nicely away in its place, and I have no doubt will do more sewing before dinner time than I shall accomplish in two days.'

Mrs. Fields smiled and looked archly at the fair speaker, who seemed puzzled as she reflected on the state of things mentioned.

'Now do tell me what the secret is, Mrs. Fields,' she continued, earnestly, 'and I will be sure to make a good use of it.'

'Then you think there is some mystery about the matter!' asked the lady Mrs. Fields, good humoredly.

'Of course there is; if there was not, things would go on as smoothly with me as with you. I'm sure mother and I work all the time, and we can't do more.'

'Shall I run the risk of offending you, Lucy, and tell you where I think all the difficulty lies?'

'You will not offend me by anything you can say, for I'm sure I want to be set right,' was the unhesitating reply.

'You say your family has just finished breakfast?' resumed Mrs. Fields. 'Before you came here, did you stop to wash the dishes, sweep and dust, and perform the other household duties?'

'I declare I forgot all about it!' exclaimed Lucy, coloring excessively; 'or rather I thought I could do all these things just as well when I returned.'

'It is now nine o'clock,' continued Mrs. Fields, glancing significantly at Lucy, 'and it is no more than reasonable to conclude that it would take you another hour, perhaps more, to perform as they should be, the various duties I have named. It would then be quite time to set about preparing dinner, as twelve o'clock in the country, is considered the best dinner hour. Thus, according to my ideas, the best part of the morning is lost.'

'I don't quite understand it yet,' replied the young girl; 'for when I rise early, I don't seem to accomplish any more; and as for sewing I never think of such a thing so early in the morning.'

'System is as necessary in housework as in any other matter, my dear Lucy. Let me mention some things I have seen. The other day I called in at a neighbor's about tea time. The lady of the house requested her daughter to make a fire and lay the table, which the latter immediately proceeded to do. I felt curious to know if the lady had a methodical way of doing those things, and accordingly made bold to watch her movements. In the first place she proceeded to the shed in great haste and came back with a handful of shavings, which she deposited in the stove; then she returned to the shed for a few chips and two sticks of wood. These were soon consumed, and she was obliged to retrace her steps and obtain another supply. After this she employed herself five minutes in looking for a misplaced broom to sweep up the shavings she had littered all the way from the shed to the stove. Just think, four journeys to get enough materials to build a fire!'

Mrs. Fields paused a moment, but the blushing girl made no reply, and she continued:

'The young lady then spread the cloth, but discovering that it was badly stained, went in search of another. This done, she returned to the closet twice for half a dozen plates, and as many cups and saucers. The knives were then laid, but a little examination convinced her that they looked decidedly the worse for use; so they were gathered up and conveyed to the kitchen, where a quarter of an hour was spent in performing a duty which should have been attended to immediately after dinner. So she proceeded, making a separate journey for every article, until tired and heated she glanced at the fire, and perceived while attending to the knives, etc., she had forgotten to replenish it; and as a natural consequence, it had entirely gone out. Then the task of rebuilding it, as I have related had to be repeated. When I left the house, I really pitied my young friend, who looked, and I doubt not felt, more tired than I should after a day's work.'

'You must mean me, I am sure!' exclaimed Lucy frankly, 'for I am always plagued so when I try to do anything. What is the reason I wonder?'

'Use the head as well as the hands, my dear. Work by system, and, in fact, do everything systematically. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place. It is an old maxim, but a very good one.'

'But just tell me how you would have managed in my place?'

'In regard to the fire, I should have filled a hand basket with shavings, chips and wood at once; then I should have carried the kettle to the water-pail and filled it; thus sparing myself the trouble of running back and forth between the sink and stove four times, with a dipper filled with water, which dripped all the way; while at the same time, I could have watched the fire.'

'I never shall become a good manager, and there is no use in trying,' was the desponding reply.

'Do not feel discouraged, my dear Lucy; time works wonders, and if you really make the attempt in earnest, I doubt not you will succeed. Use calculation; not only reflect upon the means which you use to bring about a desired result, but also anticipate that result a little; see if it will prove, in all respects, a sufficient recompense for your labor. Compare the various circumstances and facts which influence your determination, and be sure that the result gained will proportionate. Do you understand me, my dear?' she added, inquiringly.

'Perfectly,' replied Lucy, who appeared much interested. 'Please go on.'

'I recollect a case in point, which may, perhaps, better explain my meaning,' resumed the lady; 'and I daily see so much confusion, disorder, and even unhappiness, occasioned by mismanagement, want of head work, or a neglect of the small things in life, that I feel sure that it can do no harm to hear the story.

'A number of years since, I had for a neighbor a man named William Wood. He was well informed, sensible, and apparently industrious; and some years previous to my arrival in that place, had come in possession of a valuable farm. It was then in the best of order, but now how changed! Fences were down; walls in a decidedly unsafe condition; stones, both large and small, lying around to dull the edge of the mower's scythe; trees bearing aloft their dead, scraggy branches, as if remonstrating at the neglect; large crevices could be seen in the barn and sheds, through which the wind whistled mournfully; while here and there a board clattered a midnight accompaniment. Unhinged doors were kept partially in place by large sticks of wood braced against them; while swine ran about the premises at will.

'The house was in very much the same condition as the out buildings. Broken panes of glass, filled with old hats, bits of cloth, etc.; loose clapboards; a decayed roof, through which rain was sure to find its way for want of a few shingles; and window blinds with broken fastenings, were a few of the outward characteristics. The yard in front was filled with carts, sleds, (it was in the summer season remember,) old barrels, boards, a grindstone, two large hogsheads, a pile of uncut wood, and several farming implements. In fact to reach the door on a dark night without accident was a work of considerable ingenuity.

'Mrs. Wood had a workshop and a workshed, but apparently did not consider it necessary to use either, as the dooryard was the most convenient, and saved him many steps.

'Mr. Wood seemed to be always busy, when at home, but somehow accomplished little or nothing. It might be owing to the fact that the breakfast table was pushed against the house immediately after use, and with its contents suffered to remain untouched, while she disposed of the morning by calling upon her neighbors; after which she began to prepare for dinner, at the same time hastily washing the dishes, and exclaiming 'for her part she didn't see where the time went to.' Not a minute was wasted in again performing this necessary duty after the mid-day meal; for Mrs. Wood calculated that she could kill two birds with one stone; and that was to leave them until she prepared breakfast next morning; a way of gaining time which I do not exactly understand.

'She had no particular hour for dining; sometimes dinner was ready at half-past eleven, another time at one, and again at two. 'It was an old maidish notion said she, 'for people to think that they must restrict themselves to certain hours.' As for herself, she had rather wait till she got hungry, than to eat just because the hands of the clock pointed to a certain hour!'

'Mrs. Wood invariably spent Saturday afternoon and evening in washing and ironing; for she considered it a pity to waste the first part of the week in the performance of such trifling duties; consequently, the members of the family caught many a severe cold from putting on damp linen the morning following. It was a source of great wonder to her why they were always late to church; other people with larger families were earlier in their places, but for a clue to the mystery, I refer you to the following conversation—only one of many that frequently transpired.

'I declare if it isn't nine o'clock!' exclaimed Mrs. Wood, one Sabbath morning as she entered the kitchen. 'I must have overslept myself, but I haven't done such a thing for a long time.'

'O yes, mother, you have!' cried the shrill voice of little Tommy; 'for Charley Bruce says he always goes to Sunday School before we're up.'

'Be still, child,' says Mrs. Wood, rebukingly. 'Charley Bruce is a bad boy, and you mustn't play with him. Now, girls,' continued Mrs. Wood, 'you wash the dishes while I grind the coffee.'

'When I was at Aunt Sarah's she used to wash her dishes, grind her coffee, and lay the fire the night before,' remarked the youngest daughter, as she reluctantly prepared to obey. 'I should think you would do so, mother; aunt says it is much better.'

'Your aunt is a fussy, old maidish woman, and I guess my ways are as good as hers; at any rate I like them as well,' retorted the mother looking rather displeased. 'She may teach her own girls what she pleases, but I flatter myself that I can attend to mine, without any assistance.'

'I like to stay there,' pursued the daughter; 'and I think she must manage better than we do, or she couldn't find so much time for sewing. You know she does all her own, while we put ours out.'

'It isn't her extra management, or anything of the kind. She has got the knack of slighting her work, and I havn't, that's all the difference,' replied Mrs. Wood, rather scornfully; for, if the truth must be told, she felt rather jealous of the praise which her daughter was bestowing so lavishly on her sister in-law. 'But make haste,' she added; 'talking won't get breakfast, nor prepare us for church.'

'After much trouble with the fire, which refused to burn on the account of the application of wet wood, which had suffered by contact with a shower of rain, and a great deal of running about and scolding on the part of Mrs. Wood, a cold and unpalatable breakfast was despatched, and preparations for church were then commenced.

'Mother, mother!' cried Anna, from the top of the stairs.

'What now?' was the rejoinder of the parent, as she left off, for a moment, the task of searching for a pair of hose in a crowded trunk, whose contents were mixed together in inextricable confusion,—an undertaking which seemed as hopeless as looking for a needle in a haymow.

'I can't find my muslin sleeves,' replied Anna.

'O dear!' exclaimed Mrs. Wood. 'They're in the washtub, I do believe; it rained so last night I couldn't dry them. Can't you wear the other pair?' she added, after a moment's pause.

'I suppose I could, if they were to be found; but you have so many places for things, that I never know where to look for them,' was the true, but rather unfilial rejoinder of the daughter, as she set about looking for the lost article.

'Mother, you promised to sew buttons on my waist!' shrieked little Tommy, at the top of his voice. 'I knew you wouldn't when you said so.'

'I forgot it, child, or rather I haven't had time. Come here and let me pin it,' she replied.

'But you went a visiting four afternoons last week, for I counted,' pursued the child, as he slowly placed himself in a position to receive the pinning.

'Here are your gloves,' said Mrs. Wood to Anna. 'I found them at the bottom of this trunk, and how they got there, is more than I know.'

'I don't want them now,' she replied, 'for I have borrowed a pair of Charlotte; but I do wish I knew where the mate to this odd glove is.'

'What a trial I do have!' exclaimed the mother, fretfully. 'Charles, what are you doing?' she added, as a tremendous crash called her attention to the closet.

'Don't be alarmed, mother,' said Charles, a young man of nineteen. 'I've only smashed four plates in attempting to find the clothes brush.'

'Another set of china broken! what could possess you, Charles, to mount up there to get a brush.'

'Because I found it there last Sunday,' was the agological reply. 'I was less unfortunate then, however, if it was in a curious kind of a place.'

'It's my turn now to enter complaint,' remarked Mr. Wood. 'I believe I'm minus a dickey.'

'Sure enough! but never mind, husband; I've got twenty minutes to fix one in before the second bell rings,' was the hurried reply of the anxious looking wife, as she hastened away. It is unnecessary to relate how she did it; but Mr. Wood, by exercising patience, at length received the desired "dickey."

'At length, Tommy, Anna, Charlotte and Charles were declared ready, and preceded by Mr. Wood, and the tired mother, who had but a few minutes to make her own toilet, they entered the church just as the sermon was being commenced, attracting the attention of every eye by the lateness of their arrival. This was no new thing, however, and the Wood family did not heed it.

'As I said before, Mr. Wood was not an indolent man, but somehow or other, he never brought much to pass. Sometimes he would do a little of one thing, and then a little of another; now ploughing a little and then sawing a small quantity of wood. He was always a month longer in cutting his hay than his neighbor, and the reason was, that instead of applying himself diligently to one thing, he would work very hard, two days in mowing, and afterwards lay by three or four to recruit his strength for a second effort,—a proceeding, which generally gave his hay the benefit of several showers, and obliged him to store it in a damp state. He was always commencing jobs, but never finished them, at least, in their proper season. Sometimes he would abruptly leave an important piece of work, and spend the rest of the day in fishing or hunting.

'He was a kind, accommodating neighbor, but all knew his failings. It was a want of system, my dear Lucy, a lack of attention to the details in life, and an utter neglect of that methodical arrangement of things which is absolutely necessary to the success of any undertaking, great or small. The continued ill success of Mr. Wood was entirely owing to this serious fault, and to this cause also can be imputed all the anxiety, trouble, and especially the Sunday morning trials of his wife.

'Life is made up of small things: in fact, our happiness, or unhappiness, depends more upon them than we are aware of. Cultivate, then, my dear Lucy, habits of order and regularity. Attend to duty first and pleasure afterwards. Resolve that you will be a systematic young lady; and take the word of one who has experienced great good from the advice she gives, that by such a course you will gain the respect and esteem of friends, be far happier, and cannot fail to benefit those who come within your influence.'

AN ACCIDENTAL SHOT.—Hon. Benjamin Franklin Wade and Hon. Joshua Reed Giddings, used to be constant competitors at the benighted Ashtabula, their present place of residence. In the early part of his practice, Wade was defending a man against an action for slander, and after having concluded a very effective speech to the jury, sat awkwardly leaning backward, his feet on the counsel table, and facing Giddings, who was attempting to be eloquent in behalf of his client. Old Gid, as he was familiarly called, had a little smattering of Shakspeare, and now determined to bring that great author to his aid. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he with much ardor:

"He that steals my purse, steals trash:
But he that robs me of my good name—

—Ahem!" At this point, to his great discomfiture, Shakspeare deserted him. He repeated:

"But he that robs me of my good name—"

But the Bard of Avon, as if unwilling to aid either him or his client, proved treacherous. Again he repeated:

"But he that robs me of my good name—"

Another pause. "Takes that I never had," whispered Wade, as if prompting him, and so distinctly as to be heard by all in the room. Amidst the laughter and his own confusion, Giddings brought his speech to such a lame and impotent conclusion, that his client recovered six and a quarter cents for his lost character.

Joe Bowers' Wedding.

BY ONE WHO WAS "THAR."

The county of——, "away up in the mountains," boasts of one of the best judges in California. On the bench he is firm, decided and prompt, not caring a snap of his finger for either the applause of friends or the mutterings of enemies. He is perhaps the most devoted man to the "law" in all creation, and has his head so full of what he terms "judicial talk," that he not unfrequently finds himself making learned charges and passing sentence outside of the court room.

On a recent occasion, the judge was called on to exercise the "power and authority in him vested," in the case of a young couple, who desired to have their hearts united in the holy bands of wedlock. Of course he consented to perform the pleasant duty, and on the appointed evening, was promptly on hand, at the house at which the affair was to come off.

The room was crowded by the beauty and fashion of town, and none looked more dignified or happy than the judge himself, who was dressed within an inch of his life.

It is customary on occasions of the kind referred to, for the good folks of the mountain towns to pass around the wine quite freely, and to their everlasting credit, we will add, they consider it no harm for one to manifest his interest in a joyous event, by getting lively.' The judge is an ardent admirer of the fair sex, having in the course of his life led the third one to the altar. To use his own language he is a great admirer of weddings, and that he should become a little mellow amid the glorious scene of the evening, was not to be wondered at by those who knew him intimately. He had the weakness of all good judges. He would take his "toddy."

The wine had passed round and round and round. The music had ceased. The time for making Joseph Bowers and Nancy Harkins 'one' had arrived. Every heart throbbed with the most delightful emotions. The young gentlemen desired to know how Joe would stand it, and the young ladies were anxious to see how Nancy would stand the awful shock. Others, again, who had closely observed the turn of affairs during the evening, fixed their attention on the judge, to see how he would come out of the scrape.

At length the trying moment was announced. The judge arose very cautiously from the chair which he had occupied in one corner of the room, and casting his eyes over the company, he recognized the sheriff of the county, who was present as an invited guest. The judge had imbibed just enough to make him forget the nature of his business. He was full of his 'judicial talk,' and required nothing but the presence of the sheriff to start him. Looking sternly at the officer, he shouted:

"Mr. Sheriff, open the Court, and call order!"

A general twitter followed this command, in the midst of which the sheriff took the 'court' gently by the arm, and led him to his seat in the corner, at the same time informing the august personage of his mistake.

Everything now bid fair for a pleasant and sudden termination of the affair, until another annoyance, which was nothing less than the absence of the bridegroom, was observed. It turned out that he had just stepped across the street to join his friends in a parting drink, but before his return some cold blooded wag had whispered into the ear of our foggy judge the cause of "delay in proceedings." Instantly the chair in the corner moved, and in that direction all eyes were fixed.

"Mr. Sheriff," slowly drawled the judge, "bring Joe into the court on a supenar"—the judge had his own way of pronouncing the word—then addressing the bride, who stood in the foreground, and hung her head in confusion, he added:

"I spose you're the plaintiff. Well, don't take on. Innocence and virtue will be protected in this court."

This was the saddest blunder of all.—The judge was again made to see his mistake, and would have been considerably set back had it not been for a corrective in the shape of 'forty drops of the critter,' which he immediately applied.

In a few moments all was ready in right down earnest, the bridegroom had arrived, full of joy. The bride in 'gorgeous array' stood at his side. The company pressed forward. The excitement was intense. The judge never looked so dignified in his life. He evidently felt every inch of a judge.

"J-J-o-o B B-B o-ow-ers," commenced the man of law in that distressing style of speech with which he was invariably troubled when under the influence of liquor. "J-J oe B Bowers, s-stand up. Have y-you anything to s-s say w-w-why s sentence—"

"Stop, stop, stop Judge,' shouted the sheriff from the back part of the room.—"You are going to marry the man, not to hang him!"

The judge drew a long breath and blinked rapidly, but stood the ground well. Recovering himself he proceeded: "J-J-oe B-B-Bowers, do y-you t-take N-N Nancy Harkins for y-y-your wife, so help y-y-you God?"

This was a tolerable effort and Joe assented.

"N-Nancy Harkins, it now remains for th's c-c-court to—"

Here the sheriff again interrupted the judge, reminding him of his real business.

"Miss N-Nancy," resumed the Judge, after being set right, "d-do you take J Joe B-Bowers for a husband, t-to the best of your knowledge and b belief, or d-do you not?"

"*You bet!*" softly answered the light-hearted Nancy.

The Judge then took the hands of the happy couple and joining them, wound up the business as follows:

"It now r-r-remains for this h-h-here Court to pronounce you, Joe Bowers, add Nancy Harkins, man and wife; and" (here the judge paused to wiped the perspiration from his face,)—m-m may G-God O-Ormity h-have m-mercy on y-your souls!" *Sheriff releases the c c cul rits!"*

The company roared. Joe and Nancy weakened. The sheriff was taken with a leaving. The Judge let himself out in a glass of apple jack. Taken by small and large, it was the greatest wedding ever witnessed.

☞ The most effectual way to raise a mob would be, when they are assembled and at work, to let off a keg of powder under them.

English Grammar and Parsing.

We cut the following fragment from an exchange:

Take this sentence. "A judicious teacher is governed by circumstances, in the administration of discipline to children." It is a grammatical sentence, but when submitted to the parsing process, it is not good sense any more than brass buttons are good cents. Circumstances, administration, discipline, and children, are in the objective case—so far, good; for circumstances are often objectionable; the administration (if we may believe most of the Boston papers) is decidedly so; discipline is objected to by Young America; and children are certainly the most objectionable affairs I know of. ("Oh! you horrid old bach!" says the widow.) According to the rule that prepositions govern the objective case, all these long words are governed by the shortest ones in the language. The meaning of the sentence is, that circumstances govern the teacher, and the teacher governs the children: thus making circumstances occupy the leading position. (By the bye, I wonder if they came safely through the late commercial crisis; there is always so much owing to circumstances that they must have a heavy outstanding debt.) But grammar will have it that the teacher being in the nomnative case, only governs the verb, and a passive verb at that; (more of a sinecure than most enjoy, I suspect) while the circumstances and the children are governed alike by the prepositions—a most preposterous idea; an idea, in fact, which was never taught to shoot properly. The administration and discipline are not under the control of the teacher, as of right they should be, but they too are governed by these diminutive objects, with as absolute sway as the little corporal governs France. Now with such ridiculous doctrine conred as a daily task, how, I ask, can children ever be induced to acknowledge the authority of the teacher?

Again: Adjectives belong to nouns which they describe. Do they? Dick Turpin was a highway robber; did the highway belong to the robber? Duties are collected by revenue officers; does the revenue belong to the officers? A boy fishes; does the fish agree with the boy? I should think they would be in the objective case. A man falls; does falling agree with the man? "Sometimes," says the widow, "especially when he falls in love." I am inclined to join issue with you there; I would as lief fall into hot water, and nine times in ten it amounts to the same thing. "I thought you told me once you loved women." So I do; but loving, and falling in love, in the usual acceptation of the term, are as dissimilar as swimming and learning to swim. In the one case, you flounder about, frightened and half choked, with all sorts of rainbow hues before your eyes, and all sorts of strange music in your ears, completely at the mercy of the new element you are in—your own awkwardness but increases your mishaps; while in the other, you "breast the swelling tide," serene and buoyant, or revel in its luxurious embrace with delicious *abandon*. To be sure, you must go through with the one before you can enjoy the other.

A GRATEFUL CLIENT.—When Judge Henderson, of Texas, was first a candidate for office, he visited a frontier county, in which he was, except by reputation, a stranger. Hearing that a trial for felony would take place in a few days, he determined to volunteer for the defense. The prisoner was charged with having stolen a pistol; the defence was "not guilty." The volunteer counsel conducted the defense with great ability. He confused the witnesses, palavered the court, and made an able, eloquent, and successful argument. The prisoner was acquitted—he had not stolen the pistol. The counsel received the enthusiastic applause of the audience. His innocent client availed himself of the earliest interval in the hurricane of congratulations to take his counsel aside. "My dear sir," said he, "you have saved me, and I am very grateful. I have no money, do not expect to have any, and do not expect ever to see you again; but to show that I appreciate your services you shall have the pistol!" So saying, he drew from his pocket and presented to the astonished attorney, the very pistol the attorney had just shown he had never stolen or had in his possession.

GOING SNACKS.—Not long ago, in a neighboring city, as a butcher stood at his stall selling meat, he saw a man stoop down and pick something up.

"What have you got there?" asked the butcher.

The fellow said, "It looks like money."

On examination it proved to be a $10 bill.

"I suppose," said the butcher, "it is one I dropped when making change, a little while ago."

To which the finder replied: "I think I ought to have one-half; for, had it not been for me you would not have seen it again."

The butcher, knowing it not to be his bill, thought he couldn't do less than to comply with the fellow's request; he therefore took a five-dollar bill out of his pocket-book and gave it to him, taking the ten himself.

Soon afterward the butcher was purchasing some goods in a store, and offered the bill in payment to the storekeeper, who pronounced it counterfeit. The butcher was surprised, and not overwell pleased; but on considering, thought the best thing he could do would be to store the ten-dollar note away in a safe place and say nothing about the way in which he had ever reached himself.

PRINTING OFFICE JOKES.—It is customary, in printing offices, when a particularly green youth commences learning his trade, to make him the object of various jokes. He is often sent to a neighboring office for an imaginary article, and wholly original in the minds of those who perpetrate the jokes. Once upon a time a "devil" was sent to F—z—'s office for a "quart of editorial." He was sent back with the picture of a jackass. This was rather severe upon the jokers, but they immediately told the boy to go to F—z—'s and tell him it was "editorial" they wanted, *and not the editor.*

ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.—"Doctor," said an old lady, the other day, to her family physician, "kin you tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?" "Why, hem; certainly madam!" replied the doctor. "It owing to the fact that they came into the world without the power of speech!" "La, me!" remarked the old lady; "now just see what it is to have a edication! I've axed my old man mor nor a hundred times that ere same thing; and all I could get out of him was, '*Kase they is!*'"

Plaster and Pasture.

Dutchess County has many tracts of land where the system of Messrs. Belden would pay. We commend the following from the *N. Y. Tribune*, to the especial notice of our agricultural readers:

Upon one of the hot days in July, we visited the farm of William H. Belden, Dover Plains, Dutchess County. We should have said farms instead of farm, since the 675 acres of ground owned by him are made up by the union of several farms with the original homestead of one of the three Belden brothers, who settled along the foot of the hills that bound the rich tract of land that gives name to the locality. It is hardly necessary to say that the original "improver" of the land only improved the forest off, while the land lay unimproved in value or productiveness. In fact it was called "run down" when Mr. Belden bought it. The portion that lies on the hills is natural pasture, and is more profitable for grazing than for cultivation under the plow. Under the old system, however, it had been plowed and hoed, and plowed and planted again, and sowed to oats and rye, and seeded to grass, and mowed and pastured alternately and altogether not so profitably productive as to induce the owners to keep up the same round of farming. The system of small inclosures added greatly to the expense, and small pastures, overstocked, became dry and almost worthless, while the grain crops without manure, were not profitable. We found upon some of these farms, where mixed husbandry had been the rule, all the interior fences broken so as to give free range to a herd of fat bullocks that were feeding where they pleased upon pasture that would afford in many places a good swath to the mower, actually better than some of the mowing fields upon adjoining farms, and the whole affording the owner a greater profit, without much labor, than the same land ever did to the man who toiled with the plow and hoe among the stones, or at inclosing his little fields with rail fence or stone walls. The truth is, that tract after tract has been converted into pasture, and such land anywhere within a hundred miles of New York is and will be always profitable for milk dairies, or grazing Western bullocks, or making mutton. Now the only question we will at present discuss is, how to convert these unproductive hillsides into fat pastures, such as Mr. Belden can show as proof positive that the thing can be done with profit. If you doubt it go and see what he has done, and ask him how he did it. He has but one answer, and it is very short:

"Plaster."

"What! nothing else?"

"Nothing but plaster."

"You do not stock your land very heavily?"

"No, you must not graze your land bare. Give it plaster, and grass will grow. Let a fair portion of that remain upon the ground, and more will grow. Give it more plaster, and so on—I don't know how long; at any rate you see what it has done for me. I couldn't do without plaster."

How much to the acre?"

"Well, I put it on a little stronger than most folks do; say about a ton to fifteen acres."

"What time of the year.

"Well, there I differ again from others.—Everybody said, sow plaster in the spring; but I found that I could haul it better—for it is pretty heavy stuff to get up to my upper farm when the roads are bad—in the fall, and I don't see as it makes any difference. The land, too, is firm, and don't cut up with the wagon wheels in the fall as it does in the spring, and so I had rather sow plaster in the fall. I guess it don't make much odds; the main thing is to get it on at any rate."

Now, all we have to say is, that if this Mr. Belden and his brother David L., who have an equal quantity of land treated in the same way, can afford to buy worn-out farms and treat them in this way, the owners cannot afford to sell them; they had better buy plaster and make pasture for themselves.

SETTING OUT STRAWBERRIES.—Now is the best time for setting out strawberries. A correspondent of the *Massachusetts Ploughman* says that they should be set out in rows three feet apart and one foot from each other in the rows. Let the soil be mellowed at least one foot deep and mixed with meadow muck and rotten leaves. No other manures will be needed in a good soil. So treated, you will have fruit next summer. The best article to shade them with, from too much heat, is the common red flower pot. Young plants, or runners from the old vines, can be taken for the new bed. In the fall cover all the ground between the rows with leaves, two or three inches deep; to remain so all the year, and renew the same every fall. They keep the fruit clean, and check the growth of weeds. A protection over this, with mats, through the cold weather is also useful. It is advisable to plant in rows, and at this distance, for several reasons. They can be more easily taken care of, the fruit can be gathered more conveniently, and the summer protector used to more advantage. For this latter purpose use white millinet, which can be bought for 13½ cents per yard, or less, two yards wide, cut it in halves, lengthwise, and place over the rows, upheld in the middle with sticks about a foot long, at suitable distances. This will keep away the birds effectually, and also serve to retain a great deal of moisture so much needed in the bearing season. Keep the plants well watered, and let the cultivator take his choice of the different kinds.—*Prairie Farmer, Add.*

ODD FELLOWS.—The present financial condition of the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of the State of Pennsylvania, is as follows: Balance in treasury at commencement of fiscal year, $827,49; received from all sources during the year, $8762,19—making a total of $9589,68. The expenditures during the same period amounted to $9075,94. There are now in the State 540 subordinate lodges, in which 3673 new members were admitted during the year, and 356 rejected; 399 were admitted by card, 287 were reinstated. During the year 440 members died. There are now in the Order 7084 past *grands*, and 44,119 contributing members. The receipts into all the lodges amounted to $204,483 41. There were relieved 5654 members and 642 widowed families, and 385 brothers were buried by the lodges. For relief of brothers $86,105 12; do. of widowed families, $6884 19; for education of orphans, $215 80; burying the dead, $19,886 81—making a total of $113,091 75.

Draining Prevents Injury From Drouth.

That draining 'deepens the soil,' 'increases the effect of manures,' and 'lengthens the season' of working the land, we have already shown; the fact that it prevents the injurious effects of drouths, however seems a paradox, remains to be accounted for.

We all know that a deep and mellow soil retains moisture much better than a shallow and hard one. Water is held in the soil between the minute particles of earth. If these particles be pressed together compactly, there is no space left between them for water. Compact subsoils are but little permeable to water, compared with the same when broken up, pulverized, and mellowed. The one is porous and drinks in moisture like a sponge; the other absorbs in it but small quantities, and rapidly parts with them on the application of heat. The one takes it from the air, which passes freely through it; the other impervious to the air, or any slightly powerful influences, remains unchanged. Undrained soils, as we have shown, become compact after heavy rains, by the evaporation of the water with which they are saturated; drained soils, on the contrary, become more porous from the filtration of the same amount of moisture into the drains below.

Draining prevents injury from drouth by giving a better growth to plants in the early summer. Seed sown on any soil containing stagnant water, sends no roots below that water-line, but may for a while grow well from roots near the surface. But let drouth come, the water-line sinks rapidly, the roots having no depth to seek moisture below, are parched and burned, and without rain, the crop is irreparably injured. On a drained and deepened soil the roots go down without obstruction, and are thus prepared to withstand the effects of the long continued dry weather so often experienced.

If it be granted, as we think it must be, that draining deepens and mellows the soil, it follows that draining prevents drouth from affecting injuriously the growth of plants. In 1854, an excessive dry season, Prof. Flint of Massachusetts, gathered a mass of testimony in regard to its effects on the crops, and the best means of preventing injury to the same. The returns came back, as with one voice, in favor of deepening and mellowing the soil, by draining, deep ploughing, subsoiling, and frequent culture, in the case of hoed crops. The drouth affected deep ploughed land very little; on those that were faithfully subsoiled, the corn leaves did not roll at all, while on those that were shallow ploughed, the corn crop suffered much, and other crops were seriously affected.' A case has been stated, where a crop of beans were planted, grown and ripened on a drained and subsoiled field, without a shower of fifteen minutes duration, of supply of water from any source, save from the dews of heaven and the moisters from beneath. At the same time in fields adjacent, vegetation was parched and crisp, making no growth, whatever from lack of moisture.—*Country Gentleman.*

A Spread Eagle Toast.

At Prentiss Centre, Mo., on the 5th, the following was the second regular sentiment:

OUR NATION—Begotten amid the storms of the sixteenth century, its infantile movements were dim and indistinctly seen on board the May Flower, on the rock of Plymouth, at Jamestown, on the plains of Monongahela, and on the heights of Abraham; the "capricious squalls" of its infancy were heard in the tea-party of Boston, in Faneuil Hall, on the plains of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill; in his boyhood he ran barefooted and bareheaded over the fields of Saratoga, Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth and Yorktown, whipping his mother and turning her out of doors; in his youth he strode over the prairies of the boundless West, and called them his own, paid tribute to the despots of Barbary in powder and ball, spit in his father's face from behind the cotton bales at New Orleans, whipped the mistress of the ocean, revelled in the halls of Montezuma, straddled the Rocky Mountains, and with one foot upon golden sand and the other upon codfish and lumber, defied the world; in his manhood, clothed in purple and linen, he rides over the continent in cushioned cars, rides over the ocean in palace steamers, sends his thoughts on wings of lightning to the world around, thunders at the door of the Celestial Empire and at the portals of distant Japan, slaps his poor old decrepit father in the face, and tells him to be careful how he picks into any of the pickaroons, and threatens to make a sheep pasture out of all the land that joins him. What he will do in old age, God only knows. May he live ten thousand years, "and his shadow never be less."

HOW COFFEE CAME TO BE USED.—It is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of the common beverage of coffee, without which few persons, in any half or whole civilized country in the world, now make a breakfast. At the time Columbus discovered America, it had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia and Upper Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a beverage is ascribed to the superior of a monastery, in Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, make them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the reports of shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries, and in about 200 years it reached Paris. A single plant brought there in 1714, became the parent stock of all the French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The Dutch introduced it into Jaffa and the East Indies, and the French and Spanish all over South America and the West Indies. The extent of the consumption can now hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume it at the cost on its landing, of from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars. That of tea is a little over eight millions of dollars.—You may know the Arabian or Mocha, the best coffee, by its small bean of a dark yellow color.—The Java and East Indian, next in quality, are larger and of a paler yellow. The West Indian has a bluish or greenish gray tint.

☞ The Arabs have this laconic argument against dueling, which they consider a silly custom. "If a man insults you," say they, "kill him on the spot; but do not give him the opportunity to kill as well insult you."

☞ Some people's hearts are shrunk in them like dried nuts. You can hear them rattle as they walk.