

# The Democratic Advocate.

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## Select Poetry.

### THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

I love it! I love it! and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that Old Arm Chair?  
I've treasured it long as a holy prize;  
I've bedewed it with tears and embraced it with  
my arms.  
"Thou'nd by a thousand hands to my heart;  
Not a tie will break, not a link will start,  
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled  
And turned from her knees to bless her child.  
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled,  
Years rolled on, but the last one sped,  
When I saw her die in that Old Arm Chair.  
The past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now  
With quivering breath and throbbing brow,  
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died;  
And memory flows with lava tide.  
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,  
While the scalding drops start down my cheeks;  
But I love it! I love it! and cannot tear  
My soul from my Mother's Old Arm Chair.

## Our Story-Teller.

### LOVE AND DESTINY.

Or, How a Smart Saint Bernard Dog Led to Two Happy Marriages.

BY AN EMERALD ISLANDER.

Henry Jackson and Frank Macaulay were college mates and ardent friends, and they graduated on one and the same day. In a short time after the graduation Henry went to China on commercial business, and did not return to his native city for ten years. When he came back he was called on at once by his old companion. After a most hearty greeting, the following conversation took place between the two friends:

"Well, Macaulay, old chap, I hear you are married and have a family of four sons. That surprises me for I never thought you would settle down to be a *paterfamilias* quite so soon."

"Yes, Jackson, here I am, a married man. You see every one has his own destiny, and let him resolve as he will from himself, he is sure at last to meet it."

"My dear fellow, you speak as if you had been in frequent consultation with the fortune-tellers."

"A mistake, Frank. I have never called on any of those wretches; but, for all that, I am satisfied that there is such a thing as destiny."

"You mean, then, that you are a married man by destiny, and not by your own deliberation?"

"The destiny, my friend, came first into operation; then my own purpose put in an appearance and finished the business. You see this Saint Bernard dog, named Beppo; it is he that opened the gates of destiny for me."

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"Proceed, proceed. I have never, before, been so perfectly amazed."

"Well, I went from Havre to the Saint Bernard Monastery, where an obliging monk put me in relation with a dog breeder, from whom I bought Beppo, then one year old, and called by that name. Then—"

"Then, of course, you quickly made your way to Liverpool to transact the business."

"I did not. I went on across the Alps and into Rome, having—"

"And what! Neglected the business and went to Rome with the dog! You were mad! I don't believe it. It was impossible."

"It was not impossible. I did it. I did it, whether I was mad or not."

"You are certainly mad. But what turned up in Rome?"

"I stayed in Rome three months, and—"

"What! Stayed with Beppo three months in Rome, neglecting the Liverpool business! Mad surely—never heard of anything so mad!"

"Jackson, you won't let me tell the story."

"Well, go on—go on, old fellow, but you were mad, I insist on that."

"Insist on what you like! Stayed in Rome three months, and one day I lost Beppo. Then—"

"Glad to hear it; served you right. You deserved to lose the dog that turned you away from business. And if you had never found him it would have been a good thing. I say you were mad."

"I wasn't mad; and I found the dog; and the finding of him was the hinge on which turned all that afterwards took place."

"Macaulay, I'm becoming confoundedly uneasy. I do really think that you are gulling me. Why, man, you are married. That is a matter of fact. No romance is necessary to explain such a thing."

"Well, if you won't listen to me I'll stop. I am not gulling you."

"Go on, then, and don't keep me in agony."

"Well, I found the dog by means of an advertisement. When I lost him he took up his quarters by a decree of fate in—"

"Stop, stop! Decree of fate! You are mad."

"I'm not mad. When Beppo slipped away from me he found his way to a very respectable house, and there he singled out one of the young ladies for his special esteem. Wherever she went he followed her; whenever she sat down he coughed at her feet; and whenever she spoke to him he fawned on her with the greatest delight. My advertisement was read in that house, and from it I got a note stating that the missing dog was on the premises. Instantly—"

"Yes, yes! Now I see a little light. I can guess the rest; any one could. You—"

"No, you can't guess the rest. Nor do you see any light either. I went for the dog; a servant gave him up to me and I walked away with my property. Some time—"

"Stop! Didn't you see the lady that had been so kind to the dog?"

"No, I did not."

"You are right. I didn't see light when I thought I did."

"The case was all dark—entirely invisible yet."

"Dark and invisible yet. Macaulay, you are mad, and you will make me mad. Go on and let out the secret—let in the light."

"Well, having found Beppo, I thought it was time to think of the business, and so I set out for Liverpool. The train—"

"Yes! I think it was quite time for you to think of that business. I am glad you were not all mad."

"I tell you I was not mad at all, I was simply under a fate, and—"

"Stop! no more about fate. You will kill me. Go on with the business."

"You won't let me go on. You interrupt me at every step."

"Well, go on."

"Well, when I arrived at Liverpool I found awaiting me there a letter which was written the day after I left home, in which it was suggested that the business had better not be transacted, and—"

"What no business, after all?"

"None whatever, and Beppo then commenced to gullinate my destiny for me."

## Our Olio.

### A BOOK FOR WOMEN.

A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS.

BY FANNY AIKIN-KORTRIGHT.

The woman's movement calls forth, directly and indirectly, three classes of books, the aggressive, the resistant, and the eclectic, or those that, espousing neither side, aim to select the good of both. In this last order is to be ranked "A Little Lower than the Angels," a volume recently put forth in London by Miss Fanny Aikin-Kortright. The author is well-known in her country as a writer of romance and poetry, and formerly as editor of the Court Suburb Magazine. Her present work is designed particularly for the latitude of London and England, and aims to offer sound counsel to those of her sex who suffer from the injustice and imperfections of the existing social order, as well as to the philanthropist who are striving for its reform. Much in the book, however, would be pertinent in this country, and the catholic, charitable spirit which inspires the author would not fail to commend her to the esteem of even those who differ with her on certain points. She takes a direct issue on the questions of suffrage, matronial, educational, and property rights, but invites her sisters to first make the best possible use of the rights they have, before striving for additional ones. She urges them to cultivate solid utilities rather than showy accomplishments, to strengthen their reason and understanding, to read more books of science and useful information, and fewer morbid works of fiction, to count all useful labor as honorable, to devote themselves to works of charity and beneficence; in a word, to make themselves sisters of mercy, and ministering angels in the present order of things rather than organizers and creators of a new world. The book has been received with much praise in London. Mr. S. G. Hall, the editor of the *Art Journal*, and a well-known author, says of it:—"There is a world of wisdom in this little book; woman's wisdom, Christian wisdom, without the drawback of an atom of affectation or pretence. It is calculated to do an immense amount of good. I have never read any other book that does so much good so little."

We quote a passage:—  
"DESTITUTE LADIES.—Among the sorest plague-spots of modern society appears to be the number of destitute ladies. Their existence is one of the saddest outgrowths of modern civilization, and he who would devise a remedy for so fearful an evil would surely deserve well of humanity."  
If it is true that the cause of a malady being once clearly defined, the cure is already begun, when we are possibly on the road to a better state of things, when once we set out in search of that cause, many laudable efforts have been made to arrive at the solution of the knotty question. Why are there so many women of cultivated and gentle breeding, suffering from that extreme poverty which the shame-faced often hide, till life itself becomes the lasting recital to so-called decent pride? Philanthropists have assigned numerous reasons for the growing numbers of our "destitute ladies." Some will have it that the sin lies in defective legal statutes; others consider the Executive Government responsible; others condemn manhood in general as the culprits. They have, say their accusers, excluded women from all lucrative professions, the exercise of which would enable them to gain an independent and honorable existence. To answer these propositions at length is quite apart from the object of these pages, tho' it might be answered that no measures in Parliament, no stretch of ministerial help, can help those who will not help themselves, and who hold fast as their faith—alas! faster than their faith—that only professions are endurable in the way of work. And it is a manifest injustice to lay the blame on men, who can only make room for us in their accustomed callings by giving up their own bread, or ceasing to win bread for a far larger number of women than those at present provided for. Is it not asking too much that the majority of women should cease to live, in order that a minority, however suffering and meritorious, should prosper?

Various as the suggestions have been as to the cause of, and possible remedy for, the present sad state of our educated surplus female population, no one has yet had the courage to say that such numbers of destitute ladies ought not to exist, and need not exist; yet this is a stubborn fact. A certain number of women must, of course, be portioles, as far as inheritance from their parents is concerned. Poor officers of army and navy, poor curates, a considerable number of medical men, ill-paid journalists and *littérateurs*, and poor clerks, have hard work to find bread for their families while they live; and small, indeed, is their chance even with the most painful economy, of accumulating anything to leave behind them when they die. These are the people who may, without a blush of shame, albeit with stricken hearts, leave their daughters portioles; and such portioles, numerous as they may be, might find occupation of some sort if they were not all pressing into what they consider a "genteel" profession, glutting the market, and so lowering the price of mental labor, and, if their numbers were not cruelly increased by many "destitute ladies," of whom I dare to say, they ought not to exist.

How many men there are who, by their talents or by favor of fortune, enjoy very handsome incomes which die with them; some who have considerable remuneration for public or social appointments, and live in proportionate style. They are in the fashion, have horses, carriages, and establishments more or less showy and expensive. They are honorable men, we will say—i. e. they meet all their engagements, they are hospitable entertainers, perhaps

generous friends. They dress their wives and daughters splendidly; and sometimes, though not often, they keep their expenses sufficiently in check not to go beyond the very last penny of their incomes. They usually contrive to give their sons such educations as will enable them to wrest a respectable living from fortune. For their daughters they rely on the profession of marriage. It is not just to say that they are niggardly toward them, far from it; the largest portion of their showy expenditure is, usually, rather in compliance with their wishes, and those of their wives, than their own.

The head of the household is too much absorbed by external occupations, duties, and labors, to notice internal arrangements much, he is probably a fond, proud husband and father, and likes his children as well as his wife to look well and to be happy. With them rests the responsibility of producing the desired effect, while his part is to supply the purse.

The bad, selfish father is the miserable exception, not the rule; and the every-day father will do everything for his children short of exerting parental authority in minor matters. He may sternly forbid an imprudent match; he may grumble now and then at a more than usually exorbitant mercer's bill; but he can usually be scolded or crossed into winking at any folly or extravagance, short of a bad match. But relying on the good coming matrimonial establishment, he makes no future provision for his daughters, and rarely does the doubt arise in his or their minds that the acknowledged but relied-upon profession may never open its doors to the aspirants!

THE SCHOOL-GIRL.—Let not the school-girl only see the world through the medium of a convent parlor; let her teacher from time to time gather round her and them, if opportunity permit, a certain number of intelligent talkers, who will call forth all the ability that may exist in the little community, of course indiscriminately choosing such companionship as is not only intellectual, but safe and honorable. Lastly, let not the prudish notion continue to prevail that the words "love" and "marriage" are to be ignored in a girl's vocabulary—indeed, they will be more in her thoughts if constantly suppressed in utterance. It will be better if she hear occasionally what true marriage should be—what are the duties and responsibilities of a wife—how she may avoid errors and follies that often sadden youth, and sometimes overshadow after-life. Many a lady, imprudent marriage, entailing life-long misery, might be prevented, if only a young girl were neither afraid nor ashamed to tell her mother, or her instructress, what is in her heart, with perfect confidence; how much of subsequent concealment, of possible deceit and attendant misery, might be spared!

INNOCENT FLIRTS.—The majority of women are happily virtuous in deed and intention, but it is much to be doubted whether, while we are excessive in severity and unforgiveness toward an offending sister, and cautiously draw aside our garments, lest they should be defiled in contact with hers—whether we ever think how nearly the so-called "innocent flirt" trends on the verge of that line of demarcation which separates the woman who is "visited" from her who is beyond the pale. The "innocent flirt," whose passion for admiration knows no distinction between the bond and the free, who, with apparent *naïveté*, spreads a mesh to entangle the attentions of her friend's lover, or even her friend's husband, is, probably, a more dangerous and avoidable character than the acknowledged but repentant Magdalen! Sister women! let us be pitiful, as Christ was pitiful to those whose society is stoning unto death; but let us see to it, in ourselves and our daughters, that we avoid those occasions of heart-sin given by "innocent flirtations," and fostered by the bad literature of our day, in which, concealed under flowery words and perhaps poetic images, lies worse corruption than an open sepulchre can show. Let us cast no stones on the already down-trodden, but remember in our own actions and thoughts that "blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.—We women have chosen to answer for; many among us have chosen husbands ill brought up and notmarry at all; many have brought up sons badly from weakness of self-indulgence. Abuse and degrading practices have crept into the life of a once healthy nation—abuses and bad practices which no executive government, no legal enactments, can possibly reach but we women have the lever in our hands that can raise the community to healthy social reforms. Our influence can arrest the flood of infidelity, of luxury, of idleness, of despising wholesome labor, of irreverence to elders and superiors. Our influence can check the growing appetite for pestilential novels, for licentious plays and poems, for immodest dress. Our influence can reverse the law which excludes a penitent, erring woman from a sisterly hand-clasp, and warmly welcomes a bad man who has not repented. Our influence can correct the riotous extravagance in expenditure, whether for personal adornment or house decoration, or tables groning with unwholesome food.

FICTION.—To banish fiction is about as sensible as to uproot all the flowers of our gardens and plant potatoes in their stead, or to live entirely on heavy food and reject all vegetables and fruits. The imagination must have nourishment, or prey upon itself; but, while feeding the imagination with food convenient, let us not starve the reflection, which we are too apt to leave totally un-fed. Two or three of our modern authors have so happily combined philosophy and poetry in their writings as to give them a double value; pre-eminently successful in such literary work was the late Emily Souvestre, especially in two of his works, "Le Philopote sous les Toits," and "Les Souvenirs d'un Vieillard." The deep thought, mingling so naturally with a fine imagination, can only be compared to a

field of rich corn, lodged in by gale winds of precious flowers; while the healthy religious feeling throughout seems like golden sunshine, lighting and warming the whole with its beneficent rays.

MARRIAGE.—Nothing can be more degrading to womanhood than to marry in order to eat bread; and yet it is not only done, but special plans are laid for it by worthy parents, who exult in proportion to their success in driving a bargain. Better far to see an innocent pair of young lovers brave enough, while waiting for happier times, to work till by their own industry they can rear a roof over their heads. Better far the lonely old man, in poverty and sorrow, than the wedded wife who has brought with her no love nor devotion to sanctify the tie which, without them, cannot be a true marriage in God's sight! The marriages cemented by interest, and those formed by levity, are equally productive of sorrowful consequences.

Good Recipes.

Blackberry Wine.—The season for making this pleasant beverage is approaching. We give below two recipes for making it. The first one has been used by us for several years, and is highly approved. The second is from Hon. E. J. Henkle, of Anne Arundel, and his wife is, we think, the best made in that county.

Our Way of Making Blackberry Wine. Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon add one quart boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon add two pounds of sugar, cork tight and let it stand till the following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without further straining or boiling.

Dr. Henkle's Wine.—Take 100 quarts of blackberries, crush them and press out the juice. Then dissolve 110 lbs. white sugar in 29 gallons cold water. Measure the syrup; add the juice, and as much more water as will be required to make 40 gallons in all. If you want to make a smaller quantity preserve the above proportions. After putting it in the cask (one that has recently had whiskey in it) set it in the cellar or other cool place with the bung open to the air until Christmas. Then stop tightly or bottle it.

Blackberry Cordial.—To two quarts of juice add one pound of white sugar; half-ounce nutmeg; half-ounce cinnamon pulverized; half-ounce cloves pulverized. Boil all together for a short time, and when cold add a pint of brandy.

This syrup is said to be almost a specific for summer complaint or diarrhoea. From a teaspoonful to a wine-glass is to be taken, according to the age of the patient until relieved. It has been made and successfully tried in the family of the Editor of the *Gazette* for many years.

Currant Wine.—To a quart of juice add three quarts of water and four pounds of sugar, brown or white.

Quarts.—Two quarts of juice and two quarts of water, to which add four pounds of white sugar. Mix all, and put it in a nice keg, where it had better remain a year, though it is very good to use in six months.—*Marlborough Gazette.*

### Moral Courage in Daily Life.

"Moral Courage" was printed in large letters and put as the caption of the following items, and placed in a conspicuous place on the door of a systematic merchant in New York, for constant reference, and furnished by him for publication:

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a seedy coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is prudent that you should do so.

Have the courage to own that you are poor, and thus disarm poverty of its sting.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance who have when you are convinced that he lacks principle—a friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices.

Have courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage, in providing an entertainment for your friends, not to exceed your means.

Have courage to insure the property in your possession, and thereby pay your debts in full.

WHITE CLOVER AS A HONEY PLANT. An English writer says: White clover is the queen of honey plants. It is widely cultivated in this country, and continues to flower a long time. In Scotland the farmers use more white clover seed in laying down the land in grass than the farmers of England do, hence the clover-fields are better there than here. And the use of lime and bone-dust, as manures, has a great influence in the production of clover.

Charcoal is a valuable internal palliative in dyspepsia, and in many of the disorders affecting the stomach and bowels. Taken in doses of a tablespoonful night and morning, it is cleansing, soothing, and healing to foul sores. An occasional dose of the powder produces a favorable improvement in sallow or tawny complexions.

## A Village in Holland.

The paradise of a Dutchman is Broek. This is a village of about 700 inhabitants, an hour's journey or so north of Amsterdam. Cross the ferry in a small steamer, proceed for half an hour along the great Helder Canal in a *trekschuit*—a mode of conveyance, by the way, delightfully national in its order and pace—then hire a carriage, for which you must pay what is asked or wanted for it, and proceed leisurely along the banks of the canal for three or four miles, until you reach Broek. The peep one gets from the road across the country gives a perfect idea of Holland, which looks like the flat bottom of a boundless sea, drained or draining off; the fields in the fields, the scattered villages with their steeples, and tall trees here and there, with storks standing in earnest meditation on the margin of long ditches—all assure you that, in the meantime, the land has got the best of it. Yet it is impossible not to have damp, uneasy feelings, lest by some unnoticed power of evil—an unstopped leakage, dry rot in a slate-gate, or some mistake or other—a dyke should burst, and the old Zuyder Zee pour itself like a deluge over the country, leaving you and your carriage out of sight of land.

Broek is well worth a peep. The only thing I had ever heard about it in history was the high state of its cleanliness, which had gone so far that the tails of the cows were suspended by cords, lest they should be soiled by contact with the ground, and afterwards be used to switch the pure and dappled sides of their possessors at any moment when the said possessors, were suddenly thrown off their guard by the bite of some unmanly insect.

I can certify to the truth of this anecdotal arrangement. It seemed, however, to be more cleanly than comfortable. The most ordinary sympathy with suffering caused an irritation in one's skin, as he saw the tall suddenly checked by the string, just when about to descend upon and sweep away a huge fly, busy breakfasting about the back-bone or shoulder-blade.

A model village preserved in a glass case could not be more free from dust, life on human interest than this Broek. A small lake and innumerable small canals so interlace the cottages and streets that it looks as if built upon a series of islands connected by bridges. The streets are all paved to the water's edge with small bricks. Each tree is bricked round to the trunk. Bricks keep down earth, grass and damp, and are so thoroughly scoured and spotless that it is impossible to walk without an uneasy feeling of leaving a stain from some adhering dust of another earth. The inhabitants (if there are any) seem to have resigned the town to night-sneers. I am quite serious when I assure the reader that three travelers, at eleven o'clock, in a fine summer forenoon, watched from a spot near the centre of the village, and did not for at least ten minutes see a living thing except a cat stealing slowly towards a bird, which seemed to share the general repose. You ask, very naturally, what were the inhabitants about? I put the same question at the time in a half-whisper, but there was no one to answer. All experienced, I think, a sort of superstition arose from the unbroken quiet, so that the striking of the clock made us start. We visited the church yard (naturally), and found everything arranged with the same regard to order. There are no graves, but rows of small black wooden pegs driven into the ground, rising six inches above the grass, with a number on each, a little larger than those used for marking flowers, indicate the place where the late burghers of this Sleepy Hollow finally repose. I have never seen so prosaic and statistical a graveyard. Contrast with this the unfenced spot in a Highland glen, its green grass mingling with the bracken and heather, and its well-marked mound, beside which the sheep and her lamb recline, except when roused by the weeping mourner! To live in Broek, and be known after death only as a number in its churchyard, would seem to be the perfection of order and the genius of contentment. To be mentioned by widow and children like an old account, a small sum, an item less from the total of the whole—as "our poor 46," or "our dear departed 154"—what an "in memoriam"!

The intensity of the prose becomes pleasing to the fancy. I am not sure how far it would be inadvisable to send a colony of Irish peasantry and pigs to improve Broek.—*The Saturday Journal.*

THE WORLD LIVING BEYOND ITS MEANS.—Nearly every nation in the world is either a borrower or a lender, and the startling declaration is made by a writer in the *London Daily Telegraph*, that the world, "regarded in the mass, is living beyond its means." During the ten years ending with 1872, while England reduced her debt \$175,000,000, and Holland hers by \$30,000,000, there was an increase, in some cases exceedingly large, in the debts of the United States, France, Italy, Spain, Russia, Turkey, Austria-Hungary, Egypt, Brazil, Portugal, and Peru, to say nothing of other nations which are comparatively small debtors. France has gone deepest, increasing her liabilities by about \$2,500,000,000 in the decade. The editor of *Penn on the Funds*, a well known book of reference in England, estimates the total increase in the aggregate of national debts for the years from 1862 to 1872 at nearly \$10,000,000,000 while an additional sum of \$5,000,000,000 is estimated to have been raised for joint stock companies. The figures necessary to express the total volume of the world's indebtedness, public and private, would represent a sum almost incomprehensible.

It is said that Prince Leopold, the youngest son of Queen Victoria, delivered a speech in English, French and Italian, on the occasion of his admission to the Masonic fraternity.

## Florida Cedar.

The Tampa (Fla.) *Guardian* says that few of its readers, outside of Tampa, are aware of the fact that the manufactures of cedar pencils in Germany and other European countries are indebted to this coast for the supply of most of their material; yet such is undoubtedly the fact. This cedar is gotten out and hauled to Tampa in the shape of nicely hewn logs, some ten feet in length, worth on an average, fifty cents per square foot. This timber is then shipped to New York, sawn into smaller slips, cedar pencil length, and thence sent to Europe. In the *Ante-bellum* days there was a large mill in active operation, sawing this cedar; but the proprietor dying, the work was suspended. At this moment the cedar mill is doing nothing, for the reason that the man to whom it is leased awaits suitable machinery from the North. There are a number of boxes packed with saw cedar lying out in the weather near the mill, some of which are broken open, and contents scattered to rot. The cedar logs, as hauled in by the farmers, are in piles about town, and in heaps along the river. The cedar forests up the river are almost inexhaustible, though, in the swampy hammocks, caseways have to be built to facilitate the getting out of the cedar.

THE ATMOSPHERE.—It surrounds us on all sides, yet we see it not; it presses on us with a load of fifteen pounds to every square inch of surface of our bodies, or from seventy to one hundred tons on us in all, yet we do not as much as feel its weight. Softer than the softest down—more impalpable than the finest gossamer—it leaves the cobweb undisturbed, and scarcely stirs the lightest flower that feeds on the dew it supplies; yet it bears the fleets of nations on its wings around the world, and crushes the most refractory substances beneath its weight. When in motion its force is sufficient to level the most stately forests to the earth—to raise the waters of the ocean into ridges like mountains, and dash the strongest ships to pieces like toys. But for the atmosphere, sunshine would burst on us and fall as at once, and as once removed from midnight darkness to the blaze of noon. We should have no twilight to soften and beautify the landscapes, no clouds to shade us from the scorching heat, but the bald earth as it turned on its axis, would turn its tanned and weakened front to the full and unmitigated rays of the lord of day.

ONE IDEA OF POVERTY.—It was Bulwer who said in nine cases out of ten poverty is an idea. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more for want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the rich man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand a year, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day, and does not run in debt, is the happier of the two. Very few people who have never been rich will believe this, but it is true. There are thousands and thousands with princely incomes who never know a moment's peace, because they live beyond their means. There is really more happiness in the world among the working people, than among those who are called rich—always providing that poor folks do not in a smaller way simulate the prodigality of their rich brethren. Poverty is simply the question of good or bad management of money in hand.

The late Edward Everett condensed into a single brief paragraph his estimation of what constituted a good education. Here it is:—"To read the English language well, to write with despatch a neat, legible hand, and be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose of a once, with accuracy, every question of figures which comes up in practice—I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure grammatical English, I regard it as an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them but you are hopeless without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begin with these, all your flashy attainments, a little geology, and all other dogmas and sophisms, are ostentatious rubbish. That education is imperfect which stops short of the full development of the moral intellectual and physical powers."

A recent writer says:—"From twenty-five to thirty-five is the true time for all the enjoyment of a man's best powers, when physical vigor is at its highest, and human passion is at its full strength. During the last half of this decade a man should be assiduous to construct a system of philosophy by which to rule his life and to construct a chain of habits intelligently, so that they should not sit too lightly upon him, and yet cautiously, so that he should neither be their slave nor too easily cast them aside. The exact proportion of physical and intellectual strength should be gauged, and the constitutional weakness, or, in other words, the disease toward which a tendency exists, should be ascertained."

Some interesting facts are given as to the water-supply of ancient Rome. Nineteen aqueducts traversed the city, the largest of which brought water from a distance of forty miles. These aqueducts, which were made of stone, bent at an angle every half mile, in order to break the force of the water, and at each angle there was a large reservoir with a filtering apparatus at its outlet. Some of these pipes are still in use, being six feet in height and two feet wide. The new water company at Rome has tried iron pipes, but they burst so frequently that it is thought the ancient method will