Vermont Watchman & State Journal.

ISSUED SIMULTANEOUSLY AT MONTPELIER, NORTHFIELD, WATERBURY, &C.

BY E. P. WALTON, JR. | FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1854. | VOL. XLVIII, NO. 24......WHOLE NO. 2482.

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Railroads.

1854 Vt. Central Railroad. 1854

Northern & Western, British and United States Mail Route.

ON and after May 1, 1854, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

Going North and West.

LEAVE BOSTON at 7 1-2 A. M., reaching Burlington at 5 3-4 and Rouse's Point at 7 P. M., Montreal at 9, and Ogdensburgh at 11 1-2 P. M.

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ALSO, LEAVE MONTPELIER at 4.45 A. M., and 3.45 P. M.

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LEAVE ROUSE'S POINT at 6 A. M. and 7 P. M., in connection with trains from Montreal and Ogdensburgh, and arriving in Boston and New York THE SAME DAY, by the 6 A. M. train, and the next day, by the 7 P. M. train.

ALSO, LEAVE MONTPELIER at 4.15 and 10.45 A. M.

For further information, apply at the Ogdensburgh and Rouse's Point Passenger Stations, the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad Office, Montreal, to Otis Kimball, Agent, 103 State Street, at the Ticket Office, Brattle's Building, 50 Court Street, Boston, and to J. W. Hobart, Station Agent, Montpelier.

☞ Freight trains run daily.

JAMES MOORE,
Supt. V. C. R. R.

Northfield, Vt., April 25, 1854.

18 54.
Northern Railroad, N. H.

British & U. S. MAIL ROUTE,
—VIA—
Boston, Lowell, Concord, Northern, Passumpsic, Vermont Central, Ogdensburgh and Montreal Railroads.
TO AND FROM

St. Johnsbury, Burlington, St. Albans, Montreal, Ogdensburgh and the West, and Manchester, Nashua, Boston Lawrence, Salem, Dover, Portsmouth, Portland, Groton Junction, Worcester, Providence, Norwich and New York.

This is the direct route between the above places, and passes through the capitals of New Hampshire and Vermont. The fare and freight as low as by other routes.

After Dec. 12, 1853, trains North leave Boston at 7.45 A. M. and 12 M. and Concord at 10.30 A. M. and 3 P. M. Trains South leave White River Junction at 7.15 A. M. and 1.30 P. M. on the arrival of Cars from upper roads.

Special cattle trains pass over this route every Tuesday, and freight trains daily between Burlington, Rouse's Point, Ogdensburgh, Montreal, and Nashua, Lowell, Boston, Salem, Portsmouth, Worcester, Providence, and intermediate places, and it is the only route from the Ogdensburgh and Montreal Roads by which Freight can be carried without changing cars.

ONSLOW STEARNS, Agent.

Concord, N. H. Dec. 10, 1853.

ALBANY & RUTLAND
RAILROAD.

NOW OPEN AND RUNNING THROUGH to Albany without change of Cars

1853. Fall & Winter Arrangement. 1853.

Shortest and quickest through Mail Line from Ogdensburgh, Montreal, Rouse's Point, Plattsburgh and Burlington to Troy, Albany and New York,

via Rutland and Eagle Bridge,

in connection with Rutland and Burlington, and Hudson River Railroad.

Passengers over this route may rely upon making all the connections with the different Roads, as advertised.

This is the ONLY ROUTE by which passengers can with certainty go through from Montreal to New York the same day.

NO CHANGE OF CARS,

Conductors or Baggage Masters between Rutland and Troy or Albany.

FIRST TRAIN leaves Burlington 3.15 A. M.

SECOND TRAIN leaves Burlington 10.30 A. M. arrives at Troy 3.15 P. M. and Albany 3.25 P. M., leaves Troy 4.15 P. M. or Albany 4.30 P. M. for New York.—Arrives at New York 9.15 P. M.

THIRD TRAIN leaves Burlington 6.30 P. M., lodge at Rutland, and leaves Rutland at 6.30 A. M., arrives at Troy 10 A. M. and Albany 10.15 A. M., leave Troy 10.30 A. M., or Albany 10.45 A. M. for New York, arrive at New York 4.10 P. M.

Express Train for Buffalo leaves Albany 10.30 A. M.

Through Tickets to be procured at the Rutland and Burlington Railroad office, or of

JAMES W. MILLS, agent, Burlington.
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Also, Through Tickets to Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Cincinnati, Chicago, and all the Western cities, for sale at the Office of the Rutland and Burlington Railroad, or of the Agents of the Albany & Rutland Railroad.

Baggage Checked *Through* to Troy, Albany or New York.

In all cases to avoid delay *Check Baggage through by EAGLE BRIDGE ROUTE.*

THOS. H. CANFIELD, Sup.

Burlington, Nov. 9, 1853. 58:71

Poetry.

BLIGHTED BLOSSOMS.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

Oh! mourn not for those
Who in childhood depart,
Ere sin darkly throws
A dread blight on the heart;
Though the worm and the frost
Rob their beauty of bloom,
Oh! deem them not lost
When they lie in the tomb.

Three bright, blissful years,
With a soul undefiled,
Through the desert of fears,
Walked our innocent child,
Then her spirit, too white
For earth's sullying clod,
Passed, through portals of night,
To the sunshine of God.

Doubly sad is the home
Of such bright ones bereft,
And wherever we roam
Nothing lovely seems left:
But who would call back
Those who vanish at morn,
To groan on the rack,
And be pierced by the thorn.

Little children were dear
To our Savior on earth—
Never deaf was His ear
To their innocent mirth;
And when they repose
On His sheltering breast,
They are saved from the woes
That this dark world molest.

GOD'S WORKS.

God of the changeful year!—amidst the glow
Of strength and beauty and transcendant grace,
Which on the mountain heights, or deep below
In shelter'd vales, and each sequester'd place,
The forms of vegetable life assume;
—Whether pines, with giant arms display'd
Brave the cold north, or, wrapt in eastern gloom,
Thy treeless forests sweep a world of shade;—
Or whether scenting ocean's heaving breast,
Thy odoriferous isles innumerous rise,
Or under various lighter forms imprest,
Of fruits and flowers, Thy works delight our eyes;
God of all life! whate'er these forms may be,
O may they all unite in praising thee!
[W. Roscoe.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Sweeter than the songs of thrushes
When the winds are low;
Brighter than the spring-time blushes,
Reddening out of snow,
Where the voice and cheek so fair
Of the little child at prayer.

Like a white lamb of the meadow,
Climbing through the light;
Like a priestess in the shadow
Of the temple bright,
Seem'd she, saying, "Holy One,
Thine, and not my will be done."
[Alice Carey.

Miscellaneous.

THE TURK AT HOME.

FROM DICKENS' 'HOUSEHOLD WORDS.'

[*Concluded.*]

There are, however, other Ottomans who vehemently espouse the reforms of the Sultan, and wish to place the Turkish empire in its proper relation with the civilized states of Europe. Thirty years ago there were relentless confiscations, tyranical imprisonments, arbitrary judgments, an organized system of general robbery, corruption in every department of the administration, and irresponsible pachas quietly pillaging at their own private will. Against all this disorder and wrong Turkish reformers have struggled manfully; and if at present, the Ottoman empire presents a spectacle of comparative barbarism in close contrast to advanced civilization, the advance it has made during the last thirty years from anarchy to some kind of order and law, may tempt us to hope that the "infidels" who have led the Musselmans thus far, may yet let in more daylight upon them. The Sultan's people venerate the law when it is made. This is part of their religion, and every individual not only strives to obey it, but also watches his neighbor. Thus, strange as it may appear, smuggling is a crime unknown in Turkey.

The constitution of the Turkish Empire is contained in two vast folio volumes, and is known as the Multequa. It was written originally in the Arab language by the learned Cheik Ibrahim Halebi, who died at Constantinople in 1540.

The civil code regulates the treatment of slaves, the claims between husband and wife, and the succession to property. Slaves are daily decreasing in number throughout Turkey. War no longer furnishes a supply, and open slave-traffic is, as already stated, prohibited throughout the Ottoman empire.

The penal code, now in force throughout the Ottoman empire is that promulgated in the year 1840. It is a great improvement on the old penal laws, by which the punishment of death was in the hands of the petty provincial tyrants. The first article of this recent code declares that the Sultan promises not to inflict death upon any subject who has not been tried by competent judges and condemned according to established law, and threatens with capital punishment any vizier who shall henceforth take the life of a subject on his own responsibility, "even that of a shepherd." Capital punishment, by this code, is inflicted for exciting Ottoman subjects to revolt, for assassination, and for resistance to the police (when this resistance inflicts a mortal wound) in the execution of their duty. By this code robbery is punished by seven years' imprisonment; various periods of confinement or banishment are awarded to public officers, who fail to discharge their functions honestly, and all subjects of the Sultan are enjoined to deliver up to justice any delinquent who may come under their observation. Every subject of the Sultan is by this law equal in the eyes of the judge, without regard to race or religion.

In 1846, the famous talimati o'-moumich were published. These decrees regulated the powers of all the government officers, the administration of the national treasury, and the organization of the police. In 1850, the Turkish government, pursuing its measures of reform, issued a new commercial code of laws of three hundred and fifteen articles, regulating the internal and external trade of the empire.

But all these decrees put together, although important, are not likely to effect that revolution which may be expected from the great reform made in the educational machinery in the Ottoman empire. The first of September, 1845, when the first stone of a great Turkish University was laid on the site of the old janissaries' barracks was a remarkable day in Ottoman history. Education was taken from the hands of the Mahommedan priesthood and the children of the empire taught the great truths of the world. Henceforth every Turk must send his child to school, and the State charged itself with his instruction.

Thus, at the present time, when the child of a Turk has reached the age of six years, the father is compelled to present himself before the monkhtar or municipal chief of his locality, and to inscribe the child's name on the register of the mekteb or primary school, unless he can satisfactorily prove that he has the intention and means of giving his progeny instruction proper to his age at home. To enforce this law among the laboring population, no employer is allowed to take a boy as apprentice who is not furnished with a certificate from his mekteb declaring that he has gone through the prescribed studies. These studies consist of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the principles of religion and morals. In 1851 there were no fewer than 396 mektebs in Constantinople alone, mustering 22,700 scholars. These mektebs are divided into fourteen groups, with a committee to each group, charged with the duty of inspecting each mekteb, and regulating and recording its progress.

A Turkish child generally passes four or five years in the mekteb; after which he goes to the schools known as the mektebi rudidie, or schools for youth, if his father wishes to give him more than elementary education. These secondary schools are of recent creation only; yet in 1851 the six then established included 880 scholars. In these schools the Turkish boy obtains a liberal education. He is taught the Arab grammar and syntax, orthography, composition, sacred history, Ottoman history, universal history, geography, arithmetic, and the elements of geometry. Even this instruction is provided gratuitously by the State. The learning which flourishes in the Turkish university of course includes all those studies in vogue throughout the universities of Europe. But in this part of the government reform, the Sultan finds he has a strong party to fight and overthrow. The old Musselman spirit, the stronghold of which is in the hands of the ulemas, has to be rooted out, and this is to be done only by separating learning, in Turkey as elsewhere, from bigotry. To the schools the government have recently added separate academies for the study of agriculture and veterinary science.

In the face of all this energy on the part of the Ottoman government, the individual laziness of the people is remarkable. The industry of Turkey has fallen into insignificance. At one time Turkish manufactures fed the great markets of the east and found their way to some of the countries of Europe: now these industries do not suffice for internal wants. In 1812 no fewer than 2,000 muslin looms were at work at Scutari and Turnova; in 1841 hardly 200 of them could be counted. Anatolia, Diarbekir, and Broussa, once so famous for their exquisite velvets and satins, now produce about one-tenth of the manufactures they gave forth thirty or forty years ago. In European Turkey there are about three important manufacturing establishments: the forges of Semagor and Fogniza in Bulgaria and Bosnia respectively, and the manufactories of arms at Mostar and Traonik. The stories of the commercial coma of Bagdad and Aleppo are equally striking; yet this general decay is easily accounted for, in the dogged determination of the Turkish manufacturers to cling to old and dear processes, and thus they have found themselves ousted from their old markets by the competition from the manufacturers of Western Europe. To escape these terrible results there was yet one resource for Turkey. Her inexhaustible wealth of soil pointed her out as a great agricultural country that might make her perhaps the most important granary in the world. This resource has only lately occupied the attention of the government: the establishment of an agricultural academy being the first hopeful result.

Thus in estimating the Turk as an individual, and Turkey as a nation, we are led to curious contradictions. The old school Turk is still the devout believer in the prophet, the slave-owner, the man who denies to woman all the great blessings of her social life. In all these points he is a barbarian; yet trace his youth, follow him through his course of studies at the mekteb, and in the higher schools, with every office in the State fairly open to him; with a rich country, and markets eager for anything he may choose to produce, and you see that he has the opportunities for energy and greatness. He is lord over immense tracts of the richest land, that would yield him golden harvests in return for the lightest labor, yet he allows them to grow rank with weeds; he has the germs of splendid manufactures, that, developed on the systems of Western Europe, would yield him enormous revenues; yet they are dying out; he has institutions of a liberal kind, a wide system of gratuitous education and humane laws; yet he cannot be measured for intelligence or perseverance with the poorest continental peasant. Daily his government endeavors to rouse him from his lethargy; but the Sultan is a second Hokman, and is only tying his political medicines on a dead, or at best, a half-animated body. He cannot take the amber mouth-piece of his tchibouk from between his lips; he cannot raise himself from his luxurious carpet. The sea before him is splendidly blue; the warmth of the sun is exceedingly grateful; the fumes of the aromatic coffee are delicious, and he is content. In short, he is enjoying the *kef*, and may not be disturbed. The spiders may be the only busy spinners amid the looms of Scutari; he cannot help it, the matter is in other and higher hands than his. It was written. His house is tumbling about his ears, it is useless to send for the masons. It is ordained to tumble. He is a clock; he has been wound up for a certain number of years; and when he has run down, he will stop and have his head turned towards Mecca. He deplores the madness of those of his countrymen who pretend to direct events, to plan great projects for the prevention of all kinds of accidents, to use all kinds of infidel contrivances; these are not good Musselmans. He, good easy man, waits patiently, prays devoutly, opens his doors with a benevolent heart to all comers, is beloved by his servants and slaves, and waits events. Everything is written: of what avail then any exertion on his part? And so his life is one long kef; the amber mouth-piece remains for ever in his mouth; his legs remain crossed, and, with a dignified reserve, and some philosophy, he looks out on the bright waters of the Bosphorus, and turns his back upon Europe.

But behind him he has strong men in his country. He is at war with his government—for this government has determined to make Turkey of some account in Europe; to interpret their religion as men, and not as blind and slavish bigots; to seize with a strong hand upon all improvements from the west that promise comfort and prosperity. And the contest between the old Turk and the new governors is one that, at this moment, happens to interest us all very decidedly. If the old gentleman be determined doggedly to keep that amber in his mouth for ever, to look in no quarter except that in which Mecca lies, and to loll always upon his handsome carpet; then we fear there is indeed little hope for Turkey; and he does well, for the repose of his bones, to have them carried to the great cemetery of Scutari. But if his sons, now imbibing new truths in the little reformed mektebs of Constantinople, learn to think otherwise, and to bail and help on all human improvements, golden harvests will wave over the great plains of the Ottoman empire, artisans will be once more busy in Anatolia and Broussa, and spiders will be routed from the looms of Scutari.

Mr. Jones' Adventures at the "Bal Masque."

"Bell Smith abroad," who writes delightful letters from Paris to the National Era, is responsible for the appearance of so scandalous a story as the following, in so straight laced a paper as the Era:

It is my duty to give you some information of the gaieties of Paris.—But you must look to some other correspondent—I have neither health nor inclination. Save a few visits to the opera, and three dinner parties, I know nothing. The bal masque, once so famous that all strangers were expected at least to see one, have degenerated into such vile things that no one having the slightest self-respect ever wishes to witness the second. The most famous—I was tempted to write infamous—are at the Italian Opera House, and commence at midnight, Saturday. This makes it a Sunday orgie; and it continues on Sabbath morning until daylight. Our little party, one and all, declined witnessing such, until curiosity overcame their scruples, and they went, Dr. Bob protesting that it was a shocking affair—any other day would not be so bad. D. answering that Bob reminded him of the old lady in Virginia, who begged the gentlemen engaged in running the boundary line so to arrange it as to keep her house where it was, for "Caroliny was sich a sickly State"—D. thinking the evil to be in the ball, and not in the day.

I saw nothing of our friends until after a late breakfast, when they appeared, looking much ashamed of themselves, and were loud in their condemnation of the affair. They amused me with a little history of an elderly gentlemen they were pleased to call "Ancient Jones." This individual had accompanied his only son to Paris, to see that his medical education should be thoroughly completed and under his paternal care. I did not learn that the youthful Jones was disposed to break from the wise control of his careful father.—But the old gentleman was full of fears; he had heard of Paris as the city of evil, full of pitfalls and snares for youthful steps. One night not long since, the quiet hopeful said that his dear and kind friend Brooks was very ill of the typhoid fever, and he wished to tender his services, and sit up the night by his friend. The father readily consented to this Christian conduct—and, as he permitted his boy to have no night key, left the door of their bed room unlocked.

After his son's departure, however, he remembered that it was Saturday night—the night of the grand bal masque at the Italian Opera House, a thing he had heard much of, and had been solicited by his delicate boy to attend, merely for once; but his morality, his sense of duty recoiled; he sternly bade his son to be silent on that vile subject. But, to tell the truth, the old gentleman had a lurking curiosity, and on this evening it became frightfully strong. What could possess him? He attempted his usual French studies, but Ollendorff seemed doubly stupid. One or two sentences in that valuable work took possession of his brain. "Comptez vous aller au bal masque ce soir?" (Do you intend to go to the masque ball this evening?) "Je compte y aller." (I intend to go.) The opportunity was so favorable—he could go and return without his son's—without any one's knowledge.

His satantic majesty fairly took possession of the good old man; and he repaired to a neighboring store, where dresses were rented or sold, and selected the most appropriate—that of a friar of order grey—placed himself in a voiture, and in a few minutes was at his destination.—He entered—the scene startled him beyond measure—the crushing roar of two hundred instruments, the dazzling lights of chandeliers and jets which seemed to be glittering up and up into a dizzy distance, lighting tier after tier, where thousands of eyes from behind black dominos reflected back the rays, as they looked down upon the myriads of fantastic forms which rolled and tossed under the sway of the deafening music, like a vexed sea by moonlight—made up a whole to dream of, not to see. Mr. Jones was startled, then shocked, a little, very little amused, and finally, as I shall tell you, greatly alarmed. A strange fascination possessed him. After he had gratified his curiosity, he still lingered; he wandered on through the wild maze, and as the hours wore on, the fun grew fast and furious—monks and Knights jumped higher and higher—devils twisted—gypsies, flower-girls, dibardedeurs, screamed as they fairly flew, while hideous beasts roared, howled and squealed. The musicians seemed possessed, and rolled out without ceasing the wild strains, that seemed to madden every one. Mr. Jones was bewildered; many times was he seized upon by some fearful creature and whirled through dances which made him dizzy and sick.

At last Mr. Jones was frightened—he was captured by a group, that, in a mad fit, seemed determined to torture him to death. He could not get away; one of the number, a girl scandalously habited, seemed to be the leader. Her dress was very improper—her conduct disgusting.—She was evidently intoxicated—smelled dreadfully of bad cigars and brandy. She would not let him go—called him, in excellent English, "her ancient garcon"—"a regular brick"—while the others laughed, shouted and danced round him. At last he tore himself away, rushed home at daylight, tore off his gown, thrust it into the grate, and by its warmth hastened to bed, fearing, every moment, the arrival of his son.

Wearied to death, he soon fell into a heavy sleep. When he awaked he was conscious of some one being not only on the bed, but partly on him. He aroused himself—he looked—could he believe his eyes! there, on his bed, in his room at home, was that infamous female sound asleep, with a cotton umbrella under her arm—worse and worse, the mask was off and this female was his own innocent boy. He sprang from the bed, falling over and arousing some one, in the guise of a devil, asleep on the floor; another, a tall savage, was on the sofa—yet another on the table, they were all around him. Did he dream? Was he yet at that infamous ball? Neither. His son awakened, stared stupidly at him, and the sleepers, starting up, burst into a roar, as one of them exclaimed,—"Why, Harry, Jim, here's the ancient garcon!" Mr. Jones happened to glance in the mirror—he had forgotten, in his haste, to remove his mask. These gentlemen had kindly brought his son home, and, being somewhat fatigued, had remained with him. The emotions of the elder and younger Jones I will leave to your imagination."

Modern Improvements.

"Modern improvements!" I wonder what they are! Perhaps it is fashionable cloaks, that take leave of their shivering owners at the hips; or the long skirts, whose muddy trains every passing pedestrian pins to the side-walk; or the Lilliputian bonnets, that never a string in shopdom can keep within hailing distance of the head; or the flowing sleeves, through which the winter wind plays around the arm-pits; or the break-neck, high-heeled boots, which some little dumpy feminine has introduced to gratify her *rising* ambition, and render her tall sister hideous; or the gas-lit, furnace-heated houses, in which the owner's eyes are extinguished, and their skins dried to a parchment; or perhaps it is the churches, of such cathedral dimness that the clergy must have candles at noon-day, and where the congregations are forbidden to express their devotion by singing, and forced to listen to the trills and quavers of some scientific stage mountebank; or perhaps it is the brazen irreverence with which Young America jostles aside gray-headed wisdom; perhaps the comfortless, forsaken fireside of the "strong-minded woman;" perhaps 'tis the manly gossip, whose repetition of some baseless rumor dims the bright eyes of defenceless innocence with tears of anguish; perhaps 'tis the schools, where a superficial show of brilliancy on exhibition-day is considered the *ne plus ultra* of teaching; perhaps 'tis the time-serving clergyman, whose tongue is fettered by a monied clique; perhaps 'tis the lawyers, who lie—under a mistake! perhaps 'tis a doctor, whom I saw yesterday at Aunt Jerusha's sick-room, a little thing, with bits of feet, and mincing voice, and lily-white hands, and perfumed moustache. I wanted to inquire what ailed Jerusha, so I waited to see him. I wanted to ask him how long it would take him to cure her, and if he preferred pills to powders, blisters to plasters, oat-meal to water gruel, wine-whey to posset, arrow-root to farina, and a few such little things, you know. He stared at me over his dickey, as if I had been an unevangelized Kangaroo, then he sidled up to Jerusha, pryed open her mouth, and said "humph!" in Latin. Then he crossed his legs, and rolled up the whites of his eyes at the walls as if he expected some Esculapian handwriting on the wall to enlighten him as to the seat of Aunt Jerusha's complaint. Then he drew from his pocket a box with a whole array of tiny bottles, and uncorking two of them, he nipped out a little white speck from each, which he dissolved in four quarts of water, and ordered Jerusha to "take a drop of the water once in eight hours."

Tom Thumb and Lilliput! he might as well have tried to salt the Atlantic ocean with a widow's tear! He should be laid gently on a lily-leaf, and consigned to the first stray zephyr. Ah, you should have seen our good, old-fashioned Dr. Jalap, with a fist like a sledge-hammer, a tramp like a war horse, and a laugh that would puzzle an echo. He wasn't penurious of *his* physic; he did'nt care a pin how much he put down your throat—no, nor the apothecary either. He pilled, and portioned, and emeticked, and blistered, and plastered, till you were so transparent that even John Mitchel (and he's the shortest-sighted being alive) could have seen through you. And then he braced you up with iron and quinine, till your muscles were like whip-cords, and your hair in a bristle of kinks. He was human-like, too; he didn't stalk in as if Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington were boiled down to make his grandfather. No, sir; he'd just as lief sit down on a butter firkin as on a velvet lounge. He'd pick up Aunt Esther's knitting-needles, and talk to grandpa about Bunker Hill and those tee-totally discomfrizzled British, and offer grandpa a pinch of snuff, and trot the baby, and stroke the cat, and go to the closet and eat up the pickles and doughnuts, and make himself useful generally. *He* didn't have to stupefy his patients with ether, so that they needn't find out how clumsily he operated. No, it was quite beautiful to see him take a man's head down between his knees, and drag his double teeth out. He didn't write a prescription for molasses and water, in High Dutch; he didn't tell you that you were booked for the river Styx, and he was the only M. D. in creation who could annihilate the ferryman waiting to row you over. He didn't drive through the town with his horse and gig, at break-neck speed, just as meeting was out, as if life and death were hanging on his profitless chariot-wheels; he didn't stick up over his door, "At home between 9 and 2," as if those consecrated hours were all he could bestow upon a clamorous public, when he was angling in vain for a patient every hour in the twenty-four; nor did he give little boys shillings to rush into church, and call him out in the middle of the service. No, Dr. Jalap was not a "modern improvement."—*Evening Post.*

That Tarnal Railroad.

AS SPOKEN AT THE FULTON INSTITUTE.

Je whiticans, Whew. Wal, just manufacture me into a double refined spinning jenney and set me agoing in fifty acres of cotton, if ever I come across such a rarin, tarin, ripping, snorting, double-revolving piece of machinery, from creation down to my most marvellous deliverance just now, as the one give me chase down your railroad. I hearn sometime ago that there were rich doings going on at the 'Fulton Institute,' so as I like things that open rich, I made things about right round hum, and broke for here. I come across through the country, and struck your railroad, and was plying it down about four knots the hour. Now, I had hearn tell of locomotives, but never dreamed of seeing one alive and kicking; but about two miles from here, I hearn something behind me coffin, sneezing, and thundering, and I looked around; sure enough here she came right down after me, pawing the airth up and splitting the road wide open, with more smoke and fire flying than or'to come out of a hundred burning mountains, with about a dozen wagons follerin arter her, and to save her tarnal black, smoky, noisy neck, she could'nt get clear of them. I don't know whether they scared her up or no, but here she come foaming at the mouth—with her teeth chock full of burnin' red hot coals, and she pitched right strait at me as if she was going into me like a thousand of brick—I could'nt stand it any longer, so I wheeled around and broke down the road and began to make the gravel fly in every direction. No sooner had I done that than she split right after me, and every jump I made she squeeled like a thousand wild cats! She gain'd on me comin' up a hill, but we cum round a pint to a level in the road. Now, thinks I, I'll gin you ginger, as I am great on a dead level, so I pulled to it and soon got myself under full speed; then she began to yelp and howl and cough and stamp, and come on full chizel, and made the hull airth shake. But I kept on before her, bouncing at the rate of twenty feet every hop, till I got to a turn of the road, and I was under such headway that I could'nt turn, so I tumbled head over heels down a bank by a house and landed my head and shoulders co-slomick right into a *swill barrel*, and my feet stuck out behind and into the air! Just at the time the locomotive found I had got away from it, it commenced spitting hot water into me, and litterly spattered all over me that was sticking out of the barrel. I thought in my soul that Mt. Vesuvious had busted some place in the neighborhood. But do you suppose I staid there long? *No, Sir?* I just walked right through the barrel and come out the other end so quick that it really looked ashamed of itself.

Now, here I am, a rale self-propelling double-revolving locomotive Snolly Goster, ready to attack any thing but a combination of Thunder, lightning, railroad-iron and hot water.

I'd like for some of your gals to give me a chance to play Hop Scotch among your hearts; and if I don't play the swill barrel game by walking right strait through your tarnal prejudices into their young affections, then help me cozey.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

What is the Hardest Mode to Die?

To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet, rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and reflect. On the first attempt by one of the adherents of Spain to assassinate William, Prince of Orange, who took the lead in the revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bones of the face, and brought him to the ground. In the instant that preceded stupefaction, he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him.

The cannon-shot which plunged into the brain of Charles XII. did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt. The idea of an attack, the necessity for defence, was impressed on him by the blow which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval for thought. But it by no means follows that the inflicting of fatal violence is accompanied by a pang.—From what is known of the first effect of gun-shot wounds, it is probable that the impression is rather stunning than acute. Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting up.

But there is nothing singular in the dying sensation, though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity, that the expression is invariably that of langour, while in death from a stab, the countenance reflects the traits of natural character, of gentleness or ferocity, to the last breath.

Some of these causes are of interest, to show with what slight disturbance life may go on under a mortal wound, till it finally comes to a sudden stop. A foot soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket-ball in the hip, begged drink of a trooper, who chanced to possess a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank, returned his heartiest thanks and mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated, but having proceeded a dozen yards on his way to the rear, fell to the earth, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs, concluded his career. "Yet his voice," says the trooper, who himself tells the story, "gave scarcely the smallest sign of weakness."

Captain Basil Hall, who in his early youth was in the battle of Corunna, has singled out, from the confusion which consigns to oblivion the woes and gallantry of war, another instance, extremely similar, which occurred on that occasion.—An old officer, who was shot in the head, arrived pale and faint at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound, which was pronounced mortal. "Indeed, I feared so," he responded, with impeded utterance, "and yet I should like very much to live a little longer, if it were possible." He laid his sword upon a stone, "as gently," says Hall, "as if its steel had been turned to glass," and almost immediately sank dead upon the turf.—*Quarterly Review.*

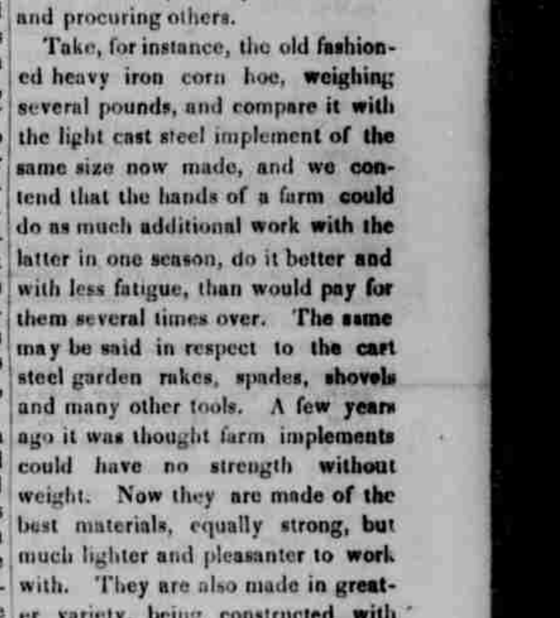
FEMALE BEAUTY IN OLD ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND.—It is generally allowed that there is more of what is called chiseled beauty in America than in Europe—that the features of the women are finer, and the head more classical. But here ends the triumph of our sisters of the West; their busts are far inferior to those we admire at home, and an attenuation in the whole figure gives the idea of fragility and decay.

And this idea is correct. What they want is soundness of constitution; and in consequence of this want, their finely cut faces, taken generally, are pale instead of fair, and sallow when they should be rosy.—In this country, a woman is in the prime of her attractions at thirty-five and she frequently remains almost stationary till fifty, or else declines gradually and gracefully, like a beautiful day melting into a lovely evening. In America, twenty-five is the farewell line of beauty in women; it becomes decay; at thirty-five, she looks weary and worn, her flat chest symbolising the collapsed heart within; and at forty, you see in her thin and haggard features all the marks of premature age. The *cause* of the difference the Journal finds in the use of Stoves in America, our females keeping themselves within doors in the vitiated atmosphere which the stoves produce.—*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.*

The Plow & the Hoe.

BY E. P. WALTON.

"He that by the Plow would thrive
Himself must either hold or drive."



FARM IMPLEMENTS. In relation to farm implements, from a threshing machine down to a hoe and rake, such great improvements have been made that there would be a real profit and economy in throwing away such as are imperfectly constructed, and procuring others.

Take, for instance, the old fashioned heavy iron corn hoe, weighing several pounds, and compare it with the light cast steel implement of the same size now made, and we contend that the hands of a farm could do as much additional work with the latter in one season, do it better and with less fatigue, than would pay for them several times over. The same may be said in respect to the cast steel garden rakes, spades, shovels and many other tools. A few years ago it was thought farm implements could have no strength without weight. Now they are made of the best materials, equally strong, but much lighter and pleasanter to work with. They are also made in greater variety, being constructed with reference to the work to be done.—Instead of the common pointed shovel for cleaning out post holes, we now have a perfect instrument for this purpose in the nearly circular post spoon or scoop, adapted to the shape of the hole. Instead of a piece of old board or rail for ramming the dirt, we have the cast iron post rammer, which settles it much better and in half the time.

Instead of one spade and shovel for every purpose on the farm, we have trenching, garden, post ditching and field spades, with shovels of various sizes and patterns, adapted for particular uses. Expanding and reversable harrows and cultivators, with steel teeth, have superseded the cumbrous and unwieldy ones of olden times. Mowing and reaping machines are fast crowding out the scythe and sickle, and with the unloading fork by means of the rope and pulley, are greatly abridging the labors of the harvest. In fine, labor-saving machinery has become not only a matter of choice but necessity. In nothing is improvement more apparent than in the plow; not only has great lightness of draft been attained, but the work is much better done than formerly and the soil left in better condition for growing the crop. True plowing is closely allied to spading, at least this should be the point aimed at.

A fine and minutely pulverized seed bed greatly promotes the germination of seeds, attracts moisture and nutritive gases from the atmosphere, and may be cultivated and freed from the weeds with much greater facility than where the sod is turned, and allowed to harden and become baked by exposure to the sun. The success of a crop depends very often on the character of the first plowing. A plow of wrong construction, however skilful the plowman, can never make good work.

Robinson's Eagle Plow, and his admirable *Cultivators*, are well constructed implements for the farm, and in the hands of a good husbandman, make the earth light and mellow.—As this is the season of planting corn, we give the above cut of the Corn Planter, by Messrs. Ruggles, Nourse & Mason, of Boston.