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Literary Selections.

A BOND OF UNION.

Louise Duperrier was eighteen years of age; she danced gracefully, sang agreeably and played the piano like the rest of the world; her family thought it time for her to marry.

Among the young men that visited at their house was Edouard Lavernay, who could make a graceful bow, turn a compliment well, respect the rules of a quadrille, and decipher at first glance a new romance; he was in his twenty-sixth year, and just been admitted to the bar, and was altogether a perfectly suitable husband.

Madame Duperrier assumed one day a very grave air to announce to her daughter that she must prepare to become Madame Lavernay, the Lavernay and Duperrier families have come to an agreement on the reciprocal advantages of a marriage between Edouard and Louise.

Out of respect to that wise custom which prescribes that before the indissoluble knot is tied a young couple should have time to study each others character, it was resolved to allow a reasonable latitude to this mutual investigation, and the signature of the contract of marriage was deferred for a fortnight.

As Edouard during this time was authorized to visit his betrothed every day, Madame Duperrier thought it her duty to give some instructions to her daughter, which might be summed up thus:

"My child, no caprices, no inequalities of temper, and, above all, no negligences in your toilette. Your lover, at whatever moment he may present himself, must find you gentle, smiling and perfectly well dressed; marriage is a battle to be gained; be always under arms."

The task was not difficult. Edouard, delighted at a marriage which secured to him two things generally envied, a fine dowry and a pretty wife, took care to present himself in full toilette, morally as well as physically. Could Louise do otherwise than amiable to a lover always gracious, attentive, submissive?

The fortnight of trial passed in a perfectly satisfactory manner on both sides; the contract was signed, and the young couple were conducted in great pomp before the mayor and the cure.

We have shown Edouard and Louise in their character of betrothed lovers, let us look at them now as husband and wife.

Contrary to the assertions of astronomers, who pretend that every moon is composed of four quarters, the honeymoon of the new couple was not prolonged beyond the first. They had yet in their ears the thousand voices which wished them an unalterable felicity, when the first cloud darkened their horizon; yet it was a day which seemed made for happiness; the skies were blue, the sun resplendent.

"No more visits to make, thank Heaven," said Edouard; "this a lovely day, which we can spend as we like."

"And we shall have a delightful promenade shall we not?"

"With all my heart; get ready as soon as possible."

"You need not fear. I shall not make you wait."

"What a pleasure," said Edouard, rubbing his hands joyfully, "to get away for a little while from this confused, noisy Paris, and breathe the pure air of the country."

"What did you say, my friend?"

"I said that in the month of July, and in weather like this, the country must be in all its splendor."

"O! the country is very dismal."

"Do you think so? nothing can be gay-er; woods, meadows, bowers, rivulets, birds twittering in the trees."

"And not a voice to say as we pass along: 'What a handsome couple!' I confess, I prefer the boulevards."

"Oh! the boulevards—do you think them pleasant?"

"Charming."

"Two rows of trees between two rows of houses."

"But what houses! They are palaces."

"A pall-moll of carriages and people crossing and hitting each other."

"An agreeable variety of shops and toilettes."

"There is no noise or movement in the country, I must allow, only the silence of the desert and the immobility of the tomb. Come now, confess your defeat with good grace; the country is death, Paris life. We will have a walk on the boulevards."

"A request, and you are too good not to yield."

"To yield to tyranny, however masked, is not goodness, but weakness."

"I am curious to know who the tyrant is?"

"You, sir, who require me to sacrifice my taste to yours."

"It is rather you, madame, who pay no regard to my wishes, and wish to subject me to your caprices."

"I assure you that I am not at all disposed to accept the part of a victim."

"And I certainly shall not consent to be yours."

Edouard and Louise looked at each other for a moment, then, with an air of mutual vengeance, they seated themselves, Louise at her piano, and Edouard on a sofa. He took a book and began to read with imperturbable calmness. The fingers of Louise remained immovable upon the keys, but the agitation of her little feet heating a tattoo upon the floor showed that her nerves were more irritable than those of her husband.

Edouard at length made a movement of impatience.

"This reading interests me, madame; I should like to pursue it uninterrupted. This music—"

"Does it disturb you? I am exceedingly sorry, but it is necessary to continue my musical studies."

"Without touching the keys. A singular method."

"I am in despair that it does not please you."

The tattoo became more animated.

"I must withdraw my study," said Edouard at length.

"I would not have the presumption to place any obstacle in your way."

Edouard rose; Louise, as he was about to quit the room, said—

"If however, you should decide—"

"To accompany you to the boulevard?"

"Impossible, madame."

As he was crossing the threshold of the door, he turned:

"If, on reflection, you should conclude—"

"To follow you to the country? Never, sir." Edouard marched out with all the gravity of an aspirant to the magistracy.

"It is a declaration of war," said Louise, indignantly. "I accept it."

From this time, matters became worse and worse every day. Edouard and Louise, more and more irritated against each other, had no other care or occupation to invent means of annoyance. In their rare conversation, irony and epigram were ever on their lips. Happiness and peace seemed forever banished from the household forever.

Louise went one day to visit a friend; it was raining, and while the ladies were talking of the fashions and the theatre, the master of the house entered followed by a Newfoundland dog, who was both wet and muddy. Happy to find himself under shelter, the animal gave a shake which distributed around him a dew of a very doubtful purity, then began to leap upon the silk dresses of his mistress and Louise, leaving the prints of his paws at every bound; at last he stretched himself out on a divan of sky-blue velvet, between two cushions whose embroidery he gnawed by way of amusement. On her return, Louise was imprudent enough to describe this scene in no approving terms in the presence of her husband. Her comments were not lost upon Edouard, who returned the same evening with a magnificent Newfoundland dog answering the name of Tom.

At a breakfast which Edouard gave to some of his friends, the conversation turned upon the instincts and habits of animals; each of the guests spoke of his repugnances or predilections; Edouard expressed the greatest antipathy to the cat. "It is selfish, thieving, cruel," he said; "its caresses are not marks of affection, but expressions of its wants. When it gets a mouse in its claws, it will restore it to a dreadful liberty, twenty times, for the pleasure of seizing it again. There never was more horrible torture for a pleasure, nor more refined cruelty in an executioner."

After this violent sortie of the feline race, Louise could not live without a cat; she chose a superb Angora, which she christened with the name of Raton.

It may be imagined that there was not an *entente cordiale* Tom and Raton. Louise, always ready to come to the assistance of her favorite, was lavish of correction to Tom, while Raton received an equal share from Edouard, all which did not increase the harmony of the household.

Among the visitors whom the ties of

relationship or their position in the world obliged Edouard and Louise to receive, there were some who monsieur favored with his affection, while for others he felt repugnance. Madame made it her duty to be very liberal of courtesies to the last, and to reserve all her coldness for the former. It is useless to add monsieur made rehearsals on the persons whom madame liked or detested.

Edouard naturally gay in his disposition, had a great aversion for sombre colors, particularly black. Louise had suddenly a great passion for this color. She wore black mantillas, black dresses, black hats, black veils; you would have thought she had been black.

Retaliation was not long in coming. Louise had said a hundred times that she would not change their apartments in the Rue de Rivoli for a palace; Edouard suddenly discovered that the location was too noisy, he gave warning to his landlord, and took lodgings in a dark house in the most deserted street of the Marais.

Music, even in spite of the opinion which Motier puts in the mouth of the professor of M. Jordain, was powerless to re-establish harmony. To the great annoyance of delicate ears in the neighborhood, as soon as madame began to play in the key of *sol*, monsieur would take a predilection for the key of *la*, and if monsieur found pleasure in the melancholy movement of an *ataigo*, madame commenced immediately one of the most sparkling polka of her *repertoire*.

They had lived thus for more than a month. The vase was full; a drop was only wanting to make it overflow. It was not long in coming.

One morning, Edouard, as he was about to go to the court room, perceived Raton nonchalantly extended upon the papers he was to take with him. It was permitted to Tom to take such a liberty, but in Raton it was irreverence which could not be chastised too severely. The indiscreet Angora, vigorously seized by the neck, described a curve whose extremity encountered a beautiful porcelain vase, a recent present to Louise from her dearest boarding-school friend. Attracted by the noise, she had no difficulty in detecting the culprit.

"You have taught me, sir, to be surprised at nothing," she said, picking up the precious fragments.

"Blame this cursed animal, madame, whom I found extended on my papers."

"This poor animal has only spared you the initiative in a new style of annoyance, which you would doubtless soon have invented."

"I am lost in admiration of your perspicacity, madame, and especially at the amiability of your conjectures."

"To predict the future it is only necessary to recall the past."

"You delight in playing the part of a victim."

"No one will dispute with you the palm in that of tyrant."

"If the tyrant is so insupportable—"

"The slave should then throw off the yoke? Is that what you were about to say, sir?"

"At any rate nothing is easier; husbands have no battles at the present day to support this pretended tyranny."

"If they had, most of them would throw the doors open on condition of never seeing the prisoners again."

"A not unreasonable conjecture."

"I have been thinking seriously, for some time, of satisfying your secret desire."

"Indeed! I have not been accustomed to have my wishes thus anticipated."

"My mother has already offered me an asylum."

"Ah! you are a woman of precaution."

"And of execution."

"Whenever you wish—"

"This very evening, sir."

"The sooner the better."

The quarrel was interrupted by the announcement: "Here is the doctor, madame."

Louise had been indisposed for several days, and had given orders that the physician should be sent for.

None of the disputes between the husband and wife had proceeded so far as this; Edouard bowed to the doctor, and went out, merely casting a haughty glance at his wife, which was returned with interest.

When Louise sank back into her chair, and tears flowed freely down her cheeks; but her grief was not of long duration. By degrees her brow became more serene; a smile appeared upon her lips; the color returned to her cheeks her eyes shone.

"Yes," she exclaimed, "it is a sacred duty, which I will perform,"—and soon after she added, "a duty! I will make it a pleasure. I will find my happiness in it."

She did not go to her mother that evening as she had threatened.

Edouard did not pass a very tranquil night; though satisfied he was not that he might have done it with a little less harshness; but the evil was irreparable now; he must meet the consequences, with firmness and philosophy.

We may judge of his surprise the next morning when at the breakfast hour he saw Louise take her usual place at table. He looked in vain for any traces of the anger which had animated her the evening before. Her face was perfectly calm though somewhat pale. Edouard attributing to illness what was the natural consequence of a sleepless night, though himself bound at least to make the common place enquiry after her health, and said—

"Are you indisposed, madame?"

"I have been, but am quite well now," she replied, in a tone so gentle as to excite Edouard's surprise.

At the close of the repast, the cooks came in to receive her orders.

"I wish you to procure some woodcocks for dinner to-day," said Louise.

"But I thought madame disliked them."

"My husband fancies them, that is enough."

It was a trifling thing, but it was the first concession that Louise had made since their marriage, and her husband said, good humoredly—

"Since we are to have woodcocks you had better invite your uncle Joseph to dine."

Uncle Joseph was one of those on whom monsieur had most frequently avenged the sarcasms of madame.

Edouard had replied to the civility of Louise by a civility on his part; yet he kept himself on his guard. "Women are adroit," he reflected. "What they cannot gain by force they attempt to gain by art. Perhaps this unexpected difference is a trap for my generosity: I must be firm as well as courteous."

The day had commenced too well to end ill. Edouard, in the course of it, recalling the aerial voyage of the unfortunate Raton, began to feel some remorse, and looked around for the poor animal to give it, at least the indemnity of a caress; but the Angora was neither on the carpet nor on the divan, nor on the law papers, which had been the starting point for its perilous leap.

"What has become of Raton?" he asked of a servant.

"Raton has gone away. I carried it this morning to madame's mother. Madame has made her a present of it."

This was so extraordinary, incomprehensible, that it had to be repeated before Edouard could believe it.

And his surprise was not greater than that of honest uncle Joseph, when on accepting, somewhat unwillingly, his niece's invitation, Edouard met him with a cordial smile, pressed his hand warmly, and paid him many compliments; and, what was still more agreeable, there was no snarling Tom to salute him as usual with a growl.

"What have you done with Tom?" he asked at length. "Have you shut him up?"

"I have done better; I have sent him to a brother lawyer who admired him very much while I was glad to be rid of a troublesome animal who bit my friends and annoyed my wife."

It is necessary to say that during the rest of the day Louise was charmingly amiable, and Edouard overflowing with frank gaiety, and that uncle Joseph, on his return home, declared that now that that dog was gone, the house of his niece was a veritable terrestrial paradise.

The next day, while at her toilet, Louise put her hand, by habit, on one of those black dresses which Edouard particularly disliked, but, recollecting herself, she selected the freshest and most coquetish dress in her wardrobe, placed a flower in her hair and another in her corsage, then yielding to the influence of the bright colors of her attire, she began to sing merrily, running from one apartment to another to survey herself in the different mirrors.

Suddenly she encountered Edouard in the passage. Their meeting was like a

coup de Theatre. Louise in her gay dress, with a bright smile on her lips, an expression of pleasure on her face and so pretty—there was all the difference between a sulky woman and a woman in good humor.

Edouard's admiration betrayed itself by an involuntary exclamation, but alarmed at this imprudent manifestation, he retreated suddenly, in fear of losing that firmness and dignity which he considered it necessary to maintain. When they met again he was better prepared but not less charmed.

"Your toilette, madame," he said, "reassures me. Our apartments in the Rue de Rivoli are not yet rented; we can return there if it is agreeable to you."

Louise showed by the graceful inclination of the head that she felt the value of this generous offer.

"Verily," she said to herself, "by force of obeying I am likely to become mistress."

"I am satisfied with myself," said Edouard in returning to his apartment.

"Without showing any weakness I have acknowledged an attention by an equivalent one. I have acquitted myself of an obligation like a gentleman, and not like a simpleton."

In the contentment which this self-approbation inspired, he took his flute and commenced a lively measure. All at once, it seemed to him that a distant piano was responding to the same theme, and with notes not less sparkling. He stops—The piano is silent. He recommences in a still more lively movement; the piano abandons itself to the most brilliant variations.

Is it an illusion? No, certainly, the piano of Louise finds itself for the first time after so long an interval in accord with Edouard's flute.

Charmed with a pleasure whose novelty doubled its attraction, our virtues now changed the *allegro* movement to an *adagio* full of sentiment and tenderness. Immediately the piano murmurs an accompaniment of seraphic sweetens. A touching emulation seems to inspire the two instruments; the flute sighs and weeps; the piano forgets its light and sparkling nature to become mellow and caressing.

Carried away by the irresistible power of harmony, the souls of the two performers seem to meet into one. Suddenly, the flute stops; Louise waits for it to recommence; when she hears a step behind her and her husband's arm is around her waist.

Monsieur Jourdain's professor of music was right!

"How pleasant it is to understand each other!" said Edouard one evening after they were established again in their new apartments in the Rue de Rivoli.

"Yet we have debarred ourselves for a whole month of that enjoyment," replied Louise.

"What folly?"

"And the folly would have lasted yet, sir," said Louise, archly, "if I had not the inspiration to take the first step."

"You are an angel! I shall never pardon myself for having allowed you to anticipate me in your generosity."

"I am too honest, dear Edouard, to let you attribute to generosity what was only the result of a single word of our good doctor. The day I threatened you with a separation and was fully resolved to execute my foolish menace, but hardly was that magical word pronounced than entire revolution took place in my ideas; my eyes were open to a new light."

"And what was this important word to which I owe so much happiness?"

"This word! You must guess it without my pronouncing it. Come!"

Taking her husband by the hand, Louise led him to a little cabinet which had been closed since their return to their former lodgings.

In the midst of the cabinet was a *cradle*.

SOAP SUDS.—Save all the suds from the sink and the laundry. If you do not want it for purposes of irrigation, let it be conveyed to your manure heaps, or mixed with materials for compost. No article of a liquid nature possesses more powerful alimentary properties, and its economy will be found a source of considerable profit to any one who will properly use it. It contains the food of plants in a state of solution, and is therefore prepared to act at once and with energy. By mixing it with suds, chip manure, muck, refuse straw, green vegetable matter, or indeed, any kind of decomposed rubbish, and allowing the whole to ferment slowly, a most excellent fertilizer for Indian corn may be prepared, and one that will bring forward the crop with greater vigor than almost any other article that can be named. It is also a very valuable as a manure for cucumbers, vegetables—melons, squashes, cucumbers, &c.

MAGENDIE ON MEDICINE.

An American medical student, writing from Paris to the American Medical Gazette for June, asserts that he once heard Magendie—one of the most eminent French physicians and physiologists—commence a lecture somewhat in the following words:

"Gentlemen—Medicine is a great humbug. I know it is called a science—science, indeed! It is nothing like science. Doctors are mere empirics, when they are not Charlatans. We are as ignorant as men can be. Who knows anything in the world about medicine? Gentlemen, you have done me the honor to come here to attend my lectures, and I must tell you frankly now, in the beginning, that I know nothing in the world about medicine, and I don't know anybody who knows anything about it. Don't think for a moment that I haven't read the bills advertising the course of lectures at the Medical School; I know that this man teaches anatomy, that man teaches pathology, another man physiology, such a one the rapacious, such another materia medica—*Ré bien! et apres?* What's known all about that? Why, gentlemen, at the school of Montpellier, (God knows it was famous enough in its day,) they discarded the study of anatomy, and taught nothing but the dispensary; and the doctors educated there knew just as much, and were quite as successful as any others. I repeat it, nobody knows anything about medicine. True enough, we are gathering facts every day. We can produce typhus fever, for example, by injecting a certain substance into the veins of a dog—that's something; we alleviate diabetes, and I see distinctly, we are first approaching the day when phthisis can be cured as easily as any disease. We are collecting facts in the right spirit, and I dare say in a century or so the accumulation of facts may enable our successors to form a medical science; but I repeat to you, there is no such thing now as a medical science. Who can tell me how to cure the headache? or the gout? or disease of the heart? Nobody. Oh! you tell me doctors cure people. I grant you, people are cured. But how are they cured? Gentlemen, nature does a great deal. Imagination does a good deal. Doctors do—devilish little—when they don't do harm. Let me tell you, gentlemen, what I did when I was the head physician at Hotel Dieu. Some 3,000 or 4,000 patients passed through my hands every year. I divided the patients into two classes; with one, I followed the dispensary and gave them the usual medicines without having the least idea why or wherefore; to the other, I gave bread pills and colored water, without, of course, letting them know anything about it—and occasionally, gentlemen, I would create a third division, to whom I gave nothing whatever. These last would fret a good deal, they would feel they were neglected, unless they are well drugged—the fools!) and they would irritate themselves until they got really sick, but nature invariably came to the rescue, and all the persons in this third class got well. There was little mortality among those who received bread pills and colored water, and the mortality was greatest among those who were carefully drugged according to the dispensary!"

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STABLING OF HORSES.

We cannot think it judicious to separate the working horses of a farm while feeding or resting; horses are naturally gregarious; they love society, and although they invariably test the strength of a stranger and may therefore be thought pugnacious in their habits, yet when once accustomed to associate with their own kind, they are reluctant to be parted from their companions, and always welcome their approach or return. They are also very sensible to much confinement, so that in all cases, whether of the nag or cart description, they should have roomy berths accessible to fresh air as much as is compatible with the employment they are intended for. A nag horse coming off a journey, often in a state of profuse perspiration, should be sufficiently protected from the external air, so that no chilliness is induced or draughts admitted to occasion cold, but with cart-horses less precaution is needed, and the only care required is that they be well rubbed down until their coats are dry, and they may then be permitted, after a feed, to range a yard only sheltered from a northerly wind. This arrangement implies that a covered building is provided, with a manger long in proportion to the number of occupants, each horse requiring about four feet of manger. The open part of such building should, if possible, face the south; when it tends either to the east or west, it will be necessary that the opening should not extend the whole length of such building, a passage or doorway being left large enough to admit free egress or ingress for the horses to or from the yard. In the yard may be introduced one or more cribs for fodder, and on one side should be a trough well supplied with water, for all animals domesticated by man, none retain more unmistakably an ardent love of freedom and independence if well treated and properly managed. The well known proverb of "taking a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink," exemplifies in some measure his resolute tendency to consult his own inclinations, and yet how grateful for good usage, how tractable to skillful handling, how emulous of surpassing his rivals, whether hunting or racing, whether spanking on the road in a dog cart, or trembling with energy at a dead pull! Let cart-horses which work together by all means eat together in a roomy sheltered yard, and if they are not overworked, how amusing it is to notice, and how necessary it is to guard against their attempts to lift the latch and escape to a wider range. This fondness for liberty of frolic or mischief, according to the natural bent or idiosyncrasy of the animal, sometimes is more serious than amusing; for a sharp-nosed and keen-witted rascal will by such tricks lead his congeners to the pond or into a field of cropping or other, expensive scrape. A large yard with a covered shed will keep them in health; they will rest better, have a roll frequently, and often prefer lying in the yard exposed to wind and rain, if the litter of straw is plentifully renewed, rather than lie under cover; note the condition of horses so kept as compared with the solitary rogues having equal measures of food, and it will be found that the social party will do far more credit to the farmer than those isolated; they will be less susceptible of inclement weather, have fewer ailments, and do more work. Thatch jottings are open to criticism; let others narrate their experience; we are ready for correction if wrong, and promise to weigh well a contrary practice when other modes have been successfully pursued. There is indeed great room for discussion on matters pertaining to this subject, so many different plans exist of feeding horses, some with bruised food, some with all fodder cut into chaff, some without hay, some without clover, some with much green food, some with scarcely any—

Millers give bran and pollards, brewers give grains, foreigners give barley, and small farmers tail wheat; a good deal depending upon the soil and situation of the farm and the circumstances of the owners. When horses wrong the farmer is not willing to confess to any defect of information or negligent treatment, and when there is no complaint, the master wonders that such a simple affair is thought deserving any notice.—*Gardener's Chronicle, Eng.*

MANCHESTER TO THE RESCUE.—Where are the men of peace? Are the cars of Manchester so stuffed with cotton, that nothing can pierce them?—*Punch*.

EARTHLY ILLS.—The evils of the world will continue until philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers.

PROTECT YOUR COWS.

Care should be taken during the warm weather of this month, that the cows should be in pastures with convenient shade, or their constant uneasiness from teasing of flies hinders their feeding, and their becoming so heated from running, has a very injurious effect on the milk, which is less in quantity, very soon becomes sour after being taken from the cows, and hence considerable loss arises. When the cows have to be pastured far from the homestead, it is sometimes desirable to milk them in the field, for a drive along a hot road, exposed to the sun, does equal harm to their milk as the racing about the fields when exposed to the sun. A vessel is then taken on wheels, drawn by the milkers, or a horse, according to convenience, and this should be left to stand in a cool spot, and be taken home steadily with as little slinking as may be. The cows should get a change of grass at least once a week, even if to no better pasture. They are found to feed better, and keep more settled, than if left longer in one field. A good supply of fresh, good water for them is indispensable for their doing well and yielding a quantity of milk.—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

Woman's whole life is a history of the affections.