Literary Department.

MRS. F. V. POWERS, - - - EDITRESS.

CORRESPONDENTS who have formerly favored us with articles for the Literary Department, are invited to continue their favors, and assist in making this page entertaining and attractive.

For the VERMONT FARMER.

FATE.

O, cruel fate! thus to sever
Hearts so fond, so tender, true;
O, why must such ties be riven,
Such as bind my heart to you!

O, cruel fate! thus to sever
Hearts whose greatest earthly joy
Would be so to make life's pathway
Should the other not annoy.

O, cruel fate! thus to sever
Hearts that would each other cheer,
And in sickness and in sorrow
Wipe away the falling tear.

O, cruel fate! thus to sever
Hearts whose sympathy for each,
In their little acts of kindness,
Of the Savior's love would teach.

Not forever is the parting,
For I see the other shore;
Jesus, the redemption, giver,
Beckons us its waters o'er.

There shall true hearts be united
In the blessed world above;
There shall friendship be rekindled
By a holy glow of love.

Not forever is the parting.
Cruel fate has no place there;
Loving hearts and loving spirits
Are our God's peculiar care.

FRANK FRAZIER.

For the VERMONT FARMER.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

BY GRACE ATHERTON.

The web of earth is rarely wrought,
By workers high and low;
A thread is placed in every hand,
To wind it fast or slow.
While some are gay with varied tints,
There're others dull and dark;
Yet ev'ry thread will have a place
Within the web to mark.

While some may wind a tangled skein,
Nor heed the threads that fly,
There're others wind with calmer hand,
And colors deftly ply.
So all are wrought in one great web,
With shadings dark and light;
The fabric grows by workers' hands,
All through the day and night.

Why should I mourn if darker skeins
Are given me to wind?
The warp and woof alike will need
Some darker threads to bind;
The Hand that gives the darkened skein
Well knows my powers best;
And cheerfully I'll wind and wind
Until He gives me rest.

For the VERMONT FARMER.

TO MY LADY.

The very words I wish to say,
As fit expression of my thought,
Seem all too quick to flee away,
Like birds unwilling to be caught.

And yet far down within my heart
I know I have a sentiment
Which silent words cannot impart,
However well expressed, or meant.

Thus roses blooming, fresh and red,
With fragrance fill the scented air;
And, though their language is unsaid,
You know that roses still are there.

So think of thoughts I have for thee,
Which fitly here I may not say;
And yet they are, and still shall be,
Sweet thoughts of thee, for aye and aye.

L. W. PERT.

Cornwall, Vt.

Punctuality and Pudding.

These were the small daughters of Farmer Ellis, who lived in a dear little white house in a valley. Punctuality was the elder and Pudding the prettier. Now, the father of these maidens was not so rich but that he might have been richer, nor so poor but that he might be poorer.

Mrs Ellis performed her own domestic labor, and early taught Punctuality and Pudding to assist in the lighter household duties. Thus the dumplings came to receive their more suggestive than euphonious names. As they advanced to a proper age, they alternated in preparing the family meals, and their father observed that when the elder managed affairs the meals were exactly on time, but rather plain; and when the prettier guided the helm they were invariably a little late, but were prepared in the daintiest manner possible, and followed by a most delicious dessert. So he came to call them by the names at the head of this story. When they became young ladies, these traits of character were still prominent.

Punctuality — true to her name — was prompt in everything: in rising at school, in her engagements. But though always neat, she never wore her garments with the grace of Pudding; though a good cook, she never could concoct the delicious little messes of Pudding. It was Pudding who garnished the house with various pretty fancies; who crocheted tidies, made card-cases, brackets, moss vases and crosses; who gave the little home an air of refinement and even elegance. Punctuality adored Pudding and literature. Pudding worshiped Punctuality, art and music. In course of time, it came to pass that Punctuality married a city editor, while Pudding wedded an artist. On entering the home of the former, one would be impressed by the air of cozy comfort that reigned. All was bright and cheerful, not a book or chair out of place. There was a library—a library full of books—periodicals and manuscripts. In here, by the mellow light of the student-lamp, one might see, on almost any evening, Punctuality and her husband, with bowed heads close together, he writing an editorial that was to be the talk of the clubs next meeting, she leaning over a story for her husband's paper.

The home of the other sister seemed a paradise. The sweet breath of flowers filled her parlor, bird-music rippled through the house, a Steinway piano and cabinet organ graced the music-room, pretty nick-nacks were scattered here and there, and perfect artistic taste prevailed throughout all.

In harmony with the house was its mistress, always daintily attired, and a picture of grace in the eyes of her artist-husband. This gentleman remarked to his wife one day, as they viewed a recently-completed picture:

"My love, I am certainly glad I married you and not your sister. She is an excellent woman, but what sort of a figure would she make as my wife? And then her dinners, always good, but never exquisite;—I had rather wait an hour for dinner than miss the dessert prepared by your own hands. Then, while she has good taste, she could never aid me in my art as you do."

But Punctuality's husband took a moment one evening to raise his head and say:

"Punctuality, my dear, just suppose I had married your sister! Not much sympathy in my editorial work from her, nor much company in here, for I know she could not tear herself away from her music and painting. But to you, I believe this little den is dearer than to myself, even. And imagine me waiting half an hour for dinner!"

Here the editor overpowered by that last thought, put down his head again to write an editorial on "Conjugal Compatibility." And nothing was heard but the scratching of two busy pens.

PATIENCE DARE.

Hard Times.

"Good afternoon; here, take the easy-chair, let me take your bonnet?"

"No, no; let me throw it right down here, for I can't stay long, and the old thing isn't fit to be laid anywhere only on the floor. I wanted to get me a new brown braize one this summer; but I declare the times are so hard that I can't get anything for myself; it takes all we can scrape together to clothe the children, and then they ain't dressed hardly descent. Ella hasn't a dress fit to wear to church, except her light silk and white one, and we have nothing to get her a new one with."

"The times are so hard, I don't know what we shall do, and they don't get any easier, as I see. I've been trying to get one of those embroidered dimity cloaks for the baby; his plain one looked so cheap beside the one Mrs Walters' baby had on, last Sunday, and John said, last night, that if it rained much more this week the wheat would be entirely ruined, and here it has rained all the forenoon. I'm sure I don't see the use of its raining so much, and it really frightens me to look ahead, for I don't see what is going to become of us."

"It certainly does look dismal."

"Yes," said Mrs Smith, "that is so, for Mr Henry was at our house, yesterday, to see if he could borrow a few hundred dollars for a year or two. He said if he could not get the money there, he must lose his place and all that he had paid towards it. He had tried in vain to get an extension of time, and the process of foreclosure would be commenced immediately. He looked so discouraged that I really felt sorry for him when Mr Smith told him that he could not spare him any money, for he must build a new carriage-house, and, as the crops were very light, that would take all his surplus funds for this year, and he couldn't think of breaking any of his "five-twenties," and the interest on them he always invested in bonds for the children.

Immediately there rose before me the white, uncarpeted floor, bare walls and unpainted ceiling of the only living-room at Mr Henry's, as I had seen them the night before (for it was my lot to board around). Their house lacked many conveniences which I found at other places, but the cheerful intelligence, quiet harmony and ready hospitality made it very pleasant for the wandering teacher; and I loved to go there, with some of my best and brightest scholars, who called it home. But now they were to lose it, unless some kind friend intervened, which was impossible. The place which they had looked upon as their own would soon pass into strangers' hands. That little farm, which they had long hoped one day to own, free from all debt, was now, for the want of a few hundred dollars, to be taken from them, and with it the hard earnings of many days' labor. They would be left without a home, and at that season of the year, too, when labor was the most scarce and remuneration the least. Surely they had more real cause to be frightened at the future just opening before them than had their neighbor, who was but just now expressing her fears. Still, no such theme was borne to the ears of the Most High, in the petition that went up from that humble home the evening previous. But the deep faith in an All-protecting Power, sincere thankfulness for the many blessings vouchsafed to them, welled forth with such fervency and devotion as to soothe the troubled spirit within me and find a lodgement in my heart. Now, with the knowledge I had gained of their trials, it came back to me imbued with such force and beauty as to exercise the evil spirit of skepticism. I could no longer doubt the existence of that "pure and undefiled religion."

Pause, ye complaining Christians! Ye who sup with plenty at your boards, and sink to rest on beds of down in spacious chambers. Ye who are wrapped in the comforts and luxuries of comparative wealth and know no actual want of food and raiment, pause. Pause and consider your relative circumstances and cease to grumble at the "hard times" and God-given rain.

For the VERMONT FARMER.

Dresses, Hats, and Sundries.

Sister Advance, you say that you have rejected trimmings, trails, corsets, &c, and are practicing what you preach. Circumstances prevented me from noticing your queries until now. You inquire, "how many hats and bonnets I have in a year, how many dresses and how much trimming on them, &c?" I do not think best to answer your questions explicitly through a newspaper, but will gratify your curiosity to some extent, although indefinitely.

This warm, August day finds me in a light print; the skirt is trimmed around near the bottom with one ruffle; the neck of the dress is trimmed around with two ruffles, about an inch apart, and the first ruffle an inch from the cord. As the dress is cut just a bit low, and square at the bosom, a crystal necklace is worn. This necklace is the only jewelry I ever wear, except, sometimes, one ring, which is a specialty; I have no brooches, chains, nor bracelets; no braids, nor ornaments for the head, save band combs, with side combs, and, frequently, buds and blossoms from the garden. Most of my dresses are trimmed lightly, and various neckties are worn with them. Occasionally a silk—brown, perhaps—is made up plainly with redingote, and trimmed simply with a richer shade of brown satin. For traveling, my choice is the best quality of waterproof, and for summer excursions, a cheap kind of changeable silk, made like a half-tight waterproof, as linen soon soils, fades in washing, and is then commonplace. I never had an overskirt, polonaise or dolman; I wear no bonnets. A brown silk hat, overlaced with gossamer, and a bouquet of golden-colored flowers, I think fitting for summer, very suitable for fall and spring, and, with the addition of a white plume, appropriate for winter; and good enough for me the second year, for evening wear and for calls. While the next dress hat may be a change to puffs of white and green silk, with a bunch of pink buds; or perhaps a black straw, trimmed with wide, plaid ribbon of black and white, and white ornamental flowers with white spray. Either selection and the same white plume will be useful the second winter. I find it will be better to premeditate what will be becoming, suitable, and correspond with the rest of my out-door costume before venturing among the hallucinations of the "exquisitely pretty things" in a milliner's shop; and, when there, reticently buying the material and ordering the hat made or trimmed, am as likely to be satisfied with price, quality and beauty of the article as if I had purchased one of the short-seasoned, yet high-priced hats that are so temptingly displayed upon the hat racks.

Ladies' boot bills sometimes figure quite a sum. It is cheaper for me to buy the walking slipper with butterfly bow, which keeps the instep from dust, and the stout velvet slipper for afternoon.

You ask if "Madame Demorest's skirt supporter is the best?" I think the elastic fittings of Mrs Flynt, of Boston, superior to anything that I have ever seen in the line of skirt supporters and braces, from either Madame Demorest, Foy, or Moody. Mrs Flynt's style of undergarments fits the form, yet are so elastic and connected as to move at will, from stockings to armpits. Persons clothed in free and untrammeled garments are enabled to move with a captivating ease and grace that people in close fitting ones can never command. Those persons who discard corsets are not generally those who wear tight waists, belts, bands, &c.

Out-door exercise is indispensable to the health of woman. For flower garden work, or for any emergencies that may sometimes require women to help the men in out-door labor, or for any kind of wet, dirty, or long-standing work in the house, I conscientiously prefer the short gabrielle dress. I suggest this from many physiological reasons, and the wearer is less tired, and the apparel is much less apt to get into a fit condition for the wash-tub, or to require repairs.

It is from my own experience that I have culled my items about dress. From personal practice I have decided that with little labor and expense, and less worry and care, women may dress in a healthful, pure, and lady-like manner.

Young ladies blessed with health and engaged in labor of a fair degree of compensation, can save enough in two or three years to purchase a choice little library, containing gems of poems, rare books of history and travel, and scientific and criterion works. Also an elemental chemical apparatus, music box, celestial globe, microscope of limited power, and a few vases and steel engravings of high cast and elevated ideals. To the extent that I have these treasures, they are appreciated by me a hundred-fold more than a superfluity of dresses and hats and a superabundance of trimmings and ornaments. And the time and labor saved in not making, and overtrimming an unnecessary wardrobe, leaves space for constructing in a simple style a few tidies, mats, cases, covers, rugs and ornamental flowers. We have seen such room decorations as these made so as to sweetly blend and harmonize, and present a charming appearance in a room, although each article was made in an unassuming manner. Ladies admire such possessions, and often wish they could afford the former and have time to make the latter; and, at the same time, their outlays in unnecessary dresses, trimmings, jackets, sashes, ribbons, embroideries, jewelry, braids, perfumery, powders and cosmetics would soon purchase this and leave time for that; and should each member of some family that is out of debt and in moderate circumstances retrench their expenses in unnecessary dress, also in equipage, tickets, and in stimulants, sweetmeats, preserves, condiments, and in concentrated, innutritious pastries and indigestible fatty substances, and substitute instead plain bread, vegetables, and nice, ample assortments of fruits, &c, the surplus would soon buy a first-class cabinet organ, nice lounges, easy-chairs, stout, comfortable carpets and many labor-saving articles. This regimen would give happy hearts, cheerful countenances, and a less number of doctor's bills; and mothers and sisters would be less peevish and hurried, having more time for keeping house in order, some time for reading, and always time for keeping the hearts and confidences of the children; time to hear and answer their questions without a checking, chiding word; time to be on the alert for any bad associations from without; time to notice their children's evil tendencies and habits and train their child hearts, develop their minds and educate their souls; time, also, to remember that we ourselves are on a journey, and that every sunset sky brings us one day nearer the landing at our eternal home, and time to remember God's poor with His own property, "for the silver and the gold are His, and the cattle on a thousand hills."

E. A. J., R. J. H., sister L. A. Locke, Q. Cumber, and others, are in earnest on this subject of dress. Will each of you please try to get others to join you in dressing in a healthful manner, and with chaste simplicity and taste avoiding all that is unnecessary, appropriating the residue for home comforts, intellectual culture, and aid to the needy, and report your success to the FARMER? By the time four localities or granges are represented, others will come to the rescue, and it is not presumptuous to hope that all the granges in Vermont will fall into line. This accomplished, and New England and the west will put their shoulders to the wheel. "Large streams from little fountains flow."

There are persons in every locality that disparage the way expenses are going in superfluities and finery; and persons of superior intelligence and refinement seldom array themselves in fantastic drapery, or many ornaments. I am with you heart and hand in this matter of plain, unostentatious dress. Have obtained four names, one the wife of a pastor, another a modest, retiring young lady, absorbed in books, and about to be admitted to Harvard. Let us do what we can. It is a work which the Great Master will approve and bless, and in which angels will be ministering spirits.

N. L. D.

For the VERMONT FARMER.

Can Man Substantiate His Claim to Superiority Over Woman?

That there are men who have no wish to prove women as a class, inferior unto themselves, I think I know. And, to such I extend my congratulations for heeding the admonition, "know thyself." What constitutes man, as a whole, superior to woman? Is it the tradition that is handed down to us that he was created first? It is said that "God saw that it was not good for man to be alone, and so made him a help-meet;" but it does not say anything about her being an inferior. Is it not a reasonable solution of the problem, that God saw that he was not competent to take care of himself, and so provided some one more capable to do it for him? Again, it is said, that Eve tempted Adam to sin; what consistency, an inferior leading a superior astray,—with his sentence already pronounced—"In the day that thou eatest of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, thou shalt surely die." But from the account we have, I think he must have made rapid progress in a few hours, for he acted very much like some men of our day, hides from justice; but when at length dislodged from his hiding-place, turns state's evidence to clear himself, and implicates—what? an inferior. Would any one feel safe in the hands of such a man? If superior by nature, why not refuse to do what he was commanded not to do; and so help her to overcome evil, by imitating his superior mental and moral strength. But as in the days of Eve, so it is now; man is not guilty of committing sin; it is woman that does all the mischief. If we had not a woman for our mother, what a noble race we might yet become, with such godlike intellects manifested all around us, in rumshops, beer saloons, billiard halls, and all the hells of iniquity which this age is blessed with. Woman is excluded from the ballot and denied any voice or influence in framing the laws to which she is under subjection. She has not mental capacity enough to grasp and understand right from wrong. The constitution of the United States declares, that free-born citizens at the age of twenty-one are entitled to the elective franchise, by subscribing to the oath of allegiance. But, woman is numbered among the goods and chattels of her master, and the lords of society, laughingly tell their sisters in the grange, we allow you to vote here, make the most of it, for you can never vote anywhere else. What marvelous condescension! They have no right under the constitution to deny any citizen of the United States the privilege of voting, if they wish to avail themselves of the benefit of so doing, male or female. It is usurpation of power, which must fall if the constitution is maintained, and its provisions adhered to. Does any one think Washington, who revered and honored the mother, who watched his infancy and childhood, inculcating good, and eradicating evil, and training him for honor and usefulness, was as competent to judge what was for the interest of the country at large, as the drunken inebriate, who is supported on either side by nature's noblemen, that he may cast his vote in favor of one of whom he literally knows nothing? He has not his country's welfare at heart. He knows nothing of the issues at stake, and cares less. It is rum which he votes for, and he has been as faithful to his oath as his supporters and abettors in crime have been to theirs. No man of common sense would allow a man intoxicated to do business for him individually; his word would not be taken as evidence in any court of justice. He is not himself, but under the control and influence of a demon stronger than himself.

I am not advocating woman's rights, or man's rights; but justice and equality, that sex has nothing to do with intellectual ability; that woman is endowed with intellect by her Creator, as freely as man, and is responsible for its use unto Him, and not unto man, who has circumscribed her influence, and set bounds which she may not pass. That women are not all alike gifted, I admit, and that it is also true of the other sex. The surroundings and influence of their early years is attributable in a measure for their usefulness or the reverse; but that woman has no duties devolving upon her other than those found in her own home, I deny; she has a broad field of usefulness which she must fill, or society will languish and die. Woman should not allow herself to become the household drudge; but if she has daughters, see that they perform their part with neatness and dispatch. The mistress of a house, has duties which she cannot neglect and be just unto herself, and those dependent upon her; she should look carefully to the ways and means of her household, and see that economy and frugality is maintained in every department. If the mother of children, her labor and care is doubly augmented. I do not call that a true woman who will voluntarily relinquish her offspring into the hands of a hireling, of which she really knows nothing, but the remuneration she is to give them for their services, that they may be free to follow fashion into all the pitfalls set to entrap their unwary feet, even to the gates of death; but that it is her duty to cultivate her moral and intellectual nature, for her own benefit and that of others. I do not propose, as soon as married, to shut every book, and discard every paper, and allow some one to tell me what to think, or what to speak; but will read, study and judge for myself. Society needs renovating, it has become too much like a sham fight; nothing earnest and real, but fawning, flattery and false pretences, and that both sexes are alike guilty, I am sorry to say, but must admit it for truth's sake. There are no children at the present day; they are miniature men and women, aping those older than themselves. With such a looking-glass constantly before our eyes, how can we help becoming disgusted, and earnestly set about seeking for some remedy to remove the evil from our midst. If parents will watch over their children, and spend the time in educating them, and forming good habits in their early years, which are spent in idleness and folly, there will be a marked difference in the younger portion of society. Parents are too eager to accumulate wealth to leave for their children, and forget that they possess wealth of intellect which should be cultivated aright, or it is a curse unto its possessor. No one can fill the place of a mother to a child; if properly educated it is her province to superintend its studies at home, and know what proficiency it is making when at school, if any at all. She should frequent society, that she may know of what element it is composed and accompany her children also when admitted into public assemblies as their safeguards. Any place of amusement which is not proper for a mother to attend is doubly improper for her son or daughter. I would choose their associates for their good qualities, rather than worldly wealth, and prefer their enjoying innocent amusements at home under my own supervision, to the exclusion of public balls, and promiscuous circles, of which we know nothing but the name of the individuals of which the company is composed; we know nothing of their moral or intellectual character. It is said that a man is known by the company he keeps, and it is equally true of a woman.

No well educated or refined person can meet and mingle in the society of the coarse and illiterate, constantly, without detriment to themselves; gradually and unconsciously perhaps, they begin to repeat their rude jests, and vulgar remarks, which have shocked, and wounded their native modesty, and they have turned away in disgust. But surrounded by such an element, and subjected to their taunts and sneers, they gradually become accustomed to that, and fall into line, and are numbered in the ranks of the enemies of morality and good breeding. It is not confined to the poorer classes by any means; but it is found in luxuriant profusion, in the abode of the so called rich, and influential, whose acts speak as plain as words, that they can do or say whatever they please; their money is a sure passport into any society, and will be accepted gladly, in lieu of virtue, honor, or honesty. There seems to be nothing thought of but money, money, and how to get rich in this world's goods, and I will give you a receipt. Live on sour milk and potatoes, with an occasional cup of hay tea, lie, steal, murder, rob your neighbor's poultry house, any thing by which you can get a cent, no matter what, and we may get rich here, but we will enter the other world as poor as we entered this, but under different circumstances. We entered this world innocent, helpless, free from sin, for we had not tasted of the tree of knowledge, and knew not good from evil; but we shall leave it steeped in sin and iniquity, our own voluntary choice. We chose the silver and gold of earth, which is as fleeting as the imaginary happiness it will secure us. Money does not necessarily bring happiness as a companion from which it cannot be separated, but her visits are often like a transient guest's, "few and far between." Why is it we cultivate this inordinate love of money to the exclusion of every other faculty and compel them all to bow and do it reverence? Is there nothing else which has any claim upon our time or attention? Are we to measure our friends and associates by the length of their purse, and the money it contains? Are we to neglect the poor and needy however worthy they may be, and refuse to render the common offices of humanity ourselves? But we will go to church if any fashionable people go, and publicly pray God to bless, and provide for all your wants and needs, and if our prayers are granted we shall claim a large percentage for using our influence in your behalf at the court of heaven. That is all we can do for you; you must take care of yourself. If you are sick, and in distress, it is but punishment for sin; bear it without a murmur. Is that the love and pity, we claim for ourselves? Is God more merciful than man? Does he not provide amply for all his children if they but use the strength he has given them? And man has no right to withhold it, or oppress the poor and needy, or the ignorant and demented in their midst. They are God's children; who will call us to account for our share of the spoils we have taken from them, that we might heap it in our own coffers. Money can never create happiness for its possessor, unless put to its proper use, as the means entrusted to us to relieve distress, and mitigate suffering; to enlarge our usefulness, and extend our influence, to cultivate our natural abilities to the highest point of perfection possible for us to attain; that we may be of use to others, as well as ourselves. We shall never know so much, but that we can learn more; we may spend our whole life in acquiring knowledge, and then feel we have hardly crossed the threshold which admits us within her sanctuary. Let us cultivate the true and beautiful in our nature, rendering unto every one their just dues. Society has claims upon us which we cannot repudiate. We are placed in this world for good, and when we are doing that, we are in our proper sphere whether male or female.

There is no manual labor which is a disgrace for us to do, if necessary that we should do it; and who is to be the judge, ourselves or another? Are we always to be the slaves of public opinion, and sit in the house, and do the bidding of empty-headed, hair-brained fops, who hardly know their right hand from their left? But they can swing a cane, dandle a moustache and invest themselves with all the airs of superiority which they evidently think their Creator has bestowed upon them, and it is high time that we learn such a lesson by discarding their company, and show them by our acts that we prefer a man of intellect who is not too indolent to work for an honest living, and whose honor forbids him to incur debts which he has no idea of canceling, but filch his food and clothing from the public funds of the country, and affect to despise and scorn an honest, noble-minded man, his life is so low and groveling. But what right-minded woman can be happy in the society of a man who cannot understand or enjoy any thing but horse races, cards, dice, billiards and the wine cup with its attendant evils. Are they innocent amusements to instil into the minds of the young that they may spend their time day after day in that which can be of no use to themselves or another? but would it not be better for them to place a suitable book, drawing or music in their hands? employ a teacher to instruct them, if not competent to do it ourselves? which nearly all might be if they spent their own time judiciously in their youth. Knowledge is wealth which no one can deprive us of, and its accumulation is not only for time, but for eternity. We may be possessed of millions here but we must leave it all behind us; it is spurious coin, and can avail us nothing; we must stand or fall on our own merits. We are in a primary school, where we shall remain stationary or advance in good or evil, according to the instruction we receive and our aptness to profit by the same. Our heart must be in our work, and we must be earnest, energetic workers, not easily turned back or discouraged; but ever up and doing. Right is might. Let us enlist under her banner, and grapple her foes, and subdue them; they are the enemies of humanity and progress, and should be allowed no quarter, in church or state; but that every one shall be protected in his inalienable right to serve God and man according to the dictates of his own conscience. As one star differeth from another star in glory, so it is with the soul or mind; mind differeth from mind in depth and magnitude, and we have no criterion by which to measure its longings and aspirations for the true and beautiful. It beats its prison bars and longs to be free, that it may scale the mountain tops or explore the subterranean depths, which the eye of man never beheld. Our mind dwells in the habitation we have prepared for it; but it is of foreign birth and longs for its native home; beautify and adorn it with truth and goodness; nourish it with good works; endow it with purity and virtue; be charitable and forgiving; and add the graceful clinging vine of affection, to entwine around it here, that it may forget to cry for home, home; but feel that it was good for it to be here, to tabernacle in the flesh for a brief season at least, to help sow the seeds of truth that it might become a participant in the never ending joys of eternity.

ATHENEAN.

"Who is Lura Bell?" is a question in one of your later issues. She is a poor, little girl, in feeble health—only fifteen years old—living in one of the back towns of Franklin county in Maine; and writes her sweet little poems because she can't help it. As friends we encourage her to do so. Should you wish to learn more, address the wife of her physician. MRS DR J. N. HOUGHTON, Farmington, Maine.

Table Etiquette.

Will the ladies admit to their department in the FARMER, the criticisms of a man who has known what it is to suffer at the hands of his friends in consequence of their malpractice of politeness? Does the mistress of the table ever reflect that the tastes and preferences of her guests may differ from hers? If she does, why does she repeatedly urge upon them articles which they decline? Does she know that persons are somewhat sensitive upon the subject of the things which they do not like? If she does, why does she invariably persist in talking about them, telling how good they are, how wholesome and medicinal, as if every one must mingle physic with potatoes? Does she believe her friends tell her the truth? If so why does she in effect charge them with falsehood, by giving them what they say they do not want? Does she suppose they are gluttons and came only to eat? If not, why does she engross herself in culinary art and heap their plates with every sort of dish she knows how to cook? Does she imagine they are made of finer clay than herself? If not, why does she presume that they can live on porcelain and glassware, pickles, ice-cream and lemon pies? Can she not leave unpleasant allusions, disagreeable arguments and offensive stories, if they must be said, to some other time? If so, why don't she?

IGNORAMUS.

Knitting Machine for Sale.

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Express Mail at 1:35 P. M., (Montpelier at 3:45 P. M.,) for Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal, Ogdensburg, and the West.
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St. Albans, Vt., May 29, 1875

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Grafted and Warranted true to name, at very low rates at wholesale, for cash, comprising a large lot of one- and two-years old **Duchess and Tetofsky** Trees.

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Essences, Figs, Farina, Gelatine, Halford Sauce, Herbs, Hops, Maccaroni, Mace, Mustard, Mustard Seed, Matches, Nutmegs, Oat Meal, Olive Oil, Pails, Pepper, Pimento, Pepper Sauce, Potash, Canned Prunes, Pipes, Rice, Raisins, Bicarbonate of Soda, Sal Soda, Saleratus, Salt Petre, Stove Polish. Sago,

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1875.

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Brown stallion, 15½ hands high, foaled Aug. 5, 1867, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam by Daniel Lambert, by Ethan Allen, out of Fannie Cook, by Abdallah; 2d dam Quakeress, by Young Emperor, by Bridges' Emperor, out of Cherub, by Abdallah; 3d dam by Sir Charles (thoroughbred son of Duroc). Is limited to forty mares.

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Bay stallion, 15½ hands, foaled 1871, got by Tattersall, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Hibernia, by imp. Consternation; 2d dam Roxana, Jr., by American Eclipse; 3d dam Roxana, by Sir Archy; 4th dam Roxana (Betsy Hazall), by imp. Sir Harry; 5th dam Timoleon's dam, by imp. Saltram, is limited to ten approved mares.

ARCTURUS, $35.

Bay stallion, 16½ hands, foaled 1867, got by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam June, by True Messenger, he by Texan Jimmy, out of a mare by Dey's Messenger, and he by Liberty, by Coriander, a son of Messenger, out of a mare by Messenger; 2d dam by Revenge, he by Revenge, out of Young Empress, by Financier.

DIAL $15.

Brown stallion, 16 hands, foaled June 4, 1863, by Geo. M Patchen, out of Quakeress, (pedigree above).

Terms of Payment—(3 per cent. will be payable at time of service, and balance April 1, if mare proves in foal.

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